

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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## Part One

I'd always loved animals. I mean, ever since I could remember, I think I had a special bond with them. But today... today really freaked me out.

When I was a child, I knew I was supposed to be a veterinarian. I graduated high school with a 4.0 to assure myself I could go to any college I wanted to go to, simply because of my academics. All through high school I worked at Lower River Animal Hospital to get more accustomed to working with animals, and get references for Vet. School. I graduated from med school with a 4.0 too. It wasn't until I was 25 and in vet school, that I started to be more in tune to animals and their needs.

I finally graduated vet school, and went back to work at Lower River Animal Hospital as Dr. Rose McKown DVM vet apprentice/intern. Dr. Rose, as she liked to be called, was a specialist in large animals, but she had her degree in all animals, great and small, exotic and common. She walked me through each step she took every time so I knew what I should be doing. She often quizzed me so I'd have to start thinking for myself. Therefore, when I got my own practice, I'd be ready. But I wasn't ready. Not for what happened today.

Dr. Rose took me on a routine call. She had a couple of Coggin's tests to take on a well-to-do stable close to downtown, and she needed my help. I usually go just to make sure the horse's pictures are taken, write down any info the owner needs/wants, and write the info on the blood vial. Pretty routine. But when we were in Sassy's stall, she did not want to have anything to do with that needle. Dr. Rose saw that Sassy was tense, but I heard Sassy's thoughts.

"Please don't poke me with that. It hurts."

"What did you say, Dr. Rose?"

"Nothing. Why?" she inquired. Dr. Rose looked at me quizzically.

"Oh," I answered. "I thought you'd said something. Sorry," I smiled and got back to writing down Sassy's information.

"Please, please don't. I know it's gonna hurt, and I don't like to be poked with those things."

"Okay, Dr. Rose. What are you talking about? I know you said something." I looked at her with interest.

"Maggie, I didn't say anything. What exactly did you hear?" She prepared the vial and the needle, but turned to face me. I recalled what I heard and Dr. Rose seemed to be fascinated. She told me she had heard of people who could "hear" animals - kinda like a Dr. Doolittle - but in real life. She didn't put any stock in the "Animal Psychics" but believed that people could hear animal's thoughts if they listened hard enough.

"What is Sassy thinking now, Maggie?"

I listened. I didn't hear any thoughts.

"Nothing right now. It's just when you get close to her with the needle that she starts to talk to me. What am I saying? Horses can't talk, can they Doc?"

"Not like you or I," Dr. Rose answered sweetly. "But if you listen with your heart, you can sense

what they mean. I know that sounds all 'Pocahontas' and stuff, but I believe it can be done." Dr. Rose answered my question in a sweet, but slightly condescending tone, and I started to bristle.

"Well, I love animals, and I know they have body language, but they can't talk," I quickly answered. I didn't want to believe that I was hearing a horse talk to me. It was just too weird.

"We've got a lot of work to do. Let's keep going," Dr. Rose continued.

"Please, Maggie. It's me, Sassy. I heard what you said, and I AM talking to you. I really don't like those pokey things. It hurts. Is there anyway to do this without poking me?"

Okay, this was far enough. I started to grow furious, because Sassy's voice seemed to be coming directly from Dr. Rose. Yet, when I thought it through, I remembered Dr. Rose telling me that she had given blood, and had at one time had to have an I.V. drip when she was anemic. She never once told me that she hated needles. So, I erred on the safe side. Not letting on, I decided to take a different course of action.

"Hey Doc? Is there any other way to get a Coggin's test without having to get poked with needles?" I wanted Sassy to hear that I had heard her, but didn't want Dr. Rose to think I was a kook.

"Unfortunately not, Maggie. Blood has to be drawn so it can be tested for viruses that may be spread to other horses, or for inconsistencies that need to be dealt with. I know Sassy's tense. I don't like drawing blood out of horses when they're tense. It gives them bruises, or leaves a bad impression, and they don't trust us vets anymore. Why don't you stay here and calm her down a bit. I'll go do a couple more with Fred's help, okay?"

"Sounds fine," I agreed. She left the vial and the needle with me. I shrugged my shoulders and tried to smooth the tenseness out of Sassy's neck and shoulders. I thought it through in a split second. If I can hear Sassy's thoughts, then I should be able to talk back to her and we'll settle her down.

"Sassy? Can you hear me? I know you know my name, but allow me to introduce myself. I'm Maggie, and I've come to help Dr. Rose. Did you hear what she said about having to take blood? She and your owner just want to make sure you don't have any diseases. We all want to make sure you're healthy - inside and out," I told her as I gently groomed her body with my hands. I couldn't believe I was thinking that to a horse, but heck, we talk to them, why not actually try to communicate, right?

"I hear you, Maggie. It's just that ever since I can remember, I never liked those pokey things. They hurt, and always leave a sore spot that takes weeks to go away. Please think of another way," Sassy pleaded with her big eyes and soft nose. She nudged me a bit then rested her head on my shoulder.

"Tell you what, Sassy. I'll stand here and massage your neck. I want you to think of walking through the field playing with your friends or eating grass. Think of the best ride with your owner. What's her name?" I asked, trying to take her mind off of the needle.

"Susan. My owner's name is Susan. She and I like to go out on the trails and jump the fallen trees. Sometimes I get really excited and get too fast, but Susan knows how to ride, and she enjoys the thrill. I think I overheard her saying to her friend about taking me on a fox hunt. Have you ever been on a fox hunt, Maggie? It sounds... OUCH!"

I pulled the needle from her neck just as Sassy was thinking about the fox hunt. "Sassy, did you feel the needle going in?" I asked.

"No, but I thought I told you I didn't like needles. You hurt me!"

"Yes, I apologize for that. That was my first time taking a Coggin's test. I tried to pull it out smoothly as you were telling me about what you and Susan like to do. I got your mind off the needle, though, right?" I said with a smile. I knew Sassy was not happy with me, and that many horses really distrust vets after something like this. I needed to let Sassy know that everything was fine.

"Yes, maybe you did, but it still stung. I'm sure you're satisfied with yourself now. You got your blood. Now get out of my stall before I kick you."

"Sassy, you wouldn't do that. I'm sorry I made you mad. Is your neck sore at all?" I smiled, confident that her neck was not sore, and that she didn't feel anything more than that small prick of the needle coming out.

"No. Hey! No, it's not sore! You... you took my blood, and poked me, but, my neck's not sore! Thank you, Maggie! Thank you for taking my mind off the pokey thing!" Sassy bobbed her head in excitement, knowing that she was no longer afraid of the "pokey thing."

Laughing, I patted her nose, gave her extra apple treats, and exited her stall. I met up with Dr. Rose just a couple stalls down and recounted what had happened. Dr. Rose, being an intelligent but open person, accepted the fact that I can talk to horses and kept on taking the blood tests.

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Going from horse to horse, I tried to talk to each of them, getting to know them better. There were some interesting conversations we had, but none stuck with me quite as much as the one I had with High.

High and Mighty was his name, and boy did he know it. He was a beautiful grey Arabian stallion that was the sire of many of the foals around the barn.

"And I know them all by name too, Maggie. In fact, I smell you've been in Sassy's stall. She doesn't like needles. How'd you get her blood?"

I snickered at High. What did he care about Sassy? And how did he know I'd been in her stall, anyway? I had to know. As I walked my way up to his nose to let him smell me, I asked, "High, how did you know I'd been in Sassy's stall?"

"I smell her on you, Maggie. Even though I smell other horses on you too, I smell her the most. Did you groom her?"

Amazed at his perception, I continued, "Yes, I did. She doesn't like needles, so I rubbed her body down so she'd trust me. Oh, I did touch her tail. Is that what you smell?" I smiled. High was a horn dog! ...In a manner of speaking. He could smell her sex just from me touching her tail!

"I smell her sex on you. She's in heat, and I smell it. Look what it does to me," He turned his head toward his tail and I saw his penis out about 10 inches. Oh, fuck, does that look delicious. I eyed it, oogled over it...

"You like it?" He asked.

"Hell, yeah I like it, High. What girl wouldn't like a prick that big?" I all but drooled over it, and he knew it. Still in the back of my head I knew I was supposed to be professional, but I had to touch it. High must have sensed this.

“Go ahead. Touch me. I love it. The owners here often jack me off so they can get mares pregnant without me mounting them. What’s that called?”

“Artificial insemination,” I told him automatically. I wasn’t really paying attention to what he was telling me. All I could do was keep my eyes on that wonderful prick of his. I took quick calculations of it as I began to lightly touch it. High pushed more out of his sheath, and when all was extended, he had a perfect 20 inch long cock, with a four inch spongy head. My panties were wet.

“Are you going to jack me off too? Would you please? I need some release. Smelling Sassy on you has made me need release.” He nuzzled my hand where I’d touched Sassy. This horse was too intelligent for his own good. But hearing the thought, thinking the deed, and seeing the result all before it actually happened made me cream my panties right then. I looked out the stall door to make sure there was no one close by. He nudged my back, urging me to pay attention to him once more. I stared down at his larger-than-life hanging member, and my mouth watered. I really wanted to lick him.

“Can I lick you, High? I want my warm tongue all over your cock. Let me lick you.”

“Cock? Oh, yes. Your words are somewhat new to me, but I’m sure if you keep on, I’ll learn.”

I kept on. I talked so dirty to High that his cock twitched and he dry humped a couple times. I knelt down in his stall, which was surprisingly clean, and placed both of my hands on his huge cock. Not a novice to the male species of humans, I thought that horses might like their cocks stroked too. Before bringing the tip to my mouth, I stroked him several times. He nickered softly and turned his head to me. He pushed on the back of my head making my face closer to his pulsing prick. Bringing up the head to my mouth, I wet my lips not knowing what to expect. Of course I’d given head before, just not to a horse.

I rolled my tongue around the tip of his penis, dipping it into his hole every once in a while. I knew I had to hurry, but this was something that was a first for me, so I also wanted to take my time. I noticed his penis was very clean too, which is unusual for many stallions. Seeing this, I licked up his penis all the way to his balls. He had a sweaty, salty taste, but was definitely not like a man’s taste. I liked it. I wanted more.

“High, I want you to come for me. Do you understand ‘come’? I want you to spill your seed for me. Can you do that?”

“Maggie, I understand. Grip my ‘cock’ and stroke it like you were doing earlier.”

I chuckled under my breath as I gripped his long cock and stroked it. I could tell he was learning the “foul language of lovers” and using it quite correctly. I also loved being told what to do. He humped a little bit to get a rhythm going. Every once in a while I’d bring the tip up so I could taste his pre-cum. Oh, how I wanted to get naked and take his cum all over my body. But I knew I didn’t really have time... today. Before long, he humped in my hands and spurted thick white cum all over the stall floor. I made sure to get some on my hand before it was all spent. I licked my fingers, and from there I was hooked. I loved this new “power” I had – being able to talk to horses, and I loved sucking and stroking horse cock. I wanted more.

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As I locked my apartment door behind me, I could still smell High’s sweet cum on my hand. I licked it again, hoping that I’d missed a spot earlier when I licked my hand clean at the stable. Remembering that I’d almost been caught by Dr. Rose gave me a chuckle. She came back to High’s

stall to check on me just as his prick was going back into his sheath. She saw the wet spot on the floor... how could she not? But she commented that he must have just peed. Right... peed. I chuckled again.

Forgetting that I was hungry, I made a bee-line straight for my bedroom. I had to do something about my own frustration. Getting High off was wonderful, and as I stripped, I thought of his big, juicy cock going up inside me. I didn't know anything about bestiality, so I didn't know how it would have been possible. All I knew was that I wanted something to fill my pussy. Fully naked, I flopped on my bed with my favorite vibe. I didn't need any lube this time. I just stroked it up and down my pussy folds and got it all wet. I'd never tasted myself, but I did this time. I licked the vibe with my own juices, and got even hotter - if that was possible. I rammed that purple prick in my cunt and stroked so hard it was as if my pussy was on fire. I kept thinking about High and his huge penis that I orgasmed over and over. Somehow, I knew I had to have a horse cock in me, and I was determined it was going to be soon. I passed out from my personal purple phallus poking, and woke up the next day sick from an empty stomach.

I had a lot to do today, and had to make myself keep my mind on what I was doing. I made a good breakfast, and with the toast and eggs leftover, I made myself an egg sandwich for lunch along with a single-serving bag of chips, two bottled waters, an apple, and the memories of yesterday. Thinking about it made my panties get moist, but knowing I had to have a clear mind, I saved those thoughts for later.

Arriving at the animal hospital, I saw Dr. Rose get out of her truck. She carries most of her vet supplies in her truck bed carriers, but since she's a vet for great and small, exotic and common, she also has an office building where people can come in to get their pets checked and so forth. Today was her "off" day in that even though she was on call, she spent most of her time at the office instead of at stables.

"How did you make out with High yesterday, Maggie?" She inquired when we got to the door. I thought for sure she'd found out, but from the look on her face, it seemed a genuine question, and not one of prior knowledge.

"Oh, he's a beaut, Dr. Rose. I can see why he's the favorite with everyone, not just the mares! He's so muscular, but his features are so soft. I fell in love with him at once!" A small blush appeared as I thought that entire conversation could be taken sexually. Although I meant it that way, I'd hoped it didn't appear that way. Dr. Rose only smiled. She walked back to her office, and I started the day's paperwork. I was appointed the task of getting the day's patients folders out and making sure all was up to date. Not a glamorous job, but at least I knew what I was doing. My education was becoming very well-rounded. Chuckling at that thought, and wanting to taste High's head again, I called back to Dr. Rose's office and told her I'd like to go see Sassy. I wanted to make sure we were still "friends."

"That'll be fine. While you're there, see if the owner of Hypnosis left a check for me. She was supposed to yesterday evening. It should be in the stable office."

"No problem," I told her. "I'll get it."

"Oh, and Maggie?"

I'd heard that tone in my Mom's voice before I was in trouble. Here it comes, I thought.

"Give High a big hug for me too, okay?" Dr. Rose let out a little giggle. I'd have to ask her about that some time.

Once at the stable, I made sure to find the office first and get Dr. Rose's payment. I didn't want to forget, although that would have given me an excuse to come back. Seeing no one around to announce why I was there, I quickly made my way to Sassy's stall. I audibly called to her from several stalls away so she wouldn't be startled when I entered her stall.

"Sassy! Sweet girl! It's Maggie." I called to her as I continued walking. "I've come to check on you and your neck. Are you sore?"

"No, Maggie. I'm not sore. I'm sorry for being upset with you yesterday. It's just, you took me by surprise, and I was hurt."

I understood that "hurt" to be emotionally and not so much physically. I felt bad and apologized again to her. Stroking her soft, velvety muzzle, I cooed, "Sorry Sass. You're such a pretty girl. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. But guess what? After I visited you and a couple of others, I saw High. I'm sure he'd like for me to tell you "hello" from him."

Her ears perked up. She flagged her tail. She even let a stream of thick lubricating fluid slide out of her vulva. I smelled the sweet scent, and asked if I could take a look. She didn't "say" anything to me, but turned her rear towards me, lifted her tail, and continued winking at me with her lovely pubes. Ah, the sweet smell of sex. I carefully touched her, and she drove her tail between her legs and hunched her back.

"Woo! That was interesting! What did you do?"

"I only touched you. I didn't ask, I'm sorry. I seem to be doing that to you lately. But your pussy seemed so inviting that I couldn't help myself. Oh, Sassy, can I touch you again? Can I please run my fingers up and down, maybe even in and out of your pussy?" I was so hot and so turned on by Sassy being in heat, that I forgot all professionalism. I wanted her. I wanted her sex.

"Maggie, what's my 'pussy'?" She innocently asked.

"Let me show you," I thought back to her. Speaking was just too impersonal now. I wanted to show Sassy how a human can show sexual affection. I carefully touched her hindquarters reaffirming through touch of what I was doing. She showed trust, and I didn't want to hinder that. I massaged her tailbone underneath, and ever so slowly eased my hand around to her vulva. I kept the touch soft but firm. I didn't want to tickle her again. I rubbed my palm up and down her vulva feeling the slickness from where she'd just lubed herself. My first two fingers "accidentally" slipped in her hot box, and I creamed my panties.

"This is your pussy, Sassy. As you know, this is where High puts his big rod in you and gets you pregnant. I of course cannot do that, but I can do something else. I think you'll like it."

I stuck my head under her tail and plunged my tongue in as far as it could go into her pussy. OH! She was hot. I felt her winking again, and I backed off. I really didn't want to, but I was dressed, and I did have to go back to the vet's office. If she squirted me, how was I going to explain THAT to Dr. Rose? Oh, how I want to be here naked. That thought only brought me further into my own heat, and I delved my tongue back into Sassy's snatch. Damn! I wish I were a guy right now!

Sassy breathed harder and nickered at me every once in a while. She spread her legs even more so I wouldn't have to reach so far up. I tasted her squirt before it got all over my blouse. I needed a fuck, now. I didn't want to stop, but I was running out of time, and I still had to go see my favorite stallion!

"Sassy, I have to go now. I hope what I did was okay?" I was always under the impression it's better

to ask for forgiveness than for permission. That's exactly what I was doing here.

"Yes, Maggie. I enjoyed it, whatever you did. I only hope that Susan will want to breed me again and soon. I think I need High."

"Me too, Sassy... Me too."

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I cleaned my face up as well as I could and tried to not lose all the scent of Sassy. To make High horny again, I thought I needed something for him to be horny about. I left Sassy's stall after giving her a hug around her neck and a kiss on her velvet muzzle.

High and Mighty's stall was about 40 feet away and to the left of Sassy's stall. He greeted me at the door not with any thoughts, but with one of those studly nickers that a stallion gets when he's being greeted by his favorite mare - winking and all. I could see all his "glory" hanging down then flinging up to smack his belly. He obviously wanted me to be impressed. I was.

"When you're done here, I'd like to take care of your needs, Maggie," I heard this unfamiliar voice quietly "speak" to me. I looked around and saw Duke the barn's Golden Retriever. Awed and a little excited that a dog spoke to me telepathically, I spoke back.

"What needs would those be, Duke?"

"I think you know full well what those needs are. I know I'm just a dog, but I have special places."

Was Duke wooing me? I laughed to myself. "We'll see, Duke. Depends on how much time I spend with High," and I scratched behind his ears. He stuck his nose right in my crotch.

"Mmmph. Maggie, you smell so good. You're wet too. I'll wait here for you after you see High."

I couldn't believe this dog was so confident that he was going to get in my pants! But my attention quickly turned to High as he paced in his stall and nickered at me every once in a while.

"Duke! Leave her alone! I need her. You'll get her in a little bit. Maggie, please! I need to smell you. I need to smell Sassy. I know you have her scent. Let me have a little smell, please!"

I didn't know High was so desperate, but then again... Stallion! Studs are always ready for sex. I talked to him normally as I slowly strode up to his stall. I wanted to tantalize him. Wanted to see what he was capable of.

"Do you smell Sassy on me? Gimme a kiss, High." I leaned into the bars on his stall and rested my chin on the top board. As he smelled Sassy's sweet snatch on my face, he began to do a piaffe in his stall. Kinda like the famous Lipizzaners do when they perform. As he danced, his penis swung from side to side like a long bell. I stood there watching that great swinging cock and he came back to my face, sniffed again, and started the dance all over again. He was very excited.

"High, do you need me? You won't trample me, will you?"

"Oh, Maggie. I need release. Please, remember what you did yesterday? Do that again. Only hurry. I'm afraid I won't hold out much longer."

I entered his stall, with his nose still sniffing my face. He actually gave my face a lick, and then started dancing again. I lol'd. I wanted him to still be able to sniff my face, so I stood beside him with



my right hip touching his left. I slid my hand down his flank firmly so as to not tickle him, and then reached under to catch that big rod as it swung my way. I brought it up to my mouth and licked the whole spongy head, even as far in the hole as I could. Then I stuffed as much as I could in my mouth and swirled my tongue around the head. I tasted his pre-cum and it tasted sweeter than it did the day before. I carefully swung my butt around to face his hindquarters and he stuck his nose between my legs.

“Oh, Maggie. You smell so sweet. Now, stroke me. Make me ‘cum’ as you said yesterday.”

I stroked that huge prick of his. I kept in the back of my head that one day that prick will be in my cunt. I nearly came at that thought, but tried to keep my mind on the job at hand. Oh, sorry, IN hand. High’s prick was so wide though, that I couldn’t wrap my hands around it. He didn’t seem to mind as I stroked him. He humped a little bit, then came all over the stall floor just like he did the previous day. Ah, but this time, I was a little bit more prepared. As he came, I held his dick like it was a hose. I sucked the cum out like I was drinking water out of the hose being careful to not get any on my clothes. Some splashed on my boots, but that can be quickly scuffed off w/ the sawdust. I also made sure to get High’s cum on my hand again too. I had to have a souvenir on the ride back to the office!

After spending his load, High had this glazed look. I could tell he was satisfied. I slipped out of the stall, and made sure to lock the stall door behind me. Duke was there within 2 seconds of me turning around in the hallway with his nose buried in my muff. My crotch was wetter than it had been on our first encounter (about 10 minutes previous), and he could smell it.

“Maggie, Maggie, Maggie. Mmmph.” Duke sniffed and snorted even more. I had a pair of jeans on, so he couldn’t get his nose up in my slit, but he was sure trying.

“Maggie, I know you want horse cock. I know that’s what you were thinking in High’s stall. All the women that work here think about riding High... and not just on his back. They actually want HIM to ride THEM. I know I’m not High, but I still have some impressive skills. Would you like to see?”

“Take me to your hiding place, Duke,” I told him using my own seductive voice.

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“Maggie, I know you’re rushed for time, so today I’ll only give you a taste of what I have. I’ll hope that will be enough to bring you back to me; and of course to High and Sassy too. I know they will want you back.”

I kept a sharp eye out for anyone who may be watching a dog lead a person around, but still, no one seemed to be at the barn. I blew out a breath of excitement, and Duke turned his head to look at me but kept walking. The thought in my head recurred that this is not a normal dog. Even before I had the gift of talking to animals, I knew a male dog could always tell when I was wet or ovulating. They jumped around me, on me, shoved their snout up my ass or crotch. Duke was different. Almost calculating. As erotic as that seemed, it was a bit disturbing. Yet with all those thoughts swirling in my head, I lost track of where we were going. Suddenly, I heard the announcement, “We’re here.”

I looked around to see where “here” was. I was in a small clearing of woods, but could still see the roof of the barn. “Okay, so we’re still within distance of the barn. That’s good. Just far enough away we can enjoy ourselves, but close enough that if something happens, someone can still find us.”

Puzzled, Duke looked at me and cocked his head to one side, “What do you think will happen, Maggie? I’m not going to hurt you. It’s just I like to be alone with the girls that I give pleasure to. I

mean, not many girls actually WANT to be seen fucking a dog. I know this and have accepted it. I found this place about two years ago. Any girl who wants a good fuck, will call to me and lead me here. Of course, they can't hear what I'm saying to them like you can, but I at least reassure them that they're not going to get mauled."

Smart boy!

"Oh no, Duke! That's not what I was saying at all, but I must admit that did go through my head. It's just... I've not 'been' with a dog before, so I don't know what to expect," I replied through spoken language. Then I bent down like a mother would call her young child, and called Duke over to me. He unhurriedly trotted over and licked my face when he reached me. I gave him a big hug, and whispered in his ear, "Let me see what you've got."

I could hear him start to pant a little more heavily now with his nose and mouth over my shoulder. I slid my hands down his neck and gently scratched his chest. Then my hands seemed to start exploring on their own. All over his back, down his front legs, brushing his tail my hands explored. Finally, I steeled the nerve to go under his belly and scratch there a bit. Duke was so patient, but his breathing got erratic when I scratched his belly. Some dogs do that "I like that right there, so I'm gonna thump my back legs" bit. But not Duke. He stood there and panted; waiting patiently for me to touch him. My left hand instinctively gently pushed down on his back as if to say "Sit." He lay down instead. As he came to a stop, I saw his glistening red tool peeking out of his sheath. Now, as any good girl would do when her lover is lying down, I took his prick and pumped it a little bit. More, more, more came out of his sheath. Duke was a wonderful 10 inches of cock with a huge 3 inch knot at the top. I took as much as I could into my mouth. Time stood still. Nothing else mattered. I didn't know anything else but the love of a dog. Looking back on that time, it was as if Duke held some sort of spell on me. All I wanted to do was give him pleasure.

I gently rolled my tongue around the tip of his cock, and then pumped my mouth up and down as much of his length as I could. Then more gentle rolling, and more rough pumping. Back and forth I went over his large penis, and it grew wider and longer with each pump. Then suddenly I remembered I had to be back at the office soon. Duke sensed my urgency and re-sheathed some of his purple and red cock. He got up and stood behind me.

"Your pants, Maggie. Take them off. I don't want to rip them, but I need you right now, and I will rip them off if you don't hurry."

I jumped up and quickly took off my jeans and lacy panties. Duke sensed my excitement, and gently nosed my ass. I obediently got on all fours. His tongue found it's way to my dripping wet cunny and licked from my clit all the way up to my pink rose. Over and over he licked my cunt with ever-so-often his tongue delved into my love box. I could feel the intense orgasm coming on, but I desperately so needed him to mount me.

"Duke, up!" I commanded. "What a good boy. Stick it in, Duke. Poke me; prod me; make me yours," I panted in time with his breaths. Not two seconds went by from the last lick to the first mount. He was good. Duke instantly found the mark and thrust his prick all the way into my willing pussy. "Duke! Oh, you feel so good! Keep going!" Again, I lost all sense of time. His hammering of my pussy and the tickling of his soft hair on my back sent me over the edge several times. I can not tell you how many times I had an orgasm because it all left me breathless. I could feel that knot at the entrance to my pussy. I didn't know if I could take it, but I was a sucker for a "first time for everything" fling. I felt all his hot jism shoot deep into my womb. Being a veterinarian, I knew humans could not have offspring from another species, but a deep longing wanted it to happen. He gave one last thrust, and pushed that knot right into my cunt. Oh! Was this heaven?! I came again

and again with his knot pressing down on my G-spot. Still pumping, he spilled every drop of cum he had inside me, and kept his knot there to plug it.

Reluctantly though, his knot shrank just enough that he could pull it safely out. I stayed on my hands and knees. I breathed heavily. I'd just been fucked by a very smart dog and loved every minute. Right then, I knew I had the best profession. Right then, I wanted High. Duke primed me, but I wanted - no, needed more.

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Duke licked my pussy trying to clean me up before I put on my clothes. He just about licked me clean and sent me to the moon w/ another three orgasms. His tongue dived into my pussy several times trying to clean out all his sperm then licked up and over my clit sending waves of ecstasy running through my body. My mind told me it was late and I had to get back. My body protested and wanted more. My job might have been on the line.

Job won out, in the end. I hated to end it, but I might lose my job. If I lost my job, I'd not be able to come back and visit these wonderful sexy animals.

As I got dressed, I spoke to Duke, "Duke, I have to go. You've been such a wonderful lover. I will never forget that you were my first animal to take my bestiality virginity. Thank you. When time permits and I'm off the clock - and it's okay with the barn owner - I'll come back to visit."

I gave him a big hug and zipped up my jeans. I slipped my boots back on over my somewhat dirty socks and asked to be led back to the barn. Duke showed the way and this time I made a mental note of how to get back to the clearing. If ever I was able to come back to the barn, I was surely going to want to put that clearing into use again.

I scratched Duke behind his ears, gave High a kiss goodbye through the stall bars, and petted Sassy's nose. I was already missing my sexy animal friends. As I slid into my car, I checked myself in the mirror. Just a couple of hairs out of place, but man did I reek of sex! What was I going to do? I don't have time to go back home to get a shower, but I certainly can't go to the office smelling like I'd fucked the whole barn! Then I noticed the box of baby wipes I had on my floor board. I took them to the indoor bathroom and stripped my jeans and panties off. I soaked my panties in the sink with a little bit of soap to get the semen stains off, and so it didn't crust up. (I don't like wearing crusty panties - they chafe.) As I wiped myself down with the cool, wet cloths, I thought of Duke and his wet, warm tongue. I slipped my fingers in my slit and wiggled them around. I almost came again. I got hot, and wet, and horny all over again.

"Stop, Maggie! You've got to stop. You have work to do. You've run your 'sex errand' and now you've got to get back!" I scolded myself. I knew I had things to do. It's just, how do you "get back to work" after having such a great session with an animal? A REAL animal?! I was going to have to really concentrate today to keep my mind off of what happened in the woods.

So I proceeded to wipe myself down, purposefully putting my mind to work on what I had to do at the office so I wouldn't pay attention to what I was doing to myself sexually. I dried my panties off as well as I could under the hand dryer, and well, my jeans were just going to have to wait. I'd make up an excuse about the smell if anyone asked.

I got back in the car, thankful that I didn't reek anymore, I just smelled like sex. Chuckling to myself and wondering what I'd say to Dr. Rose, I started the car and drove back to the office. On the drive back, I replayed the whole morning back from start to finish. From High to Duke. I was starting to get wet again. Thankfully, the office wasn't that far away, and I realized that I hadn't gone to relieve

myself when I was at the barn. I dashed for the restroom in the back - the one away from the front that the customers can use - and took a long pee. I felt some of the seed slide out of my pussy that Duke hadn't cleaned out of me. Again, I felt a longing to have his puppies. I don't know... he just made me feel so loved and wanted. Much more than any guy had that I'd been with.

Done with the bathroom, I washed my hands as all good employees should and headed out to the front. Dr. Rose stopped me in the hallway. I handed her the check, "Here's the check from Hypnosis' owner. No one was in the office, so I just got it. I didn't think about it at the time, but I should have written a note that I got it for you." I looked down at my boots, feigning an apology. "Sorry, Dr. Rose. I learn from mistake a lot. I know there's no room for mistakes in being a vet, but I'm learning so much from you..." My voice trailed off as I looked back up and saw her face. She always had soft features, and though she was never like a mother to me, I knew she understood.

"Maggie, little things like this, you do have to learn by mistakes. It's the actual being a vet that you can't take chances on. Just try to think ahead from now on, all right?" She grabbed my arm lightly before I had the chance to walk off. "How was Sassy?"

I couldn't feign surprise on this one. "'Sc, ...'scuse me?" Was I caught? My cheeks burned crimson, and my eyes started to water.

"Sassy? Didn't you go see her? I thought you went to see how her neck was to make sure she wasn't sore."

"Oh, yeah! I did. Sorry. I just..."

"And did you give High a hug for me?"

I chuckled to myself, "That's not all I gave him," but answered, "yes I did, just as you asked."

"And what did you think of his raging hard-on?"

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"Wha- What?" I asked in total shock. How could she know? Did Duke post a sign on me that only vets can read that said I gave High a blow-job and shagged a dog?

"Maggie." There was that condescending tone again. "Maggie, girls that tend to visit mares before visiting High usually give him a raging hard-on. He can smell it. All you have to do is pet the mare, and he's hard as a rock. Didn't he get that way with you?"

"Oh." I blew out a sigh of relief. Maybe she didn't see my blood-red face. "Oh, well, yeah, I did notice that, but I didn't take any notice. I thought all stallions were like that." I lied. "I honestly thought that he could sense or smell me ovulating." I whispered, "It's that time of month - almost."

"Ah," she quipped. "I see. So, well, come here." Dr. Rose led me to her office and bade me sit down. "Tell me, what did you think? Of his hard-on, I mean. What did you do?"

I squirmed in my seat, quite uncomfortable with this questioning, but I had to give some sort of answer. "I, uh, just kinda stared at it. I'd never seen anything so big. I mean, I'd never seen a... cock, prick, uh, penis so long and, and big." I stared out into space thinking of High's cock swinging back and forth like a bell. I could feel my panties getting wet again, and it wasn't from the washing them in the sink earlier, either. My juices were flowing again. As I snapped back to reality, I hoped Dr. Rose couldn't sense - or smell - my excited-ness. She just stood there and looked at me. I must've

looked dumb as I was daydreaming. I gave a nervous chuckle, and stood to leave.

“Maggie, it’s okay. I was shocked too when I first saw him. Did you touch it – I mean him? Did you get the urge to touch his, thing? I did. When I first saw him hanging there, I had to. I couldn’t believe how big he was. I was mesmerized with his length, his girth, just him.”

She went on raving about High’s huge member, all the while making me more wet and horny. Finally, I stopped her, “Yes, Dr. Rose. I did touch him. I had to see what it felt like. Now, may I go start to finish my work today? I’m drained.” Well sort of. I drained High and Duke, and now I need to be drained. I thought to myself.

“Wait, one more thing, Maggie. This is kinda personal, and if you don’t answer, I’ll understand. Does – Did High make you... wet? Down there I mean.” She pointed to my privates with her eyes. Then she saw. I knew she saw ‘cause she licked her lips. She saw the front of my jeans were wet. I think she might have smelled me too. Oh, God! I’m going to get fired! But it wasn’t my fault that she made me horny all over again! She just kept on ranting and raving about High’s lovely, thick, swinging cock. My eyes glazed over for a couple seconds as I traveled back to his stall.

“Maggie? Did he, Is he making you wet now?”

Fuck! What should I say?

“Truth, Maggie. Tell me the truth.” I saw her panting. She was hot too! I glimpsed down at her crotch and saw the beginnings of a small wet patch on her scrubs.

“Dr. Rose, am I going to get in trouble for touching High?”

“No, Mags.” That was the only time she’d call me by a nickname normally reserved for my closest friends. “You’re not going to get into trouble. Tell me, Maggie. Does the thought of High make you wet?”

Well, if I lose my job for being truthful, I may as well not become a vet. Looking down, I answered softly, “Yes. Seeing High; touching him; stroking him; licking him;” I may as well confess, “Getting him off; seeing him cum; tasting him; drinking his fountain of cum. What do you think? I mean, wouldn’t that get anybody horny? Wouldn’t that make the hardest of hearts soften and cream their pants?” Oh, God. I was so horny right then. I almost bolted for the door to drive to the barn once more. But then reality hit of all I’d confessed to, and I just knew my job was on the line.

Dr. Rose answered in a raspy voice, “That’s what I thought. Come with me. I have something to show you.”

She led me out of her office, down the hall to the left, and to a door I’d never seen before. The sign clearly said, “Infectious Canines. Keep Out!” but she barged on in. I held my breath hoping that what ever infection that was in here wasn’t airborne. She led me to a door on the right marked, “HC-2”

“HC-2? Dr. Rose, what is this place?”

“Holding Cell Two. Don’t worry. I’ll be with you the entire time. But I don’t want anyone to hear you as you recount what happened today,” and she shut the door.

“What the..? You WANT me to tell you? I’m getting fired, aren’t I? I couldn’t help it! High was just there! Lust drove me...” She pressed her mouth against mine. Her tongue dove in and out playing tag with mine. She pressed her breasts against mine and ground them together. As our tongues were dancing, she slid a hand down to my crotch sliding it forward and back, soaking her hand on

my slick jeans. She brought it up to our noses and snorted the smell off.

“No wonder High was so thrilled with you being there. Maggie, you have a great scent!” And with that, she went down on me.

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Dr. Rose licked at my cunt with my jeans on. It made me hot, but I wasn't sure I wanted to go through with this. I loved men. Period. I didn't want to even entertain the thought of being with a woman. Besides, without a penis, how could women pleasure each other? A dildo? It's just not the same. She kept licking my wet jeans, although I knew I was making them wetter myself. I liked the way she was treating me. I guess being curious won't hurt, will it?

She slowly unzipped my jeans and hooking her fingers through the tops of my panties, she pulled them down ever so slowly. Tantalizingly slow. They brushed my mound of freshly shaven pussy, and when the panties and jeans were clear of my ass, her lips covered my clit with kisses. She sucked on my clit for a while just bringing me to the edge of orgasm. Hotter, hotter, her breath kept getting hotter giving me more chill bumps as she continued. She took off my boots, and one of her hands guided my panties and jeans off. The other opened a drawer in the cabinet I was leaning against. She patted the vet's examination table and I obediently sat down. Opening my legs she lapped at my cunt like a dog. Like Duke. My eyes lulled back in my head as I thought of Duke and what he did to me earlier. My butt rose off the table to let her have full access to my pussy. Ah! Her tongue felt so good! Dr. Rose muffled and snorted into my cunny as her tongue delved into my hot box. I was so close to climax. I ground my clit against her nose. Close, so close...

She stopped. Why did she stop? I was right there! Right at the edge. Did she know? Did she care? I looked up, and saw my juices covering her face. I sat up and licked her, kissed her, tasted my juices all over her face. She awakened a fear in me. Was I a lesbian? I'd always loved men, but did I now love women? Dr. Rose didn't give me time to think that out. She showed me the huge black phallus that she had pulled out of the drawer minutes before. It looked just like High, only about six inches shorter, and a wee bit smaller 'round. The head was mushroom-looking, but not as imposing as High's. It made my mouth water. It made me think of High and how fast and hard he came. How delicious he was.

“Did you want him to take you, Maggie? Did you want High to fuck you with his huge rod?”

I could only nod yes. I couldn't take my eyes off that big cock she was holding for fear it wasn't real. I licked my lips. She handed it to me.

“Show me how you held High. Show me what you did when he shot his load.” I was about to shoot a load of my own, if that's possible for a girl. I took that black prick and held it at an angle, just like High's was. I smothered the tip with kisses and sucked the tip into my mouth. She held the top just as if High was holding his own cock. I jacked him - the dick - off just like I did High. Dr. Rose couldn't stand anymore. I don't know when it happened, but sometime during the course of shutting the door and me making out with the black phallus, she had stripped off her clothes. Now I could see all she was hiding under her small but loose scrubs. Her pert breasts couldn't have been but C cups at most, with both nipples pierced. She had a chain belt on with the end running down between her legs. A chain was also clipped from her nipple piercings to the middle of the chain around her waist. She sported a small but noticeable tattoo of the backside of a dog with his dick hanging down. That got me curious.

Anyway, Dr. Rose couldn't stand anymore. At least she couldn't stand it that I was getting all the

attention. She took the big dick from me, and started rubbing it between her legs. I saw that her well-used pussy lips were open, and the dildo was sliding nicely between them. That's when I saw what the chain from her waist was attached to. She brought it up to my face and told me to lick it. I might as well. She licked me. I guess I should repay the favor. I don't think I'm gonna like this, though.

I licked the dildo where she had rubbed her pussy. She, like me, smelled so sweet. I licked, and I slobbered. I was wet. She roughly took it away from me, and pushed me to lie back on the table and pushed my legs off to each side. After licking the tip of the black horse dildo, she licked my cunt once again. No, not licked. Slobbered. Like Duke did earlier. She had me so wet, but I think most of it was just me. Handling the tip with her left hand, and the base with her right, she guided the prick right up to my honey hole. I was so afraid it was going to rip me apart. Dr. Rose gently rubbed it up and down my pussy, every once in a while licking it or my cunt to keep it wet.

"Don't be afraid, Honey. Just relax. Pretend it's High. You want his cock in your pussy, don't you? You want High to make you his mare, his bitch? If you want to mate with the real High, you have to be able to take this. All of it." And with that, she shoved it up my snatch. My toes curled. The knuckles of both my hands went white as I clutched the sides of the table trying not to fall off. A silent scream was caught in my mouth and the pain of the head tore into me. The thrusting motions she made with the dildo made the pain go away and the pre-orgasms started again. The orgasm that she'd had me on the brink of earlier? That was nothing compared to now. My body just didn't seem to want to let go of that orgasm feeling - as if it would never come back. Intense.

"Scream, Maggie. Scream for Dr. Rose. Feel High's big black dick in your pussy and make him yours. He's here for you. He wants to cum inside you, but the only way to do that is for you to cum too." Another huge thrust and I was there. I'd never squirted before, partially because no man ever filled me like this or treated me so rough, but there I was: squirting around that monster of a thing stuck inside me; thrusting in me; pounding away at my pussy. And a scream. A scream tore at my throat and ripped out of my lips. A scream as I'd never screamed before; but not one of being scared; one of being ripped apart through ecstasy. Dr. Rose didn't stop pounding me, though. She also didn't stop flicking my clit.

"Oh! Oh! Oh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck! Doc! Doc, don't stop!" I gritted my teeth and demanded, "Don't you stop now. I'll pay you back, I promise. Don't you stop, stop, stoooooooooooooooooop!" Another primal scream rips from my throat as I hump up to meet more pounding from this huge monster. My whole body convulses in orgasm as I lay on the table. Dr. Rose still pushes it in and out of my well-worn pussy, but with a lot less urgency. She heard my promise, and I think she too wanted a beating from the big dick. When she pulled it out of my swollen pussy, my cum came out too which she noisily lapped up. I lay there for about a minute, trying to get my bearings.

"You promised, Maggie." And she forcefully shoved the prick into my hands and all but pulled me off the table. Now again, the thought came to me that I wasn't one much for girls. But I was a sucker for a "first time for everything" fling, so I couldn't stop. Besides, shouldn't I at least repay Dr. Rose for fucking me?

"Dr. Rose? Um, I'm kinda new at the girl thing, and uh..."

"Fuckin' get over it, Maggie. Do me better than I did you. That's all you have to do." With a bit more courage, I leaned into her cunt. I smelled the sweet smell of arousal, and made a preliminary lick. I rolled the taste around my tongue much like a wine taster would. Dr. Rose was very patient up to this point, but humped her hips up to meet my mouth. "Enough. Eat me."

My reply? I buried my nose in her clit and my mouth over her pussy. Her clit was especially touchy since her chain was attached to it via another piercing. My tongue darted in and out of her hole, and I loved the taste of her. She started humping my face, and all I could do was try to keep time with her. I didn't do much being a first-timer, but she still came all over my face. I lapped up as much as I could, but I knew she wanted more. I grabbed the horse cock out of her hands and did the same thing she did to me. I rubbed it between my legs feeling the veins slide over my pussy. It needed more lube, and I wanted to add to it. I clenched my legs together and pulled the cock out; the head putting pressure on my pussy as it slid past. Once clear, I slid it up and down Dr. Rose's crotch, mixing our juices and tantalizing her.

"Put it in, Maggie. Ram it into me just like I did to you." Clutching the side of the table she swung her hips back and forth trying to catch the tip with her pussy lips. I would gently slide the tip up to clit, then let it barely enter her twat. I repeated that several times just teasing her, making her beg for more. I licked the head of the dildo, then her cunny tasting her juices once more, then back to teasing her.

"You like being teased Dr. Rose," which was more of a statement than a question. "You like not being in control of the sexual favors done to you. What? You want this big cock in your steaming pussy? Sorry, can't do that just now," and I licked her cunt again. "I'm gonna give you what you deserve. What you want, but first, you must wait."

"No, don't make me wait. I don't like waiting. I want that thing buried in my twat, and I want it NOW!"

"No need to shout, Dr. Rose. All in good time," and with that I shoved it in her pussy. I saw it did to her what it did to me. Toes curled. Knuckles white. Soundless scream. Then humping. Lots of humping. I thrust it into her with abandon. She screamed and came, screamed and came some more. I wanted to see if I could get her to squirt like she did to me.

"Do you squirt, Dr. Rose? Do you want me to continue until you squirt like you made me?" More pounding; more humping. "I'm gonna make you cum so hard, Dr. Rose."

"Taylor. Call me Taylor, Maggie. Yes, please make me cum! I want to squirt for you!"

I fucked her hard with that schlong. I buried it hard and deep in her pussy and pulled it out almost to the tip. Several times I did this with her twat raised to the ceiling. All of a sudden, her pussy muscles pushed the horse cock out, and she sprayed all over me. I was wide eyed because that had never happened to me. No, not even a man sprayed cum on me. I either swallowed or spit it out discretely. Not Dr. Rose, I mean, Taylor. Oh, and she was so hot! I mean it was breathtaking to see the stream of her cum come right at me. My mouth was already open in shock, so I got a good taste of her stream. I knew right then that though I would never be a lesbian, this was something I could get used to tasting.

We caught our breath and cleaned ourselves up at the sink in the corner all the while me telling Taylor what had happened between myself, High, and Duke. If we hadn't been so spent sexually, I know the details I told Taylor would have gotten her hot again.

"Maggie, I hope you will forgive me for what just happened. It's just that I've not been that turned on in a long time, and I needed to expel some energy. This won't change our working relationship, but if you want, our personal relationship - outside the office - can grow."

I shook my head in disbelief, "I'll need time to think about all that happened, Dr. Rose. That was a first for me. In fact, today was a whole series of firsts. I can't seem to process them all right now. It'll



probably take me a couple days in fact. I'll let you know my conclusion, though, as soon as I have one, okay?"

"Fair enough. By the way, if you ever need a quickie, the dogs in this hallway have been specially bred and are sickness free. Just make sure you have a treat with you and slide it through the door's window before opening the door. There are many girls that come in here on their break to get a 'quick fix' until they can go home. But I'll tell you, it's quite addicting. We don't use any drugs on the dogs, no special shampoos, it's just when you don't have to worry about hurting someone's feelings, it's great. We just ask that you don't abuse the dogs and you get fully cleaned up in this room - HC-2 - after playing around. That's all the info I'll give you for now. If you have any questions, feel free to ask me or any of the girls that work here. They know all about it, and most of them use these facilities daily. In fact, several of them come in as a group. But enough. I know your head is probably swimming with everything. Take the rest of the day off with pay, and I'll see you tomorrow at 7 AM. We have the farm over in Williamsburg to pull Coggins on."

And with that she walked out of HC-2.

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## Part Two

Shocked was not the word. Stunned or dazed might have been a little bit better, but I could not put my finger on it. There was a lot to process. I decided that since I was a two-time graduate with a 4.0, I could get a handle on this. I just had to write it all down. I formulated the list in my head, but when I got home, I wrote it down; to see it; to make sure it was real.

1. At Falcon Crest Farms found I could hear horses animals.
  - a. Sassy
  - b. High
  - c. Duke
2. Made out with High - tasted cum and loved it
3. Fucked Duke - in the clearing behind the barn. Actually knotted... had a damn good time.
4. Got found out by Dr. Rose
5. Fucked Dr. Rose.
6. Found out I could have animal dick everyday if wanted.
7. Sick?

I ran a bath. I need to think, and the only way I could think was to wash all of today's happenings away.

"Am I sick? I mean, I know having the ability to talk with animals is a gift. But am I sick for wanting to put out to a horse or a dog? I've never had that desire before, so why now? I grew up around dogs and horses, and never once wanted to touch them sexually. Is it this new "power" or gift that awakened something in me? How do I know I'm not going to abuse it? I'm just going to have to consciously make sure to not use this gift for personal gain. I went to school to be a vet; I don't want to make money off of my gift like those kooks who probably pretend to talk to animals." Sinking deep into the tub with the water right below my nose, I finished my conversation to myself with a simple, "I wonder if I can talk to all animals?" and with that I fell asleep.

I woke up about 30 minutes later, refreshed, and ready to eat a good meal. "In fact," I laughed to myself, "All I've had today to eat is cum. No wonder I'm hungry!" I got out of the bathtub, dried off, and twenty minutes later I had a hot pizza with all the meats - I chuckled again - and watched a

movie. I went to bed around 10 PM and fell asleep quickly. Sleep was great, and the quick shower in the morning to wash my hair got me ready for the day. I grabbed a cereal bar, a pint of milk, and drove to the office; all by 7 AM. I was quite proud of myself because I'm usually late, making Dr. Rose late.

Dr. Rose walked up to me with a warm friendly smile as if nothing had happened between us the day before. She instructed me to stay outside while she went in to get several things. I asked to help, but she refused. So I looked through the truck to see if we were missing anything. I'm not meticulous, but I know Dr. Rose doesn't like to have to call the office to send more supplies or reschedule because we're not prepared. I made sure we had more than enough Coggins papers to fill out, a couple of extra pens and pencils, test vials, needles, and such. Dr. Rose came out after I'd finished the quick inventory, and we drove to Williamsburg. She'd asked me about my gift; if I could only hear horses. I told her I could hear Duke yesterday too, but didn't tell her about our escapade in the clearing. I wasn't sure about other animals, but of course it would be neat to hear them.

"I think it's selective, Dr. Rose. I don't hear every animal's voice. Just the one I'm next to."

"It's Taylor when we're alone, and I'm glad it's selective. Could you imagine being like Dr. Doolittle, hearing all the voices at once? You'd go crazy. So, what are their thoughts like? Do they think in phrases, or sentences like us?"

"Well, I think it depends on how much human companionship/training they have. High, Sassy, and Duke were voicing in complete and smart sentences. If they didn't understand something, they'd ask. It's quite wonderful, actually, not having to piece thoughts together."

"It sounds as if they have wonderful trainers/owners. You'll be a great asset to my practice, Maggie. Once you become a certified veterinarian, would you consider being a partner? I love having your help as an assistant, and I know you'll be a great vet. 'Specially with your gift. Think about it. You don't have to give me an answer now."

And with that, she dropped it, and we talked about other things. The drive to Williamsburg wasn't that long mileage-wise, but with the traffic, it took us nearly an hour. We arrived, did our thing and left. Of course, I got to talk to the horses I came in contact with, but it wasn't anything spectacular. I did realize I could talk to any animal, though. I was standing near the truck while Dr. Rose was giving the owner the bill, and I concentrated on trying to hear other animals. There were two squirrels close by arguing over where to build their next nest. I chuckled to myself. Typical couple, I suppose.

We drove the way back to the office, but Dr. Rose made a detour. "Maggie, I have to see something. I called our friend that owns High and Sassy." I went rigid. "I wanted to see if the horses remembered you.

"Dr. Rose, um, did you say anything about what happened between High and me?"

"No. Do you want me to ask or tell her about it?"

I shook my head vigorously. "No, please don't. I-I wouldn't know what to do or what to say..." and my voice trailed off as we pulled up to the barn where I was yesterday. I never paid attention to the name of the barn: "Cherry's Playground." I chuckled at the name.

"What kind of name is that for a stable, Dr. Rose?"

"An interesting one, that's for sure. Here, let's go meet the owner. I won't say anything about

yesterday's happenings. But if she asks..."

"I'll come clean. I promise."

We met the owner, Cherry, sitting outside on a gazebo gazing into High's eyes. She had apparently given him a bath earlier because he was a shining silver grey with his black mane and tail braided as if he was ready to go to a show. She patted his head every once in a while as he brought his head up from eating the grass around the gazebo. Both Dr. Rose and I walked slowly around High so as to not startle him. Cherry looked at me expectantly, so I introduced myself.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Cherry. I am Maggie, Dr. Rose's assistant. How are you today?"

"Maggie, Dr. Rose tells me you have a gift. She told me that you've talked to my horses. Is that true?" "She's a very straightforward person. At least you don't have to wonder what she's thinking," I thought to myself.

"Well, yes, ma'am. I just found out yesterday that I have a gift that I can hear animals and talk to them." I shrugged my shoulders.

"Dispense with the 'ma'am' stuff. It makes me feel old. Do I look old to you? Never mind. Don't answer that. It doesn't matter. Tell me, Maggie, can you hear or talk to any animal?"

I rubbed the toe of my boot in the dirt, "Right now, um, Cherry, I don't know the full extent of my ability. It just came about yesterday. Although I believe I can. While I was waiting for Dr. Rose at the Blackwood Farm, I heard a couple of squirrels quarreling over where to make their new nest. I zeroed in on them purposefully because I wanted to see if it was just horses, or any animals."

By that time, High realized I was there. He picked up my scent, even though I wasn't wet "down south." I suppose animals just remember people's smells. He gently pulled the lead rope out of Cherry's hand as he came over to me. We had a private conversation as Cherry was thinking on what I'd just told her.

"Hello, Maggie. Are you scared?"

"I kind of am, High. I don't want to get in trouble with Cherry."

"Did you enjoy yourself yesterday, Maggie?"

"Oh, yes, High! I enjoyed myself greatly!" I started to get hot. My panties were getting wetter, and I could feel it. "It's just that, well, High, I've never done anything like that before, and I could get into real trouble. I could go to jail and I'd never become a vet!" My eyes started to water, but I coughed to pretend something got in my throat and made my eyes tear up. High went back over to Cherry, rubbed his head on her, and proceeded to lick between her legs. She had pants on, but he licked and licked and I could see a wet spot forming. I don't think it was from all his licking, though.

Cherry slumped down in her seat for High to get better access to her, "Maggie, I think High likes you. What did he say to you just then? And be honest. I'll know."

I told her the exact conversation word for word. It wasn't much to formulate any kind of thought around, I kept telling myself, but... my thoughts trailed off.

"Maggie? Do you know the name of my stable?" I nodded. "Do you know why I named my stable 'Cherry's Playground'?" I shook my head, no. "I named it that because I didn't want this stable to be

a normal horse facility where people come to board their horses, ride, take lessons and such. No, this facility is especially for adults. NO children are allowed on the premises. People must be 20 years old or older. How old are you, Maggie?"

"I'm 26, Cherry," I looked at Taylor for help. She just stood back and enjoyed my "interview."

"Twenty-six is a very good age, Maggie. Maggie, "Cherry's Playground" is just for adults who would like to live out their adult fantasies with animals. Mainly horses and dogs, but I have a couple of accommodating cats, pigs, cows, and llamas even. They are all kept in their own barn for their own species. You only saw the horse barn. Would you like to get a tour of the whole place?"

I looked at Dr. Rose. She just shrugged.

"Taylor won't be coming with us, right yet, Maggie. She's seen the place. She's my vet; of course she's seen it! Come. Let us begin the tour." And with that she took my hand.

She held my hand throughout the whole tour. Her hand was soft, even though she'd clearly worked with these animals everyday. I'd have thought that there would be calluses on her hands from doing the barn work. She showed me the pig barn first. It didn't smell horrible like I thought it would.

"The pigs like to think they're stinking it up, but we keep them very clean. If a customer comes in and wants to 'Pork a Pig,' -that's what we call it - then we have to make sure the pigs are clean. We don't like to waste time cleaning them up. We've lost business that way, and we don't like to lose business. Next is the cow barn. Now, I only let the heifers get sexed for now. The bulls aren't quite trained yet, and I don't want some nice lady to get run over from a bull with a raging hard on." She chuckled at her own joke.

I was starting to see she took this "business" seriously. She had at least 70 animals in her care, and all were very healthy. I could tell she didn't let just anyone come in.

"Tell me, Maggie. Can you talk to this heifer for me? I can't understand why she's all of a sudden gone, um, unloving."

"Sure, I'll see what I can do. What do you mean by 'unloving'?"

"Well, I've been using her more often because she was the tightest for the gentlemen. Now, her vulva is dry and very unwelcome for the men. Much like we would be if we were dry and some man tried to stick his 'schlong' in us. She draws up because it hurts. She was never like this, and I would like to find out what's happened."

"Ah, I understand. What's her name?" I asked.

"This is Mudbug. We call her Buggy."

I walked up to Mudbug. "Buggy? Hi. I'm Maggie." Nothing. She turned her tail to me. I looked at Cherry. I could see a bit of doubt in her eyes starting to form. But it's not like I can turn it off and on. I was still just getting used to this... Oh, I'm making excuses.

"Let me try again. Why not go visit another cow, and come back in about five minutes and check on my progress. Sound okay?" Cherry nodded and walked off in doubt. I turned back to Mudbug.

"Mudbug, sweetie? What's the matter?" With that she turned to me. She peered at me with those big brown eyes and blew her sweet breath at me.

"Maggie, right?" She sounded like Joan Rivers to me. Kinda raspy and comical, but sad, nonetheless.

"Yes, I'm Maggie," I replied audibly. "Will you tell me what's wrong?" I scratched behind her ears, much like a dog, and she leaned into it. I was hoping I was building some rapport with her.

"Maggie, my bull doesn't want me anymore. He says I smell too much like humans - back there - and he doesn't want me anymore. Cherry used to let us out everyday, and we would herd together like cows do. But ever since I dried up, it's uncomfortable for me to take humans, and very much so for me to take my bull." Mudbug hung her head as if she was ashamed. "I, I guess I just want to be a normal cow. I love the humans and their love for me, but I really love my bull. Cherry just doesn't understand." Mudbug started to walk away, when I stopped her.

"Would you rather be called Mudbug, or Buggy?"

"Mudbug."

"All right, I'll pass that on. And you said you'd like to just hang out with the cows for a while, right? If we give you a bath to try to wash all the human scent away; try to get you wet again - back there - and get you ready for your bull, would you like that?" I was hoping to get her spirits up and be ready for service again in a couple of weeks.

"Oh, could you!?"

"I'll see what we can do, Mudbug. In the meantime, you drink lots of water, and keep eating, okay? You need to restore your fluid intake so you CAN get back to the herd properly."

I called over to Cherry and explained the situation. She was relieved to know the solution, and that it came from the cow herself. She understood and agreed with Mudbug that cows need their natural order of things.

"Thank you, Maggie. I never knew she didn't like her nickname, and I never even thought of why she was so down. I'll rearrange the way we do things so they can be animals first and foremost, but still love the humans too." Cherry beamed at me. I was glad I could help. "Now," She continued, "How can I pay you back?"

"Oh, Cherry, I don't need payment for doing that. I love using my gift." I explained.

"Yes, and so does Tay - er, Dr. Rose. She has a gift, and she gets paid. I will pay you today. You just get to determine how you get paid." She smiled a devilish smile and I moved the dirt with the toe of my boot.

She led me to High's stall where he waited for me with his head near the bars. "Would you rather have Sassy first, or you wanna have a go at him all by yourself?"

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"I-I'm sorry?" I tried to sound genuinely confused, but I don't think it happened. Was this really going to happen?

"Maggie, I know you made High cum yesterday. He was all in a tizzy when I came in to feed him, and he was still hung. Then I checked out the video feed - which is mainly for security purposes - to see what made him like that. I saw you go in, and I saw you come out with a flushed look on your face. What did you do?" Cherry held her Cheshire cat grin, and I knew she wasn't upset - much.

My face went bright red to ghost white in seconds. I slid down High's stall to the floor and told Cherry everything that I did with Sassy and High. As I relived yesterday through words, my pussy was getting wet. I so wanted him again. I might be able to, if maybe, just maybe Cherry would forgive me.

"Maggie, I don't let people have sex with my horses, or any of my animals, without my express consent. You didn't know that, but I can't let it slide. If I do, and others find out, then people might just come here whenever they feel like it and go to town on one of my animals, hurt them, and... you get the picture. I'll have to punish you, Maggie. Do you understand?"

I understood that the question wasn't really a question. I understood that I was about to be punished, and it was inevitable. I was soaked.

Cherry turned to Dr. Rose, "Taylor, go put the closed sign out on the front gate. Today Maggie will understand all about animal love."

As Dr. Rose turned to leave, she gave me a wink and a smile. I wasn't sure what to expect. As soon as she returned, Cherry began her lesson.

"You will do exactly what you are told to do. There will be no if's, and's, or but's about it. If ever you feel uncomfortable - as in unwilling - to do something, the safe word is 'hot sauce'. If for any reason you use this safe word, we will immediately stop what is being done to you, and you will leave the premises right away, never to return. 'Never' as in not even as a veterinarian's assistant. Do you understand and do you have any questions?" I nodded my "yes" and stood.

"Cherry, I understand why I'm being punished, but while I'm being punished, may I talk? I know people who don't like for the 'punishee' to make any noises whatsoever. What's my limit?"

"Oh, you'll be able to talk, whimper or whatever. I don't mind that at all. Just remember the safe word. Now, get up and strip."

I know my eyes got as big as saucers, but I did as I was told. Besides, I was getting hot and sticky with all the clothes on, and I needed to cool off.

"Lay your clothes down on the barn floor, sit on them and play with yourself," Cherry instructed.

I folded my clothes, though not very neatly, and sat down. I ran my hands all over my pert breasts and hardening nipples. I licked my fingers and rubbed them over my nipples allowing the cool breeze to harden them even more. My hands seemed to roam free over my stomach and found themselves tickling my own thighs with light caresses. They met in the middle where my happy place is and rubbed my own wetness all over my body. I licked my fingers any time they came near my face, which was often. I found I had a sweet taste, and I couldn't get enough of myself. Then my fingers started tickling my clit. My hips would grind and buck as I found a rhythm. My fingers slipped in and out of my pussy drenching the clothes I was sitting on and keeping my clit wet. The rhythm got faster and more intense and I soon found that I was on the brink of orgasm.

"Stop! You cannot get to orgasm. Stand up." Cherry barked out the orders.

"Fuck! I was almost there! I don't know if I can stand up," I said to myself. I used the stall wall to help me, and as I stood, I saw High and all his glory. "Fuck again! I want him so badly. I want to taste him; to feel him; to have him cum inside me..." My thoughts were broken with Cherry's next orders.

“Strip me, Maggie.” I did as I was told. As I pulled off her shirt, I saw she didn’t have on a bra. Her nipples stood out hard when the breeze touched them. I looked in her eyes and saw the answer to my silent question. I had permission to suckle them. As I took her right breast in my mouth, I slid my right hand over her left one, pinching and pulling it to tease her while my left hand found its way to her wet and waiting pussy. She was clean shaven so my finger slid right into her slit finding her clit easily. I slid my hand back and forth over her wet lips with my middle finger sliding over her hole as my tongue lashed over her hard nipples. I massaged her mons and grated it against her pelvic bone to give a different sensation. Every once in a while I’d bring my hand up to taste her sweetness just as I had done to myself. Suddenly I felt a cold nose pressed between our bodies. It took me by surprise, so when I stepped back, I saw Duke standing there looking up at me with his nose buried in Cherry’s crotch. He wasn’t saying anything to me, but he sure as hell was making me hot for her twat.

“I don’t want you to do anything to my pussy, Maggie. I’ll leave that up to Duke. I DO, however, want to see how much of High you can take. Are you willing?”

I nodded, not sure if I could speak due to the lump growing in my throat. Cherry was actually INVITING me to fuck her horse! The same horse that I’d wanted to fuck yesterday but only got to give head to. My whole body quivered with anticipation. Scenes played through my head as I wondered what I should do first. She slid the stall door open, and I was invited in. HE invited me. I was wanted and loved by this tremendous amount of horse. I came all over myself just at the mere thought. At that moment, Dr. Rose made herself seen, and guided me into High’s stall. Once near him, though, I knew what to do. I patted him; hugged him; and made him feel comfortable with me.

“High, it’s me again. Did you see what you did to me? Just seeing your cock hanging there made me cum.” And with that, he made it swing back and forth and arched his neck as if to say, “I know.”

“Yes, Maggie, I saw. It’s amazing what a body can do; what it can take. I heard that you want to take me; that you want to have my cock inside you.’

“Oh, High, I want to bury your cock deep inside my pussy. I want to feel your whole prick inside me. Can you smell me? I’m dripping wet just for you!”

Taylor had enough and shoved me down on my knees. Of course, if she had heard my conversation with High, she too would be hot and dripping. I obeyed, though, and grabbed hold of his long dick. I teased the tip of it with my tongue. I put as much of the head into my mouth. High humped a little bit as if he wanted to cum.

“Wait, High,” I said aloud so Cherry and Taylor could hear me. “Don’t cum yet. I want you inside me. I want you to fill me with your seed.”

Taylor positioned me underneath him so he could “mount” me without hurting me. She helped hold his heavy prick and I reached back to put the tip of his head up to my soaking-wet pussy. I leaned into it and felt the heat from his head gliding into my hot box.

“Oh, Fuck! Oh High, you feel so good! I want it all in me. As much as will go in High, push it in!” I screamed. He humped his back up and slowly pushed more into my cunt. A little more with each slow push, and I think he got about 12 inches of that 20 inch cock into my pussy. With every push, I could feel my climax coming strong. I wouldn’t let it come though, because I wanted to cum when High came. He kept teasing me though, and I couldn’t take much more.

“High! Give it to me! Give me all you’ve got. Pump that hot seed into my belly. I need to come noooooowwwwwww!” And with that he pumped hard into me. I never thought I could be fucked so

well. Even Duke didn't hold a candle to High. My orgasm came hard and fast, but it lingered all through my body. When High pulled out of me, I could still feel the load he left inside sloshing around. Cherry ordered me to stand outside the stall door while she got a bucket or pitcher to catch the cum in. Duke was beside her the whole time. He looked expectantly at me, but never said anything. She pushed me into a squatting position, pushed me up against the stall, and held the clean feeding bucket under my pussy.

"Piss it out, Maggie. I want all of High's cum in this bucket."

I did a couple of Kegel exercises and pushed the cum out of my cunt. Thing is, it didn't seem like "normal" cum. It was more stringy than most but it came out of me easily. As soon as I was finished, Cherry snapped her fingers loudly, and Duke lunged toward me sticking his nose in my cunt. He licked my clit so hard the first time that I came again. He just kept licking and licking and I kept bucking my hips toward him trying to trap his tongue in my twat.

"All fours, Maggie. You're gonna let Duke take you harder and faster than you did yesterday."

I screamed to myself as I got on all fours and padded my knees with my clothes. "She knows! How the hell did she find out?!"

Duke answered, "Of course she knows, Maggie! She knows everything that goes on around here. The clearing where we had our fun? It has cameras. I led you out there on purpose to let her know what you're capable of doing. Just to let you know, I'm not going to be as nice to you today as I was yesterday."

He mounted me quickly and plunged his red and purple dick right into my pussy. He knew what he was doing, and he went to town. His thrusts were so fast that I was about to pass out from the heat of the moment. But I wanted to feel his hot seed spilling, no not spilling, squirted into my womb. I focused on feeling his prick. Though it wasn't nearly as filling as High's, it had its perks. It swelled inside me as he thrust and I orgasmed over and over. Duke lightly gripped the back of my neck with his teeth, and closed his front legs around me to hug me closer. One last hard thrust and his knot was inside my pussy.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck oh fuck, oh FUCK! Duuuuuuke! I love your knot! Oh, I'm so full, but I want more!"

(You know, one should be careful for what she wishes.)

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Duke kept pumping his seed into like he was an eternal jackhammer. My pussy was getting so sore, but all I wanted was more, more, more. He spilled every last drop of his cum inside me and turned while still knotted. He'd pull every once in a while to see if he could pop out, and every time he moved sent another wave of ecstasy through me. After about 15 minutes of being knotted w/ Duke, he pulled one good hard time and popped out of me. Two or three quarts of dog and horse semen spilled out on the barn floor. I was relieved that it was over, but there was something in the back of my head just nagging me. I couldn't figure out what I wanted, but I know I wanted more.

"Get up. You still have at least one more animal to visit, maybe more if you're good." Cherry smirked. She and Taylor led me to the cattle barn. I felt the cum slosh around in my womb, and it felt heavy but good. It took all my strength to keep what I could in me. Cherry wanted it all in that bucket, but I wanted to keep some for myself. I liked the way it made my otherwise flat tummy bulge. Cherry took me straight to a bull standing at the back of his stall.



"This is Mudbug's bull, Maggie. You're going to convince this bull that women are great to mate with, and that Mudbug is also great to mate with," Cherry said forcefully. "You're going to do what it takes to get this bull calm enough to mate with women. Dogs, horses, and pigs are not all what I want to share here. Cows must be on the menu too. Oh, and his name is Outlaw. Go do your magic."

I just about fainted. I remember Mudbug telling me about her bull, and how she loved to mate with him, but she didn't tell me how big he is. This bull - Outlaw - weighed at least a ton, had horns about three feet wide from tip to tip - thankfully those tips were filed down so they wouldn't skewer me - and a huge red raging hard on. Cherry led me to a special box where my pussy could be up to the same height as a heifer's. She didn't want me getting hurt, and for that I was grateful. I walked back to him, looking at his eyes, wondering what he was thinking. I didn't want to initiate the conversation. I wanted to let him speak first. He spoke very gruffly, much as I had expected of him.

"What do you want, human-bestial whore? I don't want to have anything to do with you," and he turned his back to me.

"Outlaw, I've talked to Mudbug, and gotten things right with Cherry so Mudbug's not used so much with the men. They've cleaned Mudbug and she's ready for your use. Isn't that good news?" I smiled at him. Cherry caught the smile and grilled me.

"What are you telling him, Maggie? Why can't you get on with the show? You're not done yet." Cherry sounded very put-out, but I tried my best to calm her.

"Cherry, Outlaw says he wants nothing to do with me. He called me a human-bestial whore. He's very smart, and there's no way around a smart animal other than to get to the root of his problem with people. Let me talk to him. If you want to use him for women, he has to be able to understand why. We cannot make him do something that he does not want to do. That would be cruel."

Cherry softened at that. She knew that the care of her animals was first and foremost and that sex could come later. I was relieved that I'd not have to get screwed by him - yet. I did hunger for Outlaw, but I wanted him to hunger for me too. I wanted him to hunger for women.

Cherry and Taylor gathered up the cum-filled bucket, my dirty and cum-stained clothes, and headed up to the ranch house. Several minutes later they came back with a clean shirt and pants, but no underwear. \*shrug\* Didn't matter anyway, I don't like to wear underwear. Au natural is good enough for me.

But I digress.

I knew Outlaw heard the exchange between Cherry and I, and kept his thoughts away from me while they were gone getting clothes for me. As soon as they left, though, he faced me, but didn't come close.

"So, you're the 'Maggie' that all the animals have been raving about; the one that can hear our thoughts. Do you hear all the animals at the same time?"

"No, Outlaw, I don't, thankfully. Because I'm sure if I did, then I'd go crazy trying to sort them all out. Nah, what usually happens is I hear the animal closest to me. May I groom you as we talk? I've groomed horses all my life practically, so I know what I'm doing, and it will calm me down after all I've been through today."

"I suppose so. But be gentle. We cows are not like some horses who like to be brushed hard."

"I'll be sweet, Outlaw." I took one of the brushes that was in a groomer's bag hanging outside Outlaw's stall. It's then that I noticed that every animal has his or her own grooming supplies, and remember seeing the same thing in the horse barn. What a great place this was to know that the animals were so well cared for, that they didn't want things spreading to other animals through the brushes and such.

Again, I digress.

I took the soft brush and gently but firmly brushed his neck and shoulders. "So why do you distrust me so much, Outlaw. I've not met you until just now. You really shouldn't judge people - and I mean people - upon first looking at them. Have I done something to offend you?"

He audibly sighed, "Maggie, I've been here for a while now, and I've seen a lot of things happen. I'm sure you know what kind of things I mean. Cherry makes sure that the people who use us for their pleasure take care of us, and they do. But when a human is mating with my Mudbug and leaving his scent behind, I just don't want to have anything to do with her. I love her with all my heart - if a bull can love - but I don't want to have to smell human seed on my heifer." He snorted and turned around on me.

"Okay, Outlaw. I can understand that. But that has nothing to do with me, though. Why did you call me a human-bestial whore? Yesterday was the first day I'd ever even tried dog and horse love. I would hardly call that whorish," I slowly walked up to him offering him the scent of the brush. I wanted him to let me touch him again. I wanted to boost his confidence in me.

"Maggie, you acted like a whore today, though. You let High inside, and Duke, and now you're supposed to let me do you too. Don't you consider that to be whorish?"

I chuckled. I could see his point, though how to explain to a cow that when you're forced to do something it isn't necessarily being whorish.

"Okay, so I'm a human-bestial whore. What does it matter?" I switched on a whorish tone and lurid body motions. "You've not had Mudbug for quite some time now, am I right? I'm sure you have loads of seed to be released. I understand about you not liking Mudbug's smell after sex with a man. See if you like a woman's scent after sex with a horse and dog." I propped my left foot up on the slat in the railing, and massaged the juices just dripping now from my cunt. My clit was still sensitive from Duke, and my pussy was throbbing. It wanted and needed to be penetrated again. Outlaw eased his nose up to my sex and snorted a bit. The air from his nostrils blew across my pussy, and cooled the warm fluid. It sent a chill up my back and a little more of my own love juice leaked onto my inner thigh. He smelled it and licked it. (Now, remember, cows have VERY long tongues, so as he was dragging his tongue up my thigh, his tongue parted my well-worn pussy lips and grazed across my clit.) I gasped as it grazed my clit and groaned.

"I like what I smell; and I like what I taste. I'll take you now if you let me lick your - what's it called - your pussy? Is that right?" I nodded, unable to speak because I was going to get me some bull! "You humans and your names. Of course, we've heard them for so long that we use them now too. It used to not be that way." Outlaw's eyes got far away. Kind of like we do when we're daydreaming.

"Outlaw, come with me." I led him to the box that Cherry led me to earlier. "Outlaw? I'm going to lay on the box, and you're going to lick me like you did in the stall. Then I'll let you mount me, all right?"

"Fine, Maggie."

I walked him through how to please me; I pleased him the same way I pleased High the day before -

with a handjob. But I didn't let him cum yet. I laid face down on the box allowing enough room on both sides of me for Outlaw to mount me and not hurt me. I coaxed him to come over to me and mount me.

He found his mark on the first try. His long, slippery, red dick thrust hard in and out of my well-worn pussy. As I was concentrating on his dick inside me, it started to do something that I didn't know would happen. (You'd think that a vet's assistant who studied just about everything there is for med-school, nothing would surprise me.) It started to twist and turn inside me. He humped hard and fast and after coming, his prick curled up like a curly fry. It hurt when he pulled it out of me, but the sensation it left behind was to die for. He only lasted about three, maybe four minutes, but those were 3-4 minutes of heaven to me. As he dismounted, I closed up my honey hole so nothing would spill out. Outlaw huffed when his front feet dropped to the floor, and placed his head upon my back. Something I took as affection. Still hanging on to his cum inside me, I stood up, and turned around. I talked to him through my gift, because I had a sneaky suspicion that Cherry and Taylor were watching - either by hiding or by camera. I didn't want them in on our precious moment after.

"Outlaw, that was awesome. And your prick-twist at the end. That happens all the time?"

"Oh, yes, Maggie. That's what Mudbug liked about me the most. When we screwed, she really got screwed. She loved it, much like you just did."

"Outlaw, if you can put aside your dislike for humans, you can please a whole lotta women out there. You don't have to be gentle. I'll tell Cherry that she'll just have to send you the wild women like me. The ones who like it rough and fast, but oh, so good. Do you want me to tell her that you'll be a human-breeding bull?"

"Yes, Maggie. I want to have other women like you. You're pussy was so hot and tight. Mudbug's isn't like that."

"I don't like being compared to a cow, Outlaw," I chuckled. He knew I was teasing. "But more importantly, don't neglect Mudbug. She needs you more than you know. Don't let a scent distract you. The stable hands will clean her up after she's pleased by a man, and you shouldn't have to worry about that. You please her more than you please women, okay?"

"You're right, Maggie. Tell Cherry that I'll mate with the rough women, or women who want a first with a rough bull. Tell her I'll be careful to not hurt them on the mount and dismount."

"Will do. Thank you, Outlaw. Thank you for a wonderful fucking ride," I giggled as I put him back in his stall, locked it, and turned to get my clothes.

I didn't see my clothes anywhere.

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Where could my clothes have gone? I remembered seeing Cherry and Taylor bring them down from the ranch house before I even got in the stall w/ Outlaw. Looks as if Duke went off w/ them, or someone else came by while I was in the stall getting my brains fucked out by a bull. It didn't matter anyway; I liked being nude, and I had a nice body to show off.

It was a beautiful early evening. The sun was just setting, and it was almost feeding time for the animals. I knew someone would be coming in soon so I just went around visiting some of the animals I hadn't met yet. The sheep were friendly enough, but though I tried, I couldn't catch anything they were thinking. I think sheep are scatter-brained anyway, so that might have been why. I strolled on

down the aisle, out of the cattle barn, and into the pig barn. I thought I'd really have to watch where I was going because I was barefoot. Surprisingly enough though, the aisle of the pig barn is tidy enough to walk around barefoot. It has its own distinct smell, but it's not a dirty smell as some would think a pig barn would have.

I was comfortable in my own skin, as it were, but the sun was going down quickly and I was getting chilled. I crossed my arms to rub my own shoulders and heard a snicker from one of the pigs' stalls.

"You really shouldn't be covering up your greatest feature."

"Who's there?" I asked, caught unaware. I instinctively covered my bare breasts and wished the rest of me could be covered too.

"I'm just an admirer. I won't hurt you. I loved the way you got the bull to notice you today. He's been quite horny lately, but unwilling to do anything about it with Mudbug. I think you got him to see the need for human women. I have a need for human women too." The male voice added slyly.

I thought for a second, and noticed that since I could audibly hear the voice, it was coming from a person and not an animal. Then I realized that he'd been watching me with the bull; probably all afternoon. I didn't want to have to run for help. I didn't know my way around the place that well. I shivered again.

"If you want, I could get you something to cover up with."

"I want my clothes that Cherry brought out to me earlier. Did you have anything to do with their disappearance?" I haughtily asked.

No reply, which I took as a yes. I walked out of the pig barn as quickly as I could. That guy was freaking me out. I went back to the cow barn, and lo and behold, I saw on the crate next to Outlaw's stall my clothes. Curious but cautious, I swiftly walked to his stall and slipped them on my chilled body. My pert nipples showed through the thin silky blouse.

"Silk? Who wears silk at a barn?"

"I think Cherry does. In fact, that's one of her favorite blouses. She must like you if she let you wear a favorite blouse of hers."

I turned to see Duke leading Cherry and Taylor into the cow barn. I turned a little red at the intrusion of thought, but was thankful that Duke gave me that information. I scratched behind his ears lovingly as a thank you to him.

"Thank you, Cherry, for letting me use your favorite blouse." And I smiled down at Duke knowingly. He lifted his chin and panted a smile. Cherry giggled and patted Duke on the back.

"He's always been a tattle-tale. Now I have proof that he's been telling on me." She smiled at me and Taylor. "How was your experience with Outlaw? Does he 'take' to women now?" She leaned over his stall to pat him on the head. He nosed her hand as an acknowledgement that he was indeed liking women.

"I think you have your answer. But I don't know what it was that I did other than just offering myself to him. Just what any heifer would do."

"I know what happened," interrupted The Voice.

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I turned to see the stablehand Fred walking up to us with a wide grin on his face. I hadn't been able to get a good look at him yesterday when all this started, but I now noticed that he was about 5'9" with jet black hair. His eyes were a sky blue set in very tanned skin. He had a mischievous look about him, but didn't look like trouble. I felt that all-too-familiar tingle in the pit of my stomach. You know the one. It's the one that you get when you see someone you like and the butterflies come up and dance around. He got my juices flowing and my nipples hard. My thought swirled around entangling my legs around his strong waist and plunging my pussy on his hard rock. I brazenly looked down at the front of his pants only to see a bulge in his pants the size of a baseball bat. It was growing too, in girth and in length. The crotch of my pants was getting wetter by the second.

Duke came up to me and stuck his snout right in my crotch. Of course, being the type of farm this was, no one stopped him. He licked my crotch to taste my sweetness. Cherry and Taylor only smiled. After a minute or so of the intrusion, Duke backed off and sat down. He proceeded to lick his erection since no one else was going to do anything about it.

"You said that you have some information for us, Fred. About Outlaw?" Cherry finally spoke up after several minutes of my own awkward silence.

Fred smiled and gave me a wink. "I'll tell it just like I saw it," he said in a perfect Southern drawl. "Did he know I love Southern men? Oh, he's hot..."

"I heard you tell her, Cherry, to get in there and get ole Outlaw to trust the women-folk, but I didn't think she could do it. I knowed she, um, did ole High and Duke, and even sucked a little on Sassy's pussy, but I didn't think that she coulda got ole Outlaw on top of her."

Hearing Fred be so damn straightforward about what I'd done made me feel like a bestial-whore - just what Outlaw had called me. I suddenly felt dirty and wrong; as if I'd taken advantage of the poor animals and misguided them into fucking me instead of them begging me to take care of their "needs."

Fred continued, "But when I seen the kindness in her eyes and not animal lust, I knowed that Maggie was differnt. She talked to ole Outlaw differnt too. Yeah, I heard her talk to him like she was a slut, but I think that's when he called her one 'cause she answered him sumthin' like, 'Yeah, I'm a beastie-whore, what's it matter?' an' propped her leg up on the side o' the stall and let ole Outlaw lick her out."

I started to see "ole Fred" get hung a little bit more as he's telling his "side" of the story. He kept his eyes on Cherry throughout, but when he paused here, he took a sideways glance and caught my eyes looking at his jeans growing. He shifted a little under my bold gaze, but continued.

"Then I saw her leadin' him gently to the fuckin' box that you set up, Cherry, an' she coaxed him to get on top of 'er. He thrust his big ole meaty, twisty-pole in her drippin', uh, hole and 'bout caused her to pass out!"

"How sweet of him to pause and think of a 'not-so-nasty' word for my pussy! I'm really starting to like this man!"

Fred was persistent in getting me more horny with his unwitting tale of how I got Outlaw to trust and mount me. "Oh yeah! I fergot that she gave him a handjob before she let 'im mount her. She didn't let 'im cum, though, which is a bummer for me." He looked at me, "I like to see the girls covered in animal cum. Kinda makes me wish it were me cummin' on 'em all instead o' the animals."

"Fred," Cherry interrupted. "It makes me horny too, but I need to know something. Did she promise Outlaw anything that we cannot do?" she asked with hands on her hips.

"Uh, lemme think on that one, Cherry." He said while scratching his chin. I knew he wasn't really thinking about promises I'd made Outlaw because his eyes were straight on Cherry's cunt. That tart was getting wet from Fred's tale too. So was Taylor! I glanced back and forth between the two and wondered why I couldn't read human's minds as well. I decided I was going to have to take some action before either one of them got Fred before I did.

I stepped up to Fred and in my sexiest voice mewed, "Fred, let's show them what happened instead of just telling them. You know you've been wanting me since I first walked in this barn yesterday. You probably saw me fuck Duke yesterday in the glen, didn't you?" I rubbed my hands all over his strong chest and allowed them to roam over his taut jeans. "You saw me take Outlaw's cock out of his sheath," Zzzip went Fred's zipper, "And stroke that cock up and down its length." Out came Fred's cock and I stroked it gently; then raked my nails over the length from base to tip and back again. "You saw me take Outlaw's big, fat, red bull-cock," down I went still looking in Fred's sky-blue eyes, "and suck it as far down my throat as I could take it." And down went Fred's cock in my throat. I was a good deep-throater, but I struggled taking all of Fred's 10 inch long, 4, maybe 5 inch diameter prick.

I came.

I literally humped the air through my wickedly-spread legs allowing the cool night air to lick up the dripping juices from my cunt and I came. I moaned into Fred's f\_urry mound which made him shoot his load. Quickly remembering what he's said about seeing cum on a woman, I quickly backed my head off his huge dick and let him load off all his hot liquid on my hot body. It was then that I remembered I'd had Cherry's favorite shirt on, and looked up at her expecting the worst.

She made a "mad face" at me, but didn't hold it long. "Hon, I've had worse than that on that shirt, and it's been no problem." She then looked at Fred, "Do you have enough stamina to fuck Maggie instead of just sticking your prick in her pie hole?" "Cherry comes off as a bitch, but she just speaks her mind. It's her place. She can speak any way she wants, I suppose." I thought to myself.

Fred threw back his head and laughed as if she'd told the funniest joke in the world. "Shoot, ma'am! I got plenty more where that come from!" And with that he lifted me up, tore off my pants and planted me firmly on his pole in one fell swoop. I gasped as he skewered my cunny, but it was certainly wet enough and open enough to take him. He was still big. In actuality, he was bigger than Outlaw in girth, which for me, makes up in length. Oh, I love being fucked by a fat dick. Long dicks are good too, but fat dicks do it for me.

Since I was facing him, he held me by my right ass cheek with his left hand and with his right hand deftly undid all the buttons on the blouse. If there was any cum on my chest, he rubbed it in with his right hand all the while lifting my ass off his pole and impaling me again with his left. He was a multi-tasker. Oh, I was really liking this guy.

Fred carefully took several steps back toward a stall to lean against. Then he cupped both my ass cheeks, spread them on the "dismount" and impaled his dick in my tight ass on the way down. I screamed and startled many animals but once the initial shock wore off, I was loving the brown-hole-intrusion.

He slowed down just a little bit to speak to me, "I know you're limber. Let's see how limber you really are." He lifted my left leg over his right shoulder and pushed on my heaving breast to bend me

backwards. He kept on to put my left leg over his head and right shoulder. Once I knew what he was doing, I fell in sync with him and turned my rump while still impaled. My right leg hooked around his and helped to turn my rump around so I could be fucked doggy-style up my virgin ass. Virgin-no-more ass to be more precise. Oh gods, he felt so good taking me up my ass; making me twist while being impaled; and getting pummeled doggy-style. But it didn't last long, because he took my right leg and swung it out and up while twisting me back around to face him. Carrying me once more upon his fat prick, he walked over to the fucking block and set me down easy.

"Taylor, get over here," He bellowed.

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### **Part Three**

She got to him in no time and stripped before he even told her to. Dr. Rose was a beautiful woman with pert B-cup breasts and a pierced naval. Pierced?! I didn't notice that yesterday in HC-2 when she fucked me there. Ah well. Didn't matter anyway. It was still beautiful.

"I want you to straddle her head, Taylor, and 69 her while I'm fuckin' her ass," Fred ordered. Now, normally, I'd think of Fred as being the type that does whatever's asked without question, and never raises a fuss or even gives orders; not even to the animals. I guess, though, when given free rein, he takes charge, and doesn't take "no" for an answer. Even given the position I'm in, I'm really loving this man.

Taylor straddled my head as she was told. Her pussy actually dripped her juices onto my face and into my mouth; that's how hot and horny she got watching us. She wasted no time in plunging her hot mouth onto my clit and her skillful fingers into my cunt. Of course feeling the filling of both holes made me cum fast and hard, but neither of them let up.

Cherry, feeling left out, stripped and stood behind Taylor and ate her ass while I ate Taylor's honey hole. Oh, she was so sweet-tasting. When she first stood over me, I dove right into her cunny, but after having my first hard cum, I relished the taste and textures. She must have pissed while at the ranch house, because I tasted a bit of that on her clit. I opened my mouth wide and hummed into her openness making her cum all over my face. Cherry felt her orgasm, and licked Taylor's juices off my face when Taylor was done. Then Cherry helped Taylor down and stuck her pussy in my face. She ground her clit on my chin; my nose was in her bum; but oh, the pleasure I gave her with my mouth and tongue going in and out... in and out of her dripping pussy. All the while Fred's got his monster cock up my ass and Cherry's sucking on my clit and my open wantonness of a pussy.

Another orgasm.

I can't stop. I want to stop; I don't want to stop. I want a breath; I don't want to suffocate, but I don't want to leave one drop of any cum unattended by my tongue. Suddenly I hear this pop and an excruciating pain sears my ass as Fred pulls out. Somehow, a pail of warm water was nearby, and he cleaned off his prick really well. I could tell he wanted a taste of me by the sound of his voice talking to Cherry.

"Get the fuck off her face, Cherry. She's going to swallow my meat, and I'm gonna make her cum so hard, her grandkids will be born cummin'."

Cherry dismounted and I could see her face glistening from my sweet juices. I wanted to taste her; to kiss her lips to see how good I tasted. But before I could finish that thought, Fred slid my body to the top of the "fucking table" as he called it and face fucked me. My head was hanging back over the

edge so he had a clear, straight shot for his huge hard-on to slide easily down my throat. He then leaned forward and put his hands beside my waist.

He pumped that monster cock of his in my mouth and rammed it down my throat. I wish I could have seen the lump in my throat move in and out, but I could feel it. I didn't think Fred's penis could get any bigger, but it felt as if he grew another couple of inches. He didn't hold out long, though. Grunting and groaning he thrust one good time and shot - seeming literally - his wondrous load of cum straight down my throat.

His cock kept spurting as he pulled out, and made a string from my tongue to my forehead. Cherry quickly came over and licked the string of his pearls from my face. I couldn't see Taylor, but I could hear her humping herself beside me. I heard the stickiness of her fingers sliding in and out of her sopping pussy. I was spent and couldn't move.

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After a few minutes of resting, I heard the dripping of water in a bucket. Fred had gotten some warm water from one of the many wash stalls and a soft sponge to rub my body down. I still lay on the "fucking block" with my legs spread wide. Fred gently washed away all the cum from that day - at least the cum that hadn't already been eaten by Cherry and Taylor. He helped me get up from the block, and actually dressed me. Several times he had looked into my eyes apologetically, as if he were sorry about giving me the time of my life. I caught myself wishing that Cherry and Taylor were gone just so that I could talk to Fred one on one.

A movement from the side caught my attention, and I noticed that Taylor was slurping the goods off of Cherry. I chuckled softly and started to walk towards a bench to sit on. I found that I couldn't walk straight because of all the wonderful humpings that happened to me today. Fred grabbed me around the waist and helped me amble up to the ranch house.

"I don't think Cherry would mind if we sat on the front porch. Actually, she let's me come in during the day to get a drink. Would you like something to drink?"

"I think a tea or lemonade would help, if there is any. No alcohol. I don't drink alcohol. Thank you."

Fred smiled a smile that could melt the coldest heart. Not that mine was cold, mind you, but it sent shivers down my spine and warmed me to the core all at once. When he walked out with our drinks, he set them on the small table beside the porch swing. I saw he had a fleece blanket draped over his left forearm, and our drinks in hand. I don't think I'd ever been as happy to see a drink in my life as I was right then. Sure I'd cum to drink from all sorts of fountains today, but cum doesn't exactly quench the thirst. Fred handed me my tea, and I sipped on it, though it was gone within a matter of minutes.

"I've never seen a woman perform with animals the way you do, Maggie. I'm not talking about sexual performance, though. I'm talking about genuinely caring about their feelings. I know you have a sixth sense about you that allows you to talk to them, and that's extraordinary. I'm sure though, that even if you couldn't hear them, you'd still be able to listen and understand. You have such a caring heart."

"Thank you, Fred. I do want to be remembered as the vet that can hear and listen, not just the one that likes to fuck them," I chuckled. But I was also being honest. Of course, when I go to other barns, I'm not going to vet them and fuck them. No, this is a special place that can cater to those desires.

Fred quietly laughed at my honesty, and put his arm around me. He handed me the blanket when I



shivered in the crisp night air. Given what had happened throughout the whole day, I wasn't uncomfortable sitting in the swing with this man that I'd just met about an hour and a half or so ago.

"You know, Fred, I wonder how do you get along with the other people that Cherry caters to?"

"How do you mean, Maggie?"

"Well, I simply mean that there are other women and men that come to this establishment and allow their desires for animals come alive. Do you 'help them out' like you helped me?"

Fred looked at me incredulously, and sat on the front of the swing, stopping it all together. "Do you mean do I fuck every skirt that comes in? Maggie, are you jealous? Are you trying to tell me you don't want me to see other women? 'Cause if that's the case, then you've got the wrong idea here." And he sat back with a harrumph.

I smiled and gently patted his thigh. "Fred, I'm not the possessive type. Anyway, what you do with the patrons is your business. I was just wondering do you get your fair share of the women that come here? I mean, you get to see all the things the animals do to them. Does it make you horny as much as when you saw me get it on with them?"

I saw him relax and let his shield down again once he knew I wasn't proposing marriage. He sat back and sighed. I allowed him time to think. Not that I thought it was an actual 'thinking' question, but hey, I still haven't figured guys out. What woman has? He let out a long breath, and answered, "Yeah, I get horny, and I usually either jack off, or grab me a mare. I like the feeling of being inside them more than any other animal. And it kinda makes me feel like a real stud, no pun intended." I had to stifle a giggle at that little proclamation.

"But really, the women that come here, just want the sex of the animal. I'd never seen anyone get the love of the animal like you have. You're just special, Maggie. I knew yesterday that if you came back here today that I'd have to have you for myself."

"Well," I answered, "why were you so rough with me? Not that I'm complaining. I like it rough, I like it soft. But why choose to treat me that way the first time out?"

Fred chuckled, "To answer in the country singer Andy Griggs' words, 'You Made Me That Way'."

"Oh, wow. A good looking guy that likes women, mares, iced tea, and country... I think you're too good to be true."

"You should see him in the bedroom, Maggie," said Cherry as she and Taylor made their way to the ranch house. Both were completely naked and glistening from their continued romp in the barn. "He's awesome anywhere he chooses to fuck, but he's even more so - if that's even possible - in the bedroom."

"Cherry, go get a shower and let your libido chill out. I'll be happy to tell Maggie anything she wants to know, but I don't want you commenting any more," Fred said with an air of dignity.

"Oh, so now I'm taking orders from the stablehand, huh?" Cherry huffed. "I'll have you know..." her voice trailed off as Taylor practically dragged her into the house.

"Cherry's not drunk, though she acts like it. No, she's horny, and this is how she acts, believe it or not. Taylor knows how to take care of her, though, and we won't be seeing them until morning."

"Morning! I... I have to get home! I only have one set of clothes, the ones I wore today, and they're all nasty! I have to get home, and sleep! Oh what am I going to do! Dr. Rose is my ride home!" I buried my face in my hands and sighed. Fred slipped his strong arm around me, and squeezed my shoulders.

"Hon, I may be just a stablehand, but I do own a car. I can take you home if you'd like."

"Oh, would you! I'd love to get a proper bath and settle down in my own bed. I'd appreciate if you could drive me home. I'll get my things - wait, where are my clothes?"

Fred gave a chuckle. "I put them in the washing machine. They were quite caked with cum and mud from cum, so I didn't think you'd want to wear them like that. You can wear what you have on now, and bring it back to Cherry later. I know she won't mind. I'll tell her she won't mind."

"Oh," Maggie chuckled, "So even though you're just a stablehand, you can boss around the boss too, huh?"

"Yeah, pretty much. I don't give her slack in my working here, so she has nothing to fuss about. But when she gets in the mood like she's in now, I do have to pull rank. She's fine with it and has told me so."

"Okay, lemme wrap my thoughts together," Maggie ticked off each point on her long fingers. "You're offering to take me home. You can drive me in your own personal vehicle. What's to say that you don't rape me, carry off my body and bury me somewhere?"

"As macabre as that sounds, Maggie, I'm just not that type of person. Do you want to see my résumé? I mean, I've worked for Cherry for ten years. Eight of those was just doing barn work. Two years ago she trusted me enough to tell me of her plans to open a livestock Fuck-Fest. Obviously SHE can trust me..."

Maggie playfully slapped Fred on the arm. "Doofus. Don't you know when a girl is teasing you?" But deep inside, Maggie was still leery about Fred and his desires.

"I see the questions you may have. Look, if you want, you can hold my license and stuff," Fred shrugged, not knowing what to say to appease Maggie's questioning looks.

"Won't be necessary. I'll call my girl-friend who also happens to be my neighbor. She'll know when to expect me, and call out the cavalry if I don't get home ten minutes after that time."

"Well, give yourself about a hour extra time."

"Oh, why's that?" Maggie inquired.

"'Cause I want to take you out to eat. You've had nothing but cum and water... and a little bit of tea. Your tummy must be talking to you."

"Talking tummy," Maggie mused. Chuckling, she called her friend to let her know she was going out with a new guy she'd met at her boss's stop, and she'd be home in about an hour and a half. "I'll tell you all about him when I get the next chance, Renée, I promise." And with that she clapped the cell phone shut.

"So, WaHo?"

"Uh, what? You're calling me a ho? I can't believe after all I've been put through today, and most of it was not my idea by the way, you calling..."

"No, Maggie. I was saying WaHo? As in Waffle House?"

Oh, how I turned a bright shade of red. I should have known that Fred wasn't calling me a whore, but just hearing it the way he said it took me off guard. I quickly recovered, though.

"I'm sorry Fred. Tell you what, you take me home and I'll cook a lovely meal for us both, how's that sound?"

"You actually feel up to cooking? I'd think that after all you went through today that you would just want to sleep! I'd love a home-cooked meal, though."

"Then it's settled. Let's go."

"So the love juice doesn't stain my seat," he said, putting down a couple of newspapers on the seat. He held the passenger's door for me as I stepped into his little car. It was a cozy old two door Grand Am with a couple of rust spots here and there, but other than that, the car was well-kept.

"So," I started, "Is this your Luv Machine?"

"No, Hon. You got impaled by my 'Luv Machine' earlier today. Or have you forgotten already?"

"Forgotten? How could I!? You're... It's... I was..."

"At a loss for words? I don't get that very often. Was it that bad?"

"If you call getting impaled by a 10 inch cock, then having it shoved down your throat and spurting all the cum it had built up 'BAD', then yeah, it was 'Hell'."

Fred laughed at that getting my point. We talked about other things as I gave him directions to my house. Once there, I paused at the door before unlocking it.

"You know, Fred. Other than my Dad, you're the only man I've ever had at my house. I must say that you should be honored!" I laughed and playfully punched him on the shoulder and led him into my living room. He laughed with me then wrapped me in his arms. I wriggled about half trying to get loose, but not really wanting to be away from him.

"Fred! I'm sticky, I smell, and I'm dirty. Let me go so I can take a quick shower. Then I'll make us some dinner." He gave me a peck on the cheek and reluctantly let me go. As I walked down the hallway to my room I called out, "Make yourself at home! Oh, but just don't start making home-made drugs. I can't afford to be kicked out!"

I heard a fake maniacal laughter come from his side of the house, letting me know that he knew better than to do that. I stripped quickly and stepped into the hot shower. This was definitely so much better than getting sponged off. I felt the heat of the water melt all the dirt and cum off my body and take all my uneasiness down the drain. I shampooed my hair using the wash, rinse, repeat cycle about three times. Then used a bit of conditioner to soften my hair. The shower head is attached to a hose, so I took it off the wall and used that to rinse out my pussy. It's amazing that it can still hold cum after being used by a dog, a horse, a boar, a bull, and a man. I know much of that cum came out, but when I used the spray jets on the shower head, the cum just seemed to flow. Anyway, the hot water was relaxing.

I guess I spent a lot more time than I'd thought, because Fred poked his head in the bathroom door. "Maggie? You okay? You didn't drown did you? I mean, I'll call 911, but I was really hoping to get a home cooked meal," he chuckled.

"Oh! Fred! I'm so sorry! I've lost all sense of time! Forgive me, please. I'll be out in a moment, okay?"

"Nah, don't bother. I'm coming in. I need a shower too, ya know, and I don't like to waste water. Since you're already clean, maybe you could rinse me off... Maybe suds me down?"

"Fred... you're such a tease!"

"Maggie, I'm not teasing. I want to come in there with you. I know your body is tired of having sex, but I just want to be close to you. Is that all right?"

My stomach was doing flapjacks. How in the world did I - ME - snag a guy who didn't care if I talked to animals; didn't care if I wanted to fuck huge animal dicks; didn't care that I wasn't in the mood for sex; yet he still wanted to be close to me. Damn! I need to keep him around, definitely!

We spent 30 minutes in the shower exploring one another's bodies under the water. After about 20 minutes, the hot water was running out, and it turned to cold. But it didn't bother us. He got to see just how long my nipples can be when they get cold, and I got to see that he doesn't lose his erection when cold water hits him.

We laughed, we cut up, we soaped each other down. But mainly it was just being so close to him that made me feel secure. I think if he'd have asked me to marry him, I'd have done it right then and there. But we kept shivering, and finally stepped out of the shower to dry off.

"I look like a prune!" I exclaimed.

"A very tasty prune, I might add. I haven't had good, ripe prunes in a long time. Think I could taste you to see if you're ripe?" Fred came up behind me and I felt his hard-on poking me in the back.

"Taste me? Oh, I'm afraid you'd eat me right up, I'm so sweet."

"Then let the taste-test commence!"

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Much of that night is fuzzy, but I do remember Fred picking me up and carrying me to my bed. He set me down gently on the side of the bed. When he knelt down before me, I felt like a goddess. He caressed my knees - which are very ticklish - and my legs. His hands seemed to have a mind of their own as they wandered aimlessly over my legs and feet. Fred's eyes never left mine though. I was transfixed peering into his deep blues, as if I was looking into the most beautiful ocean depths.

"Scoot back just a bit, Maggie," he whispered softly. I obeyed. How could I not? I remember him parting my knees and perching my feet on his shoulders. He was eye level with my dripping snatch, and all he did for a few moments was just stare. I kept thinking to myself I should be feeling uncomfortable, but I remember that I wasn't. His hands kept wandering, but his eyes stayed centered on my womanliness. I found that he was looking at my clit that was protruding from my fold. I was so turned on, that I had my own little hard-on.

I propped my hands behind me, and started rotating my hips around. This made my clit rub against

my outer folds, which made it all the more sensitive. I heard Fred's primitive grunt, and knew he was close to mounting me. Oh, I wanted him hard, I wanted him easy. I wanted him rough, and I wanted him soft. I wanted him to rape me, and I wanted him to care. I just wanted him. Inside. Outside. On top. On bottom. When I saw him clasp his hands together and make a gun shape, I knew something was about to happen. Something awesome. Something probably perverted - but what could be more perverted than having sex with animals?

His forefingers plunged into my wanton cunt, and his thumbs found my clit. He thrust so hard that I fell back on the bed with my hips gyrating to his pounding rhythm. He knew all the right places, all the right words, all the right timing. Fred had me squirting over and over. I think I passed out after the fourth or fifth time of squirting his face. I don't remember if he ever mounted me or not.

I do remember waking up in his arms the next morning.

"Good morning, Sunshine," he whispered in my ear.

"Morning. Did I pass out? I mean, I didn't mean to if I did. It's just... I... I've never... Wow. I am at a total loss of words."

Fred chuckled at me and edged his hands to cup my breasts. "Ah, Maggie, you were perfect last night. You did pass out, actually, but you were also exhausted after all that had happened yesterday. I loved just holding you all night. Though, I think we - no, you - woke up a couple of the neighbor's dogs down the road. Many were howling on into the night. They must have been jealous. Either that, or urging you to give in to everything I did to you."

"I don't even remember everything you did to me last night, Fred. I must have been exhausted. My body is sore though from all everything yesterday."

"I'll call Taylor and tell her you need a day off. She'll understand."

"No, no. If I'm going to be a vet, I'll have to work through a lot more problems than this. I enjoy feeling it all, though. Every screaming muscle makes me remember each moment. I wouldn't trade it for the world.

No, I need to go in today. Besides, today's what, Wednesday? My job is totally inside today. I'll be helping with the smaller patients, so I won't have to do so much 'heavy lifting,' if you get my drift."

"Oh, yeah, I get it." Fred smirked. He held me for another couple of minutes then rolled over on his back. "Think you could ride me one more time before we leave for work?" He pasted on his saddest puppy-dog eyes, but held a glint of playful evilness too.

"Well, I guess I could go for the fuckin' bronco routine. I'll try to hang on the full eight seconds while you pump me full of whatever's left in your artillery."

"Ah, that's good. But first, let me make sure that you're properly suited. I'd hate for you to chafe."

"Oh, such a kind heart you have." I outlined a heart shape over his chest. In a blink Fred was under the covers and buried his face in my cunt again. He made sure I was wet enough to take his full length and girth. I didn't come all over his face yet because he stopped right before my orgasm. Instead, he ripped the covers off us, and rolled me on top of him. Cupping my bottom, he gently lowered me just onto the head of his proud pole.

"See what you do to me, Maggie? You have me at full attention. I might not last eight seconds, but I warn you, you'll have a marvelous buckin' - fuckin' time." With that, he bucked his hips upward

shooting his cock straight up into my cunt. He's still holding on to my hips pretty much making sure I stay still, but his hips looked like pistons grinding up and down.

My snatch was on fire from the friction, but I didn't want him to stop. I looked down to see his stomach tense, then his face went as white as my satin sheets. Fred pushed his rod up as far as it would go and shot his load fully into my womb. We both cried out in ecstasy. The room spun as we came down from our natural highs. With him still in my body, I lay back between his legs. His cock pressed up against my G-spot and sent euphoric orgasms through my being. I lay there moaning and groaning in pleasure as I Kegeled his cock and milked as much cum out of his lovely cock as I could. As I felt him start to slip out, I sat up quickly and rubbed all our combined juices over his belly and chest. I would never have done that, but Fred opened up so many feelings and possibilities to me. Besides, I didn't want to be the only one to have our mixed love. I wanted to share!

"Fred! You're all wet and dirty! You need a shower, Mister! I'll run the water. You stay here and be ready to come in when I call you," and I dismounted his muscular frame.

"I already came in, in case you had forgotten," he quipped, adding a playful slap to my rump as I got off the bed.

"Okay, 'come into the bathroom'," I corrected myself.

We jested and played the next forty minutes or so as we helped each other get ready for work. He had to take me to the office since that's where I'd left my car the day before. When we pulled up, he took my left hand and gently kissed the back of it.

"I'd like to see you again, Maggie. I don't want last night to be just a one-time thing. I'm not proposing marriage, I'd just like to see you again... If you'd agree to it?"

"Of course, Fred! I know there's so much more to us than just sex, but not as much as to go as far as marriage. You know where I live, you know where I work. Give me a call or come by to see me. You're always welcome."

"Same, Maggie. Come back to Cherry's Playground. Not for the animals, though I know High will be glad to see you. But just to see me again."

"Fred," I gently chided, "you're not seeing the last of me. That I can promise. Now, if you'll excuse me, I think I hear a couple of puppies yelping for help."

Fred gave his lighthearted chuckle again, and I got out of the car. After closing the door and sending him on his way, I stood there for a couple moments musing to myself how all of this got started. Remembering it was Sassy's doing, the events of the past couple days flew by in a vision that left me dizzy. I shook my head to get things back in order and I marched up to the main door. Today is going to be all business, I told myself.

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A fair-skinned, black haired lady sat in the waiting area with a Doberman sitting quietly beside her. His ears were taped so I knew he was still young. I saw about a half inch of shiny red coming from his sheath, which made me lick my lips. Quickly turning away, I told the lady someone would be right with her. I set my handbag in the office behind the counter, and pulled up the day's schedule on the computer. I saw that Gunner (the Doberman) was indeed our first patient of the day. Several more small animals were scheduled for the regular - shots, checkups, boarding, and the like. But a vet's office is never without it's little surprises.

Dr. Rose strode into the waiting room with an air of confidence. I admired her character and ability to take command and take charge without actually letting on that she's taking charge. I kept careful mental notes about how she greeted the animals first, then the owners. I saw this as necessary because, after all, this was a doctor's office for animals. The patient needs the reassurance sometimes more-so than the owner.

"Gunner, what are you doing here? Huh? You're not supposed to be back for another week to take off these bandages. What's the matter, Hon?" She paused as if she were listening to him.

"They're too tight. Take them off, take them off!" I heard a deep voice say. When I gasped, Dr. Rose turned to face me and had her eyebrows raised in a silent question. I faintly nodded and picked up his chart.

"C'mon, big guy. Let's see what I can do for you," she said as she scratched him on a shoulder blade. "Mrs. Perish, I'll have my assistant take him back to be examined. You say he scratches at his bandages?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Perish said flustered, "all he does is just whine and howl and scratch at those bandages. I even wonder if it's worth putting them on. He's not going to be a show dog or anything. Does he even have to have his ears fixed if he's just going to be a guard dog, Dr. Rose?"

"No, he doesn't. It's best if he does because he'll be able to hear more clearly, but Doberman's have such great hearing anyway, leaving them as is will not hinder him in any way. We'll take him back, check him out, and have him back out in a jiffy," Dr. Rose reassured her. Taking that as my cue, I slipped around Dr. Rose and held out my palm for Gunner to sniff.

"Hey Gunner, buddy." I sank down a few feet in front of him so he wouldn't feel threatened by me. "C'mere sweet boy," I cooed. "Gunner, I won't hurt you. Dr. Rose and I will most likely take off the bandages. Will you trust us?"

"Oh be careful, young lady. Gunner is very protective of me. He's been trained by the best police dog trainers in the country. He can bleed you out, or snap your arm off at the very least," Mrs. Perish told me with her ego bulging.

"Mrs. Perish, I assure you, my apprentice knows exactly what she's doing. She's a great animal handler." Dr. Rose looked at me and smiled. I caught her double meaning.

"Gunner, you trust me, don't you," I smiled. "C'mon, Gunner. Let's go see what we can do about those bandages. And with that Gunner walked toward me and licked my hand. "Oh, good boy, good boy! Come with me, Gunner. Mommy will stay right here. We'll be back in a little bit." That, of course, was a much for Mrs. Perish's sake than for Gunner's.

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Dr. Rose led us to room three. The first two rooms we like to save for felines and such. I'd told Dr. Rose that since animals have a better sense of smell than humans, even if we bleach everything down, the dogs will still smell the cats - and vice versa - and may not do as well in the rooms as if they had rooms all to themselves. So, room one was for male cats, room two was for female cats. Room three was reserved for male dogs and room four for the female dogs. Any other animal that came through would be seen by the good Doctor in rooms five through seven. (Did I mention it was a large practice?)

I was nervous. This was the first dog - other than Duke - that I'd spoken to with my gift. But

technically, this was the first dog I'd spoken to under the practice of being an apprentice, and not just getting laid. Oh, the thought of that sent shock waves through my body that ended up seemingly electrifying my pussy. I rubbed my thighs together a bit to squelch the feeling, but it didn't really help.

Getting back to the task at hand, I patted the table and as calmly as I could commanded Gunner, "Up, Gunner." He jumped up and immediately sat down to rub the bandages on the soft vinyl padding.

"Take it off. I want it off. It hurts. Too tight. I rub and rub. It just won't come off."

"Doc, he says the bandages are too tight. They hurt him," I told her. I wanted her to know that he was still talking, whether or not to me, he was still letting us know. "Wonder who set his ears anyway? Mrs. Perish didn't come here to have them set, did she?" I asked to no one in particular.

"No, she didn't bring him here," she huffed. I could tell Dr. Rose was angry at whomever did set poor Gunner's ears. "See here," she pointed. "They're cutting off the circulation. When that happens, the ear won't set properly, and as you can see, is quite a source of discomfort for the dog. It takes practice to set ears properly. I don't want to know who set them. I might just go set that person on their ears. Let them see how well they like it." She blew out a big sigh, then put it out of her mind. "Maggie, I need you to talk to him and let him know that we might pull some hair, and pinch some skin, but it will be over in a couple of minutes. Try to keep his mind off of what I'm doing, but keep your mind on it. It will take practice. You have to watch carefully so you'll know how to do it."

"Yes, Doctor. Are you going to reset them?" I wondered.

"No, they need a week or so to get the blood circulating around the spots that were pinched from the bad job. If Mrs. Perish wants them reset, we'll make an appointment for two weeks from today."

"Understood," I said with a nod. "Let me see..." I trailed off wondering what I could talk to a dog about.

"Gunner?" I asked softly. "Did you hear me while in the other room? Remember I told you then and just a little bit ago that we'll take care of you? The Doctor wanted me to tell you that a couple pieces of hair might be pulled out, and your skin might get pinched a little, but I'm going to talk you through it, okay? There's nothing to fear with Dr. Rose. She knows what she's doing." I kept talking to Gunner while Dr. Rose carefully cut through the bandages. Normally, any vet would just unwrap what's been wrapped. But she wanted to get those bandages off fast.

[I] "Hey Gunner, do you have a lady-dog that you like? Maybe someone in the neighborhood that you like to sniff?" I chuckled aloud. Dr. Rose looked at me as if I was crazy, but went right back to work.

"I, uh, like Fancy. She's the Golden Retriever a couple of houses down from me. Everyday when my human takes me for a walk, Fancy walks beside me on her side of the fence. It's a long fence, so we talk for a while. Sometimes it's hard for me to hear her when my human is talking so loud to me saying, 'Isn't it cute that you have a girlfriend, Gunner!' She says it everyday."

I asked him, "Would you like me to say something to her about it?"

"No, thank you. I just get closer to the fence. Ah, she smells so pretty everyday. It's like her human bathes her everyday. Her hair is so glossy and shines so nice."



"Maggie," Dr. Rose brought me back to reality. "Whatever you're talking about, Maggie, has Gunner getting hard. What ARE you talking about, anyway?"

I chuckled again. "He's telling me about this beautiful Golden Retriever named Fancy who lives down the street from him. Everyday he walks by her fence and she walks the fence with him and they apparently like each other."

Dr. Rose was the one to chuckle this time. "Hmm, a Dobey and a Goldy. Wonder what the pups would look like?" She stroked her chin, then shook her head coming out of the reverie. "Ask him if he would like a suck off before going out to meet Mrs. Perish," she said with a gleam and a lust in her eyes.

"Gunner, I noticed that you got excited while we were talking about Fancy. Have you ever been able to sink your cock in a pussy? In Fancy's pussy?" I inquired while stroking his belly.

"No. I think the closest I've come to putting my thingy in anything is my mouth. I'd like to sink it in Fancy, but that will never happen."

"Aw, don't say never. Dr. Rose and I can take care of your, um, excited-ness."

I nodded to Dr. Rose and she started stroking him with a lubed hand. Gunner stood up and started humping her hand.

"You want him, or can I have him?" Dr. Rose asked me.

I gave a big smile. I've not seen her with a dog, so I let her have him. "You can, Dr. Rose. I'm still sore from yesterday's fun," I think she caught my addition of, "and this morning with Fred."

"Fred, huh? He's a nice guy. Good catch too. Speaking of catching something, catch Gunner's cock while I strip. Fuck, Maggie. You're gonna learn that no matter how sore you are, you don't ever give up a possible quickie with a pet," she admonished.

"Understood, Doctor," I smiled. I took Gunner's hot red and purple cock in my hand, and watched as Dr. Rose stripped off her scrub pants and red lace G-string. Gunner smelled her sex as soon as she shed her pants and jumped off the table. He buried his nose in her snatch and shot his tongue between her legs. I knelt down and waited for Dr. Rose to get on all fours. Curiously, she waited. I know she liked the feeling of his tonguing. He nudged her and she took that as her cue to get down. She spun around so quickly and fell on her hands and knees, I thought for sure she'd fall on her face. I patted her ass and invited Gunner to mount her. He mounted clumsily, so I knew he'd never mounted any bitch. But instinct took over, and he started to settle down.

"Don't help him, Maggie. I like to be the first."

Gunner's cock kept poking around Dr. Rose's wet pussy lips. More often than not, he poked and rubbed her clit. I sat back and put my hand down my scrubs. My wet pussy wanted to be stroked as badly as my pussy needed to be filled. I watched Gunner's cock poke around then finally sink into Dr. Rose's pink pussy. She groaned, and he nipped the back of her neck. Ah, the new ones are over so quickly, but Gunner kept his pace for nearly five minutes. I could see him growing inside her, and his knot was always there just waiting, begging to enter her hot box. (Of course, I never saw Duke's knot, but just by the look of Gunner's, I don't think Duke's was that big.) Ready to explode, Gunner shoved his knot into Dr. Rose who yelped like a bitch in heat. Thankfully, because that yelp might have alerted Mrs. Perish in the waiting room. I saw her belly distend from the massive amounts of cum she received from Gunner. He stayed knotted as long as he could, but with Dr. Rose having

been so used – seemingly everyday – she just didn't hold him in. It may have been too that she didn't want time to alert Mrs. Perish.

She kept moaning. I know she was in heaven. I do wish now I'd let him mount me instead. Maybe if Mrs. Perish brings him back...

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She kept moaning. I knew she was in heaven. I do wish now I'd have let him mount me instead. Maybe if Mrs. Perish brings him back... I chuckled to myself. I think Dr. Rose and I will insist that he come back next week so we can "check his ears and make sure he's healed properly." Yeah, right!

As soon as Gunner pumped all his lead into Dr. Rose, he dismounted and licked her pussy free of all the gushing juices they both made. Then he went to a corner to lay and lick his still-large purple cock. I gave Dr. Rose a towel and helped her clean herself.

"Maggie, you wanna eat me out, don't you? You wanna eat out all of Gunner's cum from my pussy, huh? I'll bet you'd just like to do that."

I knew she was baiting me, and of course I took it. "I'd love to eat you out. Let's get Gunner back to Mrs. Perish, then we can go to the back to the 'infectious' holding cells. I'd love to hear you scream, and I don't want you to hold anything back."

"Maggie, you're a fucking bitch, you know that? Seems you think of everything. You're gonna be a great vet."

A small blush appeared on my face, and I smiled my thanks. I put Gunner's leash back on him to take him out to Mrs. Perish. His tongue hanging out and panting let me know that he had a good time.

As soon as Gunner and I made it to the waiting room, I let Mrs. Perish know what she should expect. "Mrs. Perish, Dr. Rose wanted me to be sure to tell you to bring him back anytime next week after Wednesday. She wants to be sure none of the circulatory system nor any of the nerves in his ears were harmed. Of course she checked him today, but there was some swelling, as you can see. She just wants to be sure," I told her.

"Oh, yes, of course, Dear. I just don't know why Mr. Perish had to take him to that other veterinarian. He's just not as gentle as Dr. Rose is. I'll forbid him to ever take Gunner to any other vet. Ever. You have my word," she nodded to get her point across more to herself than to me.

I smiled. I know she thought I was being polite, but I was glad that we would have the ability to be able to see him again. "Dr. Rose said that there would be no charge for today. Just bring him back next week after Wednesday at your earliest convenience."

"Oh yes. I will. And thank you," she paused to look at my tag on my breast, "Maggie." She gasped a little when she said my name. Probably because she saw my pert nipple through my thin scrub shirt. I love going bra-less.

"See you next week, Mrs. Perish!" I squatted down to see Gunner. See you next week too, Gunner.

Don't get into trouble, but see if you and Fancy can get together sometime. I'd love to have a puppy of yours."

Gunner lapped at my face and gave me a resounding, Okay!

"Gunner must love this place, Maggie!" Mrs. Perish exclaimed. "I've never seen any animal actually want to go to a vet's office! You all do a bang-up job here."

I looked up and chuckled at her. "Why, yes we do, Mrs. Perish. We take extra-special care of all our patients, don't we Gunner?" He barked to agree, then I scratched his ears and stood up.

"Come on, Gunner. Time to go home." I watched Mrs. Perish lead a very happy Gunner out to her convertible. I thought I saw a little bit of pink underneath his belly, but I wasn't sure. I giggled to myself then walked purposefully back to the Holding Cells.

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When I walked through the main door marked, "Infectious Canines. Keep Out!" I saw the light above door three was on. I walked over and peeked through the window to see if Dr. Rose was in there. Two of the other interns here at the practice were "practicing" their "handling technique" on each other. The cute brunette with cropped hair named Marie was on all fours on top of the table, while Beka, a petite redhead had her face buried in Marie's snatch. Marie was frigging her own clit as Beka pumped a small dong into Marie's ass. I saw Beka with a large vibrator between her own legs, and she was trying to hump that as she ate out Marie. I reached into my pants again, and barely touched my lips. I was seeping already, waiting to get off.

Keeping my hand in my pants, I walked a little farther down the hallway, and found door six open a little. The window showed Dr. Rose already on the table stark naked with legs splayed, pussy in full view. She held her knees with her elbows, so her pussy was tilted up a little bit. Her pierced clit was budding above her lips, and her snatch was seeping just as much as mine.

"Get over here, you little bitch," Dr. Rose called to me. "You have a horny boss to take care of. And you'd better do it fast because I have a surgery to do in ten minutes."

"It won't take that long," I assured her. And with that, I spanked her cunt. Not smacked, not patted, but spanked. The wetness that was already on it sprayed out around us, and some of it sprayed on my lips. I licked them and remembered about the first time I'd eaten Dr. Rose. Her cunt then turned a lovely red from the spank, and I could see the marks my fingers left. I licked my hand that had spanked her, stripped off all my clothes, and dove into her dog-cum filled dripping cunt. I snaked my hands under her bottom and around her hips to keep her close to me. I found her left nipple piercing and pulled on the chain that was attached to it. She let out a yelp. I buried my tongue deep into her pussy, lapping up all the thick, gooey dog-cum I could. My nose kept rubbing her clit as I'd move my head around trying to eat more and more of her. Dr. Rose screamed and grabbed the back of my head trying to bury me deeper and deeper into her twat.

"Yeeeeeeeeesssssssss, Maggie! Fuck my cunt! Suck me out! Oh, fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!" she screamed. Normally I'd be afraid of someone screaming that loud, but knowing the Holding Cells here were sound-proof - unless the door's open - I wasn't too concerned about it.

I hummed in her cunt making her orgasm stronger and longer. Next thing I know, I feel a fat double dildo being rammed up my pussy and ass. Of course, I can't look to see who it is because Dr. Rose is holding my face in her cunt. As I'm being rammed from behind, the force of it is ramming my face deeper into Dr. Rose. She squirts all over my face, and I try to lap up as much as possible. I feel her

spasms throughout her body as she pushes her cum out and my face deeper. Finally spent, Dr. Rose lets go of my hair and falls back onto the table. My head is still above her pussy, but I can look back to see who's fucking me from behind. To my surprise, it's Marie, from Holding Cell three. She's got a strap-on with a double-dildo jacking me just as fast as Duke had done several days ago. Course with my being already aroused and wet, it didn't take long for me to scream my own relief.

My legs were like jelly now. Marie had to stand there with the dildo still inside me to keep me standing. She and I both chuckled.

"Seems like you're stuck, Maggie," Dr. Rose commented. "Well, I'm glad this happened. I hate going into surgery when I'm horny." And she jumped off the table to put on a scrubs skirt instead of pants and top.

"Marie, think we should keep her? This Maggie?" Dr. Rose inquired.

"I don't see that she has a choice, Dr. Rose. She's stuck here whether she wants to be or not." Marie gave a strong push with her hips sending the strap-ons even deeper into me. "You wanna stay here don't you, Maggie?" Seems to me she was insisting I stay.

Breathless, I commented, "Seems you said it yourself, I'm stuck and don't have a choice in the matter. But if it were up to me, yes, I want to stay."

"Good," Marie said flatly. "Get dressed. You're helping in surgery today." With that she yanked her hips back making the strap-on exit my twat and ass with a loud "pop." Oh the pain and the tremors that soared through my body. I could barely stand here. I had to hold myself up by hugging the table. How was I supposed to handle a three-hour surgery after all that?

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It absolutely amazes me what your body will go through when your mind is made up to do something. I was, in fact, able to stand through the three and a half hour surgery, but when it came down to business, my mind took hold of my body. It was a learning experience. One I needed if I was to become a certified veterinarian.

Marie and Beka were both there assisting as Dr. Rose carefully and skillfully handled the scalpel. Marie was the anesthesiologist, and Beka was nurse to hand instruments to the good Doctor. A cat had come in that morning with what sounded like a twisted gut. I know that if horses get a twisted gut, many times they don't make it through simply because the owner doesn't catch it in time to take the horse to the university - which is where all horse surgeries are done. Thankfully, though, a small animal with a twisted gut can come in and normally it can be dealt with properly. This time was no exception. Dr. Rose was so skilled, but she made sure to tell me each and everything she was doing, looking up every once in a while to make sure I was paying attention. Not once did I take my eyes off the process. I soaked up every last detail. I didn't want to disappoint Dr. Rose nor my professors at the university. Many hours went into my schooling, I couldn't let any of them down now.

The cat made it safely through surgery, and Beka and Marie were charged with the details of where to let the cat rest for the next couple of days.

"Maggie, come with me to my office for a couple minutes," Dr. Rose insisted.

"Yes Ma'am," I complied. What was I going to do, say no? Hardly!

As she sat in her comfy office chair behind her desk, she motioned for me to sit on the floor beside

her. A little unorthodox, I thought, but whatever.

Turns out, she was testing me. Trying to see if my mind was really on the surgery or not. After several questions, she got a little more comfortable in her chair. She splayed her legs open, much like a man would do, making her skirt ride up to reveal her uncovered, shaved pubes and her pierced clitoris. Of course, I was eye level with her seat, so I could see exactly what she wanted to reveal to me. Sure I'd seen it all before, but this time, for some reason, she did not seem all that enticing to me. So after I'd taken a quick glance and surveyed the scenery, I answered all her questions concerning the surgery. When I answered, I was sure, calm, and correct, and made sure to look directly into her eyes. Not necessarily to avoid the seemingly embarrassing situation - because it wasn't embarrassing at all; but I wanted to be sure that she knew I was knowledgeable and paying attention to her and her questions - and not her twat. Sometimes it was a bit difficult to answer properly because I'd catch a whiff of her wonderful womanly scent - that held a twinge of the scent of dog cum. But, when I'd catch the scent, I'd take a deep breath, and answer her question to the best of my ability.

Twenty minutes later, Dr. Rose seemed to have understood that I really was paying attention during surgery and that even her shaved pubes couldn't get me off track. "I'm impressed, Maggie," she stated.

"Oh? Why's that, Dr. Rose?"

"Well, some of the other girls I've had in this same situation would normally stumble over their words, though they still seem knowledgeable. You, on the other hand, have not stumbled, and have proven your education worthy of working here at Lower River Animal Hospital. I'll put in a recommendation that you're not be just an apprentice, but an assistant Veterinarian. Knowing you still have to have your own doctor's license, you'll not be able to practice on your own, but I know that you'll be able to get licensed soon."

My eyes must've opened as big as saucers. "Oh, Dr. Rose! That's wonderful! But, what about the other girls who've worked here longer than I have? Do you think they'll mind that I've passed them?" I queried.

"No, in fact, I know they won't mind, Maggie," she reassured me. "You see, they know they're not ready simply because I've told them they're not ready. They go on my word because I know what it takes to be ready. You have what it takes, and even a little more. Knowing that you can talk to and understand animals does give you a bit of an advantage, but don't take that lightly. You could lose that skill at any time in any type of accident. You have what it takes because you have the knowledge, skill, and desire to become a vet. I foresee that you only have about one, maybe two more years ahead of you before you become a certified and licensed veterinarian."

Rising from her chair, she held out her hands to help me off the floor. "Come. Let's see what other animals we have to take care of."

For the rest of the day, I worked at her side. She allowed me to examine each patient and tell her what I believed to be the problem and the best solution to help the pet. She reexamined and gave the same prognosis as I had. Out of the six animals we examined that day, I had given the correct problem and solution to all of them. I enjoyed seeing her smile or her nod of agreement when I was right. I didn't allow it to get to my ego, but I made sure to give the pride to the professors at the university AND to Dr. Rose.

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## Part Four

Near closing time, I'd called Fred to see if he wanted to go out to eat, since we didn't get the chance last night. We'd agreed on a time to meet at a nice, intimate restaurant after I got a chance to go home and change. Beka and Marie had already gone, and I was to stay behind for 30 minutes to make sure all animals were fed, watered, and locked up. Dr. Rose had already left for the evening, so I took the liberty to stroll through the kennels doing the rounds. I felt very important knowing that one day I'll have a practice of my very own. I don't take responsibility lightly, and the thought of it almost became daunting. I shook those thoughts from my head, though. I didn't need a doom and gloom cloud over me before I was to meet Fred at Antonio's Pasta Bella. I was hungry, and ready for a night out.

I met Fred in the parking lot of Pasta Bella's at eight o'clock. He pulled up just as I was getting out of my car. I stood beside my car as he strolled over. Wrapping my arms around him, he reached down and cupped my bottom, bringing my right leg up around his waist. He pulled up my mini skirt revealing my panty-less, freshly shaved snatch and soft, round bottom. Of course, Fred couldn't see it, but anyone driving by, or even in the restaurant looking out could take a look at it. I didn't care. I was no whore, but because I've been exposed to so much these past couple days, I'm not embarrassed about my sexuality any more.

He caressed my bottom as we kissed and I felt his middle finger slightly probe around my pussy lips. He teased my tongue with his at the same time teasing my rosebud with his thumb. With my skirt up and my leg around his waist, I could feel his hard-on through his jeans. I humped my hips toward his growing hard-on, grinding my clit on his zipper.

He groaned.

"Oh, Maggie. You little whore!" he cursed. "Look at what you've done to me!"

"What I've done to you?" I asked in mock amazement pushing on his chest to back away from him. I didn't exactly succeed because he had me trapped between him and the car. "What about what you've done to me?! Here I was, just minding my own business leaning against my car. Then you come up in front of me, start kissing me passionately, raise my skirt, and put my leg around your waist. You start touching and feeling me. What am I supposed to do? Say 'Stop'? I don't think so!"

Fred leaned back into me and whispered gruffly, "Take me here, Maggie. Take me now."

"In front of God and everybody?" I asked in mock horror. "It's a bit early for that. And I've not had nearly enough to drink." I shook my head. "No, Fred. You're going to have to hold on to that raging hard-on at least until I know all the kiddies are out of the restaurant. I'm sure parents don't particularly want their kids getting a sex lesson right here."

"As usual, you're thinking with the right head, Maggie. It's just that I've been wanting you all day, and now that you're here, and I'm here, and you smell so good..." he trailed off with his face buried in my hair. He kissed my neck, and nibbled a little bit, then put my leg down gently. He fixed my skirt but held his left hand right over my pubes tickling my clit with his fingers. "You're gonna sit beside me in the restaurant. I want to hold on to your muff as much as I can for as long as I can." He straightened up and held his lustful eyes on mine. Chuckling, he asked, "You don't mind, do you?"

I squeaked out an answer, "Do I have a choice?"

"No, actually, you don't. I'll make it enjoyable, though." He raised his hand to his mouth and sniffed and sucked on his wet fingers. "I love the smell of your snatch. Clean, or with animal cum on it. It is

so good.”

I snickered. “What about with woman cum on it? A woman’s smell that is not my own?”

Fred’s eyes got big with that thought, and asked, “You’ve fucked a woman today?”

“Well, not snatch to snatch, but Dr. Rose made me bury my face in her cunt after she took a fucking from a Doberman. Then she made me eat her out. As I was doing that, Marie came up behind me and fucked me hard with a double dildo.” I shrugged. “I just wanted to know that if it came to me fucking another woman snatch to snatch, that you wouldn’t have any trouble eating me out.”

“Fuck, Maggie! I love eating women out. I want to be there next time to witness the lez-fest; the ‘snatch to snatch’ as you called it, and want to smell all the wonderful womanly smells I can! Dammit! I’m harder now than I was moments ago! Please, help me out! You know I’ll be good for another fuck in about 30 minutes. That’ll be plenty of time for us to eat.” He paused, then added, “Eat dinner, that is.”

Laughing, I looked around for a more dimly lit spot in the parking lot. One where we could still kinda be seen, but people would actually have to look closely to see what was going on. Finding the perfect spot, I led him over to a black Mustang. Thankfully the car’s alarm didn’t go off when I touched it. Fred came around behind me and stripped off my blouse and skirt. There I was, in the parking lot of Pasta Bella’s, buck naked about to get banged. I got really wet. Again.

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He came up behind me and started rubbing his jean-clad hard-on against my wet pussy. The thought of him going into a restaurant with a wet spot on the front of his jeans made me giggle.

“What’s so funny?” he asked gruffly.

“You’re gonna have a wet spot on the front of your jeans if you keep that up.”

Fred huffed in my ear then gently pushed me forward. Yet, I leaned back onto his chest as he carefully unzipped his tight jeans. I’d have thought that with him being so well-hung, that he’d want to wear loose-fit jeans, but I did love seeing his manliness through those tight jeans – just as I’m sure every other woman loved to see it too. Made me feel even more possessive when we walked around with his long dong pressed up tight against the front of his jeans, and even partly down the thigh. He was well-hung, and knew how to show it off.

With his jeans around his ankles, Fred grabbed my wrists behind me as if he were putting on a pair of hand cuffs, and pushed my naked body forward on the the hood of the Mustang. There he held my wrists in is right hand, and guided his missile with his left to my waiting pussy. My breasts formed perfectly rounded circles on top of the car. My freshly washed hair cascaded around both shoulders as I kept my chin up. I wanted to see if there was anyone who noticed us; who noticed what we were doing.

I felt Fred guiding his dick up and down my drenched pussy making sure he was wet enough to enter. Satisfied that he was, he finally, slowly slid his prick into my cunt. I felt every fold, every vein, every inch of his thick rod as he pushed it into me, and couldn’t help but moan in ecstasy. I kept my chin up, but couldn’t help but close my eyes every once in a while in the sheer joy of having him bury himself deep within me.

As he slowly invaded my twat with his thick cock, he leaned down and whispered in my ear, “Do you



see them?" Fred asked.

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"See whom, Fred?" I asked as I opened my eyes again and quickly scanned the parking lot.

"Over by the street under the light." He pushed a couple more centimeters of his still-growing member into me allowing another moan to escape. "They're pretending it's not their car so they can get closer to us. They heard your moan."

"Should I stop moaning?" I asked, not really overly concerned.

"No, Babe. Unless you don't want them coming over to find us out."

A little more.

"I could care less. Wait, they don't have kids with them, do they?" I asked. I couldn't see any, but I was also looking through both the front and back windows. I couldn't see anything clearly.

"Naw, no kids. Just a healthy curiosity of what sounds like sex noises," he added in a thick voice. I knew he was close to bottoming out, but he was holding back for some reason.

"If you want them over here, Maggie, make some more noise. If not, I'll tell 'em to back off."

Fred was so considerate.

"No, don't say anything. If they come over out of curiosity, then let them come. You, Sir, get back to what you started. I'm hungry, and I don't want to go another night without something to eat. And I know what you're thinking. I don't want just cum to drink to be my nightly meal. Uh, uh. I want, no, I need some good food in my belly. After you fill me first with your hot cum."

"Fuck, Mags, you talk as if you hadn't had sex in months, maybe years!" He pulled out a little then pushed back in just to excite me. It worked.

I laughed as I told him, "It feels as if I hadn't had a good hearty meal in months, maybe years."

Fred laughed at that then pushed himself in all the way again. I kept my eyes on the couple, and they were about 30 feet away making out under a tree on the manicured grass. I spotted them walk a couple feet closer, then go back to kissing, walk a little closer, and kiss again. That went on until they were about 20 feet away from us. All the while, Fred was slowly pushing in and pulling out of my sopping, sloppy cunt. I think he got tired of their game.

He spoke to me, but loud enough for the young couple to hear, "I wish they'd just finally come on over to see what we're doing instead of trying to make it obvious they don't want to disturb us. Don't you, Honey?"

I groaned my answer, more for their pleasure than mine, but I was still receiving lots of pleasure, "Oh, yes! Come to me!"

Fred picked up the pace a little bit when he saw the couple hesitate, then haltingly come closer to us.

"Oh, Honey!" I whimpered, "I need you more! Faster, harder, longer! Fuck me, already!"

Over my demand, I heard the woman gasp, and I saw her look at the man beside her. He already had his hand covering the bulge in his pants as if he wanted to set it lose. He shoved her closer, but they still stood two cars away from us. They couldn't really see anything because we weren't in the light. But they heard my moans and Fred's grunts along with his balls slapping my wet cunt.

"Coming. Closer. Now." I grunted each word. Again, more to the couple than to Fred, and he knew it. He knew I was not quite to the edge of orgasm.

As the couple moved closer, now about 10 feet away from us, they could clearly see that I was stark naked, and Fred had his jeans around his ankles. More importantly, they saw and heard his thick rod pumping slowly into my sloppy pussy. I heard the gasp from the woman, and I looked over with a smile on my face and winked at her.

"Not rape... Willing." I assured her through each thrust from Fred. That brought an, "Oh!" from her and a grunt of satisfaction from him. Fully aware that we saw them, they came closer to see more.

"Hey, Pal!" Fred said to the man, "haven't you ever seen a man fuck a woman before?" He laughed at the man's expression because of his own vulgar language. Of course, it wasn't a question that really needed to be answered, and Fred didn't expect an answer. But the befuddled man did give a grunt.

I could hear the woman whispering to her companion, but I couldn't make out what she was saying over the slapping sounds of our hot bodies fucking over a Mustang - of whom we didn't know the owner. They got a surprise, I'm sure, when they came out of the restaurant to see a perfect outline of a woman's naked body on the hood of their car.

An exasperated, "Awe, c'mon, Jewels! They're doin' it, why won't you let me?" came from the man, and as I turned my head once again to look at the voyeur couple, I saw the woman walk away throwing her hands in the air and stalking back to their vehicle.

Fred saw it too, and had compassion on the guy. "Hey, Pal, looks like you ain't gettin' any pussy tonight from your gal. You want some of mine? You'll have to settle for sloppy seconds, but I'm willing to share after I get done with her."

Another befuddled look came from the guy, then he turned and took off back to his car where the woman waited.

I had to laugh, but it soon came out as grunts as Fred pushed me so hard into the car that I thought I was going to have a permanent Mustang logo tattooed on my right thigh. The final thrust and I could feel all 10 inches of his thick cock spurting his love juice in my willing love canal. I'm glad I have a towel in my car. I'd be sticky and smelly if I have to go in the restaurant with cum seeping down my legs!

Fred handed me my clothes that he'd almost ripped off me earlier, then pulled up his jeans. Even just having had sex, his cock still seemed big. Going "Commando" suited him. It was almost as if he'd not even had sex, his member was still big enough to fill out the front of his jeans, and manage to slip its way down the left leg of his jeans. Damn! How did I get so lucky as to get a well-hung man, as well as a well-hung horse?!

I cleaned myself up with the towel in my car, straightened up my blouse, and strode into Pasta Bella's with such a hunger for shrimp alfredo, I thought I'd burst. Dinner was uneventful for the most part. I sat on Fred's left side so he could eat with his right hand and play with my clit with his left. I, however, just sat and enjoyed the dinner, and tried to control my breathing so I wouldn't lose

control of my faculties as I went into a very intense but silent orgasm.

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Pasta Bella's isn't one of those high-end restaurants, but it's not cheap either. It's dimly lit in the evening to add a romantic atmosphere. Faint music plays in the background and people talk softly. Knowing that, it's more than just the average Joe that goes there to eat in the evening. People go to get great food and great service; not expect to see a couple of horny people getting it on in the parking lot. Which I think made our parking lot make-out session all the more daring and "out there," for lack of a better phrase. We got "caught" by the one couple outside, but inside the restaurant when Fred reached under my skirt to fondle my wet pussy, I just knew we were going to be kicked out. I mean, I could barely see under other people's tables, so I knew they could see under ours. In fact, I think I caught the eye of a man staring under our table, but it seemed as if he was trying to figure out what Fred was doing instead of actually knowing what was going on.

We sat in a booth facing the door. Fred likes to see who's coming and going. In other words, he doesn't want to be caught off guard if someone comes in and starts ... whatever. Keep that in mind, as well as knowing people can see under our table - at least people sitting down around us that happen to look under our table.

As I said, I was sitting on Fred's left side because he's right handed. As soon as we sat down, his hand was up my skirt playing with my bald pussy or stroking my cunny lips - teasing. Always teasing. We ordered our teas, mozzarella sticks as appetizers, and got our salads that come with the meal. All the while, Fred is one-handed due to being pre-occupied with my wet twat.

"What is your fascination with me, Fred?" I asked sweetly. I wanted to know why he'd hung-on to me since yesterday's fuck-fest at the barn.

"I don't know what you mean, Maggie. I like you. I like the way you handle things, and not just sexually. I've seen you in certain situations and you've handled yourself very coolly. I admire that, and I think it to be a quality not very strong in some women. You turn me on."

"So, you're not just fondling me to turn yourself on and get a 'thank-you-blow-job' when we get back to my place?"

"A blow-job would be nice," he agreed, "but that is not the reason I'm fondling you. I like your ... womanliness, to put it nicely (since we are in a nice restaurant). I want to see if you can handle public fondling as well as animal fondling."

"And you don't call bending me over a stranger's Mustang under a street lamp in the middle of a parking lot fucking me senseless 'public fondling'?" I said casually. If he wanted to see me cool, I could be cool. It's just that I have to work at it, and he was getting his rocks off seeing if I could keep my cool.

"Oh, that," he said, and took a sip of his wine. "That was just manly horniness-I-gotta-have-you-now-before-I-explode-and-I-don't-care-where-we-do-it type stuff. This," and he shoved his middle finger right into my sopping wet love canal. "This is 'public fondling'. The difference is, there are people around who can see your reaction - if you have a reaction. I'm just waiting to see how cool you can be through an orgasm."

Fred's finger picked up speed and sent me nearly through the roof. Just then the waiter came back with our appetizers just as my orgasm was starting, and all I could do was stare at the man at the table caddy-corner from us. My mouth worked, but no sound came out, and the waiter asked if the

food was okay so far all the while looking at me, then over his shoulder at the man I was apparently looking toward. Fred never stopped his finger invasion, but told the waiter that everything was fine. My vulva clamped down on his finger during the orgasm, so once it subsided, Fred pulled it out and stirred his drink with his wet finger, then licked it to get the taste of both me and his tea. He started to put it back in me when I protested.

“Uh uh. You wash your hand first,” I warned.

“What? Why? You let me just now and you were fine with it. What’s the problem?” Fred asked, getting defensive.

“What you may not know, Fred, is that a woman can easily get a yeast infection when anything sugary is introduced to her privates. If you want to make love to me any time soon, you will not put your hand back under my skirt until it is properly cleaned. Putting it in your mouth is NOT properly cleaned. I do not want an infection, therefore, you will either wash it in the bathroom with soap, or you will refrain from touching me the rest of the night.”

Put to it clearly, Fred could see I was not joking. He quickly got out of the booth and went to wash his hands. I giggled as he stood up as he tried to hide his boner. “It’s been less than 30 minutes. You sure do get turned on easily.”

He looked at me and rolled his eyes, took the linen napkin from the table and tried to hide the tent in his pants as he walked to the bathroom. The guy at the nearby table looked up as Fred passed by and snickered. A few moments passed, and Fred came walking back with a bit more dignity.

We enjoyed our meal. Fred kept his fingers buried in my twat the whole time we were there with his palm pressing on my pubic mound, grinding it against my clit occasionally. I kept cool, but when it came time to leave, I could barely stand. I’d had at least five major orgasms, and up to 20 small ones. My legs just couldn’t hold me up, it seemed. I know it looked as if I were drunk, but I hadn’t had any alcohol at all. My body was weak from Fred’s invasions. It just, how do you tell that to a restaurant full of people? I still don’t think the man knew exactly what Fred was doing to me, but I think he had a clue. As we were leaving, and I was leaning on Fred, I took a glance at the man and he winked at me. Ah, well.

Fred followed me home and walked me to the door of my apartment.

“I’m sure you want something in return, but honestly, Hon, I don’t think I could do anything for you tonight,” I told him honestly. “I’m tired. Dr. Rose told me to go to Cherry’s tomorrow and try to figure out what’s wrong with one of her boarder’s mares. She’s in heat, but not receiving any stallions.”

“Yeah, that’s Sassy,” Fred said matter of factly. “Her owner, Susan, wants to breed her, and she’s been teased by High. She shows all the signs of heat, but she’s been kicking at him when he comes near her rump.”

“Susan wants to breed her to High?” I asked.

“No. Wants to breed her to some Thoroughbred.” Fred shook his head. “Susan thought about getting Sassy artificially inseminated, but thought that Sassy needed the experience. Every mare, I think, and Cherry persuaded Susan, needs to be properly bred the first time - maybe even a second - to experience something going in and coming out of that canal, if you know what I mean.”

“Well, thankfully with my gift, I’ll be able to talk to Sassy to see what’s the problem. Until then, I

need a good night's rest. I'll see you tomorrow around 10, okay?"

Fred reaffirmed. "Ten. Sounds great. Oh, will I be getting sloppy seconds to a horse or dog, or will I get first dibs on you?"

"Fred, you'd better be teasing. I'm going to bed, and you're going home. Good night." And I quietly closed the door. I heard him chuckle on the other side of the door then walk down the stairs. I took a shower then crawled into bed. I usually like to go over the day as I drift off to sleep. There was no drifting tonight, though. I felt the shroud of sleep fall over me like a heavy blanket. Next thing I know, it's 6 AM and time to start another day.

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After a long, hot shower, I dressed in a pair of nice jeans and a yellow V-neck tee shirt. I pulled my hair up into a ponytail that bobbed when I walked. Knowing that I'd be at the barn today, I pulled on my Ariat ankle boots and pulled the jeans legs down over them. I slipped on a light fleece jacket and headed out.

It's only been several days since I found out that I have the gift of animals talking to me, so I'm still getting used to the idea. As I walked down the stairs of my building, I hear squeaks and chatter. The noises grow as I descend the stairs, so whatever it is, it must be under the stairwell. Before coming upon the scene, I determine that I hear either mouse or rat squeaks, but I couldn't figure out the chatter. Rounding the stairs, I carefully look around to see two small mice chatting about what to take from the small pile of rubble under the stairs. See, some tenants like to put things under the stairwell that they can't use, but if it is in good enough shape, others are able to take and use them. So, it's not garbage, it's just not needed by some. Apparently the mice think they can take some of the lighter things like dish towels or aprons and use them for their nests. These two weren't arguing, but just discussing what could be good for the nest.

"This one could make it more colorful. I like it," one said.

"Colorful? We can't even see color. What do you need color for? To attract the humans? Nuh uh. This one is made from sturdier fabric. This is the one we need. You know how babies can be when they teethe. The sturdier the fabric, the better."

"Ah, you're right about... Quick! There's a human looking! We gotta go!"

I giggled. "Guys, it's okay. My name is Maggie. I can hear you, and I believe the sturdier fabric will do nicely for your home. Good luck with the little ones!" And I backed away. I heard a squeak-gasp as they understood what I said, and saw them timidly come out of their hiding place.

"You, you can hear us?" the smaller one asked.

"I can," I assured them talking out loud. "And I can talk to you like this. I only just recently found out that I can talk to animals. Thankfully, I'm studying to be a veterinarian. I'm going to be able to help critters like yourselves!"

"Oh! Did you hear that, Amos?! She's able to help us!" the little one said. "I'm Angel, and this is Amos. We've lived here our whole lives. I want to fix up a nest for our little ones when they come along."

"Well, welcome to the building. I have to go now. I'll see if I can't drop something by to eat when I get back, okay?"

"Amos! She's gonna drop us something to eat! Well, maybe. But that's better than nothing! Oh, thank you, Maggie!"

"No problem," I assured her. "You get that apron in there before someone else comes to take it. Happy house warming!" And I walked off chuckling to myself.

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I was told to come to the office before I went to the appointment because Dr. Rose had some information to give me about checking Sassy. I wanted to be sure I was well informed and wanted to carry out orders to the letter. This was an apprenticeship that I did not want to mess up.

"Maggie! Oh, thankfully you're here! Will you please talk to the hound in room four? The bitch keeps dragging her tail-end on the floor, but when I go to examine her, she snaps at me. She doesn't even like her owner to touch her, and normally she's a good dog."

"Sure, Dr. Rose. What's her name?" I ask.

"Lucy. Of all names to name a dog. Lucy?" Dr. Rose walked off mumbling about the dog's name, and I walked into the room we'd set aside for the bitches.

"Don't come near me," I heard Lucy say through her growl.

"And why not?" I asked Lucy in a commanding tone. That tone set Lucy on her heels. Well, it was either that, or the fact that I answered her. I saw a surprised look on the dog's face. I guess until word gets out that a human can hear them, animals everywhere will be surprised that they'll get answered by a human.

"I just don't want you to touch me."

"You'll have to do better than that, Lucy. Dr. Rose is the best, and your human obviously loves you to bring you here to find out what's wrong. So, here I am to find out what's wrong. Here," I sat down beside Lucy and extended my hand for her to smell. "Let me scratch behind your ear and you can tell me all about it."

"I bit the little girl. Well, not actually bit her. I didn't draw blood or anything, and she said she wouldn't tell her mom, but I bit her!" Lucy rambled like this for a couple minutes and I tried to piece together what had happened. But there was still something missing.

"Lucy," I said aloud. "Let me get this straight. You bit the little girl, right? She said she wasn't going to tell. Did she tell on you? Did she break her promise?" I asked as I rubbed Lucy's head trying to keep her calm.

"No, she didn't tell on me. But that's just it! I know somehow the mother will find out and I'll be sent away. Oh, I've heard about going to the pound, and all the horrible things that go on in there. I just can't go, Maggie! I can't live like that!"

"Whoa! Wait a minute, there, Lucy. Is that why you won't let people touch you? You think that someone's just going to take you to the pound already? No one knows except you and your little girl. What made you bite her anyway?"

"She wouldn't let go! She had my tail and wouldn't let go. I tried to nip close to her, and several times I did get close. It's just one time I actually nipped her and pinched her skin. I didn't even need

a spanking from her because I instantly ran to a corner, then hid under her bed. She came over to me and said she was sorry and that she wouldn't get me in trouble. But I just know, Maggie! I know that somehow the mom will find out and send me away!" Lucy howled loudly, and Dr. Rose came in instantly.

"What's going on, Maggie?! What's Lucy doing cowering on the floor?"

I looked at Lucy and said aloud, "Lucy, I have to tell Dr. Rose. Then we'll let her figure out what to do. If you keep up this behaviour, you will be sent to the pound."

Lucy laid down beside me and stuck her nose under my knee. I took that as a consent/confession, so I told Dr. Rose what had happened and what Lucy was dreading. Dr. Rose gave a good natured laugh and knelt in front of Lucy.

"Lucy, look at me. Do you understand me?" Dr. Rose looked at me. "Does she understand me, Maggie?"

"Oh yes," I assured her. "She's a very smart dog and very articulate. Go ahead."

"Lucy, I can understand how you are frightened. But what you did was teach your little girl a lesson. Every child needs to know that there's only so much a dog can take as far as being teased and tormented. You taught the child that pulling your tail is not something you like and that you're willing to not be friendly if she keeps it up. You're also right in thinking that humans do get rid of their dogs for doing so much less than just a nipping of skin, but your owners are not like that.

"I don't know if you remember, but you were just a puppy when you first came here. Your owners had bought you from the pound because you were the runt of the litter. There was not much promise for your health when you came into my office, but your owners were willing to pay a lot of money to make sure you lived. It took a lot of nursing you to full health, and they did a good job of it. I have a feeling that they will forgive you once they understand what you've been feeling."

Dr. Rose looked at me, "This is where you come in, Maggie. I don't know how you can convince them that it's nothing serious and convince Lucy that they won't take her to the pound once they find out, but they have to know. And it has to be in here. I don't want drama in my waiting room." She stood up, and pulled me up beside her. "I'll send them in."

I reached down and scooped Lucy in my hands. She didn't growl, bite or even refuse. She knew that somehow the truth was going to come out. Just as Dr. Rose had said, she sent in the mother and the little girl. The girl, ironically named Kitty, ran over to Lucy, but with one growl, Lucy held her at bay and Kitty backed away. The mother asked if there was anything that can be done.

"Mrs. Long, how long have you had Lucy?" I inquired.

"Ever since she was a puppy. I don't know, two and a half years. Why?"

"Has she ever acted like this at all, that you can remember?"

Mrs. Long paused to think. "No, I don't remember. Oh yes, there was that one time when Kitty was younger and she pulled on Lucy's tail. Lucy did not like that. I remember her growling at Kitty and then sulking herself into a corner. She wouldn't come out for hours! It was like she was giving herself a time out!" Mrs. Long marveled, and I paused to let what she had said seep in. "Oh my! That's what she's been doing! But this time she'd backed herself into the corner and stayed there for a whole 24 hours. She wouldn't eat or drink anything! I thought it very strange behavior so I had to

bring her here. She was a devil to put in the crate and she never once bit me, but she surely was threatening to.”

She looked at Lucy, then looked at Kitty. “Kitty, is there something about Lucy that you want to tell me?”

“Mommy! I promised Lucy I wouldn’t tell! I told her I was sorry and that I’d never do it again!” Kitty wailed, hiding her face in her mom’s stomach. Then Kitty turned to Lucy and apologized again. “I’m sorry, Lucy! I won’t pull your tail any more!”

She turned back to her mother and confessed, “I just thought it was fun, Mommy, to see her growl and reach around like she was going to bite me. Then she really did bite me.”

Seeing the shocked look on her mother’s face made her re-evaluate her words. “Well, not really. See?” Kitty showed her mother her hand where Lucy had pinched her.

“It’s just a pinch, like I got when the nurse had to poke me with the shots for school. It didn’t bleed and it didn’t really hurt. As soon as she pinched me, Lucy ran and hid under my bed. I guess when I went to the bathroom to see it better in the light was when Lucy went downstairs.”

Kitty looked at Lucy. “I’m so sorry, Lucy. I know I promised that I’d never tell, but that’s something I should have told about on myself. I won’t ever pull your tail again. I know you don’t like it. I should have never done it. I’m so sorry.”

I felt Lucy relax. “Mrs. Long, it seems that Lucy was sulking because she didn’t want to be sent back to the pound. Dogs can sense these things. I think she’s sorry that she nipped at your daughter, and that’s why she tried to hide. If you can reassure her that she still has a loving home, then I think,” I reached up to scratch her head lovingly, “I think that she’ll be a better dog.”

“Oh, my yes! It wasn’t Lucy’s fault at all. And as far as I’m concerned, Lucy’s staying right with us.” She looked at Lucy, “C’mon, Honey. Mommy’s got a nice big bowl of roast beef for you at home!” She looked at me and said, “It’s dog food, but once you get it out of the can, you can’t tell the difference!”

I gingerly handed Lucy to Mrs. Long, and Kitty’s hand came up carefully to Lucy’s face. Lucy licked it full force, and Kitty knew she had her friend back.

I felt good after that knowing that I could field a problem that Dr. Rose wouldn’t have been able to. That problem just helped me to understand Sassy’s a little more, though I didn’t know it at the time.

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Exactly nine fifty-five I pulled into the parking area of the stable named Cherry’s Playground. Three other cars were there besides Fred’s and Cherry’s. I had rehearsed so many different scenarios on the way over, I thought that I could solve this problem. I hoped I could solve it. Dr. Rose was putting a lot of stock in me, and I didn’t want to let her down.

As soon as I entered the horse barn, I could feel the electricity, no, passion is a better word. The passion emanating from the horses. Mostly from the stallions. I’d passed several stallions stalls; some of whom I’d never met. They must’ve just come in. I spotted Cherry in the aisle, and walked up to her. She introduced me as Dr. Rose’s accomplished apprentice. I blushed at the complement, but let it slide by. I surely didn’t want compliments to go to my head.



"Maggie, this is Susan, Sassy's owner," Cherry introduced. I shook Susan's hand and found a soft but firm handshake. "As Dr. Rose no doubt has told you, Susan wants to breed Sassy to a well-endowed Thoroughbred. I don't know if you can feel the tension in here, but the stallions think it should be them, not the TB that gets her."

"Not to be contrary, Cherry, but I'd describe it as passion, not tension. If I may be so bold, they all want a piece of Sassy, she's so strongly in heat. I passed several well-endowed stallions just on the way to Sassy's stall. Which horse is 'The One' that Sassy gets?" I asked.

"The big bay in the first stall," Susan told me. "I had him shipped here to cover Sassy. But ever since she's been teased by High, it's as if she wants nothing to do with stallions."

I looked at Cherry, "How have you been teasing her?"

"Through the stall. She's let down and winked a lot, then ends up slipping on her own fluids. It's like she's scared and she forgets that she's a horse, or something. I dunno. All I know is that I have some clients that I need to get back to. You do your thing, Maggie." And with that Cherry left.

"Just what is 'your thing,' Maggie?" Susan asked apprehensively.

"You wouldn't believe it if I told you, Ms. Susan," I warned with a shake of my head.

"Try me."

"All right. Just a few days ago I found out, when I was with Sassy, nonetheless, that I could hear what animals were thinking." I could see the doubt on Susan's face, so I continued. "Sassy hates pulling blood, doesn't she? She tenses up as the blood's being drawn, then that leaves a huge welt on her neck."

Susan was stunned that I knew that, but countered: "Anyone who knows horses knows that when they tense up they get a welt. That's like, Basic Shots 101." She dismissed with her hand.

"All right. Not that I have to prove anything to anyone about my gift, but Sassy also told me that she would enjoy going on a fox hunt with you."

Susan gasped. "I've never told any one that except for... Except for Sassy! That's been like my life-long dream, Maggie! I told Sassy that after she's been bred she and I will go on a fox hunt. I remember her ears perking up as if she'd like to go too! Hey, she got her Coggins test just the other day, right? And there's no welt! How did that happen; or NOT happen?"

So I told Susan about how I had to get Sassy's mind off of the 'pokey thing' as Sassy called it, and Sassy told me about wanting to go fox-hunting. "Well," Susan conceded, "It seems as if you can hear animals. Can you hear them all right now?"

"Not all of them at once, thankfully. I only hear those that I tune in to. I'm kinda glad I don't hear them all. The passion in this place would drive me out of my mind," I chuckled. "Here, let's see what's wrong with Sassy. If there is anything wrong." And I relayed the earlier problem with Lucy I'd been able to help solve.

"All right, first thing's first, I need to talk to Sassy. C'mon and join me." Sassy's head was facing the rear of the stall since that's where her hay was. She was happily munching when Susan called out to her. Sassy's head turned quickly, and as she noticed who was at her door, she snickered. "Oh yay! She's here! She'll take me fox hunting!"

"She's happy to see you, Ms. Susan," as I seemingly stated the obvious.

"You can call me Susan. And it does seem she's happy to see me. I like that about Sassy. She's always been a great, happy companion."

"Did you know she's really looking forward to going fox hunting?"

"She said that to you?" Susan shook her head.

"No, not to me. She did say, 'oh, yay! She's here! She'll take me fox hunting!' She sounded very confident that she'll be going soon."

Susan looked at Sassy, "Remember what I said, Honey?" she cooed. "I said that as soon as you're bred that we'll go fox hunting." Susan looked at me, "Oh, it's no use. She can't understand."

"Why not?" I asked her. "She understood that you'd take her fox hunting. Why, then, can't she understand that she has to be bred first?"

"You think she does? If you can, will you ask her for me?" Susan pleaded.

"Can and will." I entered Sassy's stall and allowed her to sniff me. "Hey, Sassy-girl. You remember me?" I tried not to let on to the tryst she and I had just a little while ago. I remember my face being buried in her snatch; licking up as much of her love juice as I could. "I see you remember Susan's promise to go fox hunting," I said and turned to Susan giving her a thumbs-up.

"I see you forgot one important thing, though," and Sassy turned to face me head-on.

"Oh? What's that?" She got very confrontational right then.

"No reason to get upset. You just forgot the fact that you're supposed to be bred before you go out." I kept the tone light, but kept it verbal and not all thoughts. I wanted to make sure Susan knew what I was saying that I wouldn't sway Sassy. "She got confrontational, did you see? She loves the idea of you two going out."

"Oh, Maggie! I did forget, but I don't want to be bred!" Sassy pleaded.

"Not want to be bred? Why not? It's a great thing to be a mother. What's wrong with being bred?" I asked as I stroked Sassy's slick neck.

Sassy was fidgeting now. Her tail was swishing, and her back feet could not stand still. Susan noticed her agitation, and started to call me out of the stall.

"Hold on a minute. I can get the reason. Just be patient, Susan. This isn't hurting her." I was a bit more forceful than I wanted to be, but I had to know what was making Sassy so antsy.

"The place where his ... 'thing' goes." She swished her tail even more now.

"Okay, what about the place where his 'thing' goes?" I eyed Susan and saw her slack-jawed response.

"It will hurt, I know it will." Sassy all but whined.

"Okay, let me talk to Susan about it, and we'll see what we can do, okay? Go eat your hay and we'll be back in a little bit." I took Susan by the arm and led her out of the stall. Once it was latched

properly, I led her to the tack room where I was certain Sassy couldn't hear us. Out of her earshot, I had myself a good laugh.

"Susan, your horse is afraid of breaking her cherry! She's afraid that sex might hurt!"

Hearing that, Susan had to laugh. "Who'd have thought that a horse is worried about being a virgin!"

Just then, Fred walked in and said, "Who's a virgin?! I know you're not," and he sneered at me.

I back-handed him in the stomach. "Shut up and go away," I snickered. "Susan and I are trying to figure out how to let Sassy know that sex will not hurt her where the 'thingy' goes, as she puts it."

"I can help her with that," Fred volunteered.

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"Not this time, Fred. This is something that Sassy's gonna have to conquer on her own."

"Actually," Susan piped in, "Fred's got a point. Couldn't we just get like a huge - I can't believe I'm suggesting this... Never mind. I don't think it'll work."

"No, no. Go ahead. Get a huge what?" I asked, but I thought I knew where she was going.

"Hmm, get like a huge dildo. We can gently glide it in and that way Sassy can know that it's actually pleasurable and not painful as she thinks."

"Susan, I think you may be on to something! Let me talk to Dr. Rose to see if there will be anything bad that may come from doing this. In the meantime, you go groom Sassy and just talk to her." I saw a look on Susan's face that showed doubt that Sassy would even listen. "Look, I know you cannot understand Sassy, but just trust your gut. Look at her body language. She knows you're not going to do anything to hurt her. Just keep loving on her and soothing her. I'll be right back."

We walked out of the tack room, Fred going back to his business, Susan to Sassy's stall, and myself to my car. I wanted total privacy as I talked to Dr. Rose. Besides, being in that passion-filled stable was enough to get me sexually turned on again! If I'm turned on, I can't concentrate.

I dialed the number to the office, but Marie told me that the Doctor had been called out on emergency and that if I had anything come up to make a decision on my own. Dr. Rose and I would discuss it when we saw each other that evening. I was scared. What if I make the wrong decision? What if I do something that would essentially hurt Sassy or have her distrust stallions - or people for that matter?

I had to take a deep breath. "What if's" aren't getting me anywhere in life, so I had to just pull myself up and make a decision. That's just what I did.

"God! Walking into this barn is like walking into a whorehouse! The stallions are crazy with sexual energy. Even Cherry could feel it! Oh, God, I'm so horny right now. I wonder if... No, Maggie. Keep your head on straight until you get this puzzle solved." I did often talk to myself, but usually out loud. I feel that if I talk to myself out loud that I can solve a problem with a little more ease. Thing is, I didn't really want people to think I was crazy, so I had to keep all my thoughts about my hesitations to myself. Sigh.

So all of that was as I was walking back to and into the barn. As I walked up to Susan, the plan finally came together.

“Susan, Dr. Rose was called on an emergency, so I was unable to talk to her. The receptionist at the office told me that I was to make any decisions on my own, but something as big as this, especially since it concerns your horse, I cannot make it without your input.” Susan nodded, and I continued. “I love your idea about getting a dildo and using that. Thing is, I don’t know of many novelty stores that carry dildos as big as a stallions di.... Um, penis.”

A huge smile crossed Susan’s face and she commented, “Go ahead, you were going to say, ‘dick’ weren’t you? You’ve been hanging around Fred too long.” She giggled. “I probably have the worst potty mouth, so I don’t care what you say or how you say it,” she affirmed.

“Well, I thank you for the permission, but that wouldn’t be very professional of me. Therefore, I need to guard what I say and how I say it.” I shifted slightly and leaned on the outside of Sassy’s stall. As I looked in to see her eating hay again, I offered my idea. “Here’s what I think we can do. Since we only have a couple more days that she’ll be in heat, we’ll need to find something to use as a phallus. It doesn’t have to be big at the beginning. Just something to stick in there and ‘have sex’ with her. But, it has to be something soft and pliable.”

“Maggie, do you know what kind of barn this is that Cherry’s running?” Susan asked.

“Cherry’s Playground? Yes. It’s a place where people’s fantasies of...” and I hesitated because I wanted to think about how best to put it. But Susan finished my thought.

“Fantasies of having sex with animals can come true and they not have to worry about any sort of legal consequences.”

“Okay, since you put it like that, yes, I know it to be that sort of place.” I agreed.

“Then do you know,” Susan implored, “What it is like to have sex with an animal? To be made love to by someone that’s not human?” She snickered. “Sounds like having an out of body experience.”

“It is like having an out of body experience, Susan,” I agreed.

“Then you HAVE had sex with an animal. Would you tell me what kind?”

“I will,” I promised, “But tell me where you’re going with this line of thought.” I said. I was so turned on, that I could just strip right there and take all the stallions one right after the other all the while munching on Susan’s snatch - if she’d let me.

“I have a theory, but I want to know just how far you’ve gone in your love with animals,” she said as she too leaned against Sassy’s stall. Susan’s breasts were squished together. Her shirt was between her breasts making her cleavage even more deep and inviting. I wanted to show off what I had, so I mirrored her stance. My cleavage was showing a bit more than hers because of my V-neck and I caught her glance at it.

“Susan, I’ve had my face under Sassy’s tail eating her out. I’ve had my mouth and pussy filled with Duke’s dick. I’ve been fucked by a pig, a bull, and more importantly a horse... High, nonetheless. At the office with the girls, I’ve been double-dildoed, licked, and eaten; and got to give the same treatment to them. I’m not a whore, but I’ll whore myself out to any animal it seems. What’s your theory?” I replied saucily.

"Wait, you ate out my horse?! AND you've been fucked by a pig AND a bull? Here? At Cherry's? I thought they were off limits!" she exclaimed incredulously.

"Well, they were," and I explained how Cherry got me to get them to come to trust human females.

"Wow. It seems you really are a miracle worker, Maggie. But let's see if we can help my Sassy, okay?"

"Deal," I said. With that, we went into the tack room once more to discuss the finer points of letting Sassy know that sex doesn't hurt. We had it planned. Now, the thing was, getting Cherry to agree with our plan, and being able to pull it off in front of Sassy without it looking staged.

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"All right, that sounds fine, Maggie," Cherry said. "I hope this works out. I'll be interested to see it all come into play."

"You're not the only one, Cherry," I sighed. "Well, let's get the show on the road. Fred, you go get High while I get myself ready. Anyone seen Duke?" I called.

"Yeah, he's in the wash rack watching the farrier trim Darlin'," Cherry called back. "You know how Duke loves to chew on the scraps of hoof Tim throws at him."

"Eww, his breath's gonna stink. Anyone know where a dog bone is?" I asked.

Fred came up behind me, wrapped his arms around me, and whispered in my ear, "Just let him lick your pussy. That'll get his breath smelling better. Then when you french his tongue, you'll taste yourself. Oh, God," Fred grabbed my hips and thrust his pelvis into my backside where I could feel his dick growing. "Girl, you got me horny just thinking about watching Duke fuck you." He spun me around to face him. "Who else gets you today?"

"Why, Fred! I think you're jealous!" I laughed.

"Damn right, I'm jealous! Who else gets you today?" He gently demanded again.

"Fred, we're doing this for Sassy, remember?" He tilted his head in expectation of my answer. He wasn't going to let me get off the hook that easily. "All right, all right! High gets me after Duke."

"Double damn!"

"Fred, I'm not going to be satisfied, though. Why don't we make a date tonight."

"Sloppy seconds?!" Fred's eyes lit up.

"Sure, if you want it that way. Or, I can clean up, and you get me fresh from the shower. Your choice." I leaned against him letting him feel my breasts against his chest; my nipples standing out rubbing against the soft fabric of my tee-shirt; my hands running up and down his broad chest.

"Awe, fuck, Maggie! Why you gotta make my decision so hard?"

"It's not a hard decision if you think with the right head," I said as I grabbed the bulge in his jeans.

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Susan chuckled at our playing, but I shoved Fred away. "I gotta be able to think clearly, Fred. I want Sassy to know that sex is good and feels good. I can't have you putting distracting thoughts in my head."

"Awe, Mags, please?" Fred actually groveled on bended knee.

"No, Hon. Now, I need you to go get High ready for me, okay?" I then turned to face Susan, but wheeled around back to Fred, "On second thought, just get Duke. We'll be in front of High's stall, and I don't think it will take long for him to 'get ready'."

"We're not breeding her to High are we? I wanted to breed her to the big Thoroughbred in the first stall," Susan asked.

"No, no. She'll get bred to the TB, but High is for me. After he's mounted me - or you if you want him - Sassy can see that it's a walk in the park. I'd actually rather High be able to mount a mare so she can see what it's like, but..."

"So breed a mare, already," Cherry interrupted. I looked at her, not believing what I'd just heard.

"Cherry, you - you WANT a foal around here? I mean, they're so much work, and..."

"Maggie, I've been meaning to get the older mare Prissy bred, but just haven't been able to get around to it. This is a perfect time. She's in heat, and High loves her - I think quite literally. They get along so well. That way, Sassy can see that even a smaller horse can take a dip-stick." Cherry laughed at her own corny joke, but nodded to me that it would be all right. "Go ahead with whatever you were planning to do in the beginning. I'd like to watch that, anyway," she chuckled.

"Well, what you say goes, Boss." And I walked out to the barn aisle to get everything prepared. Susan came up behind me and tapped me on the back as I leaned down to get a brush on the ground.

"Um, Maggie?" she asked timidly.

I turned around quickly to find her big breasts right in my face. As I straightened up, I could see her face was as red as mine felt. "What can I do for you, Susan?"

"Um, I haven't... That is, I've never..." she stammered.

"Susan, do you want Duke?" I smiled.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't want to get in the way of your job. Because I know ultimately this is what you've decided to do as a vet's assistant, and I don't want to get in the way of that. Would I be in the way of that if I did want Duke?" she rambled.

"No, of course not. That will be fine. Have you ever had Duke before?" I inquired.

Shaking her head, she replied, "Well, no. I haven't. I've seen other women have him, but I've never overcome my shyness of being taken by an animal."

"Oh, Susan, let me assure you, Duke is NO animal. Duke is a great lover. Thing is, for Sassy's sake, there will be no foreplay. Duke's just gonna take you. You're gonna have to be already on all fours when he's introduced to you. If you want it to be more than just a 'fucking' then maybe it's best to fore go this time, and he can take you to his special glen."

“His ‘special glen’?” Susan shook her head. “No. No. I’d rather it be like a rape-type scenario where he just ‘takes me’ rather than I have to think about what to do next.” Susan assured me.

“All righty, then. Strip down. It’s time.” I shrugged.

“Uh, now?!” She asked incredulously.

“Do you need help getting prepared?” I asked, secretly hoping that she’d need my help. I really wanted to put her huge globes of flesh in my mouth and lick her pussy.

“I probably do, but what can you do?” She crossed her arms over her chest as if to protect her massive breasts.

“If you’ll trust me, I’ll get you so wet, you’ll not need any foreplay with Duke.”

Now, remember, Susan and I are in the barn aisle waiting for Fred to come back with Duke. That seemed to have slipped her mind as I stepped closer to her and barely touched her shoulder. That touch brought both her hands down beside her. My hands found their way to the hem of her shirt, pulling it up gradually. She helped by raising her arms so I could pull her shirt over her head and off her body. There they were. Two gorgeously full and round tits with huge nipples standing at attention; straining against the confines of her red lace bra. I dropped her shirt on the ground, and I didn’t even unclasp the hooks; I just pulled the bra down, letting her tits spill over the top.

My right hand found her left breast as my mouth claimed her right nipple. I sucked gently, then a little harder. I eased my left hand down her backside and around to the front of her jeans, easily sliding the zipper down. I’m not quite sure how, but she managed to get her jeans undone and let them slip off her hips. I stopped suckling her breast just long enough to see she was shaved bare, and wore a red lace thong to match her bra. My mouth found her nipple again and my left hand deftly slid between her legs. What I found was quite erotic, and I let an excited gasp escape.

All the while I could hear her moan in pleasure. When I found the sweet surprise, she too let out a gasp then an, “Ohhhhh, yes, Maggie.”

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## **Part Five**

Her red thong was split in the middle so it appeared crotchless. That sweet surprise was heightened when I slid my hand between her legs to find her clit was already poking out. My fingers rubbed against it obviously eliciting her gasp.

I was so turned on right then. I don’t think I’d ever actually wanted to make love to a woman, but Susan gave me that desire right then. Of course, the past couple of days I had fucked and been fucked by women, but this desire to please Susan was almost overwhelming.

I’d faintly heard a staccato clicking on the stable floor announcing Duke’s arrival. Since Susan was the only one undressed, Duke made a bee line to her. No doubt he smelled the erotic scent of her arousal. I know I could, even being in the midst of a horse barn. Duke stuck his nose right into Susan’s backside making her jump, which in turn made my finger slide that much easier into her twat. She stood humping my hand for a moment until she realized what was happening.

“Oh, Maggie, your touch is so... magical. It’s no wonder the animals put their trust in you.”

I smiled then reluctantly withdrew my hand from her warm nether-regions. I lifted my hand to my nose and mouth, smelling and tasting her all at once all the while looking into her eyes. At that moment, I felt myself become jealous of Duke. I chuckled, and no doubt Susan thought I was laughing at her complement.

“Here, Susan, let’s get you ready for Duke.”

Duke, on the other hand, was quite ready for Susan. He was nervously pacing around her, sniffing her butt, anxiously waiting to mount her. I lead her to the “mounting” block where humans lay over in order for their animal lover to penetrate them. I made sure she was comfortable, made sure Duke could wait a minute more, then walked over to Sassy’s stall to make sure she was watching.

“Sassy?” I called. “Sassy, Susan’s going to show you what it will be like to be mounted. You’ll hear some noises from both Susan and Duke, but I want you to know that they are enjoying themselves.” I looked over to Duke, and gave a command, “Up, Boy.”

With that, he mounted Susan carefully but forcefully. Apparently, Fred had explained to Duke what was going on, and though Fred cannot understand animals, I knew Duke understood Fred. Duke penetrated Susan after a couple of tries and thrust hard into her. The sounds of sex penetrated the barn, and several stallions sounded more restless than they had been before.

I carefully made my way back to Sassy’s rear end, touching her body the whole time so as to not startle her, watching her tail flick back and forth, and seeing her wink her vulva at no one in particular. “Sassy, I’m going to touch you, just here,” I told her. My hand came down from the top of her tailbone to rest underneath. When she swished her tail again, my hand swished with it and caught her winking vulva. She humped forward just a bit, but was still watching her owner get it on with the dog. I kept Susan and Duke within my peripheral sight, but was wanting Sassy to know that being touched was a great thing. I licked my hand - the same hand that had touched Susan, so essentially I was licking Susan’s scent again - and placed it back onto Sassy’s pussy.

The touch was light, but Sassy felt it and winked again. I felt the wink against my palm, and took that as an invitation. I gently pressed my palm onto her glistening vulva, waiting for another wink. When I felt her muscles pull, I let a finger slip in wet hole. She humped forward again, but kept her eyes on her owner and Duke. Softly, I called to Fred.

He quickly but quietly came to the front of her stall and peered in. “Get a small stool or bucket, Fred.” I said as softly as I could. “I want you to fuck Sassy as she’s seeing Susan get fucked. Go. Quickly!”

He was away the moment I said, “Go.” I’d known for the longest time that he’d wanted to sink his dick deep into a mare, and now that he got the chance, he wasn’t going to let it slip by him. He was back in a matter of seconds with a twelve inch tall stool with a wide base. One that seemed specially made with a wide base so as to not tip easily. I figured it was specially made by either Fred or some patron of Cherry’s. Anyway, Fred slipped into the stall, seeing Sassy’s gaze glued to her owner and Duke, carefully made his way around to the back of the beautiful mare. As he was pulling his jeans down, I started up an erotic conversation with Sassy.

“Sassy, Fred’s going to do to you what Duke is doing to your Susan. First, he needs to know how you taste. Raise your tail for him and let him get his head underneath.”

I saw her tail automatically raise. She never took her eyes off of Duke or Susan. It didn’t matter how much racket the stallions were making; it didn’t matter how much noise we made behind her. Her focus was centered on Susan. I tried to read her thoughts, but they were jumbled and hard to



differentiate. Thing is, from her lifting her tail, I knew she was ready, whether she knew it or not.

“Fred, she’s lifting her tail for your face.”

“She wants me to eat her out? Oh, hot damn!” And he dove in to her vulva face first. I could hear him slurping and licking, and see a wink from her every once in a while. When she winked, Fred was there sucking on her. Once, she let down and covered Fred’s face with her juices, but he didn’t care. After a few moments, he looked at me to see if it was time to plunge in. I chuckled at his wet face, and nodded. Fred firmly stepped up on the stool and thrust his 10 inch cock fully into Sassy’s wet pussy. She hunched forward and gave a stamp of a front foot, but then leaned back a little into Fred’s thrusting. He was fully submerged into Sassy’s pussy and she was enjoying it. She put her head down and rocked back and forth as if she was fucking his dick instead of him fucking her. Fred’s right hand took hold of her hip while his left held her tail to the side. He thrust hard four times, then eased up several more, only to thrust hard again. Sassy’s head stayed down as she rocked back and forth into him.

Outside the stall, in the barn aisle, I saw Duke was nearing his end. Unlike most dogs, Duke really can hold a fuck for more than just several minutes. (See, I don’t like it when most of the stories I read say, “We were knotted for 30 minutes as Dog came into me.” Dogs get knotted because the bitch’s vulva is much too small for the male to exit after their ‘time together’. Very rarely can a male dog actually knot a female human unless he is considerably larger than her, and his knot is larger than her vaginal opening. Duke, though, can maintain a certain time because he’s been trained by Cherry to slow down and enjoy all the erotic sensations of the human female.) At least ten minutes had gone by since Susan was mounted by Duke. I could see she loved it. I knew that she was hooked. What bitch couldn’t get hooked by fucking Duke?

As Duke pounded into Susan more forcefully, Sassy’s head raised with the increasing noises coming from the aisle. She looked once again to her owner being pounded by the dog. One thought I caught from Sassy was, “I can’t wait to have a stallion inside me. Fred’s good, but I bet a stallion’s better.” I smiled to myself, and thought I’d better not tell Fred that last part. He was on the verge of cumming too. I coaxed him to try to time his cumming with Duke’s. He looked out of the stall to see Duke’s hammering into Susan, and tried to match his pace. Sassy and Susan both moaned with pleasure at the same time, as the boys dumped their loads into their respective females. All that I had seen in the last 15 minutes had me cream my panties. I wanted even more than ever to eat Susan out as soon as I saw Duke pull out of her and the dam of his cum broke, spilling Duke’s seed all over the barn floor and splashing onto Susan’s thighs.

At the same time, I heard a couple of grunts from Fred as he crammed and stuffed his dick fully into Sassy’s cunt. She humped forward then let out a shrill whinny. He looked at me in confusion, but I told him that he made her cum. His ear to ear smile told me that he was satisfied. “I was the first for her, wasn’t I?”

“Yes, dear, you were. I doubt you broke her cherry, but at least she knows sex isn’t bad.” Then a thought came to me, “Fred, do any of the other mares around here get used in Cherry’s Playground?”

“Actually, only Prissy is used. She’s small enough for most men that they don’t have to use a stool, and she’s more docile. The other mares haven’t been trained yet, so Cherry’s waiting on them. Why do you ask?”

“You’ll see later on. Get yourself cleaned up, then meet Susan and I in the tack room. Don’t forget to bring the stool out,” I laughed.

He stepped off the stool and saw Sassy winking at him again. Not caring that he'd just cum inside her, he bent down to suck on her once more. She humped forward again, letting out another whinny, but this one a little less forceful than the first. She was obviously very sensitive there, and I told him so. Having full compassion for her, Fred patted Sassy on the rump and apologized.

I hugged Sassy, and left her to her jumbled thoughts, and strode over to Susan, who was actually knotted with Duke. He could have easily pulled out, but again, he was trained to stay as long as he could with a human female, so he turned around while still in her sopping pussy; now tail to tail with Susan. I walked to Susan's face and knelt down. Her smile was all I needed to know that she was hooked.

"Maggie, He's amazing! His... cock actually reaches places that I know no man has ever touched." As an after-thought she added, "Wonder what Cherry's gonna charge me for an everyday tryst with Duke? There's just too much for it to not be everyday!"

I chuckled then told her that our plan worked.

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"You mean, Sassy's okay with getting bred?" Susan propped her chin atop her folded hands, then moaned. I knew that each movement she or Duke made sent different sensations through her pussy, adding to the erotica. "Oh that's wonderful! I can't wait, oh, oh, oohhhhhh!"

"Oh, that's so damn good! Her pussy's clenching my dick and I think she's milking it for more!" Duke was panting while looking back at Susan. She obviously had excellent muscle control in her pussy. Muscle control I was hot to find out for myself.

"Susan," I said, "When you're... done with Duke, Cherry and I will talk about the best possible time to breed Sassy. In the meantime, would you like to be alone with him?" I was sincere, but I secretly hoped she would say no.

"Is it gonna hurt when he pulls out, Maggie? I've never... done it with a dog, and he's obviously got something super huge inside me that won't allow him to pull out." A worried look crossed her face, so I sat down on the barn floor to explain what was happening.

"Susan, that something 'super huge' is called a knot. All male dogs have one. It plugs up the vaginal canal of the bitch so no sperm escapes, allowing a better chance for the bitch to get pregnant." I saw a horrified look cross Susan's face just then, so I added, "Don't worry. Human women cannot get pregnant from canine sperm."

She sighed and I heard Duke whimper. "Is he hurting?" Susan asked.

"He doesn't seem to be. In fact, just a bit ago, I heard him in ecstasy saying that it felt as if you were milking his dick for more."

Susan blushed and chuckled. "Yeah, I have that effect. I do Kegels every twenty minutes or so for about five minutes everyday to keep my pubic muscles from collapsing. When ever I move, I'm sure it effects the movements of my... vagina."

I suppressed a chuckle and told her, "Susan, we are so far less than formal around here, and I've only been here about two days. You can let your inhibitions go and be vulgar if you'd like."

Susan wagged her ass back and forth, eliciting another sexual whine from Duke while she

contemplated herself being vulgar. "I think I can do that. It'll take a little while, but I think I can," and with that a plop and gush could be heard from her back end.

An "Aw, FUCK!" along with an "Awoooooo," came from both Susan and Duke when Duke could finally be released from Susan's snatch. She quickly reached under her belly and felt the oozing goo come from her cunt. I couldn't help but to take a step towards her bum to watch.

"Maggie! What am I going to do?" Susan exclaimed.

"I'll help you, Susan," I said excitedly. I think I was going to finally be able to see that snatch up close. I quickly pulled off my pants and thong that were already wet from my creaming them in Sassy's stall, and dove between Susan's legs. My torso was off to her left side with my legs splayed wide, while she was still leaning on the mounting block. Therefore she had a perfect view of my glistening crotch. I put my mouth directly under her shaved mound and reached up to play with her clit. No, I couldn't play with it, I had to suck it. I had to have her taste in my mouth, even if most of it was Duke. I'd get her to cum again, and this time it would be all over my face.

I reached my arms around her hips to firmly take her ass in my hands. Then I licked her as much as I could from clit to taint, and she helped by hunching forward. I wanted to clean her up as much as I could before getting her to cum again. Then, I buried my face in her snatch, closing my mouth over her sensitive clit. My nose went up her love hole, and I shook my face back and forth trying to get my face in as close as I could. I slid my left hand back to play with her bung hole and I sucked her clit hard. She yelped and hunched forward, allowing my finger to slip in her ass. She apparently wanted to return the favor, so she spanked my cunt. I heard the smack before I felt it, but my body's automatic reaction was to go towards the slap.

Susan lifted herself off the mounting block, then twisted her body to come down on top of mine. She buried her face in my twat, licking, sucking and lightly biting my clit and pubes. I couldn't help myself; I kept hunching my butt up towards her face, I guess to get her to go deeper. Meanwhile, I was one finger knuckle-deep in her ass and working on getting another in. I felt her mouth close over my sensitive clit and her tongue was working its magic. I'd already cum in my panties when I was in Sassy's stall watching Fred fuck the mare and Duke fuck Susan. I knew it wouldn't take long for me to cum with her mouth over my clit. Of course, Susan had already cum when she was full of Duke's dick, so I knew it wouldn't be long for her to cum again.

I slid another finger in her ass. Susan pushed two or three fingers in my love hole, fucked me hard for about thirty seconds, then shoved those same two fingers in my ass.

"Oh, GAWD!" I muffled in her crotch. We were both humping towards each other, just ready to burst. Just then, Duke came up behind Susan, mounted her again, and I helped him drive his dick into her ass. She yelped, but took it in stride. Suddenly, I felt the same invasion of my rose bud. I supposed it to be Fred, since I couldn't see. This four-some really had me going. I tried to hold my orgasm for as long as I could, but getting my wish to fuck Susan, and getting myself fucked in the arse was just too much. I tried to convey that idea to Susan through my gyrations of my sucking motions on her clit and shaking my head in her twat. Apparently, she knew - at least instinctively she knew - because we came at the same time. Hard.

Oh, it was heavenly, though. Because I could feel her fingers in my twat, and whoever's dick in my bum, I knew she must have been feeling the same way - very full. G-spots were hit simultaneously, and we both humped towards each other's mouth. This was the second time I squirted. Susan squirted too, and I got a face full of her cum, and most of what Duke deposited earlier right in my mouth. She was so sweet tasting. I'd keep fucking her if I knew she could produce that every time.

Just then, Duke came again in her bum, and whomever was fucking my ass came too. Both pumped their dicks up to the hilt and stayed for only a minute. Since Duke didn't tie this time, he dismounted and slowly walked over to a stall and gingerly licked himself clean. Susan could then prop herself back on the mounting block, allowing me to see my "attacker."

It was Dr. Rose!

I was so sure I'd felt the cum of the dick-invader in my ass, but it must have been just my imagination, 'cause there was Taylor with an 8 inch strap-on up buried to the hilt. She saw my look of surprise, then started to fuck me again full force. I knew she knew how much I could take because of what we'd been through the past couple of days. But she had this... sadistic look on her face as if whatever I was feeling didn't really matter. She was going to stretch my ass and make it hurt too.

I lay there on the barn floor covered in Duke and Susan's cum with Taylor almost literally fucking the shit out of my ass. Every once in a while she'd reach up and tweak, pull, or pinch my nipple. If she wasn't doing that, she'd tweak, pull, or pinch my clit. I had no choice but to lift my butt off the floor when she did either.

Suddenly, I heard a voice, "Let me at her. I'll give her more than that."

I didn't recognize that voice, so it took me off guard. I looked around the barn to try to focus on what animal might be wanting to get at me. Taylor wasn't paying attention to my looking around. She had three fingers buried in my twat just then. It was hard to focus on the new voice.

"Get the fuck up and get cleaned off. Then I'll show you a good time," came the voice again.

"Ungh, Taylor," I grunted. Oh, I didn't want her to stop, but I wanted to concentrate on the voice. "Taylor!" I said more forcefully. She halted for half a second then plunged back in.

"Stop, please! Stop! Hot sauce, hot sauce!" That got her attention. "I'm hearing a new voice. He wants to get at me. Said he'd give me more than what you're giving me."

"And you want more than what I'm giving you?" she asked.

"Not necessarily, I just want to know where this voice is coming from. Let's finish quickly so I can get cleaned up."

Dr. Rose took that as her cue to make me cum three more times before she collapsed on top of me. "I've had enough," she said.

I laughed and she looked at me. "I didn't think you could ever get enough sex."

"Heh, yeah, I know. It's just being the guy isn't what a girl is used to."

"That's why we have great butts, Dr. Rose," Fred chimed in. "The guys that have a lot of sex have very toned butts. We have a lot of endurance too. Unless of course, you can get your hands on a piece of fine ass like Maggie's."

My jaw dropped. It sounded like he was just treating me like a piece of meat.

"You know I love ya, Girl," Fred told me with a wink.

"Yeah, right. Lemme go get cleaned up. Then I'm going to take a walk down the barn to see if I can find that mystery voice."

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I didn't notice before, but I found there was a shower in the smaller tack room. I showered quickly with hot water, and made sure to use the detachable shower-head to clean out my pussy and ass. If I was going to find the source of that mystery voice, he was going to have to make me wet all by himself. I wasn't about to let him get in me for free.

I got dressed, but I did leave my panties in an empty locker. They were too wet from creaming them earlier, and I forgot to take them into the shower with me to clean them off.

I noticed how long the barn aisle was as I was trying to find that voice. Again, thankfully my gift was only allowing me to focus on one voice at a time, so as I walked to every stall, I only heard the horse that was in that stall. I paid attention to my boot heels clicking on the concrete floor so I would not have to look in certain stalls. (Just looking in High's stall got me hot, and I had to walk right past his stall to get to the newer stallions that came in that day.)

As I stood outside a huge chestnut Quarter Horse's stall, I saw him with his rump towards me. His hindquarters were at least two and a half feet wide. He was very muscular in all the right places. I could tell he was a show horse, and not just a breeder. He got me to chuckle as I "heard" him "ooh" and "ah" over every morsel of hay that he ate. His "tone" wasn't anything like the voice that I'd heard earlier, so I bypassed him without disturbing him.

The next stallion I came to was a tall, jet black Thoroughbred. "This must be the guy that Susan wants to breed to Sassy," I said to myself.

"Breed to Sassy? Humph. I'm much too good to breed to her. I need a gal who can take my dick without whining. A girl that I can stick my dick into her up to the hilt and she still begs for more. A girl like you, Maggie." And he swung around.

I tell you, I've never seen such passion, no, lust, in a horse's eyes as I saw in his. He was mesmerizing. Almost as if he had those little swirly thingies in his eyes to hypnotize me. I did chance to look away, but not before he made a blush come to my face. I shook my head in disbelief. How could a horse do that to a person?

Suddenly I realized that he heard me and answered me. I took a peek at his temporary name card (the kind that Cherry gives to the horses that don't stay for more than two or three weeks).

His name was Weird Emperor.

"Weird Emperor? What kind of name is that?!" I said aloud.

"Certainly not a name I would have chosen for myself, but it works. Do you like what you see?"

It was then that he turned sideways for me to see his off-side (the right side of the horse to those of you who are not 'horsey' type people). He too was well-muscled like the QH, but his weren't like the steroidal type that bulge out every where. He wasn't sleek either like the racing TB's, so I know he probably hadn't raced anytime within the past year or so. His mane had been pulled to be about four inches long - the perfect length for a Hunter horse but probably better suited to Dressage or even a Three-Day Event (those are types of riding style).

"What are you called, Big Man?" I politely asked. It's horses like this that you DON'T want to be on their bad side.

"They call me Emperor, or Empy," he said looking over at me. He turned away from me, and stopped so I could see his near side (left side). He was symmetrical. He was beautiful.

He was HUNG! Oh, HOT DAMN!!! This was the horse that intruded into my thoughts as I was getting pounded by Taylor. His phallus hung down at a perfect 45 degree angle to his body, but every once in a while he'd tighten it and I heard it slap the underside of his belly. Emperor took two side-steps toward me to allow a better look. The head of his beautiful cock was already mushroomed as if he's just serviced a mare. It must have been at least five inches in diameter. I wanted so badly to get a better look at it.

It was then that I noticed my pants were wet... again. DAMN!!! He'd already made me cream my pants. Now I have to walk around with a wet crotch again. I shook my head to try to clear some of the cobwebs he'd made of my thoughts, and turned my back to lean up against the stall. Soon I felt his breath on my neck as if he were sniffing my hair. He nibbled me through the stall bars, but nothing that was worth worrying about.

Just then I saw Cherry and Taylor exit the tack room. I stayed against the stall. I liked the foreplay.

"So, I see you've met our newest member, Weird Emperor. Quite a catch, wouldn't you say, Maggie?" Cherry asked with a twisted smile.

"Is he staying here, then?" I tried to keep the giddiness out of my voice.

"He will for about six months. See, not only do I use this facility to allow adults to create their own bestiality fantasy, but I do train horses for people too. Emp's here to get some jumping training," she explained.

"I want to jump you, Maggie. I've heard you're a great fuck. I've heard you can squeal, moan, grunt, or just shut the fuck up and take it. Is that what you want from me, Maggie? You want me to fuck your brains out?"

"I want you to stay out of my head for a little while as I'm talking to your new trainer," I scolded him. Now hush, and I promise I'll get back to you. But I won't if you interrupt me again. That's a promise."

"Did you hear me, Maggie?" Cherry was continuing.

"No, sorry, Cherry, I didn't hear you. The Horse interrupted. I told him to back off, or he wouldn't see me again."

"You said that to him?" Taylor asked incredulously.

"I told him to not interrupt me again, or I wouldn't ever get back to seeing him, or talking to him," I explained.

"Oh, but Maggie, that's what I was saying. In addition to his owner wanting me to train him to jump, she also wants me to train him to mount her on cue. I'm gonna need your help, Maggie."

My jaw dropped to the floor. So many scenarios popped through my head with XXX themes pounding me. "You want me to train him to mount on cue," I repeated the thought incredulously.

Cherry nodded. "That's what she said. Apparently, she wants to show him in actual shows, but she also wants to show him off to her friends."

"And how, do you suppose, this is supposed to be done?" I shrugged.

"That's where your gift comes in, Maggie. You can get inside the horse's head and tell him what's going on, what's about to happen, and what he's expected to do. Has he spoken to you?"

"Oh, hell, yeah," I quipped. "He's the one I heard that wants to pound me into fucking oblivion," I said, rolling my eyes. "What's gonna happen when he's at a show, sees the cue to mount her, but mounts an innocent by-stander?" I wondered aloud.

"Hmmm," Cherry hummed as she thoughtfully rubbed her ear. "How is his grammar? Does he have good diction?"

"His grammar and diction are very clear. His vocabulary seems extensive too." Just then I felt a puff of air through my hair as Emp lightly snorted. I took it as a laugh. I held my finger up to signal to Cherry and Taylor that he was about to say something to me.

"Let me just show you my vocabulary. Maggie, I know you're an exceptional person, and that you have a gift that is very rare among humans. But the humans I've been around have had exceptional personalities and terrific vocabularies. They've always talked to me as if I was one of them. I couldn't help but to learn what they were saying and what they meant.

"I know what my owner wants me to do to her and for her, but she seems so much like a mother to me, that I don't think I could fuck her even if I had a ten foot prick and she were in another room. I'm willing to learn to jump correctly in the show ring, but I'm not sure I'm willing to jump my own owner's bones. Please convey that to them."

I looked at Cherry and Taylor, "We have to talk." I immediately started for the large tack room so we could all sit comfortably and be able to discuss what to do because of this new revelation. I was conflicted. I could almost literally taste and smell the want of sex emanating from this huge black Thoroughbred. But I could feel his heart that he really didn't want to hurt his owner. Just then, I told Cherry and Taylor to wait for me in the tack room, then I went back to Emp's stall.

"Empy, you said that you wanted to fuck my brains out. Have you ever fucked a human before?" I asked aloud. A little too loud, because I heard a bang from a horse a couple stalls down. A stall that could only be High's.

"No, I've never had a human before, Maggie. But when I saw Duke taking that woman Susan, and I heard Fred having his fun with Sassy, I thought of how well I'm endowed, and how that I'd probably tear my owner up. She'd never want me after that. I don't want to hurt her. But I do want to experience what it's like to take a woman, Maggie. I want to take you."

I nodded thoughtfully. I understood what he was saying, but apparently he didn't know that a woman's pussy could stretch and lengthen to encompass just about anything that enters it. At least with training, it can.

"Okay," I told him. "I've still got to talk to Cherry about this, but I think we'll be able to come up with a solution soon. Go relax. I'll be back in a little bit."

Emp turned to the back of his stall where he had some hay left over. His prick smacked his belly again, then he relaxed it so it would 'disappear'. I walked to the tack room pondering how exactly we were going to get Emp to understand that even sometimes mothers and their grown sons have sexual pleasures.

As I walked into the tack room, I came upon a sight that had me getting wet again. Apparently the ladies couldn't wait on me to get back to them, so they started to entertain each other.

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"Fuck it, girls! I can't leave you alone for two minutes before you're in each other's pants," I laughed. Tops were on the floor here. Pants were draped over a chair there. Neither one of them ever wore a bra, but thongs were hanging about their necks. "What the hell? Why do you have your thongs around your necks?"

Taylor quickly pulled Cherry's thong into her mouth. "Bondage, my dear Apprentice. Bondage."

"So, I suppose then, that you don't want to hear Emperor's hesitations about fucking his owner, huh?"

That stopped them cold. "What hesitations?" Cherry asked after struggling to get her own thong out of her mouth.

"Cherry, this horse is well trained already, at least in the art of communication. I believe you could simply tell Emperor what to do, and he'd do it because he understands so well. Thing is, he loves his owner so much that he thinks of her as a mother. He said he couldn't see himself hurting her by making love to her. In fact, his exact words were, 'I don't think I could fuck her even if I had a ten foot prick and she were in another room'."

That sent Dr. Rose into a giggling fit. One I never thought I'd see from her. "Oh, GAWD, Cherry. A ten foot prick! We gotta make one of those!"

I looked at her as if she'd gone mad. Maybe she had. Or maybe she'd taken something before coming out to the barn today. Anyway, out of the corner of my eye I saw Cherry shaking her head.

"Taylor, stop. You're losing your rapport with Maggie," Cherry chided. I looked Dr. Rose's way and saw her instantly sober. She looked at me, and I purposefully kept a blank look on my face. "So what do you suppose we do, Maggie? It was your good idea that Susan get fucked so Sassy can see it doesn't hurt. Think it would work with Emp? Or maybe if he takes another woman to see how she can accommodate the man, would he change his mind?"

"I'm not exactly sure, Cherry," I said. "He's smart, like so many of the other animals here. I think even if his owner were disguised, he'd know it was her. Yet he is willing to take just about any other woman that he comes in contact with. Almost too willing, I'd say. He was very disrespectful towards me, and probably towards the rest of you, only you didn't hear him.

"Um, could you two put your clothes on?" I interrupted myself. "It's very distracting trying to have a normal conversation in less than normal circumstances."

"Oops, sorry," they chorused.

As they got dressed, we continued to talk about how best to train Emperor and came up with the conclusion that since he really wanted to get in my pants, I would stay away from him for a while. No one was to have him sexually until he showed respect to the women he came in contact with. Cherry, of course, trained him to be ridden on the flat and over jumps.

Several weeks after that incident in the barn, I watched one of Emp's training days in the arena and was greatly impressed with how well he was doing. I walked up to the fence and stood on the bottom



rail. My C cup breasts spilled over top of my crossed arms. As Cherry trotted Emp toward me, she kept talking to him aloud, telling him what she expected him to do. I could see he was trying his hardest to please her. When they got right to me, she sat deep in the saddle and squeezed her legs slightly around his barrel. A move that only the trained eye can see, but one I noticed right away. Instantly he stopped in front of me and stood stock still. His head and neck was straight forward; his ears flicking back and forth every once in a while to keep listening to her leg aids. After about five seconds, she released her legs and he relaxed instantly. His head turned toward me and it seemed he had a friendly smile on his face.

“Whatcha sayin’ to our friend, here, Emp?” Cherry asked joyfully as she looked my way and gave Emp a “Good Boy” pat on the neck.

“He hasn’t said anything, Cherry. It’s almost as if he’s waiting for you to give him permission to talk to me,” I told her.

She gave him a more firm but loving pat on the neck, “Good Boy! You’ve learned respect, and as long as you keep respecting us, you may talk to Dr. Maggie.”

My head shot up toward her when she said “Dr.” as if she knew something I didn’t. She showed me a slight knowing nod as if she would tell me later. I was going to make sure she told me later! Anyway, Emp nodded his head in typical stallion fashion.

“Dr. Maggie! I think I understand why you’ve been ignoring me!”

“Oh, why have I been ignoring you, Emp?” I said aloud. I wanted Cherry to know that he had indeed said something and wanted her to know kind of what was said.

“Because I have treated you that first day with the utmost disrespect. My Lady would be most upset at me if she would have been here. Would you forgive me?”

“Of course I’ll forgive you, Emphy! I’m glad that you’ve learned that’s not really the way a woman wants to be treated. Of course, there will be days when we like it rough - talking about sex now - but we don’t like to be talked to roughly. Thank you, Emp.” I looked up at Cherry, “I think we can begin his other training. Would you like me to be there?”

“I’ll talk to Taylor and you in the tack room as soon as I have Emperor cooled down,” she said. She leaned down to feel his chest to see how hot he was. “C’mon, Emp. Let’s walk around to keep you loose and cool you off. Maybe I’ll have Fred hose you down or even give you a bath. After you’re sufficiently cooled down here, that is.”

I heard a grateful, “Oh, that would be wonderful!” from Emp as they were walking away and I chuckled. He had improved greatly over the past three weeks, but even though I’m an optimist, some small part of me wondered if it was all a show. “We’ll see,” I thought to myself.

As I walked slowly to the barn, I couldn’t help but think about what all I’d done over the past couple of weeks that kept me away from Cherry’s Playground - and away from Weird Emperor. Over the past three weeks, Fred and I had been on at least four dates every week when our schedules would permit it. I, of course, kept working hard at Lower River Animal Hospital toward my goal of becoming a full-on veterinarian. With the help of my gift, I could correctly diagnose my patients, but I only relied on that after I’d done a full check up on what “seemed to be the problem.” See, I didn’t want to take advantage of my gift and then one day wake up and it be gone. (Yeah, I know. There’s the pessimist’s head popping up again... But I want to think of it as being practical, not pessimist. \*giggle\*)

Anyway, there were times when I knew I wasn't going to be able to see Fred in the evening, so I'd go to the Holding Cells and pick me out a dog. One of my favorites happened to be a Golden Retriever. When I was in my early teens, my family had a wonderful neutered male Golden Retriever named Charlie. He lived with us for about ten years, I suppose. He was just a wonderful dog as a companion. Of course, there was nothing sexual about our friendship because I was too young to even know about such things. But he'd sit with his head on my lap and listen to all my woes. I suppose now he might have understood me, but I didn't think so at the time.

So, in the Holding Cell on the nights when I couldn't have Fred, I'd go get my friend Waldo. Yeah, I know, weird name, but it's the one he came with. Dr. Rose rescued him from the pound about a year ago as a two year old. It's as if he knew he was headed to be euthanized, because as soon as she rescued him, she realized he would do anything for her since she saved his life. Now, he knows his "business" when he's with one of us. He listens carefully and seems to understand what to do when we tell him what we want.

One day when I got him out of his plush kennel, I had a change of mind and told him, "No, Waldo. Get back in there. I'm gonna let you make me your bitch in your own room." With that, I stripped down and left my clothes in a pile right outside his kennel door. He hopped back in and turned around facing the door, tail wagging, waiting for me to come in. I used the intercom phone to tell Maria at the front desk to come let me out in 45 minutes - since there's no way to get out of a kennel from the inside. I think that's something we're gonna have to fix soon.

I hung up the phone and got down on all fours. It's funny now as I look back on that day. That morning I had put my hair up in two pony tails so when I was on all fours, it seemed that I had long doggy ears.

Sniff, sniff "You smell good." I heard him say. "Come in and close the door." This was a first time that I'd actually been in any of the kennels, and the size of them really took me by surprise. The door is in the middle of a five feet wide by five feet long by three feet tall "doggy stall." All the kennels get cleaned twice daily by the other girls that work in the office. When I entered the kennel, I see that Waldo has a grate in the left front corner where he does his "stinky business" and a "bush" that he's been given to pee on.

It's washed down the drain in the floor everyday so it doesn't get rank, so he has to keep putting his scent on it. An intake vent is above the grate and bush so as to make sure the stall doesn't get stinky. In the right corner near the door is a doggy bed that's cleaned daily of any hair that might be shed. An area rug is on the floor to simulate the dogs living in a real house, and the walls were painted to simulate a living room area - complete with the fireplace. There were a couple of rope chew toys scattered here and there, but one toy that stood out kinda made me chuckle.

It was a plastic bitch with a "love canal" that the male dogs could use whenever they wanted a release. The vagina part of the plastic bitch was that synthetic flesh stuff that is used on human sex toys. I could see that Waldo had used his many times. The bitch is heavy enough to stay upright, but easy enough for the dogs to move around.

Waldo walked up to his "bitch" and nosed her toward me.

"Does she need to be petted, Waldo?" I asked. Even though he'd been with us for a year, he still wasn't quite sure of me. I think it was my gift he wasn't sure of because it seemed he tried to not let me in his thoughts.

He nosed her rear end then licked it then looked at me and repeated the process. I am a mind reader

of sorts, so I figured he wanted me to do the same to her. I “walked” over on my hands and knees and began to lick where he had licked. I could smell his scent on her, but it wasn’t too overwhelming that I couldn’t continue. My tongue delved into the opening of the plastic bitch’s vagina and could taste some of Waldo’s left-over cum. I ohhed and ahhed, moaning to show pleasure when I felt Waldo’s cold nose between my legs. My instant reaction was to spread my legs. When I did, I felt Waldo’s tongue delve in between my pussy lips and reach my love hole. My juices had started flowing by this time, and my ohhs and ahhs were real. Every once in a while he’d look over my shoulder to make sure I was doing my job, then he’d get back to licking me.

“Oh, Waldo! Your tongue feels so good on my pussy! I also love to lick your bitch too. Will you fuck me like you fuck her?” I pleaded.

“I’ll fuck you how I want to fuck you, and you’ll be happy with it. You’re in my house now, and I make the rules,” he demanded. His voice was so clear and deep. I couldn’t help but to fall in love with it.

“Yes, whatever you say, Waldo. You’re in charge. Just tell me what to do,” was my reply.

“Roll over, Bitch,” he commanded. “And don’t speak anymore unless you’re told to speak. Whine, gasp, whimper all you want to. Just don’t speak to me. Do you understand?”

I nodded, “I understand.” I wasn’t sure if he just gave me permission to speak, but I thought I’d go ahead and try my luck. I really wanted to know what he was going to do if I disobeyed him. At that moment I can remember feeling really raunchy and wanting it rough.

I rolled over onto my back like he told me to, and he started licking and nipping at my breasts. I held my “paws” out to the side much like a dog would when they’re getting their belly scratched. My knees were bent and legs slightly opened. I could smell my own sweet scent and wanted desperately to touch myself; to masturbate and get myself off. But my patience was soon rewarded.

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## **Part Six**

“Unless the animal’s mistress is getting jumped by another animal,” came a male voice. The only male voice that I’d missed hearing for two days. I turned around, and there stood Fred, in all his stinky glory.

Ignoring his comment, I made a funny face, “Ugh, Fred! Have you been rolling around with the pigs?!” I exclaimed, and Caroline laughed.

“Actually, no. It was with Outlaw. He got stuck in the mud in the pasture and freaked out when he sunk in up to his belly. I carefully got him out, but it took all afternoon, and then I had to get him washed up. It was like he was freaking out because his wiener was touching the mud,” he sighed and threw his hands up. “Cherry wants to breed Outlaw and Mudbug soon, and I guess he knows it. I suppose we’ll have to find a paddock for them soon. Or I’ll have to build one,” he stated flatly.

“Oh, poor Outlaw. Should I go talk to him?” I asked. “Would that make him feel better, you think?”

“Poor Outlaw?! What about poor me? I mean, look at me!” Fred whined.

“I don’t have to look at you, Hon. I can smell you,” and we all chuckled at Fred’s plight.

"Anyway, he seems to be all right now, after his bath," Fred continued. "He's next to Mudbug in the cow barn, and they're smooching through the slats. It's kind of comical, actually," he laughed.

"That would be funny to see," Caroline piped up.

"Well, you're more than welcome to go see them, Ms. Caroline, but Cherry's coming in with Emperor soon, so you might want to stick around here," Fred added. He always had the uncanny knack of being straightforward.

"Oh, okay then," she said. Then turning to me, "Have you seen my Empy?" I nodded. "Isn't he just wonderful?" she clapped asked excitedly. It was as if she wasn't really 32 years old, but 15.

I had to agree, though. "I was just out at the arena as Cherry was finishing her training for today. Emp seemed to understand everything she was telling him. I think Cherry's just polishing what you'd already started, Caroline. He's a wonderful and very willing horse. Where did you find him?" I asked.

"Well, let me think. He was an OTTB. You know what that means? Off the track Thoroughbred. He'd run in a couple races, but I think his owner basically used him as an encourager for younger, 'brighter' athletes, because he'd never won a race. Oh, he was plenty fast, but I think he had the mindset of Seabiscuit - never given a chance to win, so he didn't know he could. Anyway, when I saw him, he didn't have the build of a racehorse, so I bought him at a bargain price of 5k."

"Wow, that is great!" I said.

"Yup, don't I know it. It was a steal, actually. A good looking TB stallion, maybe a little on the thin side, but with great bloodlines ready to be taken to a new lifestyle. I had to teach him some manners, but he learned quickly. He's really more like a puppy. He's a pushover with the ladies. I kept him with my TB mare as a companion, actually hoping to get her bred and have a foal. But with the three years they'd been together, he'd only managed to breed her once because she was his boss.

She'd only let him mount her at certain times, and believe it or not, it wasn't when she was in heat, so she never got bred. I guess when I told her he was coming here, it was as if she understood me, and THEN she allowed him to breed her. Now I have to wait for her to have the foal before I can have them shipped here too because she's got a couple more months until she's due."

"This lady is a chatterbug, if ever I've seen one," came a sigh from High. I laughed out loud without thinking. Thankfully, Caroline probably thought that I was laughing at her tale.

"Yeah, I know, right?! Who would have thought that a stallion would be bullied around by his mare?"

"Well, you did a good job of teaching him some manners. As I said, Cherry's just had to polish what you've already started. Now, if you'll excuse me, or you can walk with me, I need to go see Cherry."

"Sure! Sure. I don't want to keep you from your vet duties." Caroline started to walk with me, then tugged my arm to get me to stop. She talked in whispered tones now, and I had to lean in closer to hear her.

"Maggie, do you know what kind of barn this is? I'd never heard of a barn that allows animals to 'ride' people. Believe it or not, that's what I always wanted to do with Emperor. Oh, to experience a nice thick dong in my twat..." She rambled, but quickly got back to her tale. "It's just that the barn that I came from had too many kids around, and how was I going to teach him to... to... mount me anyway?" She looked around as if to see if anyone was spying on us, then continued. "Do you think that Cherry will be able to train Emperor to... to mount me?"

I stood up tall, but kept my voice low, "Caroline, you've come to the right place. C'mon, lemme show you," and I walked her toward the wash rack where Cherry was just taking off Emp's tack.

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Emp nickered when he saw us turn the corner of the wash rack. Caroline thought it was for her, but I heard differently.

"Oh, Dr. Maggie. Please, please, teach me to ride women. I've got a burning in my loins to mate with one of you. None of the ladies around here would even get near me when I had a hard-on, and it nearly killed me! Well, not really..." he whined.

I chuckled and said to no one in particular, "Looks like we have a very excited stallion on our hands, girls."

Cherry spun around, "If he has a hard on, get away from him. I'll not have you ruining my two weeks worth of training in one second," she demanded.

Both Caroline and I took a couple steps back whether we wanted to or not. I checked under Emp's belly, but he wasn't hanging out at all.

"He's not out, Cherry," I endeavored to say. "I just said that because of his nicker at Caroline."

"Well, he's going to start learning today when it's okay to 'come out'. He already knows that if he's out, no woman is to get near him." She quickly put away his tack, then walked back to us. "Caroline, he was very disrespectful to Maggie here, a couple of weeks ago," Cherry placed her hand lightly on my shoulder. "She's not been here for several weeks because she elicits... feelings in some of the stallions, that usually only mares find attractive."

Caroline's eyes grew more round and a silent, "Oh!" filled her mouth.

Cherry looked at me, "Did you tell her?"

"No, I didn't."

"Did you want to?"

"Not really."

"Want me to?"

I quickly grew tired of the minuscule questions, but I also wanted to keep my secret as much as I could. I only hoped Cherry could understand.

She nodded and said, "Okay." Then looking at Caroline, she went on, "See, Caroline, Maggie is a horse whisperer. You've heard of those, right? People who can 'talk' to animals. Well, Emp seems to think she hears him, and he was at first really rude to her. I don't understand why, but I wanted to stop that type of behavior immediately."

"Oh, yes, I agree, Cherry! He did the same thing to me when I first got him and took him to my previous barn. He--"

"Not to be rude by interrupting you, but I was explaining something to you about Maggie."

Caroline shrugged her shoulders as if to apologize, then gestured for Cherry to continue.

"Thank you. You brought Emperor here for a specific reason, did you not? That's why Maggie is here. She's going to help with his, um, 'other' training because she can communicate with the animals much easier than you or I. It's true we can 'tell' them what to do, but Maggie can 'reason' with them - for lack of a better word." Cherry looked at me and raised her eyebrows, silently asking if how she explained my gift was okay. I gave a slight nod, and she continued.

"Caroline, we're going to start his training today." Cherry picked up the water hose and started washing Emp's legs, letting him get used to the temperature of the water. As she carefully washed his body, she kept on explaining to Caroline what was expected of her.

"I need you to come up with two words. One word we'll teach him to let him know when it's okay to mount you and fuck you. The other word will be the 'safe' word in which he'll learn to dismount you and tuck everything back in - at least when he can. Many people know how the boy horses are - how they like to let it all hang out when they're hot, or they've just peed. So, him being 'out' isn't the problem. The problem will be that we don't want him mounting you, or anyone else for that matter, when the 'mount' word is said.

So, the 'mount' word has to be something that you wouldn't normally say in everyday conversation or at a show. The 'safe' word can be anything. He'll learn both, and fairly quickly, because he's a smart animal. You go home and think about those words, and let me know tomorrow."

And with that, Cherry turned back to give her full attention to Emp because she was done talking to Caroline for the day. She simply expected Caroline to go home right away. I looked at Caroline and nodded an indifferent nod. Caroline took the carrot out of her back pocket, gave it to me, turned and slowly walked away.

"Thank you, Cherry," I offered apologetically.

"Maggie, dear," and she turned to me, "you have nothing to be sorry for. You have a gift, but many people don't understand it. I, myself, have a hard time understanding it, but I'm getting the gist of it. Anyway, I fully respect that you don't want everyone knowing about your gift. Sheesh, even Dr. Doolittle kept his secret," she giggled.

I laughed, "Cherry, you DO know that Dr. Doolittle is a fictitious character, don't you?"

"Oh, is he? I thought maybe he might be, but those movies make him seem so real. Wait," she paused, "are YOU for real?"

"Oh, whatever, Cherry. Think what you want. You know I'm for real. I'm just glad I can only tune in to one animal at a time. I'd go crazy if I could hear them all at once like Dr. Doolittle."

"That WOULD be bad, wouldn't it?" she agreed. Then turning back to Emp with the water hose, she said, "Okay, I told Caroline we're starting his training today. Thing she doesn't know is, that you and I are going to get him to cum. He's been carrying around his load, and he needs release."

"That's funny, because that's almost exactly what he said when Caroline and I turned the corner and he nickered at us. This is what he told me: 'Oh, Dr. Maggie. Please, please, teach me to ride women. I've got a burning in my loins to mate with one of you. None of the ladies around here would even get near me when I had a hard-on, and it nearly killed me! Well, not really...' He really sounded whiney, Cherry. Like a man who hasn't gotten fucked in a day or so."

Cherry laughed, "I wouldn't know too much about that. Fred doesn't whine about that because he has his choice of girls - or boys for that matter - around here. I did hear him whine that he hadn't seen you in a couple of days, but I told him to go fuck it off. I guess he did. He came back in a better mood not too long after I said that."

Now it was my turn to laugh.

"Taylor doesn't whine because she has me, you girls at the clinic, and any of the animals she wants here," she continued. "I guess that when a boy has to hold it in for a while, they get to be like girls, huh, Emp?" and she patted him on the shoulder. "I do envy your gift, though, Maggie. It would seem it might make it easier to train an animal when I could converse with them, but they seem to do all right."

"I've learned, Cherry, to not make it a habit to take this gift for granted. Something could happen to me today and I could lose it. I want to also be able to communicate with an animal without using my gift. That way, if I do happen to lose it, I won't be completely lost and have to train myself all over again."

"Oh, sure! I didn't think about it that way. Well, good for you. Now, Emp's cool. Let's dry him off, and we'll help him learn how to safely mount. Here. Grab this chamois and I'll get that one, and we'll have him dry in no time."

She handed me the chamois she wanted me to have, grabbed another one, and we started at his head rubbing with the hair to get him as dry as we could. As we led him out of the wash rack, she didn't want him to slip and fall on the concrete - even though it did have some texture. I took each foot and dried it off so he wouldn't slip. Once they were all dry, instead of leading him to his stall, she led him to the mounting block.

"I guess I should have asked if you wanted him first, huh, Maggie?"

"Oh, I thought we were just going to jack him off. You really want him to fuck? Without Caroline here?" I asked.

"Oh yes. I don't want her seeing his awkwardness at first, or she may rethink his training. All horses are awkward the first day. Once they get the feeling for it, they remember what to do."

I nodded in agreement, "Sound like any man, to me."

(Now, dear Reader, please don't think I like to bash men. Quite the opposite. It's just we all have our quirks, and in my experience, all men have behaved like this at one time or other.)

"If YOU don't want to be his first, I'll gladly help out," I said excitedly.

"Well, to be truthful, the only dick I let come in me is Duke's. I'm more of a 'lady's girl' though I do like thick donges. Taylor's got a huge... never mind. TMI, right? So anyway, that's why I'm letting you get him first."

We arrived at the mounting block and Cherry told me to stand back. She wanted to train Emp how to stand over the block first and that it wasn't going to hurt him. I saw that she talked to him like she would talk to a person, but explaining it slowly making sure he understood. Any time she asked him a question, he'd either nod or shake his head in answer. I was astonished to see him answering, but that just made it all the easier for her to train him.

About twenty to thirty minutes later, she had me come near them. "I want him to see you strip, so go ahead and strip. That will be one of his cues that will lead to him mounting anybody. Once he understands the first part of what he's asked to do, he will quickly learn what the next thing is. Well, you saw how easy it was for him to understand the mounting block, right?" I nodded my 'yes', because I didn't want her to lose her momentum. "He's a quick learner. Okay, now that you're beautifully undressed, you're going to love on him. Talk to him that when a woman has no clothes on, it's okay for his penis to come out."

Now of course, Emp is hearing her explain this to me, but reinforcement never hurt anyone. Least of all me. I wanted to be sure that my pussy was completely wet before I let Emp mount me. Touching him, rubbing my bare tits on his slick hide was so intoxicating.

"Emp, do you feel my body? You see that I don't have any clothes on, right? You understand that it's time to get sexual. It's okay for you to let go and let down." I touched his flank so as to not tickle him, but not so as to be rough either. Then my hand slid further under his belly to his sheath. I rubbed and fondled him there, then slid my hand back to his balls, caressing him, all the while talking to him.

"When you see a woman getting undressed for you, Emp, you can know it's time to get ready for sex. You're here to learn how to fuck women, not just mate with mares. Empy, you do want to fuck me, right?"

An audible groan came from him, and Cherry and I lit up. We knew he was understanding.

"Stand back, Maggie. Let me see something. Emperor," Cherry started, "Show me how you learned to stand over the box." She flipped the lead rope over his neck so he'd have full control. He walked up to the side and scooted his hips over first, then stepped over with his shoulders. She taught him to feel for the box with his legs, not his belly, since when a woman is actually on the box, his belly will touch her. Once he was fully over the box, Cherry patted him, told him, "Good boy, Emp! Good fella!" and asked him to sidestep off the box. He was careful to do that too.

"Come hold him while I get a pad for you to lay on. I don't want you getting splinters in your back side," Cherry said.

"Oh, well, thank you for that kindness, Cherry!" I giggled.

"Not a problem. You keep talking to him. I'll be back in a minute."

So there I was, stark naked with the blackest, most well-muscled horse I'd ever seen. "Oh, Emp. This will be just one more thing that I know I'll never forget. You're so beautiful and so, so..." He licked my breast, sending my thoughts into even more of a tizzy. I let out a gasp and a moan, and he started to nibble on one then the other. Horse's lips are so nimble, and his were no exception.

"Oh, Emp, let me help you too," I gasped.

With the lead still over his neck, I walked back to his flank on his left side and slid my hand under his belly, finding he'd already slid his prick out of his sheath. "Oh! How big you are, my big, beautiful stallion." With my feet wide, I squatted at his side taking his heavy dick into both my hands. My pussy was of course already wet, and the cool air caressing my shaved cunt made my skin prickle. I brought his enormous prick-head to my mouth and licked it. As I'd said before, it was mushroom-ed as if he'd already serviced a mare, so it was big.

I couldn't even try to get the whole thing in my mouth. But I did suckle on his hole and tasted a bit of



pre-cum. Oh, he was sweet. My hands felt as if they were carrying a 32 ounce cup, he was that big around. His skin was clean and baby-soft and smelled nice, not sour like some horse's dicks. As I suckled him, I tried to pump his prick a little toward my mouth. He humped once or twice, letting me know he was ready. By that time, Cherry was back with a thick pad - probably a winter blanket - for me to lay on. I stood up, and felt some of my own lubrication slide down my inner thigh.

"Here ya go, Maggie. Oh, look at him! Isn't he gorgeous! Almost makes me want to forsake girls - or at least be bi," she laughed. "He's big. Think you're ready for him?"

"Ready? Who's ever going to be ready? But I want him, sure. I'm lusting for him, Cherry. I need him in me. I've not had a big dick in a while. At least not as big as a horse's. I need that 'full' sensation."

"I know what you mean," she agreed. "All right, lay down on the box, and let's see what this guy can do."

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"Emp," I started with hesitation. He must have sensed it.

"Don't worry, Maggie. I'll take good care not to hurt you."

"Thank you, Hon. Now, side step just like Cherry taught you. She's going to guide your dick into my pussy. Until you get the feel for everything we teach you, you're going to need someone to help guide it. Understand?"

Emperor nodded his head so Cherry could also see that his answers meant that he really did understand.

"Incredible!" Cherry exclaimed. "This horse really is smart!"

"Oh, we knew that, didn't we, fella? Okay, ease over." I patted near his flank with my foot while I said, "Rear end first. That's it." Then I patted him on the shoulder to get his shoulders lined up. As soon as he was directly over top of me, I arched my back for our bellies to touch. "Emp, this is my belly. I have a little bit of room, but when you end up mounting Caroline, you won't have this much room. I want you to take care not to press down, okay?"

"I'll do my best," came his reply.

"Are you out, Baby? Is your thick, hard dick ready? Cherry's gonna touch you," I held a finger up for her to hold on a minute. "I want you to think when you do this so you won't hurt the woman, okay?"

Emp groaned. I knew he was growing impatient, but it would only take a moment longer.

"When Cherry touches your cock, I want you to bring it up and try to slap your belly with it. That's pretty easy, huh? Okay, try it."

Cherry gently touched the underside of Emperor's cock. When he brought it up to slap his belly, it swished through my cunt lips and lightly caught my clit. When I gasped, Emp let out a neigh.

"Oh, Emp! Did I scare you?"

"No, you didn't. I felt that quiver go through you, and it sent something like fire through me."

"That 'fire' was a very good feeling. You're learning the sensations you'll need for when you mount.

Caroline's not going to have someone there all the time to help her, so you'll need to learn what it feels like. Here, do it again, but this time, right after you slap your belly, hunch your butt forward. Let's see what that does."

"Cherry," I said aloud, "Just watch and see how close Emp comes to getting his dick in my snatch, okay?"

"Sure," she agreed. "You don't want me actually placing him near it?"

"No, no. He's got to learn what it feels like. I told him Caroline isn't always going to have someone there to help her. He's got to learn it."

"Oh, well, that's true," she said. "All right. Let's see what this stud can do."

My head was between his front legs, and I wrapped my arms around them. I tapped him on the shoulder and encouraged him, "Okay, Big Man. Slap your belly."

Again, the big head of his prick slid right through the lips of my cunt, and grazed my clit. As soon as he felt it, he hunched forward like I told him to. His dick held perfect aim, cause as soon as he went forward, it slid five inches into my wickedly wet cunt. He held it there a second or two as if he wasn't sure what to do, then basic instinct took over. He pounded that thick dick in my slick hole so forcefully, I thought I could feel it coming up my throat. Thankfully, my shoulders were braced against the back of his front legs so I couldn't slide off the block.

His dick filled my cunt.

"Oh My Gawd!" I screamed over and over. "Emp! Fill me with your seed. I want to have your cum fill my little womb. Oh, FUCK IT! Yeah!" I kept screaming. My stomach was touching his with every in-stroke, and I could feel my pussy starting to tighten. I came over and over again. I happened to look over to my right, and there was Cherry with her mouth hung open playing with her sopping wet pussy. Next thing I knew, she was beside me tweaking my nipples as I was getting a cunt-beating from Emp. I love for my nipples to be tweaked, twisted, hit, bit, whatever. It's a pleasure of mine for my breasts to be beaten, sort-of.

Just then, Emperor started grunting. "I'm cumming, Maggie! I'm gonna fill your tight pussy with my cum! My dick's gonna pound you so hard, I want to hear you scream my name, Maggie. Scream!"

"Oh, Gawd, oh gawd, oh gawd," I kept chanting. One hard thrust, and I could feel Emp empty his balls in my womb. My whole body went rigid, and I did scream. Not only because he wanted me to, but because of the pent-up energy that was surging through my body, that was the only way to let it out. There was so much of his hot seed that it overflowed my pussy, and started to squish out around his prick and plop toward the stable floor. Cherry put her hand under my ass and scooped as much of it as she could. She brought her hand to my face, and instead of letting me slurp it out of her hand, she smeared it all over my face. The next handful she had, got smeared all over my breasts.

Now, unlike most stallions, Emp stayed in my cunt for as long as he could. Since he wasn't actually mounted and didn't have to stand on just his back legs, he could stand there and start to relax. Well, his body might have relaxed, but his fat cock sure didn't. He stayed hard - and in my twat - for what seemed like hours, but was only about fifteen minutes. Every so often, he'd hunch forward, sending another shock wave through my body. Just when I thought I'd had enough, he must have sensed it.

"You're gonna fuckin' wait on me to be done, 'Dr.' Maggie," He said forcefully. "I've been waiting to fuck you since I got here, and now that I have you... Now that I've got you impaled on my fat dick,

you're gonna take what I've got coming to you."

"No, no, no," Each word coming out as a frantic breath as he hunched forward again. I wasn't scared, because I know he wasn't being mean. I was a tease to him that day, so I suppose I deserved it.

"Emp, I can't..." I panted, "I can't take..." I groaned with another thrust. "I can't take much more. Please, please, please hurry! Fill me up again. Oh, you've got my pussy on fire! My whole body's on fire. Oh, oh, oh!" I panted with every thrust from him.

"Is he being disrespectful, Maggie? Cause if so..." Cherry stood up in a quick defensive posture as if she was going to have to fight him to get off of me.

"No, no, no," I gasped in pleasure. "He wants to come one more time. Oh, Cherry! How much of his dick is inside me?!"

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Cherry looked carefully and shook her head. I took it to mean that she didn't know. I later found out that she shook her head in disbelief. She could see the outline of his big mushroom-head in my belly. From there she eye-balled a measurement of about 18 inches. It was 18 inches from the entrance to my cunt to the top-tip of my womb. Emp was literally IN my womb. How that happened, I have no idea, and it's never happened since with any other animal. It was only with Emp.

Anyway, Emp started fucking me hard again. With each thrust my rear end came off the box. It was all I could do to not squeeze my heels into his sensitive flanks. My knuckles turned white as they clung to the side of the box and all I felt was a continuous orgasm. But this time, something deep inside me felt different. When Emperor pulled out of me, he took some of his sticky cum with him. Oh, not only that, but when I felt his bulbous head slide past my G-spot, my orgasm finished with such a flare: I screamed, and actually squirted my own cum!

"Oh, FUCK, Maggie!" exclaimed Cherry. "Do you know what you just did? I've never seen that happen in real life; never saw a woman squirt before. What was it like?" she rambled.

I shook my head. I couldn't speak. Hell, I couldn't even think! I'd just gotten banged by the biggest dick ever, and she wanted to know what a squirt felt like. (roll eyes here) I couldn't catch my breath. My breasts heaved under Emp's chest and my legs felt very heavy. My left leg touched his right hip, and he automatically side passed to his left. When he was clear of me, I could finally sit up and breath somewhat normally. I looked at his dick and took a mental note of the wetness on it. From the tip of his massive, cum-soaked dick, I eye-balled about 20 inches of wetness.

"There's no way 20 inches of his fat dick was inside me! No frick'n way!"

"And why not?" Emp replied. "In case you hadn't noticed, I fucked you quite hard and fast. Why couldn't your body expand to that girth and length?"

"Emp," I chuckled, "You're too much for your own good. Oh, gawd! My stomach hurts. I'm gonna be pissin' cum for a week!" I said as I gingerly got up from the box. Fred came out of nowhere to help me to my feet and allow me to lean on him.

"Here, Hon, let's get you cleaned up. Did you know I installed a shower recently? Let me show you where it is. If you need help, I'll be there for you."

I gave him a very sincere smile. I found my voice didn't work - probably from all the screaming - so I had to give Fred my "I'd like that very much" smile.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Cherry lead Emp back to the wash rack to clean him up. He looked drained too - gee, I wonder why - with his head hanging low and his limp dick hanging between his well-muscled hindquarters.

As Fred led me through the small tack room to the bathroom, I kept feeling splotches of cum either run down my leg, or splat on the floor near my foot. I just wanted to sit down and wash it out of me. Sure, I love to drink it "straight from the tap," but my pussy was full of cum and it was uncomfortable. I looked down as I neared the bathroom and saw my stomach protrude as if I was about four months pregnant. Not so very big really, to some. It just looked like I'd swallowed a cantaloupe. But I knew that the only thing that swallowed anything was my pussy swallowing Emp's monstrosity of a prick.

Fred opened the door of what used to be a bathroom with a toilet and sink. He'd taken them out and tiled the whole room - floor to ceiling - with really pretty blue and white octagonal tiles. The blue ones were almost transparent and glassy looking, while the white ones were opaque. The square tiles between the octagons were a sunny yellow, so it gave the bathroom a cheerful appearance. The floor was covered in non-slip mats, and there were three plastic shelves mounted to the wall for clothes, towels, and whatnots. There was already a towel in there folded up, and I could only suppose that Fred had put it in there for me.

Behind the door was the shower head and knobs to turn on the water. As the water came out of the shower head, it would rain down on a plastic seat - much like what a person who cannot stand in the shower would have. Fred sat me down on the seat, and closed the door. He stripped totally and folded his clothes and put them on top of one of the shelves. Then he gently took the shower head from its cradle and turned the knobs for the water. Once it got to the temperature he liked, he slowly started giving me a bath, starting with my feet.

I giggled because it tickled, and it reminded me of how we start the horse's baths. "You treating me like a horse, Fred?" I joked.

"Well, would you rather I start with your face? or would you rather get used to the temperature first?"

He quickly swept the water towards my face then started again at my feet. By now I was getting chilly and told him so. He worked a bit more quickly to get my body under the warm spray of water. It was comforting to have someone do the work for me; especially since I was exhausted from getting the "beating" from Emperor. Fred took great care to wash off all the cum already on my body, then gently spread my legs to get the cum between.

"There is a spray on this nozzle that will let me get a bit deeper inside you, but the water comes out quite forcefully," he said, looking straight into my eyes. "Would you like me to try it, Maggie?"

"No," I breathed and slightly shook my head. His eyes had never looked so bold and honest as they did right then. It was as if I could see deep into his soul. "I want YOU to help me get it out, Fred. Be gentle, but help me," I pleaded.

Fred put the shower head back in its cradle, and the warm water rained down on both of us. He gently lifted me from the seat, then sat down. He guided my legs to straddle him, "I'll do all the work, Baby. You just sit there and rest, okay?" he smiled.

Though my legs were sore from being spread, I found it didn't hurt them while I was sitting. So sitting on Fred's lap facing him wasn't uncomfortable at all. From somewhere he produced a soft wash cloth and rubbed it all over my legs and back; worked his way up to my neck, down my heaving chest, around my sensitive areola and tweaked my throbbing nipples.

"Oh, Fred, that feels wonderful," I cooed, as I arched my back allowing him access to my nipples with his mouth, but he didn't take the bait. Instead, he traced his left hand around my hip then behind me to rest beneath my shoulder blades, and his right hand traced my thigh down to the crease between my legs. As I slowly straightened up, I found his eyes searching for mine. His hunger was evident on his face, and I could tell it was all he could do to not take me then and there.

His right palm found my protruding clit, and as soon as he rubbed over it, I gasped and clasped my legs together. This made me slide up his lap closer to him and closer to his hard-on. He let out a feral growl and clamped his hand on my pussy. Then I could feel his finger wiggling inside my pussy. He'd told me later he really was trying to help me get Emp's cum out, but that's not what it felt like at the moment. His finger hit my G-spot, and he wouldn't let up wiggling it.

"Oh, Fred! You keep doing that," I panted, "and I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." until I squirted on his lap. His dick got the brunt of it which made him all the more slick. A three second delay from his wiggling finger to his thick dick inside my pussy was all I got. Cum slurped and splatted all over the bathroom floor, but Fred held me firmly by my buttocks, lifting me up and impaling me on his dick. Over and over he'd lift and let go, lift and let go.

"Oh, Gawd!" was all I could say with each time I was impaled.

Finally, he blurted out, "I'm helping you get clean, you slut," he growled and let go, watching his dick disappear in my hot snatch as I slammed down on his lap. "I watched you get filled today by one of the largest stallions I've ever seen, and it got me so hot looking at your perversion." Another lift. "I couldn't wait for you to get cleaned up. Even while Emp was starting to enter you, I knew I had to have you today. After." A squish came from my pussy as I again slammed onto his lap. "I know your body probably won't even know I'm inside, but I feel you. I feel your tight pussy clinging to every bit of cum it can possibly soak up. Can you feel me inside you, Baby?"

"Oh, GAWD!" I screamed. "You fuckin' bastard!" Putting my hands on his shoulders, I lifted myself off his dick, and held just the head of it just inside with my talented pussy lips. "You think I'm a slut?! You think I'm perverted?" Slam! onto his lap. "You think that just because I love to fuck around with you that you can have me anytime you want?" A lift. "Oh, so you 'knew you had to have me. After.' After what, you Sonuvabitch?" Slam! Squirt! Squish!

I smiled at Fred. I knew he was playing and he knew I knew. Fred can have me anytime, and he knows it. His strong arms lifted my knees toward my chest so that my legs bent in the crook of his arm. He then stood up. He held me upright and swung his hips back and forth making his cock literally shoot up and in my love canal. Horse cum slopped and dripped all over his balls and coated him as it ran out of my pussy.

"I'm gonna make you squirt again!" he said. Each word was another pound in my pussy, another step closer to another orgasm. As he finished his proclamation, I arched my back again reaching down for the floor. As soon as I touched it, his dick popped out of my throbbing pussy allowing me to squirt him right in the face. It surprised him, but he held on to me around my hips and had enough sense about him to put his face right over my pussy, swallowing all he could of my squirting cum.

Fred's face was completely soaked because of me, and I could tell he loved it, though his words said

differently.

"You're giving me a feeling of incompetence, Maggie. You keep fucking the animals first. Then all I get is sloppy seconds. It's like... you don't even care about me anymore." Fred let go of my hips, and I did a graceful back flip to get myself upright, but ended up slipping on the dismount and landing on my knees. Right in front of Fred's swollen cock.

"You poor son-of-a..." I started to say sarcastically sympathetic when he grabbed the back of my head and crammed all but 2 inches of his 12 inch throbbing cock in my mouth. I slurped and gurgled, bobbing my head back and forth on his shaft. I wanted to taste his sperm. It only took him a moment to cum, and though he usually liked to spray my entire face, this time he shoved his dick all the way down my willing throat to spill his seed.

"Oh, GAWD, Maggie! Your throat feels like a fucking pussy! Where do you put it all?"

I swallowed his load as it was going down, which obviously milked his dick for more.

"Oh, you are so good, Girl. You get my vote for Best Fucker Anywhere!"

I looked up at him with a question in my eyes and a tilt of my head while still swallowing his meat.

"If there ever WERE such a prize. I think I might just start an adult game show... and have each contestant fuck and suck a certain size dick..." His thoughts trailed off, as did his hard-on. I let go of it, and he simply slid out of my mouth.

"Fred?" I said, trying to bring him back from his freaky game-show plot. "Fred, I need to talk to you," I said softly.

"Hmm?" he asked, tilting his head down at me, then reaching down to help me up. "Whatcha need, Baby?"

"Fred, this is serious business. I'd feel better if we were fully cleaned up and dressed. Can you leave soon? I'd like to take you to dinner."

"Um, yeah, okay," he said distractedly. "Is it... Is it serious, Maggie?"

"Uh, yeah, it's pretty serious, Fred."

"You... Are you... Where do you want to meet? Um, you wanna go in my car or drive separately?"

"Nah, we'll drive separately. I need to get home right after dinner. I've got a lot of stuff to do at home."

"Ah, okay," he nodded.

We washed off again, towel dried, and dressed. Fred didn't say much after that last "okay" and I kept wondering to myself if I was being too cryptic. I didn't really worry about it because we were about to go out and I'd explain it all then.

Once out of the bathroom, Cherry motioned for me to go see her. She was standing in the middle of the barn aisle. "What are you doing tonight, Maggie?" she asked.

"Well, I'd asked Fred if I could take him out to dinner. I've got something I need to tell him. Why? What's up?"

"Oh, nothing, really. It's just that Caroline is coming back this evening on my request, and I thought that you could be here to help coach her through her first fucking. I don't think I'm gonna have Emperor fuck her, though. He's much too big."

"Yeah, I can see that," I conceded. "It's just what are you going to say if she insists that HER horse be the first to break her bestiality cherry?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought about that. Well, Emp's a smart fellow, and he seems to understand what he's told. I guess if you're not going to be here, I'll just coach him into going slow for her. But I'll tell her that she should start out with High. He's a bit more gentle than Emp."

I nodded, but told her, "Cherry, you saw Emp being rough because he knew right then that I wanted it rough. I didn't tell him in words, but my actions were all saying, 'Fuck me rough, you bastard.' He's a very good listener, and discerns what the woman wants, even before she knows it. It was very overwhelming at first, but he knew I could take it, and knew deep down inside that's really the way I wanted him. Even at first, when I first met him, I wanted him to fuck me hard. But I didn't know that he could understand that. He needed to learn that understanding - thus the two week training session with you. Oh," I added, "he never took advantage of you, did he?"

"Why no. Why do you ask?" Cherry wondered.

"Because he knows you like females. It would have been a waste of his time to try to woo you when you have already told him by your actions that you didn't want to have anything to do with him sexually."

"That is fascinating, Maggie! How did you know?"

"Well," I said smiling, "I do have a minor in psychology, and man or horse, when it comes to sex, they know" and I pointed to my groin area "- whether they know or not," pointing to my head.

"Oh yeah, I agree one hundred percent on that," Cherry nodded and laughed. "Okay, so since you won't be here, I'll tell Caroline that I want her to start on High, but if she insists, I'll let her go to Emp. Besides, he's fucked you pretty hard today. He might not have too much strength left in him to do her much harm."

I chuckled and nodded. "The only way to find out is to just see," I shrugged. "Don't forget to have her tell you her key words so y'all can start training him with them. The more they're used, the more Emp will learn his timing. I gotta go, now. Fred will probably be back later on. If not, I'll help him do his chores tomorrow. I've got a day off, and there's no other place I'd rather be than here with the animals," I assured her. I took a couple steps away, then turned around, remembering something I'd thought about earlier. "Oh, yeah, Cherry?" I called.

"Yeah? What's up?" She turned to face me and put her hands on her hips.

"Um, when I come tomorrow, can I just roam around the property - after I help Fred with his stuff, of course?"

"Sure, but what for?"

"I dunno," I shrugged. "I just want to go thinking about stuff, and I do my best thinking when I'm in a friendly environment, but not cooped up. You know, when I can walk and talk it out."

"Ah, I get that way too," Cherry agreed. "All right. Mind if I send Duke out with you?"

"I guess that'll be okay," I shrugged. "But I might bring one of the other dogs from the office. If so, I'll take him with me. I know there are coyotes around the perimeter, so I'll definitely want to have protection with me."

Cherry chuckled, "Why? Coyotes can't get you pregnant anymore than a regular dog."

I rolled my eyes and groaned at her pun. "Bye Cherry," I waved and walked away.

Fred stood at his car waiting on me as I walked out of the barn. The parking lot was about 50 yards away from the barn, so I was able to keep my eyes on him the whole time. I saw him pick his fingernails, adjust his belt, and run his hands through his black hair. He looked kinda nervous about something.

"Hey!" I called to him, waiving my hand. "I'll be right there." "Well, duh, Maggie!" I scolded myself. "You're walking right to him, where else would you go?" I rolled my eyes. Fred must have seen my scowl because he asked about it.

"What with the face, Maggie?"

"What?" I asked, caught off guard. "Oh, the screwed up face? I was talking to myself, then answered myself and had to roll my eyes at my own answer," I said with a pouty lip.

"Um, well, you know what they say - you're probably crazy if you ask yourself a question and then answer it too."

I shook my head, "No, no. That's not true. You can ask your self any question, and even answer it. That's how problems get solved. It's when you ask yourself a question and either one, say, 'Who are you to ask such a question?' or two, say, 'What did you say?'" I shrugged. "THAT is when you know you're crazy."

"Ah, and what shrink told you that drivel?" he asked.

"Me," I said confidently and thumbed myself near the heart.

"Riiight," Fred admitted, nodding his head. "So, where are you taking me for dinner?"

"A quaint little cafe off I-92. You know the one that around that horrible dog-leg in the road?"

"Maggie, what is it with you and dog-legs?" he quipped.

"Wouldn't we all like to know?" I asked, smiling.

"So, what's the big news?" Fred asked.

We were sitting in the corner booth. Our soda and salad orders were taken by the girl who seated us, so we were waiting on them to come. Fred couldn't stop twisting his hands in his napkin or tapping his knife on the table.

I chuckled. "So it's just 'out with it', huh? No small talk?" I spread my hands in question and smiled big. I wanted him to diffuse the bomb he was making for himself, but it wasn't working.

"Hey, you're the one that said you had something to say. I'm just getting the conversation started."

"All right, all right," I pumped my hands out towards him to get him to slow down. "I get it. You're



wondering why I had to take you out to dinner. You're thinking it's something big, huh?"

"Well, yeah," he said. I could tell he was getting irritated because his voice started to rise. "Just tell me what it is, that way..."

"That way you don't have to imagine the worst - or could be the best - of whatever it is," I interrupted.

"Something like that," he mumbled, looking down at his shredded napkin.

Just then our waitress came out with our salads and drinks. She looked at me and stopped with my Pepsi in mid-air.

"Hey! I know you! You're the vet that worked on my niece's dog, Lucy! Oh, Lucy's an angel now, that you've worked with her. Hey," she dropped her voice to a barely discernible whisper, and leaned in to me, "do you think I could get a job at your vet's office? I'm a hard worker, but tips are horrible in this little place out here in the sticks. Think you could get me a job?"

She set down my drink and looked at Fred, giving him a nod.

"Well," and I had to look at her tag to get her name, "Annie, do you have any experience with animals?"

"Uh huh," she nodded and sat herself down next to Fred, scooting him over with her size 12 hips. "I got a dog when I was 6 and kept him 'til he died, about three years later. Then my mom let me get a cat, but when it got pregnant from the neighborhood tom cat, she made me get rid of her, then I got a parakeet, but dad made me get rid of him because all he did was squawk all the time, and then..."

I held my hand up to stop her. "Okay, so you've had pets, and that's all well and good, but how did they..." and I paused, seeing the look in Fred's eye as if he was about to backhand the poor girl. "Tell ya what, Annie. You take our order, get it out here as fast as you can. If you're a good waitress to us and your other tables, I'll give you my card along with your tip." She nodded and started to speak again, but I waved my hand for her to stop. "I'm asking you to be our waitress right now. I have important things to discuss w/ my friend, here."

"Oh, right! Sure! I'm so sorry!" she seemed to sincerely apologize as she got up from the table. "So, what can I get for you?"

Fred and I placed our dinner orders and waited for her to leave before resuming our discussion. As Annie walked away, though, Fred whispered to me, "I think she'd be a great addition to the office staff, Maggie. She's a nice piece of ass! The dogs would sure love to fuck that!"

Without missing a beat, I added, "Yeah, bet she loves to suck pussy too! She's got a great mouth."

He stared at me incredulously. I laughed so hard at the look he was giving me. Once he knew I was kidding - because I knew he was kidding - he rolled his eyes and laughed with me.

"Guess I walked into that one, huh?" he said.

"Uh, yeah!" I said with my best impression of teenage angst.

We sat back and ate our salads, just talking small talk. I could tell he wanted to ask again why I'd asked him to dinner, and what was so important, but he kept his cool until our dinner came. I just

wanted to make sure that Annie was out of earshot when I started talking 'business' with Fred.

Annie refilled our drinks, and I politely told her that we wouldn't need anything else, so she could tend to the other customers instead. I hoped she got the hint that I didn't want her around anymore, and she did well for the most part. She did come by to refill our drinks once, but she didn't talk anymore to us.

So as Fred and I picked at our dinner, mostly pushing food around our plate, I started in on the "big talk."

"Fred, you've been very patient, waiting on me to talk to you. Thank you," I said sincerely.

"Well, I figured after you'd told Annie that she'd be better off leaving us alone, that it was pretty big stuff. I guessed you needed time to think through the order of things."

"Well, kinda," I admitted. "But I've actually worked through all the order, it's just breaking the news is kinda tough." I sighed heavily. "Okay, so here goes."

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I saw him visibly brace himself as if he was preparing for a sub-atomic blast. I gave him my nicest smile, and dove in.

"Fred, I've been working for Dr. Rose for some time now, but it wasn't until recently - when I found out about my gift - that I've been thinking about where my life is headed. I know I want to be a veterinarian, but there's something more out there that I want too." I paused when I saw the color drain from his face, then just as quickly turn a bright red. I giggled.

"Fred, you look like you've seen a ghost! You okay?"

He barely choked out a yes and nodded, so I plunged on. "Okay, so I have a plan. I'd like you to help me, if you would be willing." I paused to see if he was going to say something, but when nothing came, I rolled on.

"Fred," I paused again for dramatic effect. I think I was enjoying the scared look on his face a little too much. "Fred," I repeated, "I want to buy a house with land and start up my own veterinarian practice. There! Once it's said out loud, it doesn't seem like such an impossibility!" I sighed.

"Wait," he said with his hand up. "You got me all worked up because you want to find a house with land and move in together?"

I know my face contorted into a question mark as I asked, "Move in together? Where'd you get that from, 'I want to buy a house with land and start my own practice'?"

"Oh," and he slumped a little bit in the booth. "So, you don't want to move in together?"

"Wait, what? Do you?" I blanched.

"I asked you first," he childishly countered.

"Um, I hadn't actually thought about it, Fred. In fact, it never really came to me. I... I..." I stammered. "Okay," and I placed my palms on the table, as if ready to do business. "Um, just so you know, I am a little bit traditionalist in that if a person of the opposite gender moves in with me, it would be because we're married." Again, the color drained from his face. "Now, now," I said,

pumping my hands toward him to help him slow down his thinking, "I'm not asking you to marry me, and I'm not asking you to ask me to marry. See, I grew up as a 'good girl', and even though I've had to you over to my apartment, and we've slept together, when I want to make a big commitment such as moving in together, I want it to be for life.

"No, Fred," I continued, "all I'm asking from you is if you'll help me locate 80 to 150 acres of land that either already has a house, or a perfect place to build one, so I can one day have my own home - and not just a cramped apartment - and my own animal business."

Fred visibly relaxed, but asked, "So, you're not totally opposed to getting married, you're just not proposing we get married?"

I shook my head, "Oh, no! I want to get married someday - maybe even to you!" I quipped with a smile. He rolled his eyes and threw parts of his shredded napkin at me.

"Bitch," he added.

"Yes?" I answered.

"Maggie, you had me thinking all sorts of things tonight. I thought you were pregnant, then I thought you were moving - like out of state, moving - then I thought that you'd never want to see me again, then I thought..."

"I get it, I get it, Hon. You were thinking all sorts of things that you didn't want to have to deal with right now, am I right?"

"Yeah," he agreed. "Though, it would be kinda cool to have a little Fred, Jr. running around," he said and took a sip of his Pepsi.

I laughed aloud. "And what's he gonna look like? Part Dog, part Horse, and part Human?"

That made him spit his drink all over me. A look of surprise, then pure amusement passed over his face in a split second after my "Awe, Man!" outburst.

We were laughing so hard, many of the people in the restaurant looked at us as if we were drunk out of our gourds.

"I think it's time to go," I giggled. "I'm sticky, no thanks to you, so I want to get out of this shirt." I motioned to Annie to bring our check and a couple of to-go boxes. She saw my Pepsi-stained shirt and along w/ a couple of to-go cups and boxes, she brought a dampened towel too and smiled at us as she set them on the table. As I dug in my purse for the money to pay for dinner, I looked up at her, and said, "Annie, I like you. Come by the office on your next day off and we'll talk. I'll have to talk to Dr. Rose about a job for you, but we may be able to come up with something." I put the money on the table under the dinner bill.

Her eyes lit up at the news and her lips moved with nothing to say. Finally she squeaked out a "Thank you" and an "I'll be back with your change." I held up my hand and shook my head. "No change necessary, Annie. Just treat your other customers as you feel they need to be treated. Have a good rest of the evening, okay?"

"Oh, okay," she stammered.

As Fred and I were leaving, a reflection of the window allowed me to see her look down at the money

I gave her. Her jaw dropped when she saw the \$100 bill then looked at us walking out. She looked down at the money, then back at us several times. I chuckled to myself, "Yeah, an \$80 tip is awesome isn't it? Just wait to see where else you can get tips..."

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## Part Seven

Fred and I walked out of the restaurant, and I know he still wondered why I wanted to have my own veterinary clinic, but he was kind enough not to ask. Yet the silence spoke volumes as he walked me to my car. I unlocked my door with the key instead of the key-less entry, just trying to get a little more time with him. He warmly smiled as he opened my door, and mused aloud, "A clinic of your own, hm?" and leaned on the door frame. I didn't step into the car, waiting to see if he had anymore he wanted to say.

"You do realize that the only land we'll be finding is at least an hour away from Cherry's. That will take you an hour away from me."

I gently placed my hand on his forearm, "Fred, an hour's not that long. I used to take riding lessons at an eventing barn that was an hour away from my house. Besides, it's not like I'm moving tomorrow! Do you realize how long it will be until I actually have my own practice and have a client base that can support me? I just asked if you help me find the right place. We'll worry about all the other stuff later, okay?"

Fred sighed as it came into focus. It's funny, because we really only met months before, yet he's thinking that I want to be away from him. "Yeah," he said, "it's not gonna be tomorrow. But what will be tomorrow is that show. Did Cherry or Dr. Rose say anything to you about it?"

I nodded, surprising myself that I followed his broken train of thought. "Yeah, Dr. Rose wants me there to help her. It's actually a weekend job, but we're supposed to be there starting Thursday - which is tomorrow. That's when the horses start coming in. The show starts Friday with prelims and Saturday and Sunday is when the 'Big-Dogs' of the sport start. I'm super excited about it. But I'm also dreading it," I sighed.

"Oh, why's that?"

"Because Caroline is supposed to bring Weird Emperor, and we've just trained him to, um, well, you know," I said throwing my hands up.

"Maggie, he's smart. Besides, you'll be there, though not around him all the time. I know he will listen to you. He loves Caroline anyway, and he'll listen to her too. Don't worry, okay?"

"Yeah, I may as well not think about all the bad stuff that could happen."

"That's the spirit! Now, how's about we go back to my place, have a quick fuck, then I take you back to Cherry's. I have to see Emp in action again, but I don't want sloppy seconds. I want you fresh."

I laughed genuinely, and reached up to grab the back of his neck. I pulled him close and whispered in his ear, "Do with me what you want. I'm your bitch tonight."

"Oh, fuck, Maggie," he breathed. "I don't know if I can drive home, now. I think my rod might get in the way of my driving."

I chuckled in deference. "Oh well. Neither one of us can leave our cars here in the parking lot, or we'll get a ticket. You're just going to have to put different thoughts in that dirty mind of yours."

"Mud. Dirt. Dust," he chanted.

"Oh, very funny." I rolled my eyes. "Let's go. I don't know how much more of this funny business I can handle."

"But you know you can handle me, huh?"

"Oh, Honey, I can handle you. ALL of you," and I lewdly looked at his growing member; growing down the right pant leg tonight. He came around to give me a kiss, and I took the opportunity to rub my groin into his, tasting his groan as we kissed. "Can I take you here?" he whispered. "It'll be like that time at Pasta Bella's."

I nodded into the kiss, but added, "You're not throwing me over the front of the car. Just take me here, standing up."

Fred unzipped my jeans and found my panty-less pubes. He pulled my jeans down just enough for him to get into them. As he unzipped me, I unzipped him carefully, and pulled out his massive cock. His fingers easily slipped into my folds due to my arousal, and found my sweet spot. He brought them up to his mouth and licked them, then put them back into my cunt. Pumping his hand several times to get me even more ready, then pulled his fingers out quickly, bringing his fingers to my mouth. Oh, Gawd, how awesome I tasted.

Fred cupped both of my buttocks to bring me closer and quickly lifted me, then dropped me, impaling me on his stiff up-turned cock. I stood still as his hips gyrated up and down pushing his long dick into my pussy. He and I both were so turned on that it only took a few minutes for both of us to cum. When he did, I felt his hot cum spurt into my womb; felt every throb of his thick member pumping in my twat. We waited a few moments more before he slid out of me, still long and hard, but softening by the moment. I pushed my jeans down a little more, then sat on the step of my door, knees splayed wide, feeling Fred's cum drip out of me onto the pavement. I took his dick and deep throated him, cleaning him of both his cum and mine, and sucking him dry.

He grabbed my tits and pulled me up to him. As I stood, I pulled up my jeans which were getting soaked from the still-leaking cum in my pussy. He wrapped his arms around me and kissed me deeply. "Maggie, I don't know if you want to hear this or not, but I love you." I gasped, but he continued as if he didn't hear me. "I don't just love you because you let me have you whenever, or because of your ability with animals. I love you because of your heart. I'm not asking you to marry me - yet, at least. That may come one day. But I'm just asking you to be open."

"I - I... I don't know what to say, Fred," I stammered. "Of course I'm open. I wouldn't have done the things I've done if I weren't. I'm also open to love. I just never thought that it would come so soon." I looked down, wondering how to say this next part. Fred was honest with me, though, so he deserved no less.

"Fred, I..." I opened my hands in surrender.

"Go ahead, Maggie. Please be honest and truthful."

"All right," I agreed. I stepped back to face him squarely. "I'm not sure about love right now. I've been hurt too many times, but as I said, I am open. I'll not close off my heart because of my past experiences, but I'll not give my heart so fully and freely right now. I, I hope you can understand."

Fred smiled warmly, and nodded. "I do understand, Maggie. And I'm willing to wait until you know exactly what you want." A look of sheer lust suddenly came over him, "In the meantime, can we get back to our plans for tonight?" he smiled mischievously.

"Oh! You scoundrel! It's as if you only have one thing on your mind," I laughed.

"I do. I only have fucking you on the brain."

"Don't you mean, watching Emp fuck me?" I asked innocently.

"Oh, I love it all," he said, again wrapping his arms around my waist. "And now, Emp gets the sloppy seconds. At least you'll be well-lubed for the job."

"You surely are a scoundrel," I playfully slapped his face, then kissed him deeply.

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"I'm glad you came back, Maggie."

"Oh? Why's that?" I asked Emp as I brushed him down. It's amazing how sweaty a horse gets after he puts his all into ramming his rod into a woman.

"Because I like talking to you. The thrill that you can talk back just makes it that much more interesting."

I didn't follow his line of reasoning, but I was too sore after the pummeling he just gave me to think about asking him to explain. My mind wandered back to Fred and I getting back to Cherry's Playground this evening. I'd called Cherry to tell her that I was coming back to train Emp with his new commands for Caroline. With this show coming up, I didn't want Emperor to think he could mount her - or anyone else for that matter - at any time, but I also didn't want to discourage him. He's a brilliant horse, and he's been catching on quickly.

When Fred and I returned from dinner, we went for a walk around the property. I told him I didn't want to "play" right away since I was so full from eating... dinner. I didn't want to throw up right as Emp was entering and discourage him. As we walked, Fred and I talked about good places to start to look for land, and even the layout of the vet office that I'd eventually own. I asked him if I too should have a "Holding Cell" block like Dr. Rose, and he told me to go with my gut on that.

It would take a while to start out since I'd have to recruit ladies who are not inhibited sexually. I'd also have to "vet" the dogs that I'd use and condition them that they would have a permanent residence at the office, and would not be up for adoption. I knew from experience that that is a real desire for many dogs - especially those that had been rescued from terrible owners.

After our walk to settle my stomach, it was an hour after dusk. The lights in the barn had been off for a while since the horses had already been bedded down for the night. The safety lights were on, so Fred and I only turned on the lights above the wash rack. Thankfully, Emp's stall is only two doors down from it, so when I went to his stall to get him, he wasn't overly concerned about the brightness hurting his eyes. He squinted a little bit as he came out of his stall, but soon acclimated. Fred sat on a nearby over-turned muck bucket and sat back to watch.

"You're here because you can't get enough of me, is that it?" he asked me. I thought it to be arrogant, so I didn't reply. Apparently, he caught on. "I'm sorry, Maggie. Forgive me. I sometimes think that since I'm powerful in body, and what many of you ladies call, 'ruggedly handsome,' that

I'm powerful in mind too. I forget that you're not so easily bendable to my ploys," he stated with all confidence.

"I'm going to break you of that confidence and arrogance, Emp," I said aloud. I wanted Fred to know and understand that Emp and I were having a conversation, and truly did not want to leave him out of it.

"It's true, you are a beautiful creature," I continued. "But I do not bend to your will. You must bend to mine. Therefore, I'm only going to brush you this evening and teach you the key words for Caroline. You know what key words to which I am referring?"

"Oh, yes, I know. The ones that tells me I should let down for her, and the ones that will tell me when to enter and exit her."

"Yes, Emperor," I stated flatly. I tried to keep my voice as unexciting as I could, betraying the butterflies in my stomach. I was not about to let this horse win out, and if it meant disappointing Fred, well then, so be it.

"So let's begin." I encouraged him. "Caroline has given me words to teach you. Words that aren't usually spoken in everyday conversation, so you shouldn't hear them when you go places with her. Yet, you may have to use your wonderful mind, Emperor. There may be situations that would absolutely prohibit you from having sex with your owner. Can you think of any?" I had to challenge him. He was a challenging horse - always keeping us on our toes. Why not turn the tides?

"Let me see... If Caroline and I are out trail riding with a group and someone says the choice word, I should not, um, 'get happy',"

I giggled, and caught a look of bewilderment from Fred. "Right, no 'happiness' when you're out on a trail ride with a group, UNLESS Caroline says the word and gives you a nod that it's okay. Anything else?"

Emp swished his tail back and forth and stamped his foot in determination. I laughed because he looked like a kid who had decided to find the best answer to a hard question. I continued brushing him, making his black coat sleek and shiny. Oh, this was turning me on. His muscular frame was perfectly proportioned at every conceivable angle. He was perfectly balanced. He was perfect. Except for his superior intellect - only because he knew it was superior. That is what could conceivably make him dangerous. That's why we had to curb him. That's why I had to stay focused.

Do you know how hard it is to stay focused when you're aroused?

"Shows!" he practically shouted in my thoughts and quickly snapped me back to reality.

"What about shows, Emp?"

"I should think before 'getting happy' at shows because that is not an appropriate place!"

"Is that what you really believe, Emperor, or is that what you think I want you to say?" I asked. "I'm not looking for right or wrong answers, per se, Emp. I want to be sure you understand that what we're asking you to do is right or wrong in the situation you may be in. Someone next to Caroline may accidentally say your cue word, and to avoid any embarrassment on your part - and hers - I want you thinking with this head," and I tapped his forehead, "and not this one," tapping his sheath. Fred's eyes got huge as he saw me and mouthed, "You think he understands?" I nodded my "yes" and waited for Emp's answer.

"I do understand."

"Emp, why do you love to fuck human women?"

He physically blanched at the straightforward question, and turned his head as much as he could since he was tied in the cross-ties. When I looked at Fred, he was shaking his head as if I'd done something terribly wrong. It's true, I might have just turned back several months of training, but since I believed Emp was as smart as he says he is, I didn't think that such a question would do harm. Besides, I wanted Emp to realize why he wanted to have fun with us as much as we love him having fun with us.

"Humans are a thing that I study, Maggie. All horses are intelligent in their own way, but I like to think of myself as more observant than others." He hesitated.

"Go on," I encouraged him telepathically and gently patted him twice on the rump.

"When I learned as a young colt what human words meant, I learned that I could become much more than the 'normal' horse. Did you know I can read, Maggie? That's not pertinent at this time, but I love to study humans. Human Women, though, are a mystery."

"And why are we women a mystery to you, Emp?" I said as I gave a knowing nod to Fred. How many times have I heard that men can't figure out women?!

"They are a mystery in their beauty. The way they carry themselves. How they think of themselves - whether they are beautiful or not to themselves. Then, they mystify me as to how such a large, um, 'fixture' on a horse can fit into such a small hole. Why would they try to push their bodies to the limit, and maybe even beyond? Is it for thrill? If so, I want to help. Is it for pleasure? Again, allow me to help. Allow me to de-mystify the human woman to myself. Every encounter I get with one of you sexually, I'll take."

"All right. I accept that answer. Now, if you'll excuse me for a moment, I forgot to put something away in the tackroom before I got you out. I'll be right back."

I walked away several paces when I heard Fred call, "Do you need help lifting that? It's heavy!" and I waived him to follow. Once in the tackroom, there was nothing to put up. I just wanted to relay to Fred everything Emp had said. Then ended with, "Fred, he's GOT to fuck me tonight. I just can't stand it anymore. You got me hot for him earlier. Then brushing him... those muscles... his mind!" My mind was on a roller coaster.

"I'll take the blanket out and set it on the box and tell Emp that something was spilled on it and it had to dry out in the hallway. While I do that, you get undressed in here. Once you're ready, I'll unhook Emp from the cross-ties and you talk him over to where you are - standing beside the box. Remember, he's here to learn. If he lets down before you say the word, he goes back into the washrack and takes a time-out." Fred chuckled, "Giving a horse a time-out. What is the world coming to?" and he walks out of the tackroom with the blanket.

My pussy was burning in anticipation. I quickly undressed and folded my clothes, putting them on the counter. I noticed my jeans were wet at the crotch, but not just from the previous encounter with Fred. This was fresh wetness. Fresh from being aroused by a horse. A very intelligent horse.

When I opened the tackroom door, I saw Emp staring at me. No thoughts came from him; no thoughts came from me.



We stood staring at each other for a minute or so, when I snapped back to reality.

“Emp, vacuum,” is all I said. Caroline has spent the past 16 hours coming up with words that she didn’t feel would be said around a barn or show grounds. “Vacuum” is the one she chose when she wanted to let Emp know it was time for sexual business.

I walked over to the mounting block with my eyes trained on him the entire time. Since Fred had untied him, Emp shook his head then tucked his chin toward his chest. His neck muscles were very pronounced, his ears tilted toward me, and his stride short but powerful, with his feet stomping in anticipation. I flicked my eyes to Fred and he gave a nod and an air gesture of a hard-on. “Good, at least we know that word works,” I commented to myself.

I stopped at the block, and Emp stood right in front of me. If horses can have lustful looks, Emp’s was perfect. He nudged me slightly toward the block, but sweetly so. He didn’t want to lose his chance. He knew perfectly well that if he screwed up, he wouldn’t get to screw me. I gently scratched his forehead and he lowered his head for me to scratch his ears. I felt him take a sharp intake of breath; the wind blew through my legs toward his nose as he got a good whiff of my cunt. Just like a typical stallion, once he smelled it, he stuck his nose in the air and curled his nose up to smell me better. Three times he did this, then he nudged me again toward the block. I knew he couldn’t take much more. I couldn’t take much more!

“Emp, tile.” Another command. He backed up three steps to allow me to lay down on the block. “Tile, Empy.” He stepped forward the three steps and side-stepped over top of me – our bellies touching, my head between his front legs. “Emp, be sweet,” I warned. He flexed his neck and sweetly nibbled my hair. “Emp, you want some chicken?” “What in the world was Caroline smoking when she came up with these phrases?” I asked myself. Oh well... It worked.

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I heard his cock slap the underside of his belly, and every once in a while I felt the tip of his huge cock flash a rub against my pussy lips. I had a fleeting thought of whether or not I should have used lube before I came out of the tack room, but feeling my cunt juice run down my ass was enough to know I wasn’t going to need it tonight.

“Enough playing, Emperor. I want your windfall.” Damn! Trying to remember these phrases when I was turned on was hard! But I’m sure it was just as hard for Emp to have to wait until the proper phrase was given. He did an excellent job. When he heard “windfall” he knew that was the best cue of all. His dick popped up, and as soon as he felt it brush my smooth pussy lips, he rammed it in as far as he could.

“AWE FUCK!!!” I cried! “Oh, Emp! YES! Please don’t stop. Give me all your cock, you dirty bastard! You wanted to fuck me? FUCK ME, THEN!”

I couldn’t stop screaming those obscenities. His cock rammed into my squelching pussy over and over. Stallions don’t usually last long, if ever you’ve seen them breed. But I think because he was on all fours, and because he was enjoying the tightness of my pussy, he lasted so much longer than I’d ever expected him to. Every hunch of his hindquarters brought his belly off of mine for a little bit, allowing me to gather more breath – only to scream at him to keep fucking me – and his cock further and further into my wanton cunt.

“Emp... Emp, I’m cumming! Please, please keep pumping your dick into me! Please keep fucking me. Yes, yes... YES! Oh, GAWD! Your dick is so long and hard! Please, oh, oh, OH, YEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!” My orgasm was out of this world. His was too. I felt every sticky, hot

spurt of cum the fantastic stallion spurted into my womb. He whinnied loud and long as if he was telling the whole stable he'd finally claimed his prize.

He stayed in me for a minute or so longer, simply because he was on all four feet. And as long as he stayed in me, I milked that cock for all the cum that was in it. I made my pussy pull in as much as it could get. I kept feeling drops of cum dribble down my ass crack, but I kept flexing my pelvic muscles to get more and more.

"Oh, Emp, Emp. Your windfall is so very good."

Not thinking, I said it again. He rammed his big cock into me over and over again as he started another fucking frenzy.

"Maggie, you fucking whore!" I heard him tell me in a booming voice inside my head. "I've been wanting to fuck you for two months now. You're gonna feel all my fucking dick up your fucking cunt. You probably didn't know I had such stamina, but I'm gonna keep fucking you until you pass out. My dick is gonna fill you up, you human bitch. Then my cum is gonna fill up your pussy. You're gonna look pregnant with my fucking foal."

SQUISH slurp SQUISH slurp SQUISH slurp was the cadence as he pounded my pussy - the squish - and pulled back out - the slurp - almost to where his huge dick-head was out of my pussy, then he'd pound me again.

I happened to look at Fred, who I saw had his pants off with his large dick in hand.

Just then I saw Emp look at Fred too. "You want him over here? Your fucking boyfriend jealous of us, Whore? Have him come over here and squirt his cum all over your beautiful titties and face. I want to see his cream pearls all over you."

"Oh GAWD," I screamed again. Who knew a horse had such a dirty mind! I'm glad Emperor couldn't talk aloud to us. We'd have to have a censor button around all the time! But his dirty talk was turning me on even more. I would have never thought any animal would have this much stamina, but Emp kept up his pounding of my sloppy pussy.

"Tell him, dammit! Get that bastard over here!" Emp practically yelled at me.

I didn't trust my voice, but I motioned to Fred to come to us. Then I finally found my voice and tried to be as coherent as possible. "Emp wants you to blow your load on my titties and face, Fred. Oh, fuck, I don't want it to end, but this continuing orgasm is something else! Oh, FUCK ME EMP!" I yelled.

My shoulders were forced against the back of Emp's forelegs, and my feet were splayed crudely to each side. I now heard with every squish and slurp a "splat" as Emp's previous cum was forced out of any crack between his dick and my pussy and plopped to the ground. Fred carefully walked over to stand beside the big black stallion fucking his girlfriend.

"You like fucking my girlfriend, Emperor?" Fred asked as he pumped his raging hard-on. "You think you make me feel inferior with your huge cock ramming her pussy? Well guess what?" he goaded. "I get her just about any time I want her. YOU have to wait for your stupid words or phrases to get any human pussy. Now, who's the better bastard?"

Emp snorted and started with a more furious pounding. "DAMN YOU, EMPEROR! FUCK ME ALREADY! What are you doing? Playing with my pussy? You expect me to feel THAT?" I guess Fred's

nasty goading got me in the mood for more - not that I was ever OUT of the mood. Emp raped my pussy even harder, if that was possible. Ten more hard thrusts had his hindquarters locked forward as his balls pumped all their cum into my womb. My pussy felt each throb of his penis, then I felt Fred's cum splash all over my face and tits. He rubbed it in with his cock-head with each spurt. Emp snorted and breathed hard.

I reached up and stroked his huge, muscular shoulders with my hands; patting him, and telling him, "good fella." He dropped his head, and I could tell he was done. "Tile, Empy. You're done with me, aren't ya?" He gently pulled out his cock, but with every inch, I had another continuous orgasm.

"Oh, fucking fuck, Emp! Just you pulling out makes me cum! Oh, GAWD, I hope this never ends!"

The sucking sound as he pulled out filled the barn, and it was then that I heard the other stallions in the barn. The lights weren't on down through the aisle-way, but they could certainly see us. I heard them bump their water buckets with their knees, or kick their walls. They were excited too, and I'm sure wanted a piece of the action.

Emperor side-stepped to his left side, away from Fred. He backed up a couple of steps then buried his nose in my twat. Again, he lifted his nose and curled it then snorted. When he brought his head back down, he looked at the string of cum pearls Fred had deposited on my chest and wiped around, then snorted again. It sounded like a laugh.

"Will you let me go back to my stall, Maggie? I can barely stay standing."

"Oh, sure, sure, Emp. Newspaper, Emp. Go back to your stall. Thank you, Baby! You were awesome. Caroline sure is blessed to have you!" I called to his back as he wandered back to his stall.

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Fred helped me sit up because my head was starting to feel woozy. The two intense orgasms and the too-many-to-count small ones had left me lightheaded. He held me protectively so I wouldn't fall and whispered soothingly to help calm my psyche.

"Oh, Fred. Never have I been used like that before. He took charge... it was like, he knew just what I wanted when I wanted it. Caroline's got a great horse. Too bad he's leaving tomorrow."

"Yeah, too bad," came Fred's less-than-enthusiastic reply.

"Oh, Honey, you're not getting a complex, are you? I mean, yeah, I can communicate with animals, but I can get in touch with you on a deeper level. Please don't be angry or hurt. This last time with Emp was just to make sure he knew and understood his sexual commands for Caroline's sake." I tried to explain, but the more I did, the more hurt Fred seemed.

"Look, it's not like I'm mad at you for enjoying yourself. You couldn't help that. It's just, I don't want to be compared to Emp, or any animal for that matter, and come up feeling I'm less than them."

I took his hands in mine, and looked him square in the eye, "Fred, they are all less than you. Everyone of them. Don't you worry that any animal is going to win me over."

Fred looked less than convinced, but I couldn't do or say anymore than what I'd already said.

I sighed deeply and shivered; the cold air creeping upon my sweat-moistened skin. Fred helped me to my feet and locked his strong arm around my waist as I walked toward the tack room. He asked if

I needed help with getting dressed, and I told him I'd only be a minute. He rolled his eyes, knowing that a woman's minute could turn into thirty. I waved him on, and flippantly told him to go have fun with a mare. His eyebrows arched and he looked at me as if I'd told him as a young boy he'd get to fly in a space shuttle that very hour. I laughed and waived him on, hoping that he would actually get some satisfaction with a mare so he'd leave me alone for a while.

As the hot water slid down my naked body, I revisited wonderful feelings I'd just experienced with Weird Emperor. His kindness at first, then his all-out fuck-her-cause-she's-been-needing-it-since-I-got-here mentality. I never knew a horse would hold a grudge for so long. I guess there are things to learn everyday about horses! My body couldn't handle any more orgasms, but it still turned me on a little to know that Emp had still wanted me, even after I'd treated him so rudely.

Granted, he deserved some of it, but he knew I wanted him, so he was just emotionalizing the way I was feeling. He knew I needed a good hard fuck, so that's what he'd finally been able to do. I didn't think there'd ever be another animal or human to give me exactly that kind of pounding, but I couldn't wait to prove myself wrong!

True to my word, thirty minutes later, I walked out of the tack room clothed and looking for Fred. I looked in all the mares stalls, but they were either munching on hay, or dreaming about grazing in the big pasture. As I walked out of the horse barn, I looked around to see if he might be lurking in the dark somewhere when I noticed a dim light in the cow's barn. I heard several voices in my head, but the one most notable was from a shy heifer. As I got closer, I determined that what I heard was actually only two voices: the shy heifer and a large gruff bull. I then discovered it was Mudbug and Outlaw.

"You hurt her, and I'm gonna impale you. It'll hurt worse cause these sons of bitches ain't sharp," came the gruff voice. "I don't give a flying flip through a flaming hornet's nest if you fuck her, 'cause Dr. Maggie said I needed to share. But if you hurt her..."

"Oh, oh, oh!" came a sweet sigh from Mudbug. "It's kinda like he's tickling me. I feel it going in and out, and it feels pretty good, actually," she sighed again.

Fred's voice then cut in, "'Go find yourself a mare' she says. She thinks she can have all the fun? Well, I'll show her that I can give it out too," he mumbled.

I had to hold in my chuckle. If only Fred knew what bodily harm was being promised if he 'fucked up' this sweet heifer.

I could tell he'd been at it for a while. He was close to coming and it seemed Mudbug was too.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in my head as she audibly let out a moo-squeak. Fred sank his ten inch dick deep in the cow's twat with every thrust, trying to get as much into her as Emp had tried with me.

"Boys," I thought to myself. "If only they could understand that they're not really in competition with each other, per se. It's just some hit the sweet spot better than others, which makes us feel more orgasmic." I tried to explain it to myself, but unless a male heard and understood, that secret would forever be ours.

I saw Fred's buttocks tense up and I knew he was very close. Tears of juice were sliding down Mudbug's vulva and catching on Fred's scrotum, only to be sloshed either on her legs or his. He repositioned her tail to gain better access, then gave five more giant thrusts with his huge-for-a-human phallus. It must have been giving her pleasure too, because as he thrust into her, Mudbug let out another moo-squeak.

"Oh, my! That was... he was... I didn't know I could do that! I didn't know a human could do that!" Mudbug nodded her head making her body move back and forth, which actually made Fred's dick go in and out of the lovely cow's hotbox. It seemed as if she wanted or needed more, and I wondered if Fred was up to the challenge.

"What's that, Mudbug? You want more of me? Well, it just so happens that I have a little more to give," Fred countered. The next part came out as a mumble, but I heard most of it, "...show HER men can be just as good..."

I wanted to stay to catch the rest of his romp with Mudbug, but I figured I'd hear about it anyway one way or the other, so I decided to slink out the way I'd come in. Once I knew I was out of ear-shot, I'd had myself a good chuckle - basically just to get it out of my system. I wanted to act as normal as possible when Fred decided to come back out.

I sat in the car and dozed, and when Fred finally opened the driver's door, the clock in the car said 1:30 AM. He'd been out there for at least another 45 minutes after I'd come back to the car, but I didn't say anything about his timing. Actually, I was quite grateful for the nap. My body, though, wasn't so grateful and was starting to tense up at being cooped up.

"So, I didn't see you in the main barn when I came out from the tack room, so I decided I'd come back here to wait for you," I explained.

"Yeah, I figured you'd be longer than 'a minute or so', so I decided to go check up on the cow barn. I'd been having some trouble with the watering system out there, so I thought I'd see if a fresh look at a different hour would give me some perspective."

"And did it?"

"Yeah, I think it did. Got to plug up some of the leaks I finally found."

Now, before you go thinking that he's got a double meaning in all this, I have to tell you, that he had been having trouble with leaks in the mechanical watering system. Each and every stall has an automatic watering trough, that once the horse puts its nose onto a special plate, the plate moves down and allows water to gently flow into the bowl. Lately, several of the watering troughs had been allowing water to come in much more forcefully, almost drowning the poor victim that wanted a drink. Fred had found that even though there were leaks in the system, those leaks made the water to come out more forcefully. He'd been trying to find and plug those leaks for a week now.

"Well, I'm glad that a new hour brought you a new perspective. You were out there for a while. I suppose you found and plugged all of them?" I asked.

"Not all of them, but just the ones that needed it for now. I looked in on the animals and found that Mudbug's stall was saturated, but thankfully not flooded. I cleaned it out as best I could and put in new straw. I'll do a better job of it tomorrow."

I nodded my agreement, not sure if that statement held a double meaning or not. It didn't matter, though. For tomorrow held a busy load for me. I was going to be an on-call vet at my first show.

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I woke up that Thursday morning, not quite fully refreshed, but certainly sore. Memories of the previous night's romp flooded back to me, making my cunt drool. I sighed heavily and rolled across the bed to reach my nightstand. I pulled the deep drawer open and looked lustily at each of the toys

I'd acquired over the years.

I take meticulous care of all my sexual play-things, because I never know when I might need one. Although I am a vet's apprentice, I don't get paid like a veterinarian. So I cannot just go out and buy a phallic toy willy-nilly. Any kind of toy I buy has a special purpose. Therefore, the phallus I pulled out of my favorite drawer was one of a human. I was hungry for human dick today.

I don't like using my own saliva to lubricate a toy - especially when I've not brushed my teeth in at least four to five hours. So I pulled out the Super Slick - "a special lube for any size woman or man." Basically, it was to make sure the big man got in, or that the dry woman wasn't hurt. I shuddered at that thought, but knew that I wasn't dry. I must have dreamed a wonderful sexual dream, though I couldn't remember dreaming, because my cunt juice could have put out a house fire. The Super Slick was for the shaft part, not the head. I wanted to be sure that I'd get in as much of this super thick black silicone dick as I could.

I spread my legs wide, hearing the plop-squish of my pussy opening. I felt an ooze from my opening, and scooped it up with my right hand while guiding the dick to my cunt with my left. I brought my right hand to my mouth to taste myself and got a sweet surprise. Not all of that ooze was me! I found I still had some of Emp's thick semen still inside from the night before! Oh, glory!

After I licked my fingers, I grabbed hold of the balls' end of the human dick with both hands and harshly shoved it into my pussy. I think I actually saw a couple flicks of liquid spray out, as if someone was talking with too much saliva in their mouth.

With my legs splayed wide, I pounded away at my sore pussy; both hands on the wheel. My stomach tensed up, my pussy screaming for release, but the orgasm wouldn't come. I tried varying the tempo, but even though I was fully aroused, I couldn't get release. Finally, I thought of trying a different position.

My legs ached from when I straddled Emperor the night before, but I was so horny, I told myself to just deal with it. With the enormous dick still inside me, I waddled more than walked to my living room, and stood over my coffee table, one leg on each side. Once I was positioned, I let the black dildo slide out of me a little so the flat part made it stand up-right. I lowered myself onto the shaft much as I would if I were on top of Fred at that moment. I balanced myself with my hands on the edge of the table and pumped my ass up and down, back and forth on that lovely, thick black cock. I looked down between my legs to see my super-pink pussy lewdly swallowing the thick phallus. The rest of Emp's juice mixed with my own and flowed freely down the shaft to form a puddle. It turned me on so much, I couldn't keep my eyes off of it.

Remembering that I still had to take a shower to get ready for the day, I pumped faster and harder. My juice made a sort of suction for the base of the prick so it stayed in place as I pounded myself.

The intensity was out of this world. My cunt was on fire. My toes curled. My knuckles went white holding onto the edge of the table. Leaning on my left hand, I quickly flicked my clit with my right, encouraging the dam of my orgasm to finally break. I was so tired, I wanted to stop pumping and flicking, but my body denied me release. It felt as if my whole body were on fire, begging and pleading with myself to finally cum.

The slurping and squishing of my pussy juice reminded me of the night before. Right then, reminded of Emp's thick prick harshly invading my twat, I came so hard, I screamed out in pleasure while still pumping that thick black cock in my squirting pussy. My neighbor Renée must have heard the outcry, because she was there in a flash, knocking on the door and calling out to me to see if

everything was okay. I couldn't answer her in my post-coitus state of arousal. She must have gotten worried.

About a year ago, I'd given her a key to my apartment when I asked her to get my mail and put it on my coffee table. The same table that had a black dick suctioned to it, wading in a pool of my cunt juice. She used the key to come in and check on me, probably thinking that some freak-a-zoid was raping me. When she stepped into the apartment, she saw the freak-a-zoid was me.

"Oh, FUCK, Maggie! I thought... Oh... That's hot!" Renée exclaimed when she finally found her voice after being surprised as finding me impaling myself on a black dick on the coffee table. "What the hell did you do, Maggie? You scared the shit out of me when you screamed. Is all that... Is all that liquid from you?"

Renée only saw my backside when she entered. Only saw my pussy swallow the still-rigid prick as I slowly slid up and down. I was coming down from my natural high, but I suppose I didn't realize she was there, though I heard everything she said.

She circled around to face me, eyes and mouth agape in an "O". I smiled at her and apologized to her for scaring her. I still pumped. My legs were sore. My tummy was sore. My hips were sore. Hell, my pussy was sore, but I still wanted more. It was as if I couldn't get enough!

"I- is all that f- from you?" Renée stuttered and stared, pointing incredulously at the puddle on the table.

"Yeah, it's from me," I chuckled.

"Fuckin' Hell, Maggie! How could you have squirted that much around such a huge dick?" she asked, unbelieving.

"You'd be surprised what a pussy can take, Renée," I answered chuckling. She was just referring to men, but I, of course, was referring to any type of male with a dick - human and animal alike.

"Maggie, that looks so hot," she whispered.

I looked up, and she had an earnest look on her face as if she wanted to be a part of me at that moment, but wasn't sure how to ask. I was open to the thought - Dr. Rose had opened me to a lot of thoughts lately - and I looked at her and smiled.

Still keeping my eyes on hers, I reached down and ran my fingers through my puddle. I brought my drenched fingers to my mouth, sucking them one by one. I repeated the process, but this time offered my hand to Renée. Her eyes barely squinted, betraying her confused thoughts, but she quickly knelt in front of me and grasped my wrist. She mimicked what I had done, but added her own twist: she put all four of my fingers in her mouth pumping it in and out as if I was hand-fucking her mouth. She pulled it out, then suckled each one, swirling her tongue around each finger.

"More," Renée begged with both words and eyes.

"There's plenty more down here," I gestured to the table by looking down. "Tell ya what," I offered, "let me get up and you can have as much as you want," I told her. I was hoping she'd follow my lead.

She's a good little lamb.

As I raised my ass, the black dildo made a sucking sound as my pussy pulled off of it. I couldn't help

but moan from the wonderful sensations.

Renée dipped her index finger into the puddle time and again, bringing it to her willing mouth. I could barely stand, but I did only long enough to make it to the couch. I'd planned on taking a short break on the couch anyway before I went to take my shower, but the arrival of Renée just sweetened the deal. So, there I lay, whorishly open to Renée; suggesting with my eyes that she come get some of that sweet nectar she obviously wanted so much from the source.

She scooted the table away several feet, then lowered herself in front of me. Her eyes scoured my body as her hands roamed up my legs. Her eyes met mine one last time, squinting, daring me to stop her. After a brief pause, Renée's hands slid under my ass, grasped my hips, and pulled my ass to the edge of the couch, diving for my soaking slit.

"Oh, God," she mumbled into my cunt. "I've never done this, but you taste so good." She came up for air, then dove back in to mumble some more, "You got me so hot when I saw your ass pumping that dick in your pussy." More air. "Can you come again, Maggie? Can you squirt all over me? All over my face?"

Not waiting for an answer, her tongue flicked back and forth over my already ultra-sensitive clit, making me quickly spin head-long into another orgasm. Then she buried her tongue deep in my hotbox, somehow sucking the wetness out of my hole. Renée erotically wagged her head back and forth, making her nose dig into my clit and lapping up the juices still escaping my cunt.

"Come for me, Maggie," she muffled an encouragement into my twat.

I felt it coming. Felt it rising. A tsunami of an orgasm was about to make landfall, and there was nothing I was going to do to stop it. I heard her take in a sharp breath, then I grabbed her head on both sides, burying her face in my cunt. She held with me as I bucked and fucked her face, spraying my come either in her mouth or on her face.

My scream was more intense than before, "Oh, FFFUUUUUUUUUUUCK MMMEEEEEEEEE, Renée! Hold on! There's more!"

How the girl breathed, I couldn't tell you, but she kept her face buried in my twat as I held her head there bucking up and down as my orgasm broke. This was a culmination of the previous night with Fred and Emp, along with all the pent-up energy of the night's sex dreams. It seemed like forever before I could come down, finally releasing her head from my tight grasp.

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Renée was breathing heavily, but had such a satisfied smile on her face. She sat back on her heels with her knees resting on the base of my couch. She absentmindedly stroked the back of her hand along the inside of my thigh as she caught her breath. I had my head resting on the armrest of the couch, also trying to catch my breath. After several minutes, Renée broke the silence between us.

"Maggie, I'm sure you've got places to go today, so I'm not looking for a return favor." She looked down at the front of her shirt that was soaked from my squirting juices. I saw her cheeks color as she continued. "Just know that I've been wanting to do that for quite sometime. Not necessarily to you," she quickly added, "but I've been curious about other women, and you've helped me, um, open up."

She raised her chin and looked at me with her deeply reddened face, and I saw gratefulness in her eyes.



"Renée, I can't go into a lot of detail right now, but if you're into sexual explorations, I can help you," I offered. "Right now, I want to thank you for helping my release. I woke up horny and nothing I did myself was helping."

I sat up from the couch. My head reeled, and it seemed as if every muscle in my body was screaming, but it was actually a relief. Now, I could go to work today and not have to worry whether or not I was ever going to be relieved from my sexual frustration.

"Now I can go to work satisfied, and I thank you for that," I told her. "I'm sorry for your shirt. I'll repay you for the dry cleaning," I offered.

Renée waved my offer away. "No need. It's washable. This is my favorite shirt," she said looking down at it, smiling.

My look of shock and apology registered when she looked back up, but she waved that off too.

"Don't worry, Maggie!" she laughed. "Now it can be my favorite for a whole different reason. At first I liked it because it was comfortable. Now," she stopped and blushed, "now it will remind me of you opening my world."

Renée placed her hands between my thighs, and pushed herself up to stand. I could have sworn she exhaled on purpose right toward my sopping pussy, because I felt a very cold breeze as she got up. She then held out a hand to pull me up. My legs shook like gelatin. She saw me shaking and put two friendly hands on my bare shoulders to support me.

"You all right?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'll make it." I stood there another minute and a half just allowing my legs to get stronger, all the while her hands on my shoulders.

Not quite sure how to end our unusual sexcapade, but needing to get a shower, I excused myself to the bathroom.

"Oh, sure," she said, backing away apologetically, both hands up in surrender. "I'm sorry for letting myself into your apartment, Maggie, but you really did scare me with the way you screamed."

"No worries." I started for the hallway. "If it had been a real emergency, I would have been grateful that you still had my key."

"Well, I aim to be a good neighbor!" she smiled and crossed her hands over her heart.

"You didn't happen to call any police, or anything did you?" I asked as an afterthought.

"No, no. Nothing like that." she laughed. "I'll let myself out since you're not exactly dressed to come to the door. Thanks again, Maggie. Have a good day."

My wave was limp, but I think she understood. "Thank you, Renée. I'll see you in a couple of days, I promise. The vet's office will have me out of town until Monday."

"Okay. Well, be careful!"

She slipped out the door and re-locked the dead-bolt. I smiled and called out another thanks. Then I went to the bathroom to take a quick hot shower. I hated to make it quick, but I was out of personal time this morning, for obvious reasons.

Fifteen minutes later, damp hair pulled up in a French twist, I was dressed in stain-free khakis, a red shirt with the Lower River Animal Hospital logo over my left breast, and over my left shoulder held a gym bag packed for four days of overnight staying at the show grounds. In a smaller bag, I packed two more pair of pants, a green vet shirt, and blue vet shirt - you know, just in case something happened at the show that I'd need to change to keep up appearances. Also in the smaller bag were two novels, just in case I got bored.

I grabbed my keys from the counter, put my cell phone and charger in my purse, and grabbed two boxes of Special-K granola bars. As I headed toward the door, I retraced my steps and took a couple of bananas and apples too. I put the boxes of granola bars and fruit into a cloth grocery bag, then headed out the door, making sure to lock both dead-bolt and knob.

Fifty minutes after leaving my apartment, I pulled onto the show grounds. Even though it was a full day before the main day of showing, there were many riders and trainers occupying the six covered arenas. Some were lunging their horses, others working out the pre-show jitters of the horse. Some looked as if they'd come back from a fifty mile endurance ride, their mounts were covered in white foam.

"That must have been some ride," I said to my imaginary passenger.

I saw Dr. Rose standing at the entrance of a large white tent with a banner proclaiming the expert veterinary services of Lower River Animal Hospital. She saw me as I drove in and waved me to a parking space near hers beside the tent. No other vehicles were allowed in this area, so I felt special.

"Nice sign," I said to her pointing to the banner as I walked into the three-sided tent.

"Thanks," she answered. "I wanted everyone to know who we are and where we're from, and that we're not just horse vets. There will be people here with dogs that might get hurt too. I keep hoping that none of the animals here get hurt, but if it does happen, I'd like to get and keep their business."

"Absolutely," I agreed.

"Walk around our 'new office' and get yourself acquainted with where everything is," she gestured with a flourished wave. "Then you can walk around the grounds and take in the layout. Here's a map if you need it. On second thought, make sure to take the map," she added. "Here, everyone goes by grid directions, and you need to know the stables in each grid."

I nodded, and took the map she handed me, folded it, and stuck it in my pocket.

"Each stable has a general manager that if something goes wrong, they get in touch with us on these walkie-talkies." She handed me one, and I smiled as I took it. It reminded me of when my brother and I used walkie-talkies in our forested back yard when we were young.

"Each manager will tell you what stable they're managing by compass direction. So say, 'John' is stable manager of the North barn. He'll come over the radio and say something like, 'This is John from Stable North,' or 'John from the North Barn needs veterinary assistance'. They try to be as consistent as possible so as to not confuse us, which is nice."

"Yeah," I agreed. "The less confusion, the better."

"Make sure to keep that radio on your person at all times." She sighed, letting me know that business was taken care of. She was light-hearted once more. "Okay, I'm going to get a hot dog or

something. You want something from the concession stand?"

"A hot dog? At nine AM?" I teased. "Thanks for the offer, but no thank you. I had breakfast on the way over."

"Suit yourself," Dr. Rose shrugged. "I hear their hot dogs are cooked to order. Not pre-boiled and all... 'ick-tified'." She said "ick-tified" with hand quotes, making it all the more funny.

I laughed as she walked out and I turned, proceeding to take a better look at my new home away from home for the next couple of days.

I wasn't sure how high the tent was, but the open front was about twelve or thirteen feet tall. I'd approximated the depth of the tent from front to back to be about thirty feet, and the width about sixty feet. The whole area of the tent was set on a type of soft asphalt with river sand as footing, and the tent poles looked to be of a strong metal. The only thing not permanent about this tent was the fabric itself. The tent's "walls" were anchored somehow so as to not spook any animal visiting the doctor and did not allow any wind or water inside.

There were four wooden slatted stalls at the back of the tent set into the asphalt protecting any horse that might have to visit a stall. The front of the stalls held vertical bars about four inches apart, with the side walls being solid slatted wood so horses couldn't "visit" one another and aggravate each other or themselves. The first three of those stalls were 12 feet by 12 feet with possible bedding of plastic-baled wood shavings and bales of straw - per choice of vet - set outside the stalls. The feeders in the stalls were mounted in the corner, and swung outward, allowing the owner or vet to feed and hay the horse with safety. The waterer was automatic, so no extra buckets were necessary. When the horse stuck its nose in, it depressed a metal plate allowing water to flow gently into the bowl. This way, the water was always fresh, and the bowl was easier to clean.

I personally loved that. I hate cleaning water buckets.

The fourth stall was the longest. It did not have a feeder or automatic waterer. It was used as a more permanent examination room. Six feet longer than the others, with the sliding door in the middle, it had non-slick rubber tile footing and held a large laundry-sized sink in the back right corner next to a two foot long counter. Pre-fab wooden cabinets above the sink and all the way across the wall were filled with any of the things the acting veterinarian anticipated would immediately be necessary to treat their equine patients. Strong cross ties were available to hold the horse so it could not get to the cabinets.

I saw on the left side of the entrance four comfortable wicker rockers with seat pads and back rests along with two wicker "love seats" making an octagonal-shaped waiting area for any trainer or rider having to visit and wait. Several wicker end tables separated the rockers and couches. A wicker coffee table held a Plexiglas cover and several years-old magazines of Practical Horseman, Young Rider, and Canine Monthly. The left corner pole of the tent held several hooks to hang coats and helmets.

This was the most comfortable "waiting room" I'd ever seen. I almost couldn't wait to be bored!

I turned and saw on the right side of the tent entrance a four-foot high counter ten feet long. It was just as could be seen in a vet's office. A seven feet tall by ten feet long backboard behind the counter held two dry-erase boards and two cork boards. One dry-erase board held permanent pin striping with six slots, allowing a vet or assistant to write their "patient's" names, stall or kennel number, ailments, and med times. Between the examination stall and the counter was one large chain link kennel six feet square divided in two. Each section held a large crate for the dog to enter and exit as

available. Four plastic bales of wood shavings were propped up against the back of the kennels.

It seemed as if the owner of the show grounds thought of nearly everything the vet might need, minus the medicine paraphernalia. I could tell this was the official vet tent of any show that was held on the grounds. It was first class. I was impressed.

I shook my head as I took all this in. Several moments later, Dr. Rose re-entered and broke my state of awe.

“The ground’s owner is thinking about putting up permanent siding instead of using the tent,” Dr. Rose said as she licked her fingers clean. “She said the repair to the fabric is starting to get expensive. Not to mention having to re-apply a water seal to all the wood-work every year from elemental damage if the fabric tears.” She wiped her mouth and threw the napkin in the trash bin behind the counter.

“Yeah, I can see how that gets expensive,” I agreed. “The only thing they’ll need is a bathroom, and a fourth wall, and this could be a regular vet’s office,” I chuckled.

“That’s in the works,” Dr. Rose affirmed. “But for now, we have our own large Port-O-John out to the right side of the tent. It’s supposed to be just for the vets and any one in the waiting area. We’ll see if people abide by that rule. If you go between the exam stall and tent wall, you’ll see a tent door, making access to the bathroom easier. Especially if it’s raining.”

“Okay, thanks. So, this is the first time you’ve been here?” I inquired, changing the subject.

“First time as a vet, yes. I’ve shown here before – way back when. But that was a lifetime ago,” she waved. “For now, you need to go get yourself acquainted with the show grounds. Here, you’ll need this.”

She handed me a lanyard with our office logo and name printed along the neck. The laminated tag also bore the office name and logo. Then I saw my photo and name.

“Dr. Maggie Turner, DVM?” I said looking surprised. “Doctor? Not ‘Assistant’?”

She laughed and asked, “Do you want to be an ‘Assistant’ for the rest of your life?”

“Of course not, but... how... why...” I stuttered.

“Look, you and I both know you’re not official yet, but when people see ‘Assistant’ they don’t think you’re good enough. I know you’re good enough, so I had the owner make that instead,” she pointed to my plastic tag. “I’m still Head-Vet,” she poked herself in the sternum, “but you’re just as good as me. Probably better since you can literally get inside an animal’s mind.” She laughed and shook her head.

As she turned to walk back out of the tent, I stood there several moments dazed and amazed. Finally shaking the astonishment from my brain, I started out to first find our personal Port-O-John, then set out to memorize the layout of the show grounds.

Walking along the main show path, I passed a “Tack-Tent” about as large as the vet’s tent, except it did have four “walls.” It held a store selling everything horsey – feed and bedding, saddles, bridles, and halters, show clothes, brushes... If you left it at home, they probably had it there for sale. I walked by, but I promised myself I’d stop in and get myself something, even if I thought it too expensive. I had to have something to keep as a souvenir of this event.

“Okay, this is no ordinary, run-of-the-mill horse show venue,” I thought to myself as I walked toward the stables, seeing them from fifty yards away. That same thought kept running through my brain as I visited the barns.

There were five barns. From the printed map, they were depicted as a flower with four petals, with the center barn being the flower face. Each barn was literally in the direction of the compass rose poles. The center barn was just that - “The Center.” Eight foot wide dirt pathways lead me between the barns and around the center barn. Every twenty feet or so was a park-style bench. On each side of the entrance to the barns were two, two foot square mounting blocks with three stairs on the left and right sides.

The map didn’t tell how many stalls were in each barn, so I visited them all, one by one, counting the stalls, counting the wash racks, and counting the number of stalls between the wash racks. Each stall looked exactly as the stalls in the vet’s tent, with two exceptions: at the back of each stall a window could be opened or closed from the inside, according to the owner of the horse, and was numbered above the sliding door with the odd numbers on the right side of the barn and evens on the left. Between every two stalls, there were stairs that led to a loft above the stalls, with a fire extinguisher at the top of each set of stairs.

There was about a six-foot clearing between the loft floor and the roof of the barn, so participants could easily erect a tent showing their “colors” if they chose to do so. Those that were already there, had tents, or walls of some sort along with chairs for their own relaxation; cutting themselves off from their competitors. Each of the wash racks had the same strong cross ties that the vet tent had. It held two floor drains in the middle of the same non-slip rubber flooring. I figured each barn was alike, but I had to get a hold on the enormity of this venue.

The North, South, East, and West barns had the same soft asphalt in the aisle, river sand as flooring, and the rubber tile flooring in each stall. The stalls held the corner feeders and automatic waterers just like the vet tent stalls, but the waterers were able to be turned off if the occupants wanted to use a conventional water bucket. Any one bringing in a horse was responsible for bringing their own bedding, or they could buy it from the on-site “Tack-Tent” for a nominal fee.

The center barn was shorter than the other four barns, but much wider. It held a dressage arena forty meters long by twenty meters wide. The walls of the arena were about six feet tall using the same strong, slatted wood planking all the stalls used. At the shorter ends of the arena were Plexiglas mirrors. There were four “hidden” doors in the arena, two on each of the long sides. The stalls in The Center were ten feet away from the wall of the arena, making a rectangular aisle around the center of the barn. All the stalls here held the same amenities as the other four.

The North end of The Center was The Hub. It was divided into two rooms, both with heating and air conditioning. On one end of The Hub was the tackroom of the regular boarders. The bridles were hung side-by-side on the right wall. The back and front walls held the collapsible saddle racks and saddle pad hangers. Those looked like my towel hangers on the back of my bathroom door. Through the door into the other room was a comfortable lounge area with two long couches, both upholstered with dark blue denim. Two small kitchen tables occupied the corners flanking the door in and out of the tackroom. The opposite wall held the refrigerator, sink, microwave, and cupboards. There was also a door that led to the barn aisle.

The South end of the The Center was the feed room. Outside the feed room were three vending machines: Pepsi, Coke, and Lance snacks. At the time, the feed room was padlocked, but I peered through the skinny window - not near the door’s knob - and saw the myriad of plastic trash bins with horse and owner’s names. Laminated papers taped atop the covers gave instructions as to what each

horse gets, when, and how much.

I turned and was startled to see a broad-shouldered man eying me. A full minute went by before he spoke.

"May I help you with something?" he said not-so-kindly. "Are you lost?"

"No, I'm in The Center. This feed room is fascinating. I'm glad you have it locked up. Too many sticky fingers to get the nice supplements." I told him matter-of-factly.

"Are you planning on having sticky fingers, Miss..." he held out the "s" wanting me to finish my name.

"I am Doctor Maggie Turner, DVM." I showed him my ID.

He nearly took off my head when he jerked my ID closer to his face. I got off balance and inadvertently placed my hands on his well-muscled chest to balance myself. Heat rose to my cheeks and I felt embarrassed. I quickly realized I shouldn't be the one embarrassed when it was his fault in the first place.

Straightening up, I snatched my ID from his meaty fingers and gently placed it back between my breasts. I wanted to say I'm sorry, but I wasn't. It was just the normal reaction. Thankfully I bit it back.

When I looked back up at him, I saw it was his turn to turn red. I tilted my head then shoved my hands into my deep pockets.

"Sorry, Ma'am -er- Dr. Ma'am. It's just Mrs. Brock is protective about her boarder's feed and tack. She sent me down here. Does she know you're here?"

"I'm not sure, but probably so," I said, still seething, but quickly regaining control. "I'm sure Dr. Rose has told her I'll be here. And here I am."

"Yes you are. Would you like to meet Mrs. Brock? I'm sure she'd like to meet the other vet that will be taking care of the participant's horses."

He turned to go, expecting me to follow. I guess he wasn't such a bad guy. After all, he was doing his job by looking out for the owner's feed. It's just he could have injured me. I didn't like that part.

As we walked back toward The Hub, Mr. Burly directed me into the arena. After looking both ways before crossing a horse's path, I walked to the middle of the arena where I saw a petite woman with a long white braid splitting her back in half. Her riding breeches were a spotless tan with the full seat. Ariat tall boots covered her thin bird-like calves. As she turned in following her mounted student, I saw her white shirt was pressed, and her collar was of the ruffled persuasion. Her black riding coat fit perfectly around her tiny frame. I wondered how anyone that small could manage such a large venue. Then I wondered how a woman that small could manage to ride a horse.

Then I wondered if there were a horse here to ride me.

I shook that thought from my head as Mrs. Brock approached. "Sit deep in your saddle, Heather," she called to the rider over my shoulder. "He won't listen if you're not communicating correctly."

"Sorry about that," she said, looking at me for the first time. "I don't normally talk through people

when they're between me and my student."

"Not a problem," I reassured her. "I was told you wanted to meet me?"

"Yes. Dr. Rose has had nothing but good things to say about you, and I wanted to see the other vet to be on-site."

"Well, I'll thank her for the compliments."

"No need. We wouldn't want you getting a big head. Sorry Mac here was rough with you. He knows how I feel about snoopers."

I nodded. "I accept your apology, but it's not you who should be apologizing, is it?"

"Geez, Maggie, take it easy! You're gonna get yourself fired before you even start!"

"No, I suppose not. He will treat you to lunch, won't you, Mac?" she stated more than asked.

"Yes Ma'am, I'll be glad to." He nodded, then turned to me. "We can go off campus, or go to the concession stand, your choice."

"No. Thank you, Mac. I'm not hungry right now, and I don't want to go off campus until it's time to go to my hotel."

Mrs. Brock chuckled lightly. "Honey, you won't be going off campus until the show's over Monday evening. Actually, I'd like you to stay until Tuesday morning, but that will be up to Dr. Rose."

Heat rose to my cheeks, but this time it wasn't from embarrassment. I was fuming. I know she was the owner of the venue, but who did she think she was telling me when and where I could go. Where the hell was I supposed to sleep? In a stall in the vet tent? Above one of the stalls in the loft?

My breathing became ragged, and my fingers balled into my palms. She must have seen or sensed my aggravation because she turned to "Brutus" Mac and told him to show me to my room. My eyes did an Olympic-winning roll as I turned to follow.

Mac was droning on and on about my room, about the stables, and about Mrs. Brock. I heard him, but I wasn't listening to any of it. I was still fuming. He led me back toward the vet tent, then around the back. The building next to my car was a house. I hadn't really paid that much attention to it when I drove up, but now, the beauty of the thing struck me.

It was a little country house. One that might be seen on the back roads leading to no where. A fresh coat of white paint had recently been slathered on the boards, and the kelly green shutters looked as if they were next in line to be painted. Mac took the key ring off his trousers. It must have had at least fifty keys on it, but he knew exactly which one opened the house. Once inside, he took off that same key and handed it to me.

"You'll want to keep this in a safe place. Make sure to return it Monday evening or Tuesday morning - whichever is the time you leave the campus." He turned and walked around the house, giving me the one dollar tour, telling me what I could and could not use. As we came back around close to where we'd started, he pointed out a door.

"This door is NOT to be entered by you. In fact, if you enter it, you will be locked inside. It only opens from this side. Don't bother trying to prop it open, either. It will close. Don't let the curiosity

get the best of you. Don't go through this door."

Not waiting for any type of acknowledgment from me, he turned and motioned for me to follow him once more. He led me upstairs to "my room." There were only two rooms that occupied the second floor: bedrooms. He showed me the one on the left was Dr. Rose's room, and the one on the right was mine.

Pink and white gingham check curtains lined the two picture windows, and pink and white flowered fabric hung from the top as a valance. The same flowered fabric made up the bedspread, and the pillow shams were made of the gingham. The bathroom was tiled pink and white. It held a beautiful claw-foot tub that could have easily held my new large friend. A white shower curtain hung around the tub, and pink gingham curtains separated the tub from the sink and counter. I'm not fond of pink, especially this much of it, but the room looked comfortable enough and the bathroom looked especially inviting after a long day's work.

"There is an ATV for your convenience during the show if you're needed at any of the barns for an emergency. Right now it is in the garage out back. Here is the key for that." He handed me another small key and I promptly put it on the key chain next to the house key.

Apparently earning his approval, Mr. "Brutus" nodded.

"Now that you know where to go, and where not to go, I'll be going. It was nice to meet you, Miss - 'scuse me - Doctor."

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## **Part Eight**

He left me there pondering what to do next, but I shook the cobwebs from my head once again, and allowed him several minutes before I went outside to get my gym bag from my car. Although I was only to be there three days, I didn't want my clothes to get wrinkled, so I hung them up, put my intimates in a drawer and grabbed my new house key. Going around back to get the ATV, I saw several matching trucks and horse trailers entering the show grounds. "Man, the money they spent on those is as much money or more than I make in a year," I said to myself. "But, then again, once I become a veterinarian and have my own practice, I might be able to afford something like that."

Shrugging it off, I mounted the ATV, turned it on, and drove it to the right front side of the vet tent. Dr. Rose was in the "waiting area" perusing a magazine that she'd probably read a hundred times. I sat beside her and picked up a Canine Monthly from last September. We read in silence for about ten minutes when Dr. Rose put down her magazine. I took her cue and put mine down next to hers, and waited for her instructions.

"So, do you have your bearings of the show grounds?" she asked me.

Certain I did, I nodded an affirmative, and gave a "Yes, doctor" to boot.

"Good. Although I'm head vet, I am going to allow you to do the majority of the calls. Just letting you know that I'll be there looking over your shoulder, but that shouldn't scare you half as much as the owners looking over your shoulder. Of course you know you have one up on me by being able to talk to the animals."

I nodded, and wanted to respond, but wasn't sure if it was my time to talk yet. So I waited.



"Don't rely on that skill alone, though, Maggie. It could go away, God forbid. I have faith in you that you'll do the right thing."

I was curious, "Dr. Rose, does Mrs. Brock know that I'll be doing the majority of the doctoring?"

"Mostly. I didn't tell her you were my apprentice, but I'm sure she figures you to be something like a partner since you're so young. But not to worry. Since I'll be there with you, I'll step in when I feel you need my help. And I get to take all the flak." She rolled her eyes with a chuckle.

"You know I'll do my best, Dr. Rose." I gave her my most sincere smile.

Right then, a frantic lady with a toy poodle cradled carefully in both arms walked into the tent and stopped right in the shade. She looked left and right and caught sight of us sitting.

Dr. Rose and I got up simultaneously and walked to her. Not allowing either one of us time to ask what the problem was, she looked at Dr. Rose, looked at me, then back at Dr. Rose aiming all her dog's troubles to the good doctor.

"Oh, Doctor, little Pixie here got his tail stepped on by one of those big, mean horsies, didn't you, Pixie?" She hugged the whining dog and tried to console it with, "We don't like those big, mean horsies, do we, Pixie Poo?"

Dr. Rose chuckled lightly, and mirthfully said, "Yeah, these things happen at a horse show." I heard her emphasis on "horse" but apparently the meaning slipped right by the worried lady.

"Let's take a look at him, shall we?" Dr. Rose invited the snobbish woman into the tent. "Dr. Turner, if you'd start a chart on 'Pixie Poo', I'll take a look at his paw."

I nearly chuckled as I saw the slight eye roll at the dog's name. I went behind the counter where Dr. Rose had put the paperwork, and started a chart on the unfortunate dog. "Dog's foot is fine," I said to myself. "The unfortunate part is the ownership."

"Actually, it's not all that bad," I heard a voice say. It obviously had come from the dog. "It's not that bad because I get spoiled. The only bad part is being named Pixie. I mean, c'mon! 'Pixie' for a boy?!"

I snorted and tried to cover it with a cough when both the owner and Dr. Rose had looked over at me. The lady didn't seem to notice anything 'wrong', but Dr. Rose did ask me about it after she'd mended the dog's foot and sent the couple on their way.

Apparently, one of the few times the hefty dog was able to stand on his own four legs to go "potty," an enthusiastic horse - one that was quite spirited and almost out of control - stepped on the poor dog as he was doing his business. The woman and her dog were where they should not have been, and was told by Mrs. Brock that the owner of the horse would not be held responsible since the dog should not have been anywhere near that part of the stables. It was told to us later that the woman left in a huff and came straight to the vet's tent.

Ah well. Some people still think the world revolves around them, and no amount of words or deed will change their minds.

Dr. Rose and I finished wrapping the hefty poodle's leg and handed him off to his owner.

"Don't let this dog get anywhere near those horses again," Dr. Rose told her. "He might get the other leg stepped on. And while you're at it, let him walk around a bit. It won't hurt his leg because

it's not broken, and he will get some exercise. He needs to get some of that weight off. Doesn't it hurt you to carry him everywhere?"

"Oh, it did, but I have gotten used to it. I usually put him in the sling, but if you say he's okay to walk, then that's what I'll do," she crooned as she walked out of the tent.

Dr. Rose gave another award-winning eye roll, and sat back down in the waiting area.

"Dr. Rose, think it would be all right if I take one of the four-wheelers and go tour the show-grounds again?" I asked her. "I really enjoyed seeing it, but I'd like to get a feel for the people this time."

"I think that will be okay," she agreed. "As long as one of us stays here to hold down the fort. I think I'll draft us a schedule so we won't get stale sitting here all day for the next several days. Will that work?"

Nodding, I agreed, "That sounds like a good idea. We can still be here to keep cool, but the schedule will have us out and available too. Okay, I'll be back soon."

"You don't have to make it too soon, Maggie. Say an hour. I think that will be plenty of time to look around more, but not too much time for me to be alone here. Keep your radio on in case I need you for something, though," she added.

"Always. Thanks. See ya in an hour," I said. As a last thought, I grabbed one of the vet bags, and slung it over my shoulder. These things seemed to weigh a ton, but it had just about everything in it that a vet would need - just in smaller quantities. If an owner needed more of what was needed, he could come to the vet tent.

I walked to the back of the tent to the small garage attached to the house. The smaller of the two ATVs was mine, but that was okay by me. That means I didn't have to worry about switching gears and all. It was very clean and well-kept, and its tank was full. I took note so I could return it in the condition in which I found it. I wanted to keep up appearances with Mrs. Brock in the chance I was able to return to her facility as an on-call veterinarian.

I strapped the vet-bag onto the back rack, made sure it was secure, and straddled the seat. The ATV wasn't loud, a fact that made me happy. I was able to hear my radio above the motor; a good thing in case I was needed somewhere. Just then, a call came from the North barn. Dr. Rose had intercepted it, but referred it to me. So, I was on the trek to my first call. How exciting!

Two, maybe three minutes later, I'd pulled up to the center entrance of the North barn. Quickly parking the ATV out of the way of the horses and pocketing the key, I unstrapped the vet-bag and set off on foot. Seeing the crowd about half-way down the barn, I figured that was where I was needed. I made sure my lanyard was visible as I pushed my way through the crowd.

You would never believe the scene I came upon.

Lying face down on a two-stack of straw was Caroline. Yes, the same Caroline who owns Weird Emperor. She was pinned under a dapple grey stallion with his dick up her twat. Thing is, the stallion was still pumping his huge dick into her, but she looked as if she was out cold.

"Who's the owner of this horse?" I asked forcefully. "Step forward."

A spindly little fellow walked up to me with a red face; embarrassment showing all on his body.

"Get these people out of here, and find a curtain or something to cover the front of this stall. I have a feeling that once these people leave, the horse will calm considerably," I told him.

For a minuscule man, he had a big voice, but used it softly to shoo away all the on-lookers. I know they were curious as to how a woman came to be naked and got a stallion's prick up her cunt, but now was not the time to answer that question. My question is why was Caroline out cold?

The tiny man came back into the stall after covering it with a curtain, shaking his head and mumbling, "I shouldn't have let her. Now I've gotten her killed. I shouldn't have..."

"What is your name, Sir?" I interrupted his internal/external dialog.

"I'm Sam Quest. Call me Sam," he requested.

Before I could get any of my questions out, he just started blathering.

"I don't know what went wrong. That's Caroline under my stallion Dread. It's short for Dread Me Not. Anyway," he continued with a shake of his head, as if it would clear the cobwebs. I had little doubt it would. "...I met Caroline yesterday. She and I hit it off, and once she found out I had a stallion here at the show, she nearly jumped MY bones to get at him. She told me she has a secret way with stallions - that she could get them to mount her and fuck her. I wasn't sure what she was talking about, but to see a horse fucking a woman, I definitely wanted to find out what that was all about.

Anyway, after I showed her Dread's stall, she marched right in to pet him. Now, he's normally very skittish and afraid of everyone except me, but when she went in there, it was like he was a different horse altogether. He was very calm. She stripped her clothes right off and started wanking him off. I don't think I've ever seen him get so big. So he gets to a point that I see him start rooting around like he wants to stick his dick in something. That's when she tells me to bring in a couple of hay bales. The closest ones I found were straw, but I figured it would still work.

So she stacks 'em up like you see there, and puts his blanket over it. I guess to keep from her getting' stuck and all. And then Caroline reaches back and guides Dread's big, black cock in her sopping wet pussy. Oh, to hear the sloppy sounds got me hard as a rock, so I go and put my drawers down and start playing with myself in the stall too. Caroline's talking all dirty to me, and wants me to come over and put my dick in her mouth so's she can suck me off. Ain't no man worth his salt gonna refuse a blow job, so I go over, and Dread goes all crazy. He lunges at me, and I guess when he did, he musta knocked the wind out of Caroline, or somethin'."

Yeah, 'or somethin'. I'd heard enough. I was getting horny as hell off this Dick's tale, but couldn't let him see it. The horse wasn't hurt, but he could hurt Caroline even more since she couldn't do anything for herself at the moment. I wondered what I could do to keep the horse calm. So many scenarios passed through my mind, but nothing prepared me for what was to happen next.

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More often than not, I forget that I can speak to animals. It was one of those times. I tried to figure out what to do as a vet, not as a clairvoyant. Which is good, in a sense, because as Dr. Rose so aptly put it, I could lose this gift at any moment.

But not now.

"I got me some tail.." I heard in a sing-songy voice coming from the back of the stall.

The voice was clearly male, and was sung in time to the swinging of a dapple grey horse head. I knew it had to be Dread's. Not wanting to explain to Sam why I wasn't doing anything about Caroline, I told him to stay outside while I figured out what to do. I didn't want him making the situation worse.

The moment he stepped out of the stall, I heard "the voice" again.

"Little Prick. Thought he could make fun of me by giving me a human. I know he thinks I have a small dick, but here I am - not HIM - with my dick up her cunt. Pumpin' away..."

"Mhmh!" I interrupted with a sarcastic agreement. Then waited.

Dread looked at me and back at the stall door, then back at me.

"Yup, that's right. I am talking to you. You think you're a hot shot, but really you've knocked this poor lady out. Now she can't enjoy your little romp on the hay - or straw - because you've had to prove yourself to Mr. Dickhead outside. What exactly had to be proved?" I asked with a tilt of my head.

"That he... that I... She's out? Out cold?" Sounded like actual concern to me.

"Yes, she's out cold. And there you stand, without caring for your lover, still pumping away. Let me get her," As I reached and took a step toward Caroline, Dread bared his teeth and actually lunged toward me, almost knocking her off the straw bales.

"Whoa, Dread. Easy. That's not going to help." I said aloud.

"You're not taking her away. She's my pussy now."

"Surely she can't be enjoyable when she's not even awake to enjoy your nice, big, hard dick."

"It's enjoyable because I actually get to sink my dick into something other than a fake. That's all he uses me for, and I'm tired of it. Can't a guy get a real piece of tail around here?"

"If that's what you're wanting, I'm sure we can find a mare for you. But you've got to let me help Caroline. You're going to end up doing more harm than good. And let me tell you, she's got a stallion of her own - Weird Emperor - that she fucks. He's meaner and much bigger than you. He will take you down, buddy."

For a moment I saw genuine fear in his eye, but his bravado came back instantly.

"YOU look like a good piece of tail. I'll take you and your wide-spread legs over Caroline's."

"I'll be willing, and I'm able, but first you have to let me help Caroline right now. That means I have to get close to you, take her off your still rock-solid hose, and see what medical attention she needs. Then I'll talk to Sam and tell him of your need. Maybe we can find you a mare..."

"NO!" he screamed in my head. "I want a human pussy, and I want YOURS!"

"Well, then, you're going to have to wait for that. Right now, the girl comes first. I know you have enough care in your heart to not hurt an innocent woman. Let me help her, so I can come back and help you."

"You'll... you'll come b-back?" he sounded so much like a child. Afraid that his only and best friend

would forever desert him.

“Yes, Dread,” I said calmly. “I’ll come back.”

“Will you let me fuck you?”

“I’m sure I can convince Sam to let me, since he didn’t get to see all of Caroline’s tryst with you. Now, will you let me help her?”

“Yeah, yeah. Go ahead. She’s no fun anyway right now.”

Dread pulled his cock out of Caroline with a slurp and a pop, and all the juices he’d been pumping into her came gushing out.

And if I weren’t so mad at this horse, I’d be climbing up on the straw stack to get some of my own. His enormous black dick was clearly two feet long, and his mushroom-like head still kept spitting out thick, oozing cum.

He backed away so I could get to Caroline. Feeling for a pulse, I quickly put her arm over my shoulder and carried her to the stall door, then I called out to Sam to bring in her clothes. He brought in a thin T-shirt with Eeyore on the front, a pair of skinny jeans, and canvas sneakers.

No undergarments at all.

“Well,” I thought to myself, “at least it’ll be easier to get her dressed.”

“So what did you do then?”

“I did what I promised. I came back to let the stallion fuck me. He was actually quite gentle. I think that when he lunged at Sam was when he accidentally hit Caroline in the head with his elbow and knocked her out.”

“What did you tell the paramedics?”

“I didn’t tell them anything. Dread is Sam’s horse, and the incident happened on Sam’s time. I deferred them to Sam.”

“You’re awful. Simply awful, you know that?”

“Yeah,” I agreed.

I was sitting on the lovely plush bed in my room that Mrs. Brock had given me, talking on the phone to Fred. He had called me to see how my first day went, and I had to relay the story. Partly to let him know, and partly to make him jealous.

“You got me horny, Maggie. You know that, right?” he asked me.

“Yeah, I know that too. Whatcha gonna do about it?” I flirted through my question.

“Well, since I’m already at the barn, I think I’ll go fuck a sheep. Or let one of the calves suck me off.”

I knew he was trying to make me jealous, and it was working. But I couldn’t do anything about our situation, anyway.

"What are you going to do, Maggie?" He knew I was horny too.

"I've already got that taken care of, Love. I've got a nice, big, flexible double dildo in my twat and ass. As I'm sitting her talking to you, I'm writhing on the bed being double fucked."

"Sounds yummy," he quipped. "Not as yummy as if you were being dildoad by Dr. Rose. Where is she?"

"I don't know. She came in earlier, took a shower and went right back out. Didn't even dry her hair, which isn't like her. Ah, well. I'm gonna go. It's been a long day, and I still have three more days here. Four, if you count Monday - which Mrs. Brock might want me to stay till then."

"Oh, I hope not," Fred sighed. "It's hard here without you."

"You're hard all the time, Fred," I chided.

"No I'm not," he whined. Then chuckled. "Okay, so I am. But when I have a girlfriend as hot as you, it's hard to NOT get hard."

"You're such a sweet-talker."

We said our "good-bye's" and after putting the phone down, I drifted off to sleep... being double fucked.

The next morning brought in more massive matching trucks and trailers with two and three horses each. We had the occasional mishap, but nothing life-threatening. All in all, my Friday was dull.

Dr. Rose and I spent most of our time in the tent keeping cool, unless our shared schedule had us out and about the show grounds. I was able to watch some of the warm-ups and performances, and was very impressed with the amount of talent the horses and riders displayed. I could tell this was no amateur dressage show.

With nothing exciting to report to Fred, our Friday evening conversation was short. I was tired from the long day of doing nothing, so I begged off the phone and fell asleep.

I woke up sitting in a tall, hard-backed chair, a single light bulb staring me in the face, my feet tied to the chair legs - knees spread wide, cunt bared, my wrists tied behind my back, and my shoulders bound to the back of the chair.

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There was so much that frightened me at first. Of course, with the light shining directly in my eyes, I couldn't focus on anything. Since I couldn't see past the light, I tried to focus on what I could feel.

I was totally naked. The room was chilly, making my nipples stand out farther than I ever thought possible. I tried to move my head, but found that my head was in a sort of brace; chin strap in place. This made me start to panic a bit. (I don't like confined spaces. That's rather odd, wouldn't you agree, since I don't mind being stuck under a huge stallion!) I had to steel my nerves and focus on something else.

It was then that I realized the "chair" I was in had a seat much like a public restroom toilet seat. It was long from bum to back of knee, and open in the front. I could feel a warm liquid dripping from my nether parts, and figured I'd either peed, or my body was betraying me and decided to become

turned on by the bondage.

Just then, the light in my face snapped off. Darkness. Seconds ticked by, seeming like hours. Then a softer white light brightened gradually not ten feet away from me. Two “cowboys” emerged from the darkness heading right for me. Sharply dressed in their black outfits: well-worn but polished boots, felt hats, Texas star bolo tie, and black chaps; they strode up to the side of my chair. They never touched me with their hands, but their eight, maybe even nine inch pricks grazed my arms. The cowboys used their God-given talents to turn my chair to the left just a few degrees. Just then, the white light goes out, and a yellow light comes on revealing a man and woman. She on her hands and knees, he positioned behind her. His left hand was on her left buttock while his right hand made the tip of his cock slide up and down her dripping slit.

BAM!

He rammed his hardness into the woman so fast, he knocked her off her hands. His hands were on her hips helping himself ram his cock harder and harder, faster and faster into her willing cunt.

WHOOSH!

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!?

A fast but gentle breeze blew past my own cunt, tickling it. I squirmed to look down to see what happened.

“DON’T YOU FUCKING MOVE, YOU LITTLE CUNT!” a rather harsh womanly Voice screamed at me. Then softer, “I have set you up in such a way that if you move, you’ll not get all the wonderful sensations that I have planned for you. Just sit back and enjoy the show.”

I couldn’t determine where the Voice was, but she scared me enough that I thought she was going to kill me if I moved again.

The yellow light went out just as soon as the Voice yelled at me, but I could sense the man and woman were finishing up their rendezvous. The noises coming from that direction were unmistakable for sexual orgies.

So the Cowboys moved me again, but back to close to my original position. A red light comes on now, revealing a beautiful couple. These ladies were in a sprawling 69. Blondie was on bottom, and Red was on top. Both girls had their hands nearly lost in each other’s twats, but Red was feverishly eating Blondie’s clit, making Blondie squirt every once in a while. Poor Blondie... she tried to keep up with her partner, but she was having a hard time of it because of the endless orgasms Red was putting her through.

By this time, my own cunt was on fire. It REALLY needed release, but I dare not move. My body betrayed me, though: I moaned - loudly.

“YOU WHORE! YOU FUCKING BITCH! HERE I AM GIVING YOU A SIGHT AND ALL YOU CAN DO IS THINK OF YOURSELF!!!”

But I can’t help it, you Bitch! I need release just like those women, but they get to HAVE their cake AND eat it. I don’t even get to have cake! I was so angry with the Voice. I suppose she felt that I shouldn’t move NOR talk. What the hell was I supposed to do when I see something I like?

“Now, enjoy the next show, Maggie, since you know now what NOT to do,” the Voice sneered.

*The End.*