

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Prologue

Jake positions himself between her spread legs and looks at her beautiful, slick cunt. It has swollen so that it sticks out between her outer lips before he has even pulled them apart. So he pulls her lips further apart and looks at her inner lips glistening under their wetness. His tongue finds those inner lips as he takes just the tip and begins to lick lightly. She moans and thrusts her hips toward his mouth as her hand presses against the back of his head in toward her.

“You like that, huh?” Jake’s other hand begins to gently stroke her hard, little clit. He rubs her clit as his tongue licks at her inner lips exploring the outer rim of her little tight hole. With her pussy dripping wet, he begins dipping his tongue into her quickly.

The words are so incredibly seductive. Despite the fact that she has read the story over and over again, Emily Elizabeth returns to the story again and again. The words never fail to make her nipples hard or her pussy wet. Somehow the writer finds the words to seduce her imagination. She leans back into her pillow. The ghostly fluttering of that tongue slips through her mind and into her own wet opening. She spreads her legs wider until her snatch is exposed and vulnerable to the man that she has never seen yet cannot get enough of.

She reads it over again—the scene unfolding richly in her mind. Living on a farm without the everyday luxuries of cellphones, tablets or computers—the internet, television or magazines—doesn’t give food for the imagination. Her parents have many books, but these are all outdated and old. They don’t have books full of adventure that everybody else in the world gets to experience. Her books don’t have anything to do with the world as it is today. Emily Elizabeth has spent her entire youth on the farm, homeschooled by her mother. The only friends she has are relatives that occasionally visit or neighbors that are too far away to make the trip worth it. At fifteen she cannot wait for the next three years to pass. Three more years and she can escape this life forever.

Subtly overpowering the scents of her imagination and thoughts is the thick scent of her excited snatch. Between her legs stands the man that she doesn’t know. His eyes are dark and intense, boring into hers moments before they drop to stare at her exposed cunt. She knows what’s coming and what it feels like. Though she doesn’t get to go into town as often as she likes, she has found ways to get away from her parents long enough to find a man willing and able to fuck her. The girl shivers in her bed, feeling the imagined eyes on her pussy. Her fingers trace a faint line from the bottom to the top of her slit, flicking at her clit with the same seductive strokes as the writer is using with his words.

Feeling her blood heat up, the dipping head brings his face closer to her most private of places—the feel of his hot breath rasping over her wet snatch. A tongue flutters over pussy flesh to taste, caress and burn. Emily Elizabeth’s fingers pause, mere inches from the pussy her imaginary lover is getting so wet. She can feel her twat quivering for the first touch of the tongue. Will he burrow it deep into her and then slowly drag it through her swollen folds to tempt her clit from its hiding spot? Will he lap at the folds themselves, teasing her with the promise of a more thorough licking? Or will he just apply himself to her clit, bringing on the orgasmic tide with a briskly seductive efficiency?

He will tease me. A single finger eases down until it rests on her pouting pussy, testing the wet heat. He will worm his tongue in and around her cunt until it begs and weeps for release. She gently wiggles it back and forth until the folds slip apart and wrap around the single digit. She moves it slowly, a vague and arousing imitation of the tongue she so craves. Emily Elizabeth slips her finger through her wetness, considering the delicious ramifications of having the folds that she is teasing

being drawn into his mouth. She shudders, causing her snatch to swallow a bit more of her finger. The thoughts are powerful, enough to create a suction force. She hasn't even gotten to the good part of the scene and already she wants to climax.

Returning to the woman experiencing the man's mouth on her pussy, Emily Elizabeth twists her fingers just to enjoy the feel of her own wetness. She can smell herself easily enough. If one of her parent were to just walk in on her right now, they would know what she is up to. The beating that would come after and the burning of her book makes her fearful. But that same fear fans the flames already coursing through her. To switch places with the woman, if even for just a single night, would all be worth her life on the farm. But all Emily Elizabeth has are two fingers wiggling through her pussy, she has the agile tongue and mobile lips of her lover drawing her folds, her clit, her entire snatch into his mouth. And he is a clever man, slipping his tongue inside to taste the sweet cream that seeps from her inner core. In the girl's imagination, she can hear the woman gasping and panting, begging almost incoherently for the man to do something. In her own ears, Emily Elizabeth hears own panting and whimpering.

Of all the men she has found to take her in a cold alley, the back of a car or in a dirty restroom, never has one pleased her in a way she has needed the most. She wonders how long and how thoroughly would this man explore the woman. How long could she stand it? Even the men she finds in town are in a hurry. They fear being caught with such a young girl that they speed headlong to the finish line. At least this man takes his time, ensuring that the woman feels tenderness and passion. Her fingers plunge into her, probing her tight confines. She doesn't pause to explore, but brings them back to lick at her clit before thrusting them back into her entrance.

Emily Elizabeth recognizes the haze that is falling over her, the one she gets right before orgasm. Her ears get hot. Her heart throbs so hard that it feels too large for her chest. Her nipples poke out like miniature ice picks. Her pussy burns. Half of her hand and all of her fingers are wet, so are her thighs. The same cries the woman in the story might be making are now coming from Emily Elizabeth—something she would ordinarily find embarrassing just arouses her even now. Her body clenches, preparing to explode. But before she can, she lifts her hand back to the book and flips the page.

He drags his tongue slowly up past her navel to her breast.

"That's it," she says reassuringly.

He nibbles hard on her nipple, pulling at it before releasing and sliding up further to lock in another deep kiss with her.

"Come on hun, slip it in," she says.

Unconsciously, Emily Elizabeth slips two fingers into her mouth. She notices the taste as her tongue wraps wetly around her fingers, probably like the woman's tongue is wrapping wetly around his. She lets her fingers slip out to read that part over. He begins to fuck her hot, young mouth ... Emily Elizabeth can almost see the intense expression on his face while he moves his fingers where he wants his manhood the most.

Sticking her fingers into her pussy, still throbbing from her almost orgasm a few moments before, Emily Elizabeth realizes how wet it is in there, almost as if her unknowing lover has already ejaculated inside her. There is nothing quite like the sensation of her own thick, hot juiciness. As she spreads her fingers apart slightly, pressing against the humming walls of her cunt, she slowly twists

them back and forth. Her thumb brushes against her clit slightly, making her squeal deep in her throat.

Sarah guides his cockhead to the entrance of her pussy and rubs it against once or twice before Jake slams his cock into her. Immediately Sarah yells out a moan of pleasure. Her legs quickly warp around his back as she arches her own, driving her hips into his. Her hands lock around his neck just as he begins to pump her like a piston, instantly driving his cock in and out rapidly.

Emily Elizabeth closes her eyes and imagines what it would look like, wondering what the writer looks like. She can hear the woman gasp at the sight of the man's erect and ready prick. Her imagery takes on a new and wildly exciting twist. Jake is sitting on her bed and she is in his lap. Her legs are widespread, hooked around his, and his gorgeous cock is pushing up obscenely between her legs, warm and throbbing where she is wet and throbbing. He is reading in her ear with a soft, deep rumble that makes her nipples even harder and her pussy even wetter. Sighing with pleasure, Emily Elizabeth settles into this new fantasy, letting her hands rove her body like a wanderer on an adventure.

The girl sighs again, reaching under her pillow. She pulls out a thick silicone dildo and wiggles it. Like the book, she bought it when in town once. And like the book, she cannot afford to buy something new. Her parents do not give her money, so she has to find other means of getting it. She scrounges for it, taking a dime or nickel here and there that won't go noticed when it goes missing. She could out right sell herself to some of the men she fucks or gives blow jobs to, but she refuses to sell herself. She has had it for over a year now, and she only bought it because her mother declared her old enough to take care of her room. The dildo has a set of balls on the bottom that gives it the appearance of it being real. She slips it between her legs and settles her ass on the balls part, the cock part pushing up between her thighs.

The cool silicone of the toy quickly becomes engulf in her hot juices. The real touch of the shaft sucks her back into the fantasy that she has devised for herself. It seems wrong to fantasize about a man that she doesn't even know, but she is doing exactly this and it is making her incredibly wet. Of course it is wrong to just randomly have sex with an older, experienced man, but everyone needs a vice, especially a girl stuck on a farm. Shutting her eyes, Emily Elizabeth moves her hands from her collar bone down to tease her nipples. The imagined voice, much like her father's, stirs the hair curling around her ears continues, *"The only sound is nothing more than the wet sounds of her taking his cock into her hot mouth."*

Emily Elizabeth groans, two fingers twisting on her nipple with the palm of her other hand sliding down her belly, slowly until the fingers are resting just above her cunt. She feels the wet heat coming from between her gaping snatch and the smooth, firm shaft of her lover against her nails. She licks her lips, thinking about swallowing the prick that sits between her thighs, tasting the mixture of cum and juices. She feels his heavy breathing in her ear. Her hips rock gently, moving her pussy fractionally along the veined surface of her faceless lover's cock. He pulls at her earlobe with his teeth and then gives voice to the words on the paper.

A loud gasp escapes the girl's lips and echoes through her room, almost certainly penetrating the walls. She pauses for a moment, waiting in the silence to hear the creak of the floor outside her door, expecting her mother to barge in at any moment to find her in such a compromising position. But it doesn't happen. There is not a sound except that of the wind outside her window in the cool night. Emily Elizabeth slides her fingers into her snatch, jerking another long cry, this one much quieter than the last. The dual sensation of the shaft being pulled from the kiss of her lips while being penetrated by her two fingers overwhelms the girl. Her pussy is humming with sensation just begging for orgasm. Her unseen lover sits under her, his ghostly kisses trailing wetly down her neck.

All it will take is a few rubs to her clit, a few flicks and she will shatter with the ecstasy that he has built within her.

Instead, the girl pulls her fingers from her opening, moaning with disappointment and delight. It is disappointment because of the emptiness following the very brief penetration. It's a delight because of the wet slurping of her imaginary lover's length nestling against her crotch. Unsteadily, she reaches for the corner of the page, her slick digits staining the paper upon turning it.

Jake kneels between her outstretched legs. He catches Sarah's eyes with his. There he sees the hot embers of her passion. He takes his rigid member in hand to rub the swollen head along her slick folds. She looks into his eyes as he teasingly pushes his hardness against her. Then he enters, sliding his full length into her with a single stroke. He begins to slowly thrust himself into her. As he begins to pick up the pace she begins to moan, crying unintelligible words.

The passage plays through Emily Elizabeth's mind several times. The imagery captures her again, pushing her fantasies aside for the moment. She pictures the perfectly formed cock slipping between Sarah's wet folds to rub up and down, spreading her freshly pooled juices over the swollen tip. He presses a little farther in, for only a moment, feeling the tightness of her body kissing the slick head before pulling up between her folds to rub against her little clit. Emily Elizabeth's fingers touch the cockhead between her legs, twirling around it as if it were Jake's. He would jerk and then settle in with a groan at her touch. In her mind's eye she sees his manhood sliding inch by glorious inch into Sarah's special place. She loves him in return as equally as he loves her. Emily Elizabeth's fingers pause on her fake prick for a moment, considering this piece of the story, the part of it that she likes the most.

Firmly, she grasps the head of the toy, rubbing its hard surface back and forth across her snatch. She wants him inside her with a sudden ferocity that takes her by surprise. But she knows with absolute certainty that Jake wouldn't give her his cock, at least not yet. He would enjoy tormenting her, knowing he has her to the point of pleading for it and deliberately withholding it long enough to drive the girl even more wild. So she slips a finger into her folds, brushing it against her clit. Gasping, she raises her hips, her mind once again returning to the image of Jake's cock burrowing into Sarah's cunt. Her hand is glistening and visibly shaking. She turns the page, but she has read through this story too many times. She knows the words, the actions, yet she has to read on. The girl is too deeply in need of an orgasm, too focused on her arousal to pause anywhere.

"There it is," Jake whispers. "It's what you want from me."

"I want you inside me," Emily Elizabeth hears herself say, forgetting for a moment that she is the only one in the room.

Jake easily picks her up, and without losing their connection, sits her on his lap. Her hands grasp his shoulders firmly, her hips instinctively knowing to move in slow circles, grinding her engorged clit against his flesh as his prick thrusts up between them. He takes her smooth face in his strong hands, pulling her lips to his. Their mouth connect, tongues searching, teasing. His fingers run through her hair.

Ghostly hands on her hips urge Emily Elizabeth upward. Here it comes, what the girl wants more than anything in this moment, even more than an orgasm. She wants to feel him sliding deep inside her until there is nothing but his hips and hers. His manhood slips through the wet embrace of her folds until the tip is all that is nudging between them. The girl sits there a moment, poised over the wicked toy, firmly calling to mind a body to go with the rigid prick.

Her hips move in slow circles. The motion makes the head bury itself a bit more deeply inside her until she can feel only the bumpy shaft with her fingers. Finding her clit again, Emily Elizabeth starts to slowly rub, just enough to make her entirety twitch with excitement, but not enough to make her climax. Slowly, inch by inch, the firm shaft drills deep into the heat of her snatch. The girl pictures Jake and his lover in the story again, feeling the hands of the man on her body. The naked body of Sarah riding the hard, taut body of him shifts through her mind. Her pussy sighs at the image, swallowing another inch of the cock lodging itself within. She doesn't mind sharing if that's what it means to have this passion. She considers how it might feel to have her breasts caressed by caring hands. Twisting herself slowly back and forth, Emily Elizabeth teases the hardened tip of her nipple with her palm. She shivers, imagining Jake doing it.

The girl's legs are starting to quiver from the strain of holding her up, so she braces a wet hand on the bottom post of the bed. She knows what is coming next. Jake is going to give her what she needs. Her hands pull away from her clit again, finding the page with accuracy that is surprising considering how aroused she is. She flips the paper, slowly turning the page. The words are there, black print on yellowed paper, the passage in full view for her excitement.

He takes her firmly by her hips, moving her body over his manhood, pleasing her both as he thrusts deeply inside her. With each thrust, she feels his flesh brush across her straining clit. Jake's hands roam over her body, gripping her soft, firm ass, pushing her further onto his cock. Sarah throws her head back, moaning like a siren upon the rock. The man swiftly leans into her exposed breasts. His hot, rough tongue finds the turgid nipples as he feels her pleasure rising within her. He sucks hard at her, flicking his wet tongue over each in turn.

"You want my cock?" Jake asks her smoothly, his voice rumbling through the girl's imagination.

"Oh yes," Emily Elizabeth hisses.

Jake takes his lover's hips in his hands, gripping them firmly to hold her steady for his initial thrust. The girl can feel him take a deep breath as she does, and they hold it together, preparing for that first heavy thrust. As her eyes blurrily take in the next line, she shoves her hips downward, taking the dildo all the way into her body a little awkwardly, almost painfully, yet so fully aroused that she lets out a squeak of delight. It almost slips out as a cry, but she manages to remember exactly where she is and who might hear. Her fingers immediately find her pussy to caress the flesh that is stretching around the prick impaling her so fully.

"I love the feeling of your dick," the girl tells him, feeling a little silly the moment she realizes that he isn't there. But the words make her more aroused, the dirty talk makes her feel like she is in control of her destiny. She likes to admit that how much she likes being penetrated, how much she likes being penetrated by him. Leaning forward, she rocks her hips back and forth in an exaggerated humping motion, using the footboard as a means of stability. She wants to scream her pleasure, but she just gasps instead. Leaning back, she thrusts her chest out, mimicking Sarah, being Sarah.

Jake plucks at her nipples in her imagination before gently massaging her breasts with his strong hands, murmuring his appreciation of them. Emily Elizabeth flicks at her clit, making it stand as tall and proud as her nipples are. In her mind's eye, Jake's hands are everywhere on her body, feeling and caressing every possible inch of her that he can reach. He touches her where she needs it the most, teasing her where she wants it most. His hands rove over her nipples again, rubbing them with the fingers wet from her snatch. It's almost as if a mouth is sucking on them. It's almost as if she can feel what Jake's hungry lips have done to Sarah's breasts countless times.

The girl's pussy shudders around the cock buried deep inside, her muscles flaring and then refitting

themselves to the contours of it. She feels them squeezing, almost painfully outlining the cool silicone that doesn't give like a man's cock ought to. Her hips jerk reflexively, rocking her firmly onto the shaft. Her eyes water from the effort it is taking her to hold back her orgasm as she reads on. Jake's voice rumbles through her mind, making her quiver, reading the erotic words to her until she just wants to melt all over him.

Her body convulses. "I'm almost there," she says. "Just a little more." And then she climaxes. She howls with primal abandon as it washes over her. Each wave of passion forcing her hips to slam firmly on his deeply embedded prick. She collapses onto his chest while riding out the rest of her orgasm.

Emily Elizabeth's body is held poised at the orgasm Sarah is thrown wildly into. She wants to join the woman. She can almost hear Jake urging her to. Panting, she grabs the footboard, the angled edges biting into her palms. It is almost time for her to climax, but she doesn't want to do it with her. She wants to orgasm with him. She is so ready, already her juices are leaking profusely past the cock buried inside her, pooling under her ass and onto the blanket. The scent of fresh pussy is strong in her nostrils. She wonders if Jake can smell it. No doubt he can smell Sarah's. Emily Elizabeth imagines how much of her warm juices pour from her, smearing and staining his legs. Cooing, the girl rocks faster on the cock, jiggling her hips from side to side, back and forth. The only thing preventing the orgasm building up inside is her finger waiting just above her clit.

Jake's voice murmurs in her ear. His hot breath sends shivers racing down her spine to her nipple and then lower. Her pussy hums around his manhood. She lifts herself up and slams back down firmly onto his rigid pole. Hissing between her teeth at the unbelievable pleasure of it, all while trying to remain as quiet as possible so not to awaken her parents, she does it again. The bed squeaks in protest, but she ignores it, listening only to his urging voice. Jake wants her to orgasm. She feels it and she almost gives it to him. She nearly touches her clit. Instead, the girl grabs onto the book as if it is her lifeline. Her entire hand is soaked with her juices, her fingers wrinkled from being wet. She'll probably not be able to read the book again.

Just as she comes down, Jake spins her around onto her hands and knees. He swiftly enters her dripping snatch and begins to pound in through her sweet channel like a drill boring into the side of a mountain. He grabs two handfuls of her soft ass, pulling the woman close as he nears his own climax. Looking down to watch his steady length disappearing inside her, he views her tight bud. Slowly, he shoves a wet thumb into her backdoor, watching both thumb and cock as they take her. It becomes too much, even for him. Jake pulls himself from her dripping snatch and bellows. His hot ejaculate pours out all over her ass and back. Spurt after spurt of his seed bathes her ass, dripping down into her already drenched twat.

Emily Elizabeth wants to throw herself onto the floor and offer him whatever he wants, but he isn't here, only the specter of him. The most frustrating part is how much she needs him to be here, to rescue her from her life. She almost hates him for depriving her of his cock. The girl slams her hips down onto the chair again, smacking the mattress wetly before she settles into a rocking motion that is a lot quieter. She continues to read. Jake is going to make her climax, even without his cock. The image of Jake and Sarah are gone. All that is left is the image of Jake and her, locked in the primal embrace of cock and pussy.

Suddenly, with an intensity that borders on burning, he shoves his thumb into her ass. Emily Elizabeth shrieks, feeling her tight, unused hole gobble up that welcomed intruder. She twists her ass, sucking as much of the wiggling digit into it as she can. He jerks his prick from her snatch and the hot spray of his ejaculate coats her ass and back, dribbling between her cheeks and into her gaping folds. The girl is suddenly and completely aware of the full length of her sheath and the shaft

buried wetly inside it. There is a moment of clarity. All time seems to stop and she is staring at the precipice of eternity. Then the stars implode in her eyes. The world spins. She cannot do anything except scream soundlessly. Her orgasm slams through her, her body arches off the bed and then slams right back down taking the full length of his erection in one tightly squeezed impaling. Emily Elizabeth opens her eyes and tries to focus on the book. The final words are comforting, something to focus her attention on.

They laugh together as they launch into a series of kisses. "That was nice," Sarah says, her eyes gleaming. "Jake honey, I can feel the sun. Tell me about it."

Jake slides behind his lover, wrapping his arms around her as they lock their fingers together. "It's as big as it is warm," he whispers. "Nothing escapes its light. It is bright beyond words and almost as beautiful as you are."

"I love you, Jake."

"I love you back."

The final words are comforting. She committed them to memory so long ago that there is no need to read them. She looks up, out her window just in time to see a shooting star. Closing her eyes, she makes her wish. Opening them again, the night sky has returned to normal. Jake is gone from her most intimate imagination. She lifts her hand up to shove her hair out of her face, her dripping fingers trailing her juices across her forehead and cheeks. Unfortunately on the farm showers are not a luxury. She sighs, slipping off the well-worn toy and shoves it back beneath her pillow. The ragged book goes right back into her nightstand drawer. Before turning out the light she thinks about her wish. If it came true, what would she do?

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## **Chapter One**

Time on a farm is irrelevant. At least it is when it comes to the outside world. On a farm it matters only in the sense that there is work to be done. Sleep comes shortly after the sun sets and morning when it rises. Then it's time to feed the animals, mend broken fences and check on the crops. When the sun hits high in the sky then it is time for lunch. Other than that time is irrelevant. There is not even a clock on the wall in the house.

For Emily Elizabeth time is relevant because time marks the passing of her life here on the farm. Just three more years and she will be free to do as she pleases, free to leave this place to see more of what there is in the world. She has visited other farms, but besides them and town, she has never been anywhere else. There has never been a vacation taken, never even a visit to a relative's house. And as far as men go, she doubts any that she has fucked even know who she is. If they do, they certainly haven't told her father about their coming and goings. Sometimes she almost wishes one of them would say something. With a sigh, the girl dumps the rest of the slop into the trough for the hogs.

She looks over the fence at the piglets. They were born only weeks ago, so they are still cute little creatures trapped in a small place, looking out to the world beyond that is just out of reach, much like her. She thinks of Charlotte's Web and that little pig Wilbur. He managed to live happily in his little world, but Emily Elizabeth isn't like Wilbur. She can never be happy staying stuck in hers. She pushes off the fence and turns around. And this is when she sees the most beautiful man she has



ever seen. Crazy he looks just as she imagines what Jake looks like.

The man is standing next to her father and another of the farm hands. He steals a glance at her, but it is quick and goes unnoticed by the other two men. Shyly, Emily Elizabeth ducks behind the fence post, trying to conceal herself while stealing away glances at him. It is uncanny the way he looks just as she imagined him to look. But it can't be Jake. There is no way he could just magically come to life. Unless he *is* real. She thinks back to that small print at the beginning of each book about the characters and events and blah blah ... could Jake have been based off some real life guy? Could this be him and he just so happens to end up on the farm a few weeks after she wished upon a star?

The girl blushes and smirks at her own thoughts. Wishing upon a star. Now she is thinking like some little girl believing in the magic that one company wants everyone to believe in. She may not have seen any of the movies, and she may not be up to date with the current pop culture, but she has read the books, at least those her parents would by her outside their select classics. But what if it is true and what if her wish has been granted? Feeling the heat rising in her cheeks as well as the burning between her thighs, she peers around the post. And right as she does, the man catches her gaze again. This time he smiles. The smile is brief and miraculously goes unnoticed by her father and the other man.

With curiosity on her side, Emily Elizabeth wants to get a closer look at this mystery man. She needs to see him up close. She needs to hear his voice to see if it too is like she imagined. Most of all, she doesn't need her father or her mother to see her doing it. So she places the bucket on the ground softly and slips around to the other side of the pen. It takes her a little maneuvering and a bit of time, but luckily when she gets a respectable distance from the man, the trio is still there. Her father is giving him instructions, telling the man to listen to what Randy, the other farm hand tells him to do. Unfortunately with her father doing all the talking, it's not giving the man a chance to speak and thus depriving her from hearing his voice. It doesn't stop the girl's imagination from running wild though.

She imagines sitting in her favorite spot, beneath the large oak tree just a way up from the main barn. From there she has a view of the entire farm. In the summer it is a great place to get out of the heat. In the winter she can usually avoid the chilling winds that roll through from the valley. It is a hearty tree, one that she is sure her father would have built a tree house in if she were a boy. In a way she wishes she were born a boy because she knows she would be treated a little differently yet at the same time she is glad she wasn't. Because she is a girl, her father doesn't work her as hard as he does the men that work for him. If she were a boy, he probably wouldn't need so much help. And of course that doesn't stop her mother expecting her to help with all the household chores. About the only chore she doesn't do is the cooking. For some reason she just hasn't been able to pick up on that. And it's not for her mother's lack of trying either. She knows she has to learn it to become a good wife, but maybe that's the reason why she hasn't.

Seeing the man up close, Emily Elizabeth has a better look at his clothes. He is wearing blue jeans and a short sleeved shirt. It is plain white, but seeing the farm hands time and again she knows it won't stay white for very long. She sees herself sitting under that big oak tree, sipping on lemonade. She catches his eye. Even though she is young, she looks old enough. The girl is certainly attractive with her long, blonde hair and large chest, which she takes after her mother. She has the pitcher off to one side, nearly full of the pale yellow liquid. He approaches her with his charming smile, just like he did to Sarah upon meeting her in the coffee shop for the first time. "Hi there," he says. "Mind if I have a glass of that?"

The girl looks up, smiles and says, "I have something else for you as well." She stands up and

removes her panties from beneath her floral sundress. He starts to say something about what it is she is doing, but she quickly places her finger to his lips. "Don't be shy," she tells him, mimicking his first words to Sarah on their first time together. Then dropping to her knees, she unbuttons his pants, pulls down his boxers and grips his floppy cock.

Admiring it for a moment, Emily Elizabeth thinks about the many pricks she has had in her mouth or in her cunt over the last few years. She had lost her virginity at twelve in an alley behind the feed store in town to Old Man Brown. He was seventy-two at the time. She isn't sure if he is still alive or not, but she was certainly a treat for him. She doesn't like cocks that are too big or too small, and luckily Jake's is just right. It feels good in her hand, as if it was meant just for her. And maybe it is made just for her, but she has to share it with Sarah. With a shrug, she puts it in her mouth.

Jakes is fully erect in seconds and she is tempted to suck him off just to taste him, but then she thinks otherwise. Emily Elizabeth takes him out of her mouth, stands up and then turns to lean against the tree. The bark is rough against her breasts, scratching at her nipples through the dress, making her nipples hard and sending twitches of pleasure down through her belly to her core. She hikes up her sundress over her waist, using it as an invitation for him to enter. Her snatch is dripping with anticipation as she urgently whispers, "Fuck me."

She feels him move against her ass and lean over her as his manhood finds purchase and hauls itself onto her slippery entrance. The girl moans softly and he begins to thrust in and out of her. She reaches down to begin play on her clit like fingers on a banjo. He cups her breasts, taking over for the tree, pinching her nipples as the pace of their fucking speeds up. She doesn't want it to be quick, not with all she has built up in her imagination, but she knows that it has to be. Beneath the grand oak there is shade, but not cover to hide their activities. And where she can see the entire farm from the vantage point, anyone else can see them too. Her orgasm hits like a tidal wave, and when she places her mouth on her arm to stifle the urge to scream out with pleasure she hears him groan and feels him shudder. In response, she squeezes down on his cock, feeling his contractions as he ejaculates inside her. It is just like the first time he did so in Sarah inside the restroom of the coffee shop.

Quickly she is ripped from the fantasy by her father's words. "There are two things I will not tolerate around here," the man is saying harshly, his tone full of warning. "I will not have any of my hands looking at my wife and daughter or any touching of them. Do you understand me?" He glares at the man before him.

It is now of all times the Emily Elizabeth notices the man isn't wearing a cowboy hat or boots. Every farm hand that has ever come through her has worn those two articles.

"I understand," the man says with a nod. He sounds just like she imagined he would! "I wouldn't even think of such an action against another man wife or daughter, sir."

"Good," her father says. "I won't take kindly to a man doing so. Now we have wasted enough time squandering daylight." He turns to the other farm hand and says, "Randy, show Rick Blackburn here where he's gonna sleep."

Randy nods his agreement and turns toward the large red barn. "Com'on. It's a little drafty, but it's got plenty of hay."

When Rick turns away from her father, he catches sight of Emily Elizabeth hiding behind the tractor, her hand wedged abstractedly in her pants. She blushes hard, her eyes locked with his, unmoving until he can no longer maintain it as to not draw suspicion from her father.

## Chapter Two

Over the next few days Emily Elizabeth tries to keep a straight head about the new farm hand, Rick. The thought of him being here, looking so much like how she imagined him to and sounding the same, makes her head spin. He has to be who the writer described, but of course his name wouldn't be Jake. She completes her chores as quickly as she can, making sure that they are done correctly. Any mishap will bring her father's belt and draw suspicion. And when she finishes she takes whatever opportunities to watch Rick at work, admiring the way he works, how his muscles flex. And when she isn't able to watch or he is off on an errand, she sits beneath her tree, dreaming about him.

On this particular day, Rick is not on the farm. Her father has sent him out on another errand. These errands make it so the family doesn't have to go to town unless it is really necessary. That is unfortunate because Emily Elizabeth cannot satisfy her needs and Rick isn't around to fantasize over. So with nothing left to do she takes a nap, waiting for his return. It isn't long before the girl is awakened from her dreamy sleep by a loud neighing. The barn is large and full of horses and they are usually quiet. But none of the farm hands or her parents is rushing to investigate. Seemingly being the only to hear the horse's complaint, Emily Elizabeth thinks she better go investigate.

She frowns at her situation. The dream she was having is the same one she always has. No matter how much experience she gains from the men in town, she always seems to default to the fantasy in the book. But that is not the problem. The problem is she is highly aroused by the dream—a dream she wasn't able to finish. She runs a hand under her braless shirt to caress her breasts. She briefly considers masturbating, but decides it too risky. At the rate the horse is neighing, someone is bound to hear and investigate and then they might see her. Instead she climbs to her feet to see what the fuss is all about.

The girl runs down the hill to the barn and opens the door. One of the new stallions is kicking his stall and neighing loudly. She knows it is new because she has not seen it before. Her father deals a lot with horses, always buying and selling. No horse ever really stays long on the farm. When something like this happens, usually one of the hand calms the horse down by talking to it and brushing its coat. Emily Elizabeth doesn't usually get to work much with the horses because her father says that girls really need to know how to keep house rather than work the farm. Unfortunately being his only child and a girl she has other responsibilities of farm work.

She grabs a brush and carefully goes into the stall. She has watched more than she has participated in, but it is enough. The only problem with her being unfamiliar to the horse is its size. The stallion is big enough to hurt her if he rams into her. Emily Elizabeth begins speaking soothingly to the beast while she begins stroking its coat with the brush. The horse quickly calms down, but remains slightly jumpy. Continuing to stroke its coat, the girl works her way down the side of its body. And as she approaches its hindquarters she gasps with surprise. The stallion has an enormous erection hanging from its belly. "Oh fuck," she mutters. Seeing something like this in person is almost unbelievable. She has never seen anything like it. Of course she isn't stupid, she knows most animals have a penis, especially horses, but she has never seen one hard on a horse.

She continues to brush the animal's coat, working up a sweat in doing so. And try as she might, she cannot get the sight of that huge cock out of her mind. This is all she needs is to see a huge cock when she is already so aroused. Of course doing anything with a horse is just disgusting, or so she wants to tell herself. As the sweat pours down her chest, she decides to cool off a little. She removes her shirt to pour some water over her head and body from the horse's water trough. She doesn't

have to worry about anyone seeing her, her father has made sure of that—at least if they want to keep their job and their life.

The cold water feels good and her nipples stand up like pencil erasers. The stallion becomes agitated again because she has stopped her brushing. He bucks and whinnies loudly in protest. Emily Elizabeth rushes back to calm him down. She cannot help but look under his belly again. If anything the thing is now bigger than before. ‘Oh, you poor thing,’ she coos. “You’re as horny as I am.” She begins brushing the beast’s lower belly, crouching down to reach. The horse’s huge member bobs only inches from her face. Still a bit jumpy, the horse dances a step toward the girl, knocking her off balance. She reaches out to keep from falling and catches herself by holding onto the large, hard cock of the stallion.

Emily Elizabeth is instantly embarrassed, yet she doesn’t let go after she regains her balance. She just cannot help but notice that her hand fits hardly more than halfway around the big horse cock. She also notices the stallion has quit fidgeting and is acting a lot calmer than before. *Maybe this is good for the horse.* Being an animal lover—and who wouldn’t be growing up on a farm—she likes to help animals. She slowly begins to caress the big cock with her hand. Dropping to her knees, Emily Elizabeth wraps a second hand around the monster and begins tugging in earnest.

The horse dips its head a few times as if giving his approval, blowing out air from its nose. “You like that, don’t you?” the girl whispers, continuing to stroke the animal. She briefly considers stopping now before she gets carried away, but her arousal wins over her caution. “Fuck, why not?” she murmurs. “You seem to be enjoying this.” She quits stroking the huge members for a moment to take off the rest of her clothes.

Now fully naked, Emily Elizabeth moves under and in front of the beast so that she is looking right at the huge head. With one hand stroking, she drops the other hand to her pussy, finding it soaked. At least she has found a distraction from her fantasies and Rick—although she really cannot believe it. *Awesome job, I’m so horny that I’m getting turned on by a fucking horse.* She rubs her hand over her cunt using her fingers to find her clit. She feels a flush rise to her cheeks and a familiar warm sensation in her twat when she rubs the outside of it while continuing her efforts on the horse.

The big prick is fully engorged by the time Emily Elizabeth sinks her finger in her snatch. “Oh shit...” she breathes when the pleasure starts to mount. Lost in her lust, the girl tries to stuff the huge tool into her mouth. She can just barely fit the thick head in. She begins licking and sucking on the big animal, adding a second digit to her pussy. She is getting so very aroused that it doesn’t help her out much. She has to literally concentrate on relaxing her jaw so she can fit barely a few inches of it in. Because of the concentration, her hand in her crotch has stopped while the opposite is a blur on the bulging shaft in an effort to help coax it in.

Her actions on the stallion are greater than her efforts with her own snatch and she can feel herself starting to crest. When she goes over the edge it is better than the last time she used her toy. She moans around the mouth full of horse cock while riding out her orgasm. Being caught naked wouldn’t be so bad on her. The farm hand that would find her probably wouldn’t say a word. But being seen naked with her mouth full of horse cock could spell doom for her and praise for the man that finds her. Right now though, she couldn’t care less.

Finally, the orgasm begins to subside and she puts her hands to her breasts. Her fondling doesn’t last as she cannot fight the urge to treat the animal like a lover. She grabs the stallion’s cock at the base with both hands and starts using long, slow strokes while trying to stuff as much of the rigid pole into her mouth as she can. But after nearly a minute, Emily Elizabeth feels undulations

beginning in the big cock.

She pulls her mouth away just as the first spurt of cum shoots from the thing. She is too late to prevent the big gush of horse cum from blasting into her mouth though. The force of the second blast would probably knock her backward onto her ass if it isn't for the fact that she is gripping the massive thing with both hands. As a result, it hits her square in the face, soaking her. Rivulets of horse cum run down her face and onto her breasts and belly. She turns her head as the next spurt comes. It too hit her in the head, this time on the side of it. Her long, blonde hair becomes soaked as if dosed with conditioner. She lowers the big prick so the next spurts can shoot over her bobbing chest. Her breasts too are soon totally covered in horse cum.

Emily Elizabeth drops to her ass on the hay, holding her legs in the air to let the last remaining spurts of cum soak her pussy and ass. The giant thing finally quits vomiting and the girl reluctantly lets go of it. She looks down at herself and laughs. She cannot believe what she has just done, and as a result, she is covered from head to snatch in horse cum. "Mother fuck," she whispers to herself. "How am I going to clean this up?"

A second later a towel lands on her lap. "I never seen anyone calm a horse like that before," Rick's voice says from behind her.

Emily Elizabeth quickly jerks her head around, her body partially turning to follow. But there is no one there. There is no Rick or anyone else. It's just her and the horses.

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Chapter Three

"Do you think you can stand there and behave?" Emily Elizabeth asks Rick, trailing her fingers across his bare chest. She still cannot believe that this is her Jake. "Can you watch without moving?" she asks, her hand slipping lower, tantalizingly close to his hardness which twitches in anticipation. "I want to show you my appreciation for all you have done for me."

"I can do as you instruct," he says stoically, the stain in his voice and desire behind his eyes betrays his uncertainty.

Trusting his word, Emily Elizabeth moves to her bed and makes herself comfortable. Holding his gaze, she inches the hem of her nightgown higher, slowly crossing her legs she can catch a glimpse of her teenage pussy. "Tell me what you want to see," she commands, slipping the tops of her gown from her shoulders, exposing her bare breasts.

"You are sexy," Rick sighs. "Spread your legs. Show me how wet Blackie made you today."

Leaning back in the bed, the girl stretches, raising her arms above her head. A twisting movement ripples through her body, working her hips deeper into the mattress, pushing her thighs further apart. Her arms to fall slowly from above her head with her elbows out and fingers running through her long, blonde hair. Eventually her hands snake toward her knees. She closes her eyes and opens her mind to the experience ahead. Then trailing those fingers up her thighs toward her pussy, Emily Elizabeth opens her eyes and pauses to confirm that Rick is still maintaining her place across the room.

As she parts her slick folds, a sigh slips from the man's mouth, echoing her own. "Well?" the girl demands, waiting for his net instruction.

Licking his lips as his eyes roam over her exposed body, Rick pauses for a moment before saying, "Tease yourself. Show me how you turn yourself on. I want you on the edge of losing control."

Leaning across the bed to her night stand, Emily Elizabeth pulls open the drawer and takes a moment to consider if she should reveal her worn out toy to the man. She may as well; she has used it many times when masturbating to the story that he is in. Well, not him, but the character that is modeled after him.

Closing her eyes and savoring the sensation of the tip, the girl draws slow circles up her arm and across her chest. She pretends that it is him, running his plump cock along her flesh. Feeling her nipples stiffen, she twists the first one and then the other, thrilling at the jolt of pleasure that shoots through her.

"Tell me how that feels," Rick suddenly says, breaking the cold silence.

To answer him, Emily Elizabeth leans forward a little and draws the fake cock up her inner thigh. This is playing out just like the story that she has practically memorized. There is no sense changing the narrative. With the toy in hand, she moves her hand lazily across her thigh, watching as his pupils dilate in response to her silence. Relishing the expression on his face at her defiance, the girl slowly parts her folds, wetting the tip of the toy before slipping up toward her clit.

"Tell me how it feels," he demands a second time.

"Mmm, good," she replies, the words falling from her lips as if she were Sarah. But if Rick is the model for Jake, then she is the model for his lover. It only makes sense this fairytale plays out this way. "Here," she says. "Hold out your hand." Rick complies, but instead of handing over the toy as he expects, Emily Elizabeth grabs his wrist and slides the silicone cock across his palm.

As she pulls her hand away, he lifts his to take a deep breath, taking in her aroma. "I absolutely love the way you smell."

"Right now, that is all you're going to get of me," the girl replies, returning to gratifying herself with the toy. "Well, for now at least." She presses the cockhead against her clit, again imagining that it is the tip of his prick instead, and begins to work it in circles, savoring the swell of sensation building inside her. Wanting to take the feeling deeper, she slips it inside.

Seeing Rick clench and unclench his fists, his arms rigid at his sides while he fights the need to stroke himself is such a delight. Emily Elizabeth is tempted to forgo the appetizer and go right for the main course as she is not entirely certain either of them can hold out. After having him that first time, she needs him again. Idly she wonders if she can make him ejaculate without either of them touching him, but her mind quickly slips back to her own pleasure.

The girl focuses first on the feeling humming deep inside her, stimulated by the thickness of the dildo. She pulls it out to tease her clit before shoving it back in, taking nearly all of it. She does this over and over after just a few thrusts, feeling the waves of pleasure starting to build into something bigger. Seeing Rick's hands instinctively move toward his twitching member, she pauses, sighing with barely disguised frustration, slipping the toy from her pussy for the last time.

"No! Don't stop," he pleads. "I need to see you cum."

"Hush!" she whispers harshly. "You don't want my parent to hear, do you?" When he shakes his head, she continues, "I can only go on if you can resist touching yourself." In the book he has the will

to watch his lover play with herself for him, but he has to right the urge to touch himself, trying to share in her delight.

The man's whole body goes rigid and upright. His prick throbs fiercely. He nods, unable to speak through his tightly clenched teeth. Sighing, Emily Elizabeth closes her eyes as she slips the toy back into her twat. Her muscle reflexively tightens around it, pulling it deeper. The dildo presses firmly against her clit as she thrusts it in and out, quickly taking her to the edge and so she lessens the pressure a little, wanting to hover on the brink of orgasm, feeling the pulsing of ecstasy building deep inside her. But a few more thrusts is all she can stand before finally tipping herself over the edge and surrendering to the intense waves of rapture rushing through her veins, awakening every nerve ending to leave her weak and speechless.

"You are beautiful when you cum," Rick says, the words floating to her across the fog of her ebbing orgasm.

Emily Elizabeth slowly opens her eyes, ready to slip from the bed to kiss him when from outside, in the complete darkness, she hears the whining of a horse.

Her eyes fly open. The room is cast in complete darkness save for what little light the quarter moon is casting through her window. The dream was an odd one, right out from the pages of the book, but some things were different. The sound of a horse whining is certainly not in it. The sound comes again, and this time she bolts upright, her blankets falling to her waist. Could it be Blackie? *And how in the hell do I know his name?*

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## Chapter Four

Emily Elizabeth slips across the cold landscape between her house and the big, main barn. There is a slight chill in the air, one of those rare cold nights that come in the spring like the last fingers of winter are trying desperately to cling on to existence. With a light blanket covering her shoulders, she pulls open the barn door and steps inside. Her fingers find the switch for the lights. She then flicks them on.

Her eyes dart around the barn, looking for any signs of one of the farm hands or some little animal scurrying about like a raccoon or opossum. There is nothing but horses and hay and her. She looks at each stall, seeing each dark. The girl already knows which horse is making the noise, though it is quiet now. One by one, her eyes move and settle, move and settle, until they settle of the single stall with a horse head poking out of it ... Blackie.

She still doesn't know how she knows the horse's name. Maybe she heard on of the farm hand's say it. Maybe her father mentioned it at the table. It doesn't really know where she heard it. Emily Elizabeth just knows she did. What she does find weird is her sudden attraction to the stallion. In all the opportunities she has had in town, there were those same opportunities here all along. Whether man or beast, she gets her sexual needs filled, right? Of course it cannot be right sucking a giant horse cock to completion but she did it anyway, and now she is hear again. It wasn't the whiny of the horse that lured her from her warm bed, it was something else. Normally she could be content with her dreams of Jake or now Rick, but she feels compelled to be here instead.

The girl is so confused. She needs time to think. She needs to clear her head. And she needs to do it now, because without thinking about it, Emily Elizabeth finds herself naked with the stall door open, standing right next the big, black beast. She questions her situation, random disorganized thoughts rumbling around like a pinball in a game bounce around in her head. She shakes it clear, hoping up



into the saddle and bounding for the door. Out they fly, the barn door crashing open. She doesn't care if the noise wakes her parents or the farm hands, she is free. Out past the large oak tree she rides. Out past the fence built to keep in any stray cattle or horses they bound past. Out into the greater pasture into the soft moonlight of the quarter moon she glides upon the back of her magnificent steed.

She wishes she could just ride forever, leave her whole life behind. She isn't abused or mistreated; she's just denied the world and everything in it. Being fifteen, many wouldn't think of her as intelligent as someone twenty-five or as attractive as someone eighteen, but she is both. She has a warm, inquisitive curiosity about life. Eventually she slows Blackie down to tread along at a slow pace. With only a quarter moon the landscape is fairly dark. It seems far more peaceful with it being darker, almost primordial. Her breasts sway with each step the horse takes and her nipples are growing, erect not only from the slight chill but from the friction with her nightgown. She is becoming wet from the steady and constant rhythm of the stallion's steps. And soon, Emily Elizabeth is yearning for sexual contact.

She opens the blanket up and reaches up to her breast, squeezing the nipple, deciding in that moment to find a quiet place to dismount and pursue physical pleasure. Her mind is still on Rick, but it is maybe more unconsciously on Blackie. There is a small pond for the horses and cattle to drink from and bathe in not far from where she is now. She guides the steed over to it, getting off to let him drink. She takes off his saddle and bridle, letting him have some freedom to roam. The girl looks around, maybe a little paranoid that with the noise of her leaving might have triggered her father or one of the hands to follow her, but it is fairly dark, the pond pretty secluded and there is definitely nobody following her.

Now there is a chill in the air, but it is not as bad down here by the pond, besides the way she feels, all hot from her arousal then and now, the chill doesn't really bother her all that much. So she takes off her nightgown, letting it crumple into a pile on the cool, green grass. Running her hands down her belly to her thighs, Emily Elizabeth parts her leg, and thus her folds to reveal the moist pinkness of her pussy. Slipping a finger deep inside her, she slowly rubs her clit with a second. If she wasn't hot from arousal before, she certainly is now.

Emily Elizabeth looks around to make sure Blackie hasn't wandered off and finding that he is watching her with an intensity that surprises her. She walks over to him and scratches him between the ears. Blackie in turn sniffs her breasts. She may have had her dreams mentioning her fun with the horse before, and she may have well enjoyed what had happened, but she certainly cannot do it again. Besides, the girl is more interested in human men with normal cocks—men like Rick Blackburn. Yet as she stands here, scratching the stallion, she cannot help but look, noticing the thick hose of his flaccid member flaccid hanging between his legs. She remembers just what it looked like erect. How it felt. How it tasted. How much it had turned her on.

Rubbing her hand along his back, Emily Elizabeth walks down his flank to examine his flaccidness at a closer view point. She slowly reaches under his belly to run her fingers down its rubbery length. "I can't believe I'm doing this again," she whispers to the stallion. "What's wrong with me? Why do I find your horse dick so tempting?" Blackie snorts and stamps the ground lightly. His cock grows becoming fully distended and erect. Emily Elizabeth is on fire. Her snatch burns, sending the flames of passion throughout the rest of her body. She drops to her knees and starts to slowly pump him with both hands, wanting to see how big she can make it again.

Blackie's black cock is now rock hard and just as big and magnificent as it was the first time she admired and held it. It is slowly becoming an addiction for the girl. She's not certain that doing

this—any of this—qualifies as normal. It's not like she has friends, specifically female friends that live on farms that can tell her their secrets on the matter. She releases the thoughts from her mind when a drop of slippery ooze appears from the tip of the bloated cockhead right before her. Emily Elizabeth sticks out her tongue and touches it. Immediately she is transported back to the previous day. She is caught up in the moment, lust filling her.

The stallion, like all the horses on the farm, was bathed earlier. They are bathed every day because of her father's meticulousness. He sees it as the healthier the horse, the more he can fetch from it in a sale. And to keep the horse healthy as he sees it is to ensure it is bathed every day. Now this certainly keeps the farm hands busy. Watching Rick wash a horse is definitely arousing. Emily Elizabeth can only imagine what it would be like for him to bathe her. Blackie's fresh smell and taste just carries her along in a sexual frenzy. "What would Rick think if he caught me?" she asks the horse, expecting no answer. Maybe she wants him to catch her. Maybe it would make him jealous. But why would it? "Does he even have an interest in me?" she asks the horse. "He smiled at me, but that could have just been something friendly." Blackie whinnies and stamps his foot again. "Alright, alright," she says.

Turning her attention to the massive thing in her hands, Emily Elizabeth licks all around the bulging head, running her mouth muscle down his impressive length and then back up to the tip. She parts her lips and pushes a little of the head into her mouth. Her hands resume their pumping motion and she pushes as much of the prick into her mouth as she can. Blackie's massive member begins to throb and she knows right away what is about to happen. So she removes one hand from the animal's cock and slips two fingers into her cunt. Her other hand quickens its pace.

Suddenly a huge blast of horse cum shoots into her mouth, and then another. The hot, white liquid fills her and she takes a big swallow, but it is filling her mouth faster than she can swallow it. It's like the pit at Oak Island with water filling in faster than the pumps can throw it out. Emily Elizabeth takes the massive prick tip from her mouth and gets a blast of cum in her face and heaving breasts. Another jet and she is covered. Another comes and the thick, sticky fluid drips onto the ground from the globs spilling from her rock hard nipples. If there is one thing she can admit that is remarkable is how horse can ejaculate so much!

About this time, her orgasm peaks as her pussy clamps down on the digits wiggling within it. Blackie continues to pump his gloriously thick wads of cum onto her breasts and belly. Emily Elizabeth and the stallion share their orgasms for several more moments before they both are spent. The girl's head is spinning, so she sits back to regain her balance. If he can have this effect on her, she can only imagine what would happen if she fucked him. And that is only if that is possible. Right now though, she is literally covered with sticky cum from head to pussy, just like that last time. Blackie's cock is going limp and receding back into its sheath. At least this time she has more than a trough to clean up in.

She slips into the cool pool of water of the pond and rinses herself off. The clear water feels good and helps her regain her senses. She gets out of the water and stands in the open air. Her body has cooled and as a result the cool air causes goosebumps to form all over. She ignores them, pondering her experiences with Blackie so far. She wonders what made the idea of having sex with a horse so appealing. More so, she wonders how dreaming of Jake and then upon seeing Rick, dreaming of him, turned into wicked thoughts of Blackie. Maybe it's a combination of things like her being cooped up on a farm all her life or because it is such a taboo because normal people don't fuck horses and doing something so taboo and against anything her parents makes the act more exciting. Or maybe it's just the mere sight of that enormous cock that excites her. She loves cock. It is why she loves going into town—not just to get off the farm or see something different, but to feel one in her, especially in a way she cannot get from her well used toy.

"Too bad I'll never feel your monster sliding in me," she whispers to Blackie as she slips on her nightgown. "The size of you would probably rip me a new one." As she hoists the saddle back onto the stallion's back, she says, "Well, maybe it could be done. Maybe with a lot of cum and if it goes in very slowly..." Just the idea of it being a possibility and the consideration of her actually doing it is causing her lust to stir again. She quickly pushes the notion out of her head. She has to get back to bed. If she's lucky nobody is looking for her and her parents still in bed themselves. "Maybe someday," she coos. "Maybe one day before Daddy sells you." She pats Blackie's neck, climbs on to his back and rides back toward the main barn.

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Chapter Five

After making it back to the barn last night, Emily Elizabeth put Blackie back in his stall and closed everything up. Nobody was alerted by the noise and so nobody was looking for her. The girl did her chores quickly so that she could volunteer her time with washing the horses.

"We're going into town," her mother, Mary says from the doorway upon seeing her daughter rushing over to the washing barn.

Emily Elizabeth slides to a stop, dressed in a pair of shorts and simple white shirt. She is prepared for washing today, not going into town. "But I wanted to help wash the horses," she complains in protest.

"Young lady, I said we're going into town and that means you too," her mother chides. "Since when do you not want to go into town or want to help with those horses?"

"But Mama, I always want to help with the horses," Emily Elizabeth says. "Daddy said I could."

Her mother closes the screen door and steps back inside. Emily Elizabeth knows she better not move from her spot, so she doesn't. "John!" she hears a second later. "Did you tell that girl she can play with the horses?"

"I did, Mary," her father replies. "She said she was interested in taking on a couple of chores. I figured she could learn a little more about them horses."

"I don't know why you allow that girl to do things like that," her mother rants. "Taking care of them animals ain't for no girl. She needs to learn to make a good house wife. And if she wants to take on more chores, she can take some off my hands."

"Mary, let the girl have a little fun before she's married," her father murmurs.

"Fine," Mary says with a huff, turning back to the door and her daughter. "You're the head of this house. You heard your father. But since you're not coming, we're leaving now. Get in here and take care of these lunch dishes."

"Yes ma'am," Emily Elizabeth says, dropping her head. She steals a glance at the washing barn, hoping Blackie hasn't been washed yet.

After her parent leave, she whips through the dishes—washing, drying and putting them away. She rushes to the barn and finds Rick. He is washing a mare, one of the newer ones. "Hey," she says. "I'm here to help."

Rick looks her over, but it isn't quick like the other hands usually do. This one is more lingering than anything else. He clearly likes what he sees rather than approving of her attire for the job. "Well, it's just you and me," he says. "Buddy is out fixing a fence in the south field, Jacob is busy with the sheep and the others are doing other things. I told them with your help we should be able to get these horses knocked out.

Emily Elizabeth giggles. "Yeah my dad seems to think they're like cars that need washing every day in hopes to sell them."

"Well, you never know when someone is going to want a horse," Rick says, defending her father's position on the matter.

"Have you got to Blackie yet?" she asks, frowning at the last comment.

"As a matter of fact, your father took him and a few others into town."

"He what?" she asks, almost on the verge of tears, although she really doesn't know why.

"You really must have taken a liking to that horse," Rick says, looking at her with some concern.

"Well, he a really beautiful horse," she answers, trying to make it sound like that is all it is.

"That he is," the man agrees. "Don't worry though. As far as I know there is no one interested in buying him yet. He took three others in for a delivery. Since he's the only one that hasn't seen the vet, he decided to save the vet a trip out here."

"That makes sense," she says, shrugging, but still highly disappointed. "Sometimes Daddy likes to save Mr. Brown the trip if he can."

"Well, we got lots of horses," Rick says, smiling at her. "We may as well get them knocked out before supper."

When Rick peers in, he sees Emily Elizabeth under the chestnut stallion, naked and giggling as she rubs and pulls on it descending prick. Half the beast's cock has already emerged. The man's erection twitches while he watches the girl rub the engorged horse meat between her voluptuous breasts. Tommy, one of the other farm hands is watching her, stroking his cock at the sight of her slapping the giant cock against her petite body. The horse is snorting and is getting visibly excited. Emily Elizabeth lies on her back under the beast. As soon as she spreads her legs her juices gleam in the light.

Rich shudders and enters, clearing his throat. "I've never seen anyone calm a horse like that before."

Emily Elizabeth gasps when she sees the man. His eyes are on her mound with her juicy, engorged folds hanging loose. Her eyes fall to his prick, big and hard and just as engorged as she is. She begins struggling to cover herself and get to her feet, but Tommy assures her that Rick is cool with it and just wants to watch her fuck this horse. She isn't certain about it because she doesn't want the man to not like her. *Then again, what if it turns him on watching me?* Tommy and Rick walk over to the girl as she lies there with the huge cock dangling near her face and heaving chest.

Tommy has been working on the farm for just over a year, and is probably the youngest one there.

When he is certain her father isn't around, he is always stealing a glance at her. On more than one occasion Emily Elizabeth has wanted to offer herself to him, but she made it a rule a long time ago not to mix with the farm hands. That is why she always looked forward to going into town, strange men in strange circumstances and unwillingly to say anything. On the farm, attachments can form despite her cautiousness.

Both Tommy and Rick's cocks are raging hard at the sight of her naked under the animal. She swallows hard and feels a bit more aroused knowing her crush wants to see her fuck the horse. Just the night before she entertained doing it, but she never thought she'd be lying right under a horse, ready to take its gift. It's just too bad it isn't Blackie. The men pat the horse, keeping it calm as Emily Elizabeth picks up its huge member in both her hands. She rubs the long shaft up and down, feeling the thick weight of the giant piece of meat.

"Lick it, Emily Elizabeth," Rick says lustfully, his erection jerking in his hand. His eyes are on her gaping cunt.

The girl obeys, putting her lips against the smooth horse flesh to kiss and lick a trail up and down the length of it. The men pat the horse with one hand while jerking their pricks while watching her. She jacks the horse as she kisses and licks and sucks it all over. Then she moves her head out toward both the men, reaching out for theirs as well, wanting to include them in her mischief. She begins alternately sucking and jerking Tommy's manhood, Rick's prick and the horse's meat. With the men ready to blow just at the sight of the young girl and the massive animal atop her, the horse is ready to fuck with his cock fully erect. It kind of scares her because the thing is thicker than her arm! He tramps the ground excitedly and Emily Elizabeth knows that animal is ready to penetrate a womb.

Tommy helps the girl slides down to the appropriate spot. With the horses turgid cock aimed straight out toward the prone, petite girl beneath it, he grabs it and begins teasing her with the thick meat, rubbing it all along her wet slit, making her moan with anticipation. Rick continues jacking himself at the lewd scene. Emily Elizabeth eventually takes over, taking the horse cock in both hands, jerking it hard, rubbing the head all over her pussy. She shudders as the flared tip presses against her clit. She slaps and rubs the huge prick against it while grinding her hips up at it. The men lover seeing her hips gyrating in anticipation of getting some horse meat in her, and it shows with the copious amounts of precum dribbling from the tips of their manhoods like a dog drooling over a bone.

The girl moans when she feels the huge, rubbery cockhead parting her slick lips. The animal is quite excited, already bucking its hips once it feels the warmth of Emily Elizabeth's cunt wrapping around it. Tommy steps in again to give his aid in guiding the beast into her. Her cries fill the stable and Rick jacks himself even harder at the sight before him. Soon those cries turn into wails as Emily Elizabeth feels like she is being split in two by the gigantic prick. It is almost overwhelming, the pain and pleasure mixing together like the gas in a diver's tank. Blackness probes at the edge of her vision. She groans. Her face flushes and perspiration dots her forehead. Her blonde hair mats with that sweat. Her lips hang agape with the pleasurable pain filling her loins.

The horse bucks, shoving a few more inches of its meat into her. Tommy keeps his hands on the huge shaft, guiding it in. Emily Elizabeth moans steadily as her pussy stretches around the huge invader, feeling incredibly thankful that she is covered in horse cum already as it is acting as a wonderful lubricant. Both hers and Tommy's hands are on the massive meat stick, guiding it deeper. Rick steps up to help distract the teenage girl, rubbing her nipples and clit while the horse does its job. Her moans of pleasure make both men's erections throb harder. The animal bucks at the girl

again, slow and hard, delving as deep as her womb will allow. Not even halfway embedded, there is not more room for it to travel and Emily Elizabeth has no choice but to express what she feels with a wail of orgasmic pleasure swooping through her.

Tommy jacks the horse cock steadily, pumping the large shaft that reaches so deep inside the petite teen. Emily Elizabeth is breathless, her orgasm about to explode throughout her body like a display of fireworks on New Year's Eve. Meanwhile Rick keeps a hand on his manhood and a hand on her clit. Then the girl is wailing wildly when her orgasm breaks and surges from within. Her pussy muscles clamp down around the large invading member. The horse snorts and thrusts inside one final time. She wails even louder, feeling the hot spurts of horse cum flooding her insides.

Immediately, horse cum begins leaking out of her pussy around the huge member still deeply embedded in her. Tommy gasps at the sight, his own prick nearly exploding himself. He pulls a few inches of the animal's cock out of her as it continues ejaculating, making more horse cum spill out of the girl. He keeps pulling as Emily Elizabeth squirms, feeling the spurts of cum shooting into her snatch again and again. Rick is still rubbing her clit while pumping his cock at the sight of the animal dominating the petite teen. With just the flared cockhead inside her cunt still releasing copious jets of cum inside her, Emily Elizabeth groans and cries out that she is cumming again. Excited, Rick keeps rubbing those circles on her clit as her hips bounce under the huge beast. She trembles as her climax bursts through her limbs and loins.

As her orgasm subsides, Tommy pulls the oversized cock free of her cunt. Spurts of the thick, sticky fluid leak profusely out from the huge cockhead. He aims the spurting monster at the girl's twat where Rick continues his ministrations, massaging it into the folds of her pussy.

Emily Elizabeth's eyes fly open and all she sees is darkness. Her heart is beating so hard in her chest that she feels like it is about to tear right out. Her hand is down between her thighs, feeling completely wet and sticky. Beneath her it feels like she is lying in a puddle of water. It was a dream, only a dream. Tommy isn't here, nor is Rick. And neither is the chestnut colored horse. She lies here feeling confused. She can understand dreaming of fucking a horse. The allure is there, especially after what she did with Blackie twice. But why would she think Rick or Tommy would be interested in seeing such a spectacle? What about Blackie? Why wouldn't she have dreamt of him instead of the chestnut colored horse?

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## **Chapter Six**

Getting the sheets clean isn't a challenge for Emily Elizabeth. All she has to do is take them down to the creek and wash them there. It's not like they have one of those fancy washer and dryers from the appliance store in town. About the fanciest appliance they have is the stove and refrigerator. Her father said they don't need a television and her mother said they can do without anything else but the stove and fridge. The challenge comes in the form of sneaking out the house with the bedding. Since it isn't the day for washing clothes or linens, her mother would be suspicious. So Emily Elizabeth devises of a way to work around her problem by bundling up her sheets and tossing them out the window. Satisfied, she showers and then heads down to get some breakfast.

"Good morning, young lady," her mother says upon seeing the girl. "You're running late this morning."

Emily Elizabeth looks at the table. Her father isn't in his usual place, which means only one of two things: she slept in or her father was sick. And since her father never gets sick, it means she slept in.

"Why didn't you wake me?" she asks.

Her mother grins. "I heard you tossing and turning this morning. I figured you didn't get any good sleep."

"Now I'm going to be late on my chores," the girl complains, passing the table to head for the backdoor.

"Where do you think you're going?" her mother asks sternly, staring her down.

Emily Elizabeth skids to a stop, turning to look at the woman. "I've got to get started on my chores."

"You have all day for that," the woman replies. "Breakfast is the most important of the day. Why else do you think I make it every day? Besides I know you're in a hurry to see those horses."

"But Daddy said I could help out with them," Emily Elizabeth argues.

"He may have, but it's not place for a woman," her mother counters. "The house is the place for a woman. And that means housework, not mixing with horses and those men. I'm sorry I couldn't give your daddy any boys, and I hate you have to do all that outside work. Soon you'll be a responsible woman doing what a woman is supposed to do."

"But Mama, I don't want to be a house wife like that," the girl protests.

"You sit down, Emily Elizabeth," her mother berates. "We've been through this before and we ain't going through it no more. Now eat and then you go do your chores or I'll make sure I talk to your daddy about them horses and you."

"Yes ma'am," the girl says, hanging her head low and taking a seat at the table.

Emily Elizabeth eats in silence, taking her time because if she were to rush her mother would say something about it and only delay her further. When she is finished she offers to help finish dishes even though that too slows her down, but it's the best way to apologize and draw off some of the earlier heat. By the time she gets outside to collect her linens, nearly an hour has passed. So when she finds the spot where she threw her stuff not there anymore, she was surprised but not surprised. But she does begin to panic until she hears his voice.

"I missed you helping this morning with the washing," Rick says, coming up from behind her.

Emily Elizabeth spins around, trying to compose herself before facing the man. "I slept in and had a few things to do before I start my chores."

"It's alright. A couple of the other guys took over," Rick says. "I took care of your sheets. At least I think they were yours."

Emily Elizabeth's face reddens slightly. "Yeah, I, uh..."

"They fell out of your window?" he asks jokingly. "Yeah, I've seen that happen before."

"Where did you put them?" she asks, her tone serious, showing no sign of amusement.

"I took care of them," he says. "I washed them at the creek and hung them out."

"You didn't, uh..."



"Did I notice the wetness?" he asks. "If you wet the bed sometimes, I completely understand."

The girl's face burns bright red. "I don't pee the bed. I, um..."

"Look, your secret is safe with me," the man says, dropping his voice to a whisper. "I was a boy once and I had to hide stuff from my parents too."

"But I'm a girl," she says, her whisper almost not a whisper at all.

"I've also been with some girls that made quite the mess," he says more cheerily. "Guys like messes, so no need to feel embarrassed."

"I guess so," she says, feeling quite uncomfortable.

"So, you really like Blackie?"

"Why do you say that," she answers quickly.

"Well, you were asking about him when we were washing the horses yesterday," Rick reasons. "I noticed that you seem to have taken a liking to him. Maybe you should ask your father to keep him. I can help you learn anything you don't already know."

"Daddy won't let me have a horse," she says, kicking the dirt aimlessly. "He says it's too much effort to keep horse instead of selling them. Besides, my parents don't believe a girl should ride horses."

"What about those girls that ride in rodeos?"

Emily Elizabeth grins at him. "They especially think that's wrong."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that," he says, and he sounds like he really means it. "I would tell you it's probably best not to get attached to a horse on a farm like this, but you seem like you could use a friend. Blackie is a good horse. He'll make a good friend."

"How do you know that?" she asks, her curiosity rising. Maybe, just maybe Rick is something she can confide in about her thoughts and sudden sexual urges toward the animal.

"Well, I've been around horses all my life," he says sounding proud. "I think by now I can tell when a person and a horse go together pretty well."

"And you think we go together pretty well?"

"I do."

Emily Elizabeth chews her bottom lip, looking down at the ground. "What do you ... what brought you here?"

"Well, I needed a place to go," he answers simply. "Your father was hiring, so here I am."

"I thought he was finished hiring at the end of winter," she confesses. "Usually Daddy has all the hiring done by the end of the week after Christmas."

"Well, I guess he made an exception," the man reasons. "I mean, here I am."

"Here you are," the girl echoes, smiling. Her eyes divert to his crotch momentarily. Talking with him

makes her want him just that much more. He's a bit mysterious and pretty fun to talk to. He certainly doesn't judge her, and he could after finding her laundry in the condition it was in.

"How about I help you with your chores?" he suddenly offers.

She brings her eyes up from the obvious bulge in his pants. Emily Elizabeth doesn't believe he is hard at all, and if that's the case, he is definitely packing some meat in those pants. "I don't think that's a good idea," she says when she catches his eyes.

"Why? Because your father will get made and fire me?" She nods. "Well then, we'll just have to be extra careful not to be seen, won't we?"

The girl smiles at him. At this moment she doesn't know what would be better, getting into his pants or doing like her dream, fucking Blackie. Now, if Tommy was this sweet and daring, he may have already been in hers. "Alright," she says after a moment. "But you have to promise to not get caught. I'd hate to see you have to go."

Rick smiles at her. "Don't worry. I've been at this my whole life."

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Emily Elizabeth and Rick manage to spend the whole day together without getting caught. Though the girl wished he would make a move on her, he never did. In a way she is glad for it because of her rule not to get involved with the farm hands, but in a way she is highly disappointed. She is especially disappointed in herself for not making the move herself. At least now she knows that if Tommy were anything like Rick, she wouldn't have done anything with him either.

And as she lies in her bed, with the house dark and quiet, she is confused about everything. First Rick shows up, looking exactly how she fantasized Jake would look. Then there is Blackie, one of the newest batches of horse her father bought, and she seems to not be able to get enough of the stallion's big cock. And then when she finally has all the time in the world with Rick, nothing happens. And then, even now, her mind isn't really on the day or the man as it should be, but on that beautiful beast down in the barn.

She lies there in the bed, resisting the urge to scramble out of it and race downstairs, out the door and to the barn. She wants to have the stallion in her mouth again. She wants to fulfill her dream even more. But the feeling is ominous because she isn't sure it will be like her dream or something totally different. The thought of having Rick and Tommy there could be as exciting as the dream was, yet at the same time, not having either there could be just as fun. The only thing she fears is Blackie not fitting in her. She's afraid of something going wrong and her getting hurt. She huffs, crossing her arms over her chest. She hates indecision. She hates the unknown. It's why she is still on the farm, why she hasn't run away, why she hasn't tried to manipulate her way into one of those random guy's lives. How easy would it be to go home with one of those men she gave a blow job to or let fuck her? At least she could have a leg up on escaping from here.

She fights the urge as long as she can, but ultimately her curiosity and sexual arousal has her beat out. She throws the covers aside, slips her feet over the edge of the bed and takes a deep breath. "I'll go see him and go from there," she whispers to herself. "If I suck his dick, I'll stop there unless it feels right." Then with a heavy sigh, she is on her feet, creeping through the house, down the stairs, through the backdoor, across the yard and through the barn door. And before she knows it, she is in the stall, next to the massive steed.

The girl strokes down the stallion's side as she moves toward his rear before crouching down next to

his side. She cannot believe how much she had missed his being away. Rick was a good distraction, but the moment they were separated, the thoughts and feelings for the horse came rushing back in. She looks to his shriveled cock, knowing full well that the sheath hides his enormity. His extraordinary balls hold so much of that glorious cum, and just thinking about how good she is at coaxing it out makes her wet. She frowns in disbelief at how she even sat in her bed debating to come down here tonight. She dips her head in closer to the horse's massive meat. It is clean like the horse and smells like baby oil. It is a nice touch and she can only assume Dr. Brown added it for some reason.

Before she can even reach out to draw out Blackie's hidden treasure, the horse seems to know what she is there for. The big, pink member slips out like a snake shedding its skin. Its full length hangs out stiff, massively swollen and covered in angry veins. It is like he hasn't had any relief in a long time and she is the first opportunity he has at getting it. The girl doesn't mind. If she's going to go through with it, it may as well be go big or go home. Emily Elizabeth licks her lips, feeling her mouth salivate at the sight. He looks amazingly powerful and mighty. She feels her lust rising rapidly as the rest of her body follows suit, becoming overwhelmed with heat and need.

Her hands instinctively take hold of the massive tool. She moves like she is an expert at this, like this has been her job for so long that she cannot remember when or where she began. Within seconds, she is fixated by Blackie's member as he bucks his hips into her hands. He seems more stimulated than the last couple times as if eager with what he knows she intends to try tonight. **That** isn't set in stone, not yet. Only time will tell. For now she isn't going to leave him hanging. Gently pulling the steely rod to her lips, she takes him in. What began as a challenge has started becoming easier and almost normal.

Emily Elizabeth feels so aroused, feeling as if she is somehow linked to him. It's almost like Rick is there to aid her as a distraction, to tempt her away from this magnificent beast and for her to fight for what she really wants. What she really wants is to leave the farm for good, and maybe somehow this is her ticket to do so. Feeling this way it is like he is somehow linked with her. The more aroused she is the bigger and stiffer he seems to get. As the stallion throbs and twitches wildly, Emily Elizabeth sucks harder, the taste of cum starting to run into her mouth. She has sucked many cocks over the last few years, and none seem to have tasted this sweet.

The girl is getting completely carried away with the sexual excitement. He seems to have grown so big in the last few minutes that she is amazed her mouth even fits over him. The sticky fluid flowing copiously should be her warning of something bigger coming. She has been here twice already, she knows what to expect. Yet she is like a crazed teenager having a cock in her mouth for the first time, as if it were a treat from the gods. She tossing about him, moaning with pleasure as her fairly large breasts wobbles uncontrollably in her nightgown. Blackie bucks his hips heavily while Emily Elizabeth keeps him pushed against her wide open lips, jerking him faster and faster until a massive jet of cum blasts into her mouth and face.

It is like standing under a waterfall with her mouth and eyes open. She falls back onto her ass in shock. But quickly she finds herself holding onto the horse's prick, trying to steady herself. Blackie seems happy, grunting loudly as his giant balls empty jet after jet of thick, white cum onto her feet, legs, nightgown and floor. And he seems to keep going before stopping abruptly with his cock slowly shrinking back like a floppy sausage. The girl gulps the mouthful of the thick, gooey spunk, feeling it line her throat and down into her belly while the remainder flows over her chin and onto the front of her nightgown.

Emily Elizabeth stands up, looking like a mess with her face covered in cum, not to mention the

entire front of her nightgown soaked with the vicious fluid. She pulls them off, releasing her sticky chest. There is no sense in cleaning up as she is certain she'll be right back here again. Instead, she pulls back her blonde hair, slicked with horse cum and steps back up to the stallion. Blackie stands quietly, his cock barely hanging from the sheath. He must think that it is all over for him since that is how it has been the last couple times she has visited him like this. But Emily Elizabeth is like a woman crazed with lust and desire.

Running her hand back down his side, Emily Elizabeth moves to the back of the stall. Blackie promptly follows. Being completely naked, the girl is more for the stallion's gift between his legs. She sits on the edge of a double bale of hay with her legs spread and on her tip toes. Blackie immediately located her pussy with his snout. She groans, caressing his ears as he breathes and licks at the soaking wet snatch. This, she doesn't expect. When he pulls his head back, Emily Elizabeth lifts one leg onto his side to expose herself to him. She reaches between her legs to grasp his big cock. It extends from the black sheath, the pink shaft extending toward its destination. The girl lifts it onto her belly and already it's reaching her breasts. The tip is huge and squishy, pink and angry, and while she has managed to fit it in her mouth on three occasions, she is beginning to have doubts it will fit inside her twat.

Being in this position, she feels the weight of the massive cock for the first time as it lies on her belly. It is massive and it's not yet fully erect. Gently Emily Elizabeth grasps at him, sliding her hands down along his length, sizing him up like never before. As she jerks the first foot or so, it just seems to grow even more, the pink tip wobbling around in time with her breasts. Even though she hand held it, stroked it and sucked on it, having it lying along her body, seeing how much can and cannot fit is a bit daunting but no less arousing. She thinks about how much was ever able to fit in Sarah, or how much she had ever had put in her and then how much could or would fit in her now.

She relaxes her weight onto her leg on Blackie's back. She is feeling so sexually aroused that it is unbelievable. Her pussy is literally tingling. Her nipples are hard of the toughest rock. She has goosebumps prickling at her skin like the first frost of winter. As for Blackie, the stallion's prick seems to respond and throbs harder, stiffer and bigger looming over the girl. She has even had to add her other hand just to jack him off.

Again, Emily Elizabeth is somewhere else, in another world perhaps. While she doesn't have him in her mouth, his member is already pouring out cum onto her belly and chest. She made the right decision in not cleaning up at all. The cum is so much in volume that it runs down between her legs, over her wet snatch to drip off her ass cheeks to the floor below them. Every muscle, every bone, every nerve ending in her young, petite body screams to have this massive beast in her. She continues to jerk him with both hands, her hips gently working up and down, back and forth in time with the strokes.

Somehow she is able to keep up the strokes with one hand as the other explores her body. She wants to feel the excitement on the outside, to see if it matches the inside. Her hand runs along her heaving, slick breasts before sliding down to her belly and then onward. She feels the absolute saturation of her entrance. She is soaking wet, her folds are puffy to the touch and slightly gaping as if her body somehow **knows** what to expect, what is coming. The girl moves her other leg up next to the first so that her back is on the hay and her legs onto Blackie's back. She feels comfortable now, more than ever ready. She plays with her clit, just like in her dream, but instead of Rick and Tommy being here it's just her and her ministrations.

Blackie is clearly ready and aroused beyond a need for anymore wait. Her grunts and bobs her massive hips until the front half of his body pushes up against the wall above the girl. He turns his rear hips in slightly. His cock nearly slips out of her hand when she reaches around the side of her

ass. Emily Elizabeth grasps around his shaft, right behind his fat tip to keep a grip of him. It then prods heavily against her ass, pushing her head against the stable wall. She lifts her hips to avoid the hard prodding, but then he thrusts his hips up again, searching and making contact with her entrance. And then he is still.

The girl rubs the massive end onto her soaking wet entrance, but this does not make him at all happy. He thrusts and it pushes her open, wider and wider. Emily Elizabeth has no experience here, has never read about anything like this, but she feels safe. Somehow she feels that he won't hurt her even though she is completely helpless as this huge animal squashes her onto the wall, pushing his massive member up into her overstretched cunt. The most wonderful thing about it is that she doesn't feel an ounce of pain. She didn't know what to expect, but she had mentally prepared herself for something far worse. Looking down, she sees his foreskin gathered up to her entrance, with well over a foot of his massive prick still pulsing and twitching outside her. But Emily Elizabeth is more interested in what is inside as he calms a little, stopping his fucking.

And the girl, she is like a sexual deviant, lifting her weight slightly onto her elbows and heels so that she can slide up and down his fat stallion cock. He is so filling and hot and her pussy is aching for more, aching for his cum, aching to achieve orgasm. And it doesn't take long as she slides up and down the pulsing shaft. She feels the tip of his length starting to expand. "Yes!" she hisses loudly. Her orgasm strikes first, erupting through her whole body. She struggles to accommodate his immense girth. She imagines her tight cunt is squeezes him like no mare can possible do and very quickly she has his reaction to her orgasm.

Blackie thrusts his hips into her with a sideways movement, burying himself painfully into her womb. Then his thick cock swells like a balloon expanding inside her. Emily Elizabeth jerks her hips upward at the pain, feeling her insides nearly come out when the breadth of the tip and shaft slide out of her depths. The sight is one she could never forget, that of his monster tool so swollen, pink and angry popping out of her with a torrent of her juices. And she knows what is still to come when he jabs his hips still. She clamps her legs together, and just in time too. Blackie misses her snatch and instead slips right between her thighs. She looks up just as his swollen member begins to pump out jets of horse cum in her direction. Emily Elizabeth cannot move. She is pinned on her back with her heels on his side and he is happy to completely shower her in thick, white fluid. She takes every last drop of his cum all over her face, breasts and belly as it pours from her body to the hay and floor.

When it is all said and done, Blackie snorts, stepping away from her. Emily Elizabeth gets onto wobbly legs, and with her pussy gaping, she walks from his stall. Their combined juices run out of her like a leaking faucet. She doesn't think about anything else but making it back to her bed. She doesn't have the energy to clean up. She doesn't have the energy to care. She is going to remember this night above any other and she wants to be reminded of it in the morning. Most of all, she wants this again and again and again. No man is going to be able to come close to matching the satisfaction that Blackie has given her.

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Chapter Seven

Waking up covered in dry horse cum definitely serves as a reminder of the previous night's activities. It is uncomfortable both on her skin and her sheets, but Emily Elizabeth is happy still. Last night's adventure is like never she has ever experienced. It was like losing her virginity all over again, but better. She is in such good spirits she could dance. She doesn't. Instead she grabs a change of clothes and goes to take a shower. If it wasn't for being completely covered in dried cum, she'd just go about her day with is on her.

After the shower, Emily Elizabeth goes downstairs, eats her breakfast, helps with the dishes and then heads out to start on her chores. What she really wants is to go out to the main barn and see Blackie and tell him how much she enjoyed last night. Unfortunately she has chores that have to get done before she engages in anything else. If not for what her future holds if she stays, or Blackie's for that matter, she could stay on the farm forever with the stallion.

Double timing her chores, the girl finishes fairly quickly. The first place she heads for is the main barn, where the farm's best horses are kept. As she is arriving, the farm hand Tommy is stepping out. They greet each other, but the man doesn't linger as not to draw unwanted attention from her father. Where Emily Elizabeth would look back to check out his ass, she doesn't now, favoring Blackie over any other man. She passes the stalls, her heart picking up speed with each door that flutters by. When she finally reaches Blackie's stall door her heart drops. It's empty.

"Hey there," Rick says, startling her.

Emily Elizabeth spins around. "Where's Blackie?"

"Your father apparently decided to make use of him before he goes up for sale," Rick says with a shrug. "The old boy is getting studded out. Even horses need a little pussy every now and then."

"Needs a little pussy?"

She growls at the man. Rick's face drops much like her heart did just a moment ago. She flashes him a scowl and stomps off, right out the door. For the rest of the day, Emily Elizabeth stayed beneath her tree, skipping out on lunch and barely making it in for dinner. When she was done, she went straight upstairs and right to bed. For a little bit after climbing into bed she cried. Blackie is only a horse, and there are definitely plenty of them on the farm, but she was looking forward to seeing him again. She wanted to tell him thanks with more than just words. She couldn't risk a full out fuck fest with it being daytime and the farm bustling with activity, but a quick blow and go would have been simple.

She falls asleep only to wake to complete silence. The house is dark as is the farm like it always is. Only the light of the moon allows for the girl to see anything in the dark. She was dreaming of Blackie, though it could probably be classified as a nightmare. The beautiful black stallion was at the auction house being sold to a woman perhaps a few years older than Emily Elizabeth. This woman had gone around telling everyone how much she loved horse cock and Blackie would be the best she has ever had. Though the woman was extremely beautiful, ensuring that she knew how to treat a stallion like him very good, Emily Elizabeth didn't want to see him go. Perhaps it was jealousy or envy or greed, but she couldn't let it happen. So she stole Blackie. She hoped right onto his back and rode right out of the auction house. They were free, as free as they could be. But that freedom didn't last long. They were caught not long after their brash escape. Blackie was put down despite hers or the other woman's protests. Emily Elizabeth was then put on the auction block and bought by that same woman, forced to live her life as a pony girl, doing the woman's bidding.

It was a ridiculous dream, but it hit home with the girl. There is just something about the horse that makes her long for him. Maybe it's like the virgin that loses that sacred status, always falling for the one that took it from her. Even if it was a horse that did so, she longed for him long before, or at least as long as he was brought here. And even now, she feels that same longing, the same heat in her loins. It's like a wild fire blazing through the forest just waiting for something to extinguish the flames. It's that same feeling Sarah had for Jake. She wasn't satisfied until their first time, and even then she had to have the man. Seeing Rick for the first time, making it seem like a wish had come true, she had begun to feel that. Then Blackie came and stole her from the man.

Her hand slips to her crotch, touching her heat, her wetness. Instantly she knows touching herself here just won't do it. She needs to be with Blackie, or at least as near as she can get. She whips the blanket and sheets off of her. She pulls her old worn toy from beneath her pillow. It's not nearly as big as her stallion, but it will have to do. Her feet hit the floor and she is off running as silently as she can manage.

Emily Elizabeth walks into the empty stall with the worn out dildo in her hand. She quickly drops her nightgown from her lithe body and sits down on a bale of hay, a single bale right next to the stack she used the previous night. She looks at the toy, noting how well used it looks. She thinks about how many times she has used it. Then she smiles and laughs to herself. With everything that has been happening lately, she honestly didn't think she'd need it again. After seeing Rick for the first time, she thought the same about the book. It's funny how some things never change. Looking at the toy it certainly doesn't have Blackie's length or girth, but it will do. It has to do.

She slides her ass to the edge of the bale, putting her feet on the floor, her legs spread. She sets the toy on the hay bale next to her, making sure that it is within easy reach. As she lies back, Emily Elizabeth cups her breast, squeezing it firmly, letting out a faint moan. With it firmly in her grasp, she slips two fingers into her mouth and sucks on them, making sure that they are good and wet. The girl then slowly slide her fingers from her mouth and circles her other nipple, wetting it and making it more sensitive to the slight chill from the air. It instantly becomes rock hard, causing her to let out another soft moan. She continues to massage her other breast, playing with her nipples, occasionally pushing her breasts together into a mound and then releasing them, her nipples glistening with saliva.

When she cannot stand ignoring the ache between her legs, the girl moves her hand slowly down her belly to her snatch, pushing her fingers over her folds, purposely ignoring her throbbing hole. She moans again, this time louder than before. Maybe somewhere, wherever Blackie is, he can somehow hear her. Maybe being here where he sleeps and where they fucked, it will create some kind of supernatural link between them. She runs her hand back up her belly to clutch her breasts again with both hands.

From the shadows it doesn't take long for Rick's cock to grow to its full length and stand rock hard in front of him.

Emily Elizabeth, unaware that she is not alone, moves her hand right back down the same path over her belly to her twat once more. This time, when she runs them over her lips, she doesn't ignore what's inside. She spreads them open, running a finger through the middle and one on the side, capturing a fold between them. Just as her clit touches her hand, she squeezes her digits together, trapping the little hardened nub against them. And as she squeezes, juices escape her wet hole, beginning to drip from her entrance to her backdoor. She pulls her hand back up toward her mound, tugging her clit and lips along the way.

The feeling of her fingers gripping the sides of her clit sends shivers through her entire body. She moves her digits back down to her soaking wet cunt and slides two of them inside. It's no horse cock, and it's definitely no human cock, but it is still effective. Her other hand travels down, and with the two fingers still inside, she spreads her juicy lips open to expose her clit. Almost simultaneously, the two fingers that are completely immerses in her ow dripping snatch withdraw, sliding up to massage her tiny nub.

She starts slowly, gently at first, circling her clit. As she does so, her hips begin to rock back and forth, changing the angle of them. She imagines it is Blackie's cock rubbing against her in the unique way that it does. Her other hand moves around her thigh and spreads her ass cheek,

exposing her tight backdoor. She gently touches her tiny asshole with a finger, pressing it softly. She can only imagine what having a horse prick back there would be like. The sensation and thought causes her to bite her bottom lip, her hips begins to rock faster. It is in this moment Emily Elizabeth knows that just rubbing her clit is not going to satisfy her desires. She needs something to fill her pussy.

Remembering the toy beside her, she reaches over, grabs the fake cock and places the tip in her mouth. Still rubbing her clit, she slides the tool into her mouth to wet it. Then removing it, she runs the tip down her chin, down her neck and over her nipple. She circles it with the cold silicone, arching her back as goosebumps cover her body. Still rubbing her clit, the girl lets out a loud moan. After circling the one nipple, she moves to the other, repeating the action and then it's down her belly to slowly rub the length against her throbbing clit. The feeling sends shivers throughout her body.

By now Rick's prick is so hard that the head is pulsating. He is so consumed by the show that he doesn't realize that he has begun stroking his meat.

Emily Elizabeth slides the slick toy into her pussy. With it buried as deep into her velvety slickness as it will go, she closes her eyes and arches her back, letting the feeling consume her. Ever so slowly, the girl slides the toy from her snatch, twisting it as it withdraws. As soon as she feels the head of it leave her warmth, she pushes it right back in again, twisting it in like a drill.

Watching her sliding the toy in and out and the sound of her moaning puts him into a trance. He gets up from his hiding place, cock still in hand, and walks over to her. He stands right before her, her eyes closed and unaware of his presence. She is thrusting the wicked little toy in and out of her juicy, teenage twat, twisting it back and forth, her other hand rubbing furiously in desperation over her clit.

The man bends over and he sucks one of her nipple into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue. Emily Elizabeth is so caught up in the feeling that she almost doesn't register the new sensation. And for a moment she doesn't immediately open her eyes. It reminds her so much of Blackie, or at least what she would imagine it would feel like by how he licked her pussy briefly, that she thinks it is him. When she does finally open them, her mind is in such a haze that she is surprised to see a flared horse cock hovering right in her face. Without thinking, she parts her lips with her tongue. She feels the horse prick rub along her moist lips, then pushing into her mouth. The girl eagerly sucks the head of Rick's cock into her mouth and begins swirling her mouth muscle around the tip, savoring his taste.

Seeing her lips wrapped around his flared head while her silicone toy thrusts in and out of her teenage pussy is more than he can handle. He manages to pull away just as his cock explodes, squirting his hot load all over her chest. And as soon as the first spurt of cum lands on the breasts, the girl cries out her ecstasy. With her eyes shut tight, she continues to thrust the dildo madly in and out of her soaking cunt, her juices running profusely down the crack of her ass. Rick's cum continues to shoot from his cock, landing on her chest and belly. The feeling of the hot cum landing on her drives the girl crazy. She shoves the toy in as deep as it will go and clamps her thighs shut as if to try to keep it from going anywhere. She arches her back and thrusts her head into the hay, her mouth open wide, gasping for air. A small whimper escapes from her throat and her body begins to convulse, the ecstasy taking control. All the while Rick is still pumping his massive load over her smooth, young flesh.

Emily Elizabeth begins to relax, her legs falling open again. She slides the toy from her snatch. "Oh

Blackie," she moans, eyes still shut, body pulsing with pleasure and anticipation. "Oh Blackie, please fuck me."

Rick doesn't hesitate. He positions himself right in front of her on his knees. He rubs his thick head along her slit, making sure that her juices soak the tip. Slowly, he sinks his length into her wanting cunt. And as it fills her, she begins squeezing her breasts, arching her back and moaning, not thinking twice what's going on, only that she is where she wants to be with who she wants to be with. Once his prick had slid in to the hilt, he begins to slowly withdraw it until he can see just the flared tip emerge. And when it does, he pushes it back in. Emily Elizabeth cannot believe Blackie has come. It is as if there really was a mental connection between them that drew her stallion here. He begins to pump himself into her faster and faster, his hips crashing into her. Then suddenly he stops and removes his shaft from her.

"Turn over, so I can fuck you properly," he says, breaking his silence.

Emily Elizabeth's eyes fly open like a mouse trap snapping up. The absolute last thing she ever expected to hear was Rick's voice. She is on her feet in an instant. "What the fuck are you doing here?" she asks angrily.

"I know you're missing Blackie and while I tried to resist, I just couldn't," Rick tries to explain.

Emily Elizabeth tries to not take a look down at his crotch. She is angry, yes, but not **that** angry. Whatever he is working with, it has to be big, because while he is no Blackie, he is packing something good. So slightly annoyed, she doesn't say another word and turns around to bend over the hay bale. She has been enjoying herself, and she did want Rick, so she may as well finish, because something is better than nothing.

Rick moves behind her, holding his prick in hand. Once again, he rubs the flared head along the length of her slit to get her wet before inserting himself into her juicy snatch. Once more, he slowly pushes his length into her, burying himself deep. And now that his shaft is deep inside the young teen, he takes his hands and spread her ass cheeks wide to expose her tiny knot, giving him a better view of his cock as he removes it from her. Holding her ass with both hands, he begins to slide his length in and out, faster and faster with each stroke. Soon he is slamming his engorged member into her, balls slamming against her clit like the clapper of a bell. And he must have inserted his throbbing mass of meat into her at just the right angle because Emily Elizabeth is meeting his thrusts with her own.

As the man watches his cock disappear into her, he sees that the girl is trying to hold back her orgasm as he sees her sphincter beginning to tighten. "Are you going to cum?" he asks, already knowing the answer.

"Uh huh," is about all Emily Elizabeth can muster, the feeling of ecstasy consuming her every thought.

Do you like having my dick in you?" he asks, again already knowing that she does.

And Emily Elizabeth gives the same answer as before, but this time she is a little louder about it. "Uh huh." The man may not be as big, as long or as thick as Blackie, but he sure does feel just as good. The moans of approval makes Rick slam his rod harder into her. "Are you going to cum soon?" she asks.

"No. I want you to cum on my dick first."

The request sends the girl over the edge, causing her to thrust her hips against his as if to tell him to

stop moving, that his request is being fulfilled. And as the walls of her pussy clamps down on him, the man makes one more request. "I want to cum in your mouth."

Emily Elizabeth stays where she is for a moment, her body not yet done trembling from her intense orgasm, her mind not fully wrapped around what is actually happening. She pulls away from him, but just as his shaft is about to exit her, she pushes her hips back to his. She wants to keep him inside. Slowly, she moves back and forth a few more times, enjoying the feeling of Rick's prick filling her. But regardless of how much she wants to continue, she doesn't want him to ejaculate in her—that right belongs to Blackie. So she pulls away from him, turns around and grabs his cock. It looks so much like Blackie's member only on a smaller scale. But she doesn't waste time thinking about it. Instead, Emily Elizabeth begins to lick her juices from the shaft.

Once satisfied that it is clean, the girl sucks the flared head into her mouth and starts swirling her mouth muscle around it while jerking his length, twisting her hand with each stroke. Rick pulls her blonde hair to one side so that he is able to view his erection sliding in and out of her mouth as her heads bobs up and down it. The sight of his cock in her mouth causes his balls—now cupped in Emily Elizabeth's opposite hand—to tighten. Feeling his ball tighten and his cock beginning to swell, the girl sucks his length deeper into her mouth, sliding it further in and out as if she were trying to milk the cum from the source.

She slides the monster tool back out of her mouth until just the tip is inside and jacks him off even faster than before. It is as if all she wants is to taste his cum as it squirts from his shaft. In reality, she wants to know if he is going to taste anything like Blackie. But she is probably just fooling herself. There is no way this man has a cock like a horse, this is just all part of her imagination which is clearly running away from her just as she wishes she could run away from the farm. She gets her wish—at least the former wish. The man's prick begins to pulse as streams of hot ejaculate shoots into the girl's mouth. She swallows it fast as it comes out. And it's a lot, nearly more than she can handle.

And once she is satisfied that she has milked him dry, Emily Elizabeth removes her mouth off him to find a single drop of cum on the flared head. Still holding his swollen members, and not really believing what she sees, she licks the last drop right off the end. Then she lets go of him, and without a single word, the girl walks right out of the stall and out the barn.

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## Chapter Eight

Emily Elizabeth sits under her big oak tree reflecting on the events of the past week, specifically last night. The sun is starting to set and so it's nearly time for dinner. Today she didn't have a lot of time for herself because she took her time with her chores and found every reason to help her mother or find something to do for her father. She did everything she could to avoid Rick and Blackie. She is now torn between the horse and the man. Both could end up gone at any time, and only one could possibly take her away from here. But would he? And what if that fake horse cock is making up for his small cock size? Could she handle a guy with a small package? Would it be right for her to leave him once she has freed her? All these thoughts and more pour into her mind only to be broken by the ringing of the dinner bell. Jumping to her feet, she races down the hill toward the house. Emily Elizabeth can use the distraction, even if it is only for an hour or so.

After a very uneventful dinner, the girl heads upstairs to shower. Life on a farm is not all it's cracked up to be. Or at least it hasn't been for Emily Elizabeth. Her parents do not hold conversations at the dinner table. The rule is that it is time for eating not talking. The only solace from her thoughts is

the repetitious bite, chew, swallow that comes with eating. It's not much of a distraction, but it's a distraction. The shower isn't much different, that is until she cuts off the water and steps out. There in the doorway is Rick with the biggest smile she has ever seen on anyone. The girl blushes red for a moment and then quickly grabs her towel, wrapping it around her body.

"Now, now," the man says soothingly. "I didn't think you were the shy type. I've seen you naked and you didn't bother covering up last night."

"I'm not shy," Emily Elizabeth fires back. "I just don't want you seeing me naked is all."

The man moves within reach of her. She really does want him to see her naked just as she wants to see him the same way. But hers is for a slightly different reason. She can imagine that he is quite a hunk, but what matters is what he's packing down below. But she cannot just throw herself at him, not here in the bathroom with her parents downstairs. They could come up at any time, especially with it being so close to bed time.

You have to admit, you have quite a body," Rick says in a near growl.

"We shouldn't have done that," she argues, though it isn't at all convincing. "Besides, I'm only fifteen."

"I won't do anything that you're not comfortable with," he says, stepping so close that she can feel his hot breath on her face. All Emily Elizabeth can do is nod and clutch the towel over her breasts. Staring into her eyes, he continues, "And what is age? It's just a number."

"Yeah, but..." What can she complain about? She was twelve when she lost her virginity in that alley. She has given blowjobs to countless men since. She has fucked just as many since. She's even fucked a horse in the last week alone. The one thing this man can give her is the comfort a horse cannot, the feel of his strong hand on her body. And here she is looking for a reason to turn him away.

"But what?" he asks, raising an eyebrow at her.

"Rick, you know my parents..." she says, blushing slightly. This idea that her parents are just downstairs while she is upstairs with a full grown man that is ready to take her without any concern to the consequences that would follow should they get caught.

"It's your life, Emily Elizabeth," the man whispers. "You decide what you want to do with it." At this moment, all the girl wants is him. She knows it won't end well, probably for them both if they are discovered. But his imposing figure, his smile and his closeness to her are drawing her in toward him like a bug to the porch light. She just cannot help herself. "Drop the towel, Emily Elizabeth," he commands, reaching out to help her remove it.

The girl does not resist, not in the least. She does not resist when he takes the damp towel to peel it away. She does not resist when he pushes it away to let it drop behind her. Emily Elizabeth stands there fully exposed, naked before him and anyone else that climbs up the stairs behind him.

Rick takes her hands to hold them out, away from her body. "Fuck, you're beautiful." With a sweep, the girl is enfolded in his arms. He is holding her like his lover, like Jake did Sarah their first time together. Lifting her chin with his finger, he bends to kiss her. As their lips meet, she melts in his arms. Then ever so slowly, they break the kiss. Wrapped in his arms, flush and weak in the knees Emily Elizabeth holds on to his shoulders and gazes into his eyes. "That was nice," she says, repeating the words from the book that Sarah spoke after her first kiss to Jake.

"Yes, I wanted to do that since the day I first saw you," Rick says, repeating Jake's response.

It is now that Emily Elizabeth begins to think that he is the writer. What a coincidence if he is not. But before she can think on it more or even voice her thoughts, he is pulling her closer, their bodies pressing together. And he's got an erection! Of course he does. Why would he not? Rick kisses her nose, her cheek, her neck, all while holding her close. Emily Elizabeth's hand slides down his arms, over his chest and then even lower. She has to know, she has to find out. "Get these off!" she says in a high whisper. "I want to see the rest of you."

"Shouldn't we take this to your room," he offers, clearly now worried of being caught. Emily Elizabeth doubts it's because of what will happen if they are, it's more like he doesn't want to be interrupted until he is finished.

"Who cares?" she says. "Will you take me away from here?"

"I will," he says simply.

"Then I'm all yours," she says with a smile. "Now let me see you. I want you to take me right here. Fuck me, Rick."

The man steps back and quickly unfastens, unzips and tugs his pants down and off. The girl's gaze is unavoidably drawn to his package. It is strong and long. It juts out, bobbing as he moves, but pointed all the while at her. And best of all it is normal! She doesn't know what she would have done if it really was a horse cock or resembled one. Her surprise is evident of her face, because he says, "Go ahead, Emily Elizabeth. Touch it."

"Fuck, it's huge," she says. At least it seems so to her. She has seen, sucked and fucked a good deal of cocks. This one seems to top them all—at least when it comes to human standards. As she reaches out, he takes her wrist to guide her hand to the length of his manhood. And as her fingers touch the tip, it bounces up to come right back down to hit her fingers. Then the girl takes him in both hands, gently caressing the flesh surrounding it. With one hand over and the other under, she holds him gently. "It's beautiful," she whispers.

"That feels nice too. Go ahead and grab it. Rub your hand up and down it. You know how to work one," Rick encourages. "Yes, just like that." His skin moves with her hand as she rubs the shaft, alternately covering the big, thick head, then exposing it again. Still holding her wrist, he helps guide her in the caress.

Emily Elizabeth just loves the feel of his warm cock. It feels better than any other. This feels more personal and less compulsive than with any man in town. Sliding the skin up and down, a drop of wetness pours from the tip. With her fingertip she spreads the drop, smearing the head. She loves the feeling of him squirming. She looks up into his eyes, which are looking back into hers. "Rick, let's take this to my room."

"I rather we stay here," he says stubbornly. "You threw caution to the wind, so why change that now? Besides, I can handle your father. I'll get you out of here tonight so that we can be together."

"Let's go now," Emily Elizabeth reasons.

"Not yet," the man answers. "Not until I've had you first."

"But you did last night."

"That wasn't the same," he answers quickly. "This is different."

Emily Elizabeth frowns. She doesn't see it as being much different. Of course it wasn't much different when Jake took Sarah in the restroom at the restaurant. His argument wasn't any different than either. Taking back control of situation, she pulls the man into the bathroom and pushes him to the floor onto his back. From between his legs, she gazes at his muscular frame, enthralled by his perfection, enraptured by his erection.

Smugly, he puts his hands behind his head and says, "Turn around, Emily Elizabeth. Let me see all you before I fuck you." As she turns slowly, Rick sits up and grabs her by the hips. She starts kissing her belly and ribs, pulling her tight to him. His hands explore and caress the girl's back while his mouth caresses her front. His lips and tongue move slowly upward, eventually encircling first one breast, then the other. He spends much of his attention to her nipples, which are hard and erect. Emily Elizabeth gets weak in the knees again from the attention she receives. "Lay on top of me," he whispers. "Put your knees over my head."

The girl does as he asks and the man continues his caressing and kissing all over her thighs. Then, spreading her knees apart, he kisses his way up to her treasure spot, which is already wet with anticipation. As his mouth muscle pokes and licks at the wet entrance, Emily Elizabeth feels the first shudder from within. That shudder turns into a contraction and euphoria as a mini-orgasm sweeps through her core.

Feeling her reaction to his gentle probes, Rick renews his kissing and licking, probing deeper with his tongue and dingers. Emily Elizabeth has never felt so exposed or so wonderful, as the man performs his magic there. She is reaching new heights as the world becomes so focused. Relentlessly, he presses deeper and faster, licking her. The sensitivity increases until she knows she cannot hold back. The girl tenses as a mighty wave of pleasure erupts from her core, causing a new wetness to gush from her snatch. But Rick doesn't let up. He continues to lap at her until she finally pushes him away. "No more," she gasps. "No more. Please."

Rick is grinning, his face and chin glistening with her juices. Both of them are breathing hard. His erection looks even larger, being so close to her face. Emily Elizabeth eagerly returns the favor by holding it in one hand to lick the length from base to tip. Stroking gently, she causes another few drops of precum to form. With her tongue, she spreads them around, savoring the flavor before enveloping his cockhead with her lips. Pushing down, taking him in, licking his shaft with her tongue, the girl hears him moan. From the corner of her eye, she sees that he is watching her perform and it makes her eager to please even more.

Withdrawing partly, the teenager pushes again lower, her hand around his shaft close to her lips. As she repeats the action, Rick begins to thrust upward. With her head bobbing and his hips pushing, they seem to coordinate their movements. Each bob is performed with a tongue-swirl and suction on the way up. The girl grips him tight, feeling the thick veins underneath so full of his cum. Soon, feeling him swell even bigger, Emily Elizabeth anticipates his orgasm. And it comes quickly too. The first shoots from the tip to the back of her throat. Surprised, the teen withdraws her mouth just as a second contraction causes another spurt to shoot onto her nose and cheek. She holds his wild member, watching spurt after spurt erupt from the head of it, shooting inches high into the air, only to come down, landing on her hand and his belly. Rick puts his hand over hers, slowing the rhythm of her stroking. As the spurts die to a pulsing, the glistening white glob on her face drips back onto his prick. The girl bends to lick it off, tasting him again. She licks to gather up more of his essence from his belly and her fingers. Swirling it on her tongue, Emily Elizabeth swallows it in one gulp.

"Emily Elizabeth, I want to fuck you now," he whispers.

"I want you to," she says, breathing heavily with sudden anticipation. She remembers what it felt like last night. How could she forget? Seeing just how big his is and having him in her mouth, she can see why she was seeing things. With Blackie weighing so heavily on her mind, it all makes sense now.

"Then get on and ride me, farm girl." He pulls the teen around, pulling until she is over his legs with her head above him and her legs astride his. His two hands reach for her gangling breasts as she positions herself over his highly erect tool. Emily Elizabeth is still so wet and hot, and holding his rod in her hand, she slowly lowers herself onto it, enveloping first the tip, then more of the shaft into her body like she did with her mouth just minutes ago. Easily she slides until almost half of his massive member is encased inside her cunt. He lies still, except for the twitching that she can feel from within him. Pulling back, Emily Elizabeth sees his expression of disappointment, but it is quickly erased when she lowers herself back down. Her slick tunnel accepts more of his meat stick this time. Feeling an itch within, the girl uses his prick to rub herself. Rising and falling with thrusts from her legs, she pushes again and again until he is completely encased within her like sausage in a casing.

Emily Elizabeth resumes her up and down movement with renewed energy, rising until the tip is just about out of her, and then thrusting down again to take the whole of him inside once again. Faster and faster she goes until she can feel the tingling inside again, signaling the beginnings of another orgasm. The girl begins to tire and has to slow her pace and it doesn't go unnoticed by Rick.

"Roll over. Let me take over," he offers, and they roll together on the hard, cold floor. With strong arms to the side of her head, Rick slides in and out of her wet snatch, gradually increasing the pace until he is hammering into her like a madman. This brings on an orgasm, much bigger than the last. It rises from deep inside her, overwhelming her senses with the feeling of pure rapture that cannot be stopped. She wants to scream but knows that if she does her parents will definitely hear her. Rick doesn't let up, continuing to pound into her like a mindless animal as she pulses and squeezes his wicked member and further lubricating him. A few more thrusts and she can feel his tool swelling even more, filling her so completely. "I'm going to cum. I'm so fucking close."

"Fill me, Rick," she cries, her voice almost breaking whisper.

With three more mighty thrusts, he pushes so far within her it feels like he has broken through to her womb. He holds this for a moment, the girl giving him a last internal squeeze. Then with a grunt, Rick pumps several big spurts into her. She wishes she could see the squirts as he pumps the juice into her. Eventually, the spurts turn to a trickle as he muscles milks out the last of it. With a heavy sigh, she collapses into the tub. Out of breath for the second time in less than a few minutes, Emily Elizabeth huffs as she relishes the afterglow.

The teenager enjoys as much of it as she can before the loud banging at the door, followed by her mother's voice breaks through the barrier. "Emily Elizabeth, you better be finishing up in there. Heating that water ain't cheap!"

With a final huff, the girl sits up, turns off the water and says, "I'll be right out, Mama!"

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Chapter Nine

There is a knock at the door which startles Emily Elizabeth from her sleep. She groans, almost snarling at the noise. It comes again and this time her eyes fly open, only to quickly shut as the light flashes at them like headlights at a deer.

"Emily Elizabeth, you planning on coming down sometime today?" her mother asks through the door. "This is twice now you've overslept. We're running a farm here. We ain't got no time for oversleeping."

The girl rolls over with a grunt, pulling the pillow over her head as she does. Her mother knocks one more time before she hears the door open and the woman stepping inside.

"Emily Elizabeth, you need to drag your ass right out of that bed this minute," her mother rants.

"I'll be up in a minute, Mama," she grumbles out from beneath the pillow.

"Are you feeling sick, Emily Elizabeth?" her mother asks, her tone suddenly changing.

The teenager pulls the pillow off her face and lies there for another moment, staring at the wall before rolling onto her back to look up at the woman hovering over her bed. "I'm just feeling depressed, Mama," she says sorrowfully.

"What have you got to feel depressed about?" her mother asks. "You got everything you need here on the farm."

"It's boys," the girl answers.

"Boys?" the woman echoes. "What about them? Did you see one in town that caught your eye?"

"No, I ... I don't have one in mind," the girl quickly recovers. "I just wonder about them. I mean I've seen them in town, and we see our relations every now and again, but I want to sit and talk with one. Daddy doesn't like the farm hands hanging around me for some reason."

Mary, her mother, shakes her head. "That's cause your daddy don't want them men putting their hands on you."

"Why would they?"

"Cause you're a virgin," her mother replies. "Those men can smell a virgin a mile away. Your daddy wants you pure for the boy you gonna marry."

"There ain't going to be marrying any boy if I don't meet any," Emily Elizabeth protests.

"You just let your daddy figure that one out," the woman says, patting her daughter's leg. "Now let's forget this boy stuff and get up. You got your chores to do."

"Why do I have to wait for Daddy to figure it out?" she asks. "Does that mean he's going to choose who I marry?"

"We'll worry about that when the time comes," Mary deflects.

"No, Mama," Emily Elizabeth pushes back. "I'm old enough to know. Tell me."

The woman sigh heavily. "Your daddy is going to find a man that will better the family, just like my daddy did me. Now you're lucky that hasn't happened yet."

"What do you mean yet, Mama?"

"I was married to your father when I was thirteen," Mary explains. "I moved to this farm and I only

got to see my mama and daddy when they visited us or we them. Be thankful you've got to stay here for as long as you have."

"But I don't want to marry someone I don't know," the teenager complains. "I don't want to live on a farm my whole life."

"Now there ain't no sense talking this nonsense," her mother chides. "This is how it works. You need to get used to it. We don't always get what we want in life."

"But..." Emily Elizabeth begins to protest again.

"Not another word, young lady," her mother interrupts. "Get dressed and get downstairs. Storm is coming and you're already late with your chores. Your father and the hands are gonna need help closing up the barns and securing the animals today."

Emily Elizabeth does as she is told, pushing all her thoughts and fears to the back of her mind. She has work to do and a lot of it too. Anytime there is a big storm coming their way, the farm becomes a hive of frenzied activity. Her mother already put down the conversation, so there is no use bringing it up again today. Even if she could, the storm takes priority.

After a long day of chores and preparing the farm for the storm, Emily Elizabeth is tired. It took all afternoon for the clouds to build in the sky, darkening the land for as far as the eye could see. They made it through supper and were off to bed before the storm hit. The crashing thunder and flashes of lightning wakes Emily Elizabeth from an otherwise peaceful slumber. After the long day's work and the pitter-patter of rain on the roof, she was sleeping like a baby. Leave it to the lightning and thunder to reverse the effects.

She lies there in bed for a little bit, huffing occasionally because she is tired and sexually frustrated. Blackie is still gone for his studding, so she cannot have him. She is still mad at Rick because of what he did to her. It wasn't all bad, but she wishes she would have had more of a say in it. And then there is the problem with herself and having that stupid daydream about the man while she masturbated. Her troubles on the farm are nothing compared to these problems. She has spent her entire life dealing with her future.

With the thunder roaring and the lightning crackling, she begins to hear the horses. Their complaints are almost faint beneath the sounds of the storm, but it's there. More specifically she hears Blackie. He shouldn't be back, but then again he could have come back. With all the bustling activity on the farm today she could have missed him. Filled with a sudden excitement, Emily Elizabeth jumps from her bed and quickly gets dressed. It is too rainy and too cold to rush out in her nightgown.

She splashes across the muddy ground to the main barn. Swinging the door open, she step inside and tries to close the large door, but the wind catches it and it flies from her hands to slam into the side of the barn. She gasps when a fresh wind sends large drop of rain at her, spraying her like a fireman's hose. Suddenly she feels a presence looming over her. She turns just in time to see Rick stepping around her and into the rain. His large form grabs a hold of the door and pulls it shut, effectively cutting off the rain and wind from the outside.

"It looks like you could use a hand," he says. Emily Elizabeth just stares at him and nods. "What are you doing out in this storm?"

"I think the more appropriate questions is what are you doing here instead of the bunk house?" she counters.

"I'm checking on the horses. They sounded scared," he answers her almost smartly. "What are you doing here?"

"I heard the horses too," she answers. "I thought I heard Blackie too."

Rick shakes his head. "Blackie isn't back yet. Maybe you only thought you heard him."

Emily Elizabeth's face drops. A forlorn expression appears on her face. "I guess you've got it covered here. I'll just get back to bed."

She reaches past to push open the door, but his arm shoots across, barring her path. "Why don't you talk about what's really going on."

"I don't know what you mean," she counters, her expression turning sour.

"Oh come on," the man protests. "Every time we bump into each other, you talk about Blackie. You got something going on with him?"

"I just like him. He's a beautiful horse," she lies.

"No, it's more than that, isn't it?" he asks, stepping in closer to the girl.

"Why do you keep asking me this?" she asks.

"Because I know you are interested in that horse because of what he's got hanging between his thighs," the man accuses, reaching for her pants.

"What ... what are you doing?" the teen asks, her eyes dropping toward his hand on her pants and then to the bulge in his. She licks her lips and looks up at his face. "You're not going to rape me again, are you?"

Rick instantly lets go of her and steps back. "Is that what you think I did?" He shakes his head. "If it is then forgive me. Please leave and go back to bed."

"No..." she breathes. "I didn't mean it like that."

"There's only one way to mean something like that," he counters. "And it seemed to me you enjoyed it."

"I did. I..." a single tear rolls down her cheek. "I did enjoy it. I wanted it. I wanted you, but ... Blackie..."

"You're in love with the horse," he says with understanding.

"I don't know," she says, shaking her head again.

"Maybe it's just the dick that you're attracted to," he suggests, stepping back to undo his pants. He pulls off his shirt and then lets his pants fall to the ground.

What Emily Elizabeth sees shocks her. She was not seeing this the other night. What hangs between

this man's legs is the real thing. And it looks a lot like Blackie's. The black at the base stretches up toward the tip where it begins to slowly transition to pink. It has girth just like a horse's cock and a lot of length. It looks bigger than the first time she saw it. Or maybe she just didn't get a good look at it. It's definitely bigger than her daydream of him. Of course, she had it all wrong. The veins in the pinker areas are subtle, and the flared head makes all the difference. "Do you mind if I ... um..." she asks with hesitation and a sudden shyness.

"Of course, you can," he says, stepping closer. "Don't worry, it isn't real."

"It's not?" she asks, her excitement waning at the revelation.

"You'll be amazed at what you can buy on the internet," he explains. "This thing is custom fitted to look real."

"How does it get hard?" she asks, dropping to her knees and crawling almost beneath it. She lifts it like it's a new toy that she is just eager to play with. "How do you cum so much?"

"It's all a bunch of technical stuff," he answers. "But that's not what matters right now. What matters is you getting what you came down here for."

Emily Elizabeth swallows hard. This isn't quite what she came out here for, but it certainly will do. She grips the shaft with one hand, unable to wrap her fingers around its width, needing both hands to clasp it firmly. "It is," she whispers. The teen starts to rub the soft skin at the base, back and forth, using two hands. It doesn't take long for him to go from limp to full strength. She doesn't have any idea how it works, she is just glad it does. Precum drips out of the tip, thick and clear. And not needing any more of an invitation, the young girl puts her mouth to the tip and shoves her inside the slit. It's something she wanted to do to Blackie though she was never sure how the animal would react. With Rick, it not being real shouldn't affect him. She licks along the inner walls. It is smooth, wet and warm, not at all what she expected. Emily Elizabeth lets herself explore inside, rubbing against the walls as she feels it twitch in reaction. *Strange*. She is absolutely aroused to the maximum, compared to how it was before coming into the barn. She starts swallowing what dribbles into her mouth.

"Oh ... my..." Rick mumbles. The words are followed by groaning. The girl doesn't understand how it feels good. Maybe it has something to do with the way it's attached. This is something far beyond her understanding just as the internet may as well be something foreign to her. Her mind is taken away from such trivial matters when she has to focus on the precum dripping profusely, dribbling off her chin and creating a pool in her cleavage. "That's nice. Very good," the man grumbles above her.

Emily Elizabeth giggles, sliding her tongue deeper into the slit. The huge cock twitches as she does this, her hands still pumping back and forth at the base wildly. It is throbbing so hard in her hands, like there is a massive amount of blood pumping back and forth wildly at the base. The girl feels a rush of power. She is really getting into it now. Her mouth muscle pushes in and out with increasing speed, essentially fucking the slit like he would her cunt if the tables were turned. One hand pumps him at the base, the other closer to the tip and pressing firmly to elicit just the right reactions from the man.

Rick grunts louder. Emily Elizabeth feels it throb harder in her hands, then a rush like a hose is released. The result empties from the slit into her mouth, like drinking from a hose at full power. The girl has to remove her mouth before she is gagged and the result of this action allows for him to pour over her. She is drenched. Whatever the rain did to her when she ran from the house to here is nothing compared to what happens to her now. His member continues to spurt huge globs onto

her—spurt, pause, spurt, pause. Not moving, Emily Elizabeth is barely managing to swallow everything that jetted into her mouth in the first place. It is thick and very warm and totally delectable.

When the man finishes, the teen climbs to her feet, slightly shocked by the unexpected shower. At least with Blackie she had warning from the signs he gave. She didn't have that here. But it doesn't matter. She came to the barn with one purpose, and it wasn't just to give a blowjob. Quickly, she pulls her shirt over her head and her pants down to the ankles. Her clothes aren't much use to her, being all soaked with cum and all. And since she dressed hurriedly, she has no bra or underwear, so it leaves her completely naked for Rick to enjoy. And from the look on his face, he certainly likes what he sees. And he should. Her nipples are hard and protruding with a layer of his cum that drips off the tips. Down below, despite what her mother says, she is clean shaved looking like the day she was born. The man licks his lips.

Rick takes a step forward to take his prize when over the roaring rain they hear a door slam and the girl's father yelling, "Emily Elizabeth, you out here girl?"

The teen's mouth drops open. The look on her face has to match the dumbfounded look on Rick's. Quickly, he scoops up her clothes and hands them to her. "Hurry, get dressed and get out in the rain," he instructs. "Tell him you were just concerned for the horses."

Emily Elizabeth nods, pulling her shirt over her head. By the time she has on her pants, Rick has already disappeared into the shadows on the far side of the barn. Quickly she turns and rushes out the barn door, getting slammed by the rain and coming face to face with her father.

"What are you doing out in this rain, girl?" he asks.

She drops her head, and just barely over the sound of the pouring rain, "I was worried about the horses."

Her father quickly throws his arm around her, pulling her close and directing her back toward the house. "The horses are gonna be fine. It's you I'm worried about."

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she says once they are on the porch. "I didn't mean to do anything wrong."

John looks down at his daughter and smiles. "You didn't do anything wrong. You like horses, I can understand that. But let me worry about them." He kisses her on the forehead. "Now I suggest you get inside and changed before your mother finds out you were out in this."

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## **Chapter Ten**

"Come on," Rick says, taking her hand.

"Where are we going?" Emily Elizabeth asks, looking over her shoulder toward the farm house.

"Someplace special," the man says, looking back in her direction. "Don't worry, no one saw me come up here. You've got one hell of a view. You'd be surprised how little anyone can see from down there."

"Really?"

"Really," he says. "Let's hurry. It's hot as shit today."

Emily Elizabeth follows the man down through the pasture to the pond where she went that night with Blackie. When Rick said it was someplace special, he was right, it certainly is. Once the pond is in sight, they slow down their pace. "I found this place the other day. I like how it's secluded and it doesn't seem that anyone really comes out here."

The girl nods. "Very rarely does anyone bother to come out here," she confirms. "Daddy lets the horses or cattle loose and they generally tend to come back on their own."

"I'm not surprised that you know about this pond," Rick says. "I mean, you grew up here. I'm only the new guy."

"Well, you get points for trying," she offers as a consolation.

"I'll take it then," he says with a grin. "You know, this place would be better than that old oak you sit under."

"Probably," she agrees, matching his smile. "But then I would have sexy farm hands like you to spend my time looking at."

"I guess that's true," he agrees, beginning to undress.

"What are you doing?" she asks.

Rick looks at the teen, his smile growing ever larger on his face. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

"Getting undressed," she says, looking back over her shoulder.

Rick grins at her. "Don't worry. We weren't followed. Nobody knows we left. And you said it yourself, no one comes down here."

When Emily Elizabeth looks back at the man, her face turns red. He not only just used her own words against her, but he is standing completely naked with that ridiculous fake horse cock attached to him. Well, it is not really ridiculous, especially with the pleasure it brings, but she does wonder what it is he's hiding. She wants to ask him about it, but decides to avoid it as to not spoil the mood.

"Well?" he suddenly asks.

Emily Elizabeth shakes her head, clearing the thoughts out of it. "Well what?"

"Are you going to join me or what?" Rick asks. He is already neck deep in the clear, cool water.

The young teenager pulls off her dress and lays it down to the side and then takes off her shoes. Within moments, she is completely naked in front of Rick. "Are you enjoying the water?" she asks.

The man stands and suddenly the water is only to his waist. "I am," he confirms. "This is probably one of the best swimming holes I've been in in a while."

"So do you make it a habit to bring young girls down to watering holes and get them naked?" she teases.

"Only the special ones," he answers with a smirk.

"And how many of those have there been?" she asks, taking a step into the water.

"Just one," he answers simply.

Emily Elizabeth stops, her face blushing again. She knows what he means by that. "What makes me so special?" Luckily the water is the perfect temperature. It is cool enough to help relieve the sudden heat that is now pounding through her body and face.

"I've never found anyone that shined like you do before," he replies.

The girl feels her face heat up again as she walks in deeper. She has to dip below the water to cool down the new, sudden heatwave. When she resurfaces and walks over toward him, she rubs her skin, feeling the goosebumps forming. It's not the cool water that is causing them either, it's the anticipation of what's to come.

Rick clearly loves the sight of her. "You are exceptionally beautiful. The way the water drip from your body is something I could just sit and watch all day."

Emily Elizabeth laughs. His compliment is making her blush even more. "How is it you're not married and settled down somewhere?"

He shrugs. "I guess you can say that I'm a wild spirit."

"So you just roam from job to job, place to place?" she asks, the disappointment not hidden from her voice.

Rick gives her an encouraging smile. "That's not to say I'm not looking for the right person to settle down with."

The girl gives him a smile and leaves the water to sit down on the grass. She smiles at him before lying back on the ground. Her blonde hair flows out around her, the brilliant color in contrast with the dark green grass. "I wonder if being married and having children so young is worth it."

"It can have its benefits," Rick says as he steps from the water. "You can have your children grow up and still be fairly young to enjoy the rest of your life with your husband."

"And the downside is to miss out on a lot because you were once young enough to it, and then you can't," she adds.

"That's partially true," the man counters. "Or waiting to have children can be worth it."

"But then you could miss out on more time with grandchildren," she says gloomily.

Rick lies down on the grass beside her, his warm body presses to hers. "You don't seem your usual happy self today," he remarks. "Was it a mistake for me to bring you here?"

"No," she quickly says. There is something almost therapeutic about having this man so close to her. She brushes her hands across his side, feeling his strong muscles beneath the flesh. "I just have much to think about."

He smiles down at her, eyes tracing over her body. "You are a very sexual woman."

"Well, I'm still a girl," she argues.

"Your parents don't think so," he says.

"That's true." She smiles. "What is age, right?"

"Exactly," he agrees. "You are well beyond your age."

"What do you mean?"

Rick chuckles. "Well, let's just say I can sense when someone has heightened sexual feelings. Their body heat, the way they smell, the way they walk and move. I can tell when someone is aroused and needs to be satisfied."

Emily Elizabeth raises an eyebrow. His words seem oddly placed, yet they are just as intriguing. He sounds like he is talking about an animal. Technically people are animals, so maybe he just has a more heightened sense of the world around him. "Well then, what do I feel like to you?"

"Very warm," he answers. "Very sweet and very wet. You have an air about you that radiates sexual energy."

Emily Elizabeth laughs. "Thanks, I guess?"

Her stroking of his skin has brought about a new sensation it seems. Rick tilt a little to the side, exposing his long member that has grown harder, the pink glistening in the sunlight. "Normally I don't concern myself with fucking a woman more than once. But there is something about you that makes me want to make love to you over and over again."

"Well I have done many men before now too." Emily Elizabeth smiles and reaches down, just using one hand for now to stroke the pink top half of his erection. "Are you going to tell me how this works?"

"It's complicated," he answers.

"You said that," she counters. "Are you embarrassed to show me your real dick?"

"Not at all, but you like having this in you and I like putting it there," he says. Then flashing a quick smile, he continues, "It simply secures over my dick, embedding into my flesh to connect with my nervous system. It does everything mine would do, but in a much different form. Think of it like someone losing their arm and having an artificial limb that does everything their old limb did without any thought at all."

Emily Elizabeth puts her hand to her mouth. "You didn't lose it, did you?" she asks shocked and horrified.

"No, nothing like that," Rick blushes. "I simply use it because you like horse dick."

"I also like human dick," she informs him.

"Yes," he agrees with a nod. "But you like horse dick even more now."

The girl opens her mouth to argue against that, but she realizes that he is right. And what does it matter if he uses a fake horse cock or not? Who cares if he has a small prick or a disfigured prick beneath the fake one? "How do you cum so much then?"

Rick chuckles. "You are a girl of many questions, aren't you?"



"Why I grew up on a farm. I don't get to leave the farm for school or to hang out with friends," she begins while counting off on her fingers.

"So you're definitely lacking someone to have a sophisticated conversation with," he chuckles again.

"Yeah, definitely," she agrees. "But let's forget about conversation for now." Emily Elizabeth releases her slack grip on his prick and gets up on all fours, hiking her ass as high into the air as she can. "Go easy on me."

Rick smirks. "That's such a lovely view, I wouldn't dare taint it." He climbs to his knees and moves close.

Emily Elizabeth feels his presence looming over her, his torso just over her lower back. Then she feels it press against her ass. She reaches back and guides him lower to her waiting lips, letting him thrust a bit to start sliding inside. Being already wet makes him easy to slide in. And who wouldn't be wet. The girl has been lying naked next to a man with a giant horse cock, alongside a beautiful pond.

This was the easy part, because the next part where she is spread far apart just as the tip enters makes her eyes bulge and her hands grip the grass. "Oh shit..." the teen mutters. Either it's the position or he's gotten bigger or her anticipation is higher or something. But she is blown away by how good it feels. Rick slides in inch after inch steadily and gradually. Her cunt aches as it spreads around the long shaft, accommodating its intrusion into her. It's definitely the position, the angle. She bites her lip, letting out a moan.

"You feel perfect," the man says soothingly from above after a low grunt.

He hits bottom, having only about half his cock buried inside her. Feeling him so deep, stretching her out so much, having such incredible heat stuffing her to the brim brings her right to orgasm. She has anticipated this moment, having him inside her again. "Oh fuck!" she cries, the top half of her body slumping down, breasts pressing into the grass while her lower body does its best to keep her ass hiked in the air. She shakes and trembles and she climaxes hard on the man's member. Her juices flow out steadily, over his huge balls and right onto the grass below them. "Fuck me," she says when the overpowering orgasm subsides.

The man does as requested. He bucks his hips and begins to fuck her in earnest. The sound of her snatch lubing his prick is a very nice sound. And knowing that she can lubricate something so large and powerful sends ripples of pleasure through her to mingle with the ones he is causing with his massive member. He strikes her inner wall over and over like taking a bat and hitting a tree with the hopes of knocking it down. He grunts as he gets to work, thrusting his horse like power into her. Emily Elizabeth gets up on her arms and looks down between her dangling breasts. She feels something curious, a sensation she never felt before. Now she wonders if her body is portraying what she thinks she is feeling. Sure enough, there is a cock-sized bulge moving up and down her belly. Maybe it's been like this every time she fucked Blackie or Rick, but she never really noticed it. It could be the position she is in now or it could be that she was way too into the pleasure either gave her to ever really notice.

It was subtle when he entered, but now it is more accentuated as he hits that wall. She can even make out the shape of the cockhead right above her belly button. Back and forth she watches the man use her like a sleeve for his pleasure. And she can feel every inch of it, the throbbing veins as they all slide back and forth with care. It is amazing to spread her body so wide, to feel filled in a way that only he or Blackie can do it. Maybe she doesn't need Blackie anymore. *Why do I have to*

*hang onto him when I have Rick?*

And just as the thought passes through her mind, Blackie crests the hill and trots over to them. He trots right in front of the girl, his cock extended to its fullest. He is certainly longer and thicker than Rick. *But of course he is. Rick's is fake.* Fake or not, it does its job and more. Blackie's cock pulses and throbs in her face, and he not so subtly brings it closer. Emily Elizabeth knows what he wants. She knows what she wants. Blackie's prick is right next to her face, inches away and dripping warm, thick precum from the tip. Why can't she have some of both? They're both here, so why not take advantage and fuck to the fullest? She leans forward and slides as much cock into her mouth as she is able.

She fits the entire head inside, her lips swallowing it and gracing it with her warm saliva. He tastes just like she remembers and she is eager for more. Emily Elizabeth's tongue begins the process of sliding into the slit to rub the inside, much like she did with Rick. She figures that if Rick liked it so much, then Blackie certainly wouldn't object. And the horse doesn't. Back and forth, deeper and deeper, the teenager massages the stallion from the inside out, sucking and drenching him with drool.

He cock pounding her pussy continues to thrust and strike where she wants it the most, and more orgasms erupt inside of her. Emily Elizabeth has grown so accustomed to it now that she finds herself nearing a pure state of ecstasy, shivering and shaking just trying to hold herself together. Her moans transfer to Blackie's cock. And the horse is appreciative of her efforts. The precum flows like a dripping faucet, leaving the girl to struggle just to keep up with swallowing it all. She is enjoying the sounds from above. Rick groans and grunts, Blackie whinnies and snorts.

Rick is the first to explode inside her. He pushes his meat so deep that something new inside of the teen opens. She feels something inside stretch. This is new. It is hardly gaping open, but it is wide enough for the tip of the man's horse cock to unload all of his cum directly inside her womb. Being ejaculated in, with the amount of cum that he can produce, and at this depth, is unreal. Emily Elizabeth shakes violently around the massive erection, her body pulsing with electricity of arousal unknown to her before today. She feels her skin bulge like it had earlier, but this time it is created by the weight of the cum pouring inside, stuffing her like the cum slut she has become.

Blackie is seemingly as desperate as Rick and is already finished as well. In gushes the wave of horse cum and the teenager cannot possibly hope to keep up with it, swallowing load after load before she pulls off out of fear of choking on all of it. The rest shoots over her head and along her back in an arc, covering her hair and painting her entire face white.

"Oh fuck, girl..." Rick pants, his massive prick still shooting a few loads onto her already cum covered body. "You felt better this time than the last couple times." Then with one long grunt, he pulls out.

Emily Elizabeth's cunt dribbles a big glob of cum after it, and she soon falls onto the ground. She coughs, getting her breath back. She rolls onto her back to get some air, wishing that she could just laugh from the sheer amount of the stuff she is covered in. The teen's belly makes it look like she is a few months pregnant because of the cum stuffed so deep inside her that her pussy is still slowly trying to push some out. And she aches so damn good. This is **not** going to be an experience she will forget.

"This is a sight I could look at every day," Rick muses, sitting down on the grass next to his teenage lover.

Emily Elizabeth opens her eyes, expecting to see Blackie standing over her still, but the horse is not there. In fact, the horse is nowhere to be seen. "Where's Blackie?" she asks, sounding a bit confused.

"I told you, he's being studded out," Rick says calmly.

The girl quickly maneuvers to get onto her elbows. She looks around, her face almost contorted in panic. She feels her hair, expecting to find globs of cum in it. She swallows, expecting still to taste cum on her tongue, but none is there. She thinks to ask Rick about what she thought she experienced, but thinks better of it. If she has any hopes of leaving this place, she has to make a decision. Choosing Blackie over Rick would be the wrong move, yet losing her virginity a second time to Blackie makes it hard.

She lies back down and extends her arm. Her hand touches Rick's still erect cock. She wonders if he is still hard or just waiting for the toy to shrink. It has to at some point and time; he has to be able to hide it inside his pants after all. The girl is in no hurry to leave, especially since she has to wait for the bulge in her belly to slowly deflate as she leaks Rick's seed onto the ground.

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Chapter Eleven

"Why do you have to sell Blackie?" Emily Elizabeth blurts out at her father during lunch. "Why do you always have to sell the horses?"

Her father sets his sandwich on the plate in front of him. "Now Emily Elizabeth," he says with a heavy sigh. "You know that is how we make a large amount of our money. When I told you that you could work with the horses more, I told you not to get attached."

"I'm not attached, Daddy," she fires back. And in a way she isn't. Yes, she still wants to keep Blackie around because she enjoys having his big cock in her. But at the same time, Rick gives it to her just as good, only he's a little smaller in size. Rick is also someone she can talk to that can take her away from here, Blackie cannot do either. Yet, Rick has yet to talk to her about any kind of plan to leave. "I just like the one horse."

"I'm sure that you do," John says calmly, folding his fingers together with his elbows on the table. "But if I kept a horse every time you liked it, we'd have a pasture full of ones we'd have to continuously feed and take care of while not making any money to keep this place going."

"I'm not asking for a bunch," the girl huffs in frustration at her father. "I'm only asking about the one."

"And this is why it's always been tradition to not let girls work on the farm, especially around horses," the man explains.

"What's going on about horses?" Emily Elizabeth's mother asks stepping into the kitchen.

"Emily Elizabeth here gave one of the horses a name and is asking to keep it," John tells his wife.

"Emily Elizabeth!" her mother scolds. "I told you father not to..."

John holds up his hand to cut the woman off. "It's alright, Mary," he says just as calmly as before. "This is a good lesson for her. Tomorrow is already going to be a big change for her. She may as well get to learning this lesson now."

"What's going on tomorrow?" the teenager asks, her face etched with curiosity but her mind raging with fear.

"You'll find that out tomorrow," her mother snaps. "Now, I'm going to override your father on this. No more time with the horses. You need to get back on track with being a lady and learning how to be a housewife."

"But Mama, I..." the girl starts.

"End of discussion Emily Elizabeth," her father snaps, his tone conveying his seriousness. "I'm not going against your mother on this. She's right. I shouldn't have allowed you to even begin with the horses."

"Fine!" the teen growls as she gets up from the table and walks toward the door.

"Emily Elizabeth!" Mary shouts. "Where are you going?"

The girl stops and turns to look at her mother. "Nowhere, I guess. I'm going to be stuck here for the rest of my life."

"Emily Elizabeth!" her mother yells at girl as she steps out the door. "You get..."

John puts his hand on the woman's arm. "Let her go, Mary. "She's upset. You have to remember that you were her age once."

"Yes, I was," the woman admits. "But I was also thirteen and it was expected of me."

"Perhaps we waited too long," John says with a sigh.

"Or maybe you were too lenient on her," Mary counters.

"Maybe. Just maybe," he compromises.

Emily Elizabeth has the big, black stallion where she wants him: in his stall. And she is naked. She waited until the farm hands were finished working on bathing the horses and feeding them before slipping inside. She knows the routine of the farm—it never changes. And she is determined to pursue her sexual indulgence with him as much as she can before he is sold, despite what her parents say.

But just as a precaution, she closes and bolted the barn doors.

The afternoon sunlight streams through the windows onto the floor, casting small hard shadows where they cannot reach otherwise. Emily Elizabeth's heart is pounding in her chest at the exciting thought of being with the stallion again. With him away for so many days it felt as if a part of her was gone. She had Rick for those times, but for some reason she just cannot let go of the horse. Maybe it's the taboo that has her in its grasp or maybe she is just obsessed with horse cock. But if that's the case, wouldn't Rick be enough? Of course his is just a fake, a toy. That could make all the difference. And once Blackie is gone, she'll have no choice but accept Rick or move on to another horse. *Why does this have to be hard?*

Shaking her head as if to toss the thoughts and confliction from her mind, she strides over to the stallion, where he is intently munching on some oats. She whispers into his ear, "Did you miss me?"

Blackie snorts, bobbing his head slightly. At this, Emily Elizabeth runs her hands along his flank, reaches under his belly and massages the bulge where his cock will appear. The soft, velvety skin feels like it is too sensitive to handle. All too quickly the head of his cock slides out into her hand. The girl instantly drops to her knees, transfixed by the sight of the enormous cock. This is why she keeps coming back. The slick prick slides keeps sliding out until it looks like a small arm in her hands again. She lifts the member to her mouth, parts her lips and takes the end into her mouth. She slides her tongue under the head, feeling the beast's cock throb every time his heart takes a beat.

Slowly, Emily Elizabeth's hands begin stroking the shaft. How she has missed the stallion! The steely horse prick slips from her lips, she closes her eyes and rubs the meaty stick on her face and then on her beautiful breasts. The bloated head caresses her nipples until they become just as erect. By now, the girl is absolutely dripping wet. Her hand dips between her thighs, coating her hand with a copious amount of her juices. She then takes this wetness and applies it to the end of Blackie's cock and begins coating his length. When half of his monster is coated, her hand slips back down and two fingers go into her thick folds. She slowly rocks back and forth on the wiggling digits, spending several long moments in the rolling cascades of pleasure. The teen's other hand is full of slick, stallion cock, slipping over the wide head and down the length.

Emily Elizabeth tries to hold out as long as she can, wanting to extend the anticipation for as long as she can. But eventually she cannot hold out any longer. It's like a man masturbating and staving off the impending orgasm before finally just giving in and letting the dam burst apart. She gets up and leads Blackie over to the bales of hay that both are very familiar with. She positions Blackie over the bales and slides underneath him.

His bulk and implied strength is something Emily Elizabeth has gotten used to. Being beneath the horse or beneath Rick feels more natural than anything else in the world. To have something or someone so strong and in charge make her cream even more. She reaches down between her knees to grasp the cock that she has come to almost worship. Rubbing the bloated tip between her cunt lips, she gasps when Blackie hunches up on his hind quarters and thrusts. Then entire end of his prick slides right in, stretching her twat like a blown up balloon. The girl tosses her head from side to side the more the horse penetrates her. Her pussy stretches when he pushes. She cries out when he starts bucking against the bales of hay, crashing into her—a car into a brick wall. Her body is mashed into the hay, indenting her as if the hay was made of memory foam. She feels the engorged head scraping through the length of her overstretched cunt. Waves of pain and pleasure wash over and through her entire being.

Blackie is being far more aggressive than she ever had experienced with him before. It feels like he is letting out some kind of repressed aggression, like he has missed her so much he doesn't know how to control himself now that he has her. Or maybe he just doesn't care, realizing that this girl is throwing herself at him for him to use her as a fuck bag. On and on the stallion fucks her. Emily Elizabeth gasps, her breath coming short as she is battered again and again into the hay.

Another orgasm tears through her and suddenly Blackie just freezes, buried so deep that she is surprised that she can even take so much of him. For a brief moment the teenager thinks he is sitting still, enjoying the feeling of her pussy gushing and creaming and celebrating in a jubilant spasm, but then he starts to spurt. She feels hot jets of horse cum burning through her, filling her. The pressure is so strong, too strong. It pushes past even the tight seamless fit of the massive monster before finally streaming past and squirting out of her exploited cunt.

She lies still, panting and unable to move. Her mind rumbles with thought. The horse's cock still pulsates and more and more cum leaks out from her to drain down her legs where it quickly forms a

pool on the hay bale. She cannot understand why it is over so quickly. The first thing she can think of is of all the times she went into town and fucked a random stranger and how quickly they fucked her. It was in these times she felt used. She had always wanted more, something longer. Mindless fucking is nice, but sometimes having passion attached to the pleasure is nicer. She thought she had that with Blackie. Somewhere in the back of her depraved mind she thought the same feeling she got when Rick fucked her, she thought she had with Blackie.

Finally, after what feels like eternity, Blackie steps back, snatching his still erect member from her snatch so quickly that it makes a loud sucking **pop!** Copious amounts of horse cum pours from her like champagne from an uncorked bottle. Quickly, Emily Elizabeth's mind is brought back to the present. Weakly, she puts her hand to her gaping twat, groaning as it becomes plentifully bestrewn in hot, sticky fluid. With a thrown back head, Blackie wanders to the water bucket and drinks his fill. Emily Elizabeth turns and slides off the hay bale and closes her eyes.

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## Chapter Twelve

As spring turns to summer, Emily Elizabeth contemplates the most recent events with Blackie. She sits under the large oak tree, looking down onto the farm. The farm hands are busy preparing the horses for the auction. She watches as each one is brought out, cleaned and then inspected by her father before being loaded in the horse trailers. Of all the farm hands, Rick by far is the strongest and most handsome. Just watching him work makes the girl wet. What he carries between his legs makes her mouth water. But her mind isn't just on him, it is also on Blackie.

As far as his sudden aggressive behavior goes, Emily Elizabeth still cannot believe how he had acted. It felt as if he was just using her to get himself off. Of course that wouldn't make any sense considering he's a horse and not a man. Unless of course horses could think and act like men. Watching the spectacle is sort of heart breaking. Unfortunately when her father sells horses, it's all the horses at once. He doesn't deal with breeding, unless he is studding one out. His money is not in breeding, but trading. And the more she sits there watching, the sadder she becomes, because she knows the Blackie is going to be sold and she knows he will never be seen again.

Her plan was to see him off from the distance, but the more she waits the harder it is for her to even do this. So she climbs to her feet and slips off to the pasture where the pond they shared one another at for the first time is. The place is special too because this is where Rick brought her, trying to be romantic. It is there she spends the rest of the day, lying on the grass in the shade of a tree before falling asleep, dreaming of both Blackie and Rick together pleasing her.

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Emily Elizabeth is awoken by the presence of someone lying behind her and the gentle caresses of a hand along her shoulder and side. At first she opens her eyes believing that she is still in one of her dreams. But as more and more of her senses come alive, she realizes that it isn't a dream and that she is not alone. "Rick?" she asks softly.

"Yes, it's me, Emily Elizabeth," the man answers.

"How long have I been asleep?" she asks, blinking away the sleep.

"I don't know," he answers. "I assume awhile. I didn't see you at your tree for long time. You missed seeing Blackie off."

"I couldn't watch any longer," she says almost in a whisper, snuggling back into the man a little more, feeling his bulge against her ass cheeks. "I decided that I didn't want to remember him leaving the farm."

"Are you going to miss him?"

The girl shrugs. "I think I will, but..."

"But what?" he pushes.

Emily Elizabeth scoots away and rolls onto her back to look at the man. "'I'm afraid."

"Afraid?"

"I'm afraid I'm never leaving this place," she says, tears beginning to well up in her eyes. "I feel I will not be like him, able to escape this place forever."

"He isn't escaping," Rick says, cupping her face, his thumb wiping away the drop the falls from her eye. "He's only trading one prison for another. Besides, you won't have to be a prisoner here for long. I will take you away from here. I promised you that."

"Will you?" she asks, perhaps sounding a bit too harsh.

"I will," he reiterates. "I will not abandon you."

Silence falls between them. The sun is dipping lower into the sky and it is not long before Emily Elizabeth is slowly stroking Rick's bare thigh. Her hand gradually moves up and onto his growing shaft. The pink top half of it grows longer and longer, taking on that familiar length she has become accustomed to. She bites her bottom lip while she slowly explores his expanding cock with her inquisitive hand.

Rick looks at her curiously. "What is on your mind?" he asks.

"Nothing," she answers, probably a little too quick.

"Are you worried I only want to fuck you?" he presses, worried that she believes his intentions for them are not what he claims them to be.

"I just..." she bites her lip again. "I just wonder, what happens when it breaks or doesn't work properly?"

"Are you afraid you won't like what I'm packing otherwise?" he asks with a chuckle.

"Well, I have enjoyed my time this summer with Blackie. And then I met you and I think I've enjoyed my time even more," she says, smiling up at him.

"You think?" he repeats.

With a shrug, she giggles. "Well, you are a lot gentler and I can actually hold a conversation with you."

"Is that all?"

"Well, you may have spoiled me a bit, if you know what I mean." And as she says this, she squeezes a

bit on his blossoming erection.

"I figured you wanted Blackie more because he's got a bigger dick," he accuses.

"I think I could like something bigger every now and again," she admits. "And even though you are strong, nothing beats the power of a horse. Plus I just love the feeling of being so stretched out I'm not sure if I'm going to be split in two or not. I do know I can never be happy with a guy with a normal sized prick."

The girl begins to nuzzle his neck and Rick responds by whispering into her ear. "I've got a secret to tell you."

"What is it?" she asks. She lightly kisses his neck, flicking her tongue out gently between wet kisses.

"I lied to you when I said it was a toy I ordered," he confesses. Emily Elizabeth abruptly pulls away, giving him a look of disbelief. He smiles at the expression and continues. "It is very much real, as real as you and I are here right now. I was born with it. It works like any other guy you've met."

She gasps, somehow knowing that he is speaking the truth. It has to be real, how else would it have worked like it does? Believing it was a fake was difficult, but accepted that truth because she really didn't want to face that truth. "Well, it is extraordinary and so are you," she whispers. She leans in closer, their lips coming together for a deep, longing kiss. "I love extraordinary things."

"I can tell," he says.

They both laugh at the comment, but then she frowns. "I don't want to leave."

"Then don't."

"But I have to."

"Why?"

"It's getting late and supper is probably done," she says, looking past his shoulder to the hill beyond. "I'll already be in enough trouble for being late."

"Then why not make it worth being in trouble for?" he suggests. "Stay here with me. Let me make love to you."

"Are you taking me away from here?" she asks, letting the question out despite the fear of seeming needy.

"Yes."

"When?" Her subconsciousness is in need of reassurance.

"Soon," he answers.

Emily Elizabeth smiles not needing any additional encouragement. "You're right. If I'm going to be in trouble, I might as well make it worth it." She grabs his throbbing beast and wiggles down to his waist. She begins working it, stroking with both hands, gazing in wonder. To know that this is real makes the difference. It isn't long before she has her mouth stretched wide over the bulbous tip, sucking on it with renewed vigor.



Knowing it is real fuels her to perform even better than before. It is one thing to worship it as if it were a toy, pretending it's the real deal as a means of visual pleasure. It's something else to know that the pleasure she gives it translates into ecstasy. She sucks, gradually increasing the ferocity of her mouth's work on the husky member. She deep throats him until she gags. She attacks his length like a ravenous slut. She sucks on his oversized, bulging horse balls until he almost cries out because it feels so damn good.

The young teen soon has stripped off her shirt and bra, revealing her luscious breasts. They are like hanging fruits needing attention like those hanging below Rick's glorious prick. He looks down to admire her beauty, and she looks exquisite between his thighs, worshipping him like a god, baring his fruit to a mere mortal. Emily Elizabeth now has both hands wrapped around his rigid meat stick and is now working them in tandem up and down and around his shaft while she continues to suck and throat him with her opulent mouth. And as she does, Rick lifts up his hips to drive himself in further into her mouth. The teen welcomes each and every thrust without a single complaint.

"I'm..." Rick moans. And as he does so, he drives his cock deeper into her mouth, falling silent and begins to gush his huge load of cum that quickly overtakes the girl's senses and mouth, welling up and pouring out of her mouth like a soda shaken before opening.

Emily Elizabeth is gulping as best as she can, but the man's monstrous load is too much for her to contain. So her face is soon painted with a coating of horse cum that drips off her chin like a baby eating from a spoon for the first time. "Yes!" she gurgles and gasps as she tries to swallow to the best of her ability. This is what she likes, and it is so much better knowing that it is all his and not some flunky product of a fake extremity.

But like before and like Blackie before him, Rick isn't quite finished. After a brief pause there comes another bursts spewing from the tip just when she removes him from her mouth. This next gush of ejaculate erupts right into her face, covering it on the outside as it did on the inside of her mouth. Almost immediately the teen covers the flared head with her mouth to catch the next few bursts, prepared to take it all down her throat. What she cannot swallow and what plastered her face soon pours from her face and mouth like drool onto her lovely breasts.

"It seems you knowing the truth makes a difference," the man mutters, looking down at her with a smile.

"It does," she says with admiration as she resumes sucking on him, swallowing down the remnants of his cum that still puddle in her mouth.

"I can tell, he whispers down as she gazes up at him, dazed and slightly overwhelmed. "That was absolutely fantastic."

When the girl finally does finish, she removes one hand from his pulsing erection and uses it to push herself up from the grass. "Since you can still go and I'm hot and horny, I think we need to cool off a little before going on." She stands up a little unsteadily and drops her shorts and panties to the ground. "Come on," she coos, extending a hand.

Rick walks behind her as she leads him to the pond, admiring her shapely ass all the way there. The cool water of the pond feels great on their hot, sticky bodies. They engage in long, deep kisses, their hands roaming one another's body like two lovers would for the first time. Emily Elizabeth is living the fantasy from her book. In fact it is better than the book and all that remains to make it complete is Rick taking her far away from here.

Once Emily Elizabeth feels cooled down, the sun has completely set, casting their world in twilight. The moon illuminates them, making them appear as spectral figures coming together as one. They move to the shore, right to the water's edge where they embrace and drop heavily onto the soft earth. The teen moves to sit on top of the man, positioning herself over his erection. Because of the wetness of the water and the slickness from her own juices, Emily Elizabeth is able to slip down slowly onto him, gasping with each inch until she is almost fully impaled on his throbbing meat. "If I didn't know better, I swear you've grown since we got in the water," she gasps, settling more deeply onto him, a bulge forming in her belly from taking so much of him in.

After a series of slow and gentle introductory moves on his member, Emily Elizabeth is soon bouncing on him like she is on an exercise ball. Her breasts are manically flopping up and down, her belly bulging outward, inflating and deflating with each bounce. Rick grabs her ass, helping her pound her gaping cunt onto his engorged horse cock. She begins rubbing her fingers over her belly, amazed at how it stretches and goes back to normal, feeling the tip of his massive prick beneath her skin. Soon she is groaning and crying out with an orgasm that seems to be the equivalent to the one Rick had experienced not so long ago.

The girl cries out as she bounces even harder. It is a good thing they are so far from prying ears and spying eyes. Emily Elizabeth realizes that while the man doesn't have the size of Blackie, he more than makes up with how he uses it. And after her orgasm finally subsides, Rick keeps himself inside her when he rolls her over onto her back. The girl smiles in anticipation of what is coming. She spreads her legs far apart to give him full access to her gaping twat. "Fuck me, my love."

And the man does. Rick positions himself securely on the grass, wraps his thighs around her legs and begins driving his horse cock into her soaked snatch with ferocious thrusts. He grunts as he thrusts himself into her, his enormous balls slamming into her ass, sending water splashing. He continues fucking the teenager with everything he has. More than once he looks down onto the girl with a smile and a kiss, hoping that she knows just how genuine he is about taking her away from here. Hoping that even without the words yet said how much he loves her.

Soon he reaches the summit of another orgasm. He grunts long and low and begins to release another sizable load into the girl that quickly overflows and oozes out her like a roaring river finding purchase on the banks to flood everything around it. "Fill me up, my love," Emily Elizabeth coaxes. She feels like Sarah did when at the end of the story they were ready to make a baby. Would that be the next step for them once he steals her away from here?

Emily Elizabeth and Rick both look down to watch his giant cock give its final thrusts into her, forcing a mass of cum to backflow over his length and onto the grass beneath them. It is a compelling sight to behold. Watching their bodies mesh together mesmerizes the teen much like it did when she came together with Blackie. Her pussy is red and swollen and his cum seems to almost act like a salve as it washes over it. Rick's engorged and glistening member slowly moves in and out of her stretched hole, slithering like an anaconda through the water. And it is Emily Elizabeth that breaks the spell when she leans up and kisses him, long, hard and slow. Rick runs his tongue into her mouth and she in turn sucks on it passionately. And he collapses beside her as they nuzzle and laugh on the cool grass, their bodies still partway in the cold water.

"I have to go," she whispers after a long time. "I hate to leave."

"I know," Rick whispers back as if talking aloud with break the spell or get them discovered. "I hate for you to leave, but it won't be for much longer."

"When," she asks, feeling hopeful.

"Soon," he answers.

"How soon?" she repeats.

"Soon," he says, kissing her once more, "very soon."

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Chapter Thirteen

Emily Elizabeth looks out her window at the sound of a truck approaching. She recognizes the vehicle as the one owned by William Kern, the owner of the next farm over. Intrigued, she watches it come up the drive and settle in front of the house. By the time William and his son, Kale are out of the truck, John is out the door, greeting them. The girl watches the three men conversate for a few moments before all three walk into the house. A moment after this, she hears her name being called by her mother.

She trudges down the stairs, already knowing this is just going to be some boring conversation that her parents are going to expect her to participate in. When she steps into the living room, both her parents are sitting on one couch, Kale on the other and William in the chair. Emily Elizabeth has no choice but to take the seat next to Kale. Now there is nothing wrong with Kale. He's handsome, tall and pretty well built, like one would expect after a lifetime on the farm.

"Kale just got back from college a few days ago," John begins just as she sits down. "William sent him off to get one of those fancy degrees to help aid us in our new endeavor."

"Yes, it cost a small fortune too," William announces proudly. "And with his education, Kale will help take our new company into the future."

"What's the point of making all this money if we live so simple?" Emily Elizabeth blurts out without even thinking first.

"Emily Elizabeth!" her mother scolds as both Kale and William look at her with shocked looks.

"No, it's alright, dear," John says to his wife, placing his hand on her arm.

"No it is not, John," Mary says back, standing up abruptly. "I am tired of this attitude she has taken up. She has been late to dinner or missing it completely for almost a week. I don't know where she is half the time. I swear she's sneaking out with some boy from town."

"I'm not sneaking around with a boy," the teen argues. "I'm almost sixteen, I'm almost an adult."

William leans over toward his son and says, "You're gonna have a feisty one on your hands."

Kale chuckles and replies, "Don't worry, Daddy, I'll get her whipped into shape in no time. She'll know her place before the week's out."

Emily Elizabeth shifts in her seat, turning toward Kale, her back against the armrest. Her face is a tangle of confusion and disgust. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Kale turns to look at her, his expression turning serious. "That's gonna be the first to go," he snarls. "That mouth of yours ain't gonna cut it."

"You don't tell me what..." she begins to fight back before her father interrupts.

"You are going to marry Kale tomorrow," John says. "We're putting the farm together and giving you two a portion to place your house."

"What?" she spins, shifting in the seat to look at her father. Suddenly she feels like she is the center of universe and everyone is looming around her like planets attracted to the sun.

"You are far too old to not be married by now, Emily Elizabeth," Mary pipes in. "This marriage guarantees this new partnership. It's time to stop acting like a child."

"But I don't want to marry him!" the girl protests.

"If it wasn't for Kale going off to school, you would have married him already," John reveals. "He's a good young man that will teach you what it means to be a woman." He turns to Kale as if this is all just routine. "What are you now son, twenty-three, twenty-four?"

"Twenty-four," he answers.

"Twenty-four," John repeats, turning back toward his daughter. "He has plenty of experience and a good upbringing. He'll make sure you're taken care of and made to be a good wife."

"But I don't want to marry him," the girl protests, tears starting to run down her cheeks. "I don't want to stay here. I don't want to turn into Mama."

"It has to be this way," John says more soothingly, his hand on his wife's arm stopping the woman from going over and slapping the girl. "Kale's brother, you remember him, is going to get married this fall. They'll be living on the farm too. We're gonna build an empire, and to do that we're gonna need heirs."

"That's right," William pipes in. "The goal will be to not need any hands. We'll also need some diversity cause we don't wanna become like those hillbillies, the Chester clan over in Dover County."

"What does that mean?" Emily Elizabeth asks, not understanding a word they say. It's bad enough her whole world seems to be coming crashing down on her at the moment.

"It means, William here will be the first to get you pregnant," Mary quickly explains. "Just like your daddy is gonna get Brian's wife pregnant first. Then it will be your husbands. You'll have to share here and there, but this farm is gonna be full of youngins."

"I ain't doing this," the girl says standing up with clenched fists. "I'm not marrying him or anyone I don't want to. And I certainly ain't having kids with anybody I don't want to." Then without another word and tears streaming down her face, she stomps right back out the living room.

"Emily Elizabeth, you come right back here!" her mother shouts.

"Let her go, Mary," John says calmly.

"I will not!"

"She's young," John says. "She'll learn her place. Kale will make sure of that."

Emily Elizabeth races through the farm yard, past the main barn and up the hill toward her tree. But she doesn't stop at the tree, she keeps going. She thinks of running away right here and now, but where would she go? Knowing her luck, her father and the other two men would have her tracked down before nightfall. Subconsciously her mind takes over, guiding her through the pasture to the

one place she is sure to find solace: the pond.

She is so overcome by the emotional drain of what just happened that she collapses on the ground, right at the water's edge. She lies there for she doesn't know how long before she hears the sound of grass under foot coming in her direction. At first she thinks that maybe her father or Kale followed her, but that would be absurd. Her father knows she'll eventually return and Kale seems too arrogant and cruel to give her chase. This is why she feels relieved when she hears his voice.

"I saw you running from the house," Rick says soothingly, kneeling right down behind her. His hand lands on her shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze. "I'm sorry I couldn't come after you right away."

"They want me to marry Kale and have a bunch of kids," she says softly through her sobs. "I don't want him. I want you."

"We will get away," he says, rolling her onto her back.

"When?" she asks, looking at him through watery eyes.

"Tonight."

"Tonight?"

"Yes," the man confirms. "We'll have what we need and I know where we can go where they will never find us."

"But how will we get away?" she asks, her tears starting to dry up. "How do we know they won't follow?"

"Leave that to me," Rick says, brushing the blonde strands from her face. "I'll have it all taken care of."

"Are you sure?" she asks, sitting up a little on her elbows.

Rick shifts and stands. He grabs the girl up by both her shoulders into a standing position. "We'll be free of this place tonight," he says assuredly. "By tomorrow morning, we'll be together, free as the wind."

"Then free we will be," Emily Elizabeth says, dropping to her knees to kneel before him. Her hands fly across the button and zipper of his pants. Grabbing both sides, she pulls them down to his ankles.

Rick's hands slip into her blonde hair, fingers running through it like a boat through water. He steps out of the clothing and the girl pulls it away, tossing it to the side. Still on her knees, Emily Elizabeth lines herself up with the bulbous head pointing right at her face. She reaches out her tongue and licks the tip. Every time she is with him, looking at his stiff member, it is as if it were the first time. Ever since confirming what she believed was true the first time she saw it, it is so much more special. His whole body twitches and she licks it again. Rick groans. His hands, still holding her in place, now guides her toward him. The teenager opens her mouth and dives down on it, taking as much as she can into her mouth. He has always allowed her the control, but now it is like the first time he took her. This time he is calling the shots. And Emily Elizabeth doesn't really mind at all.

She closes her eyes, rising up a little on her knees and holds her neck forward. She feels like a slut, like what Kale and the others want her to be. But she doesn't care because Rick is her choice. Rick is the one she loves, she wants to marry and she plans to have her children with. He presses inward

until her lips reach almost the halfway point. The girl starts nibbling lightly with her teeth and lips. The thick, flared head is on the back of her mouth muscle, down her throat just a bit. She fights to not choke, wanting to give him the maximum amount of pleasure that she is physically able to.

In the meantime, Emily Elizabeth uses her tongue to his shaft. She even swallows a few times to give the head some attention from her throat muscles. But the whole time, she doesn't move him in or out. Rick's position in her mouth is stationary and she waits for him to move, or not. The licking and swallowing is enough to make him very happy. With no thrusting motion or head bobbing, it doesn't seem like it will make him orgasm, but it certainly gets him weak in the knees. And this is precisely what Emily Elizabeth wants. She wants him to enjoy her enjoying him but not reaching that moment of climax.

Rick's hand starts to press on the back of the teen's head, gently trying to get more of his horse cock down her throat. It of course doesn't work. There is nowhere for it to go nor does her mouth of throat stretch enough to accommodate his breadth. But it is fine, just fine. Emily Elizabeth has the satisfaction of knowing that he wants more of her. And after a while, once he realizes that he isn't going to orgasm, he pulls her off of him. She squeezes his length with her hands, and then she asks, "Where will we go?"

Rick looks down at the girl and smiles, "Far from here. We will go wherever we choose."

"Are you going to marry me?"

He answers, "Yes. But I wanted to surprise with that one."

Emily Elizabeth looks at him. She didn't expect him to answer so quickly or so assuredly. "Yes?"

"I would marry you right now if it were possible," he answers with a nod.

The girl tears up a little. She didn't know what to expect from him before today or even after today. She wasn't sure of her future after he told her of their departure tonight. Even now her future is uncertain, but at least now she knows she won't be going into it alone. "Really?" she asks, trying not to cry with the happiness flowing out of her through every pore. "You mean it?"

Rick takes a few deep breaths. "I mean it, Emily Elizabeth," he answers. "Once we are away from here, I am going to marry you."

The teenager is filled with some many emotions. It is like a pitcher full of hope has been poured into her and everything bad flushed out. She doesn't know what to do. So she does the only thing she can think of right in the moment. She drops her dress from her shoulders and steps out of the puddle of fabric at her feet. Then she drops to the ground, pulling Rick by the hand with her. "Take me, Rick," she says with absolute certainty. "Ravage me. Take away my control. Take it like you're going to take me away from here." She looks up at him. It is just his face and chest and the clear sky.

"Are you sure?" he asks.

"Yes," she whispers. "If I am to be your wife then you need to take me like as if I am." There is no doubt in her mind. She wants it good and heard. She wants him to assert himself over her as if she were a prize that he has won. And maybe she is. He is going to take her away from here, from her parents, from Kale and his father and his brother. Rick is going to save her and tear down their plans for her. "Take me, my love," she says repeating Sarah's words to Jake the first time she wanted him without protection. "Make me yours."

This is it. There is no turning back. Emily Elizabeth has given him permission to have her however he wishes to her. So she swallows hard, wondering what he will do. The grass has become a little scratchy, but it is thick and matted down by their weight almost like the straw bales she used when servicing Blackie. She looks down his naked body. Rick is erect and his head looks so huge, blown up like a balloon. He lies down on top of the girl, putting her arms above her head and crossing them at the wrists. It stretches the muscles, making her chest feel even more naked than it already is. He holds her wrists with one hand and uses the other to scoop under her back. As if she had not noticed before, this makes her feel so much smaller, the comparison feeling like the first time she slid beneath Blackie. It becomes quite apparent to her the sheer difference in size and age between them, and she doesn't even know how old the man is. She feels his weight pressing down on her whole body as his face comes closer and his legs pry her apart. Her mind is taken away from her thoughts to focus on the here and now.

This is the kind of rough treatment she is craving. She wants to be taken on her terms by someone of her choosing. This how it has always been when she went into town to find random sex. She will not be taken by men she doesn't choose. Emily Elizabeth offers no resistance. She doesn't need to add in a fight. She feels vulnerable and this is just as she wants it. Kind of like the last time Blackie took her a little more forcibly and rough.

The engorged head presses against her snatch. The girl spreads her legs even more, flexing up to meet him. She is wet and ready—more than ready. And in he goes. Emily Elizabeth is primed, ready to climax when he is. The earlier blowjob she had given was enough to amp her up, how words and promises finished the job. Rick takes several long, agonizing strokes—all the way in and all the way out. His prick feels a lot meatier than usual, especially the flared head. It fills her. It is also rougher inside than she is used to, and she took quite a bit of Blackie before him. It is as if he is just excited as she is and it has some kind of physical effect on him.

“Enjoy me, my love,” Emily Elizabeth whispers in his ear as his head dips in close to her face. “Do it as hard as you want. Take me however you want. I will be your bride. I will bare your children.” She feels his whole body pressing on her and his warm beneath, pulling her into him. His tongue licks her lips and toys with her mouth. At the same time, he switches to a shallow fucking. It is more intense than she could have imagined.

Long strokes fill the teen, making her feel loved and possessed. Shallow ones get her excited and make her orgasm. She has had both from a great deal of men, but never both by such an enormous cock. Rick wants to make her climax and he is doing a fine job of it. His tongue parts her lips to play around just inside them, the same way his horse prick is doing with her cunt lips. The similarities of both is simple overpowering. Emily Elizabeth begins moaning and arching. The movement of her legs and hips rubs her flesh against the grass. It scratches, but this just makes it more intense. She fucks back, thrusting up and down, helping him while trying to bring herself off with him. Every few strokes he does a couple deep ones, just to drive her wild. His swallow thrusts turn faster and the girl's hips push harder against him, hoping to have more of that enormity inside her.

Rick finally releases her hands, so she puts her arms around his shoulders, hugging him and pulling his face into her. The grass all around them feels like a tortilla, wrapping both of them and sealing them together. It from here it doesn't take long. The man starts ejaculating before Emily Elizabeth climaxes, but his orgasm triggers hers. And she is right there with him. It is perfect. Rick lifts his head up and groans as he switches to deeper strokes. Once she starts to orgasm, she wants it deep. They both cry out. In the middle of the pasture that never gets visited, there is no one to hear them, no one to discover the secret they share.

Rick's hands squeeze the girl and his body pounds her. Emily Elizabeth doesn't think he knows how

rough it is. She certainly doesn't tell him. She is enjoying the raw strength that he is using on her and the incredibly deep thrusts, pushes so far into her little body, pushing past that wall and without a doubt into her cervix. It has to be pushed past there because there is no way she can take what he is given physically any other way. And he keeps going, keeps fucking her even after he ejaculates, just to keep her going.

The teenager's body starts shaking rhythmically and so she just lets go. She lets go of it all—the burden of her life on the farm, the future her parents hold for her, her future with Rick, the world around them. She just lets go. Rick keeps fucking her, switching to shallow strokes sometimes and then back to long ones, reversing his previous strategy. It doesn't matter. Emily Elizabeth is hopelessly helpless at this point. She soars. She looks up at him. He looks like a god, forcing himself upon a poor, defenseless mortal girl. But what girl wouldn't dream of being taken and fucked by a god?

Eventually, Rick allows her to come down slowly from the heavens he has created for her, kissing her again while her body throbs and convulses. The waves of orgasm slow from a raging river down to a trickle. Yet, he stays inside her, throbbing and not moving in or out. It reminds Emily Elizabeth of what she had done for him with her mouth. The kisses and hugs, the feel of his body, his smell and that of the wildflowers makes for a heavenly feeling like they were already far away from the farm. They kiss for a long, long time, just making love in the warm sun and beauty of the pasture by the glistening pond. Rick lets up a little, but still holds his teenage betrothed trapped beneath him. And best of all, he never loses strength in his erection.

The man rolls onto his back. It is almost silly when Emily Elizabeth looks over at him, lying like a felled, naked giant with a huge horse cock flopped onto his belly. The girl rolls over next to him, leaning over him, putting her hand on his chest to feel his heart beating. Rick begins to rub her back with his arm around her. It is a nice touch, one she doesn't ever want taken away. With the exception of her body aching from the rough treatment, she is feeling extraordinarily good. "I wish we didn't have to leave this place," she whispers.

"I know of a place like it," he whispers back. "We can spend our whole lives there."

"Our very own place?" she asks.

"Unless you never want to stop roaming," he suggests. "We can settle down in one place or always be on the move. Whatever you want, I am happy with."

"How about a little of both?" she proposes.

Rick turns her gently, sliding her off of him. Emily Elizabeth goes along. "You decide and I will follow," he says, having her lie face down. He drapes his leg over hers. "Can you go again?"

"It seems that you can." The girl smiles into the grass. "But I have to get back home," she sighs dejectedly.

"Why?" he kisses her shoulder. "Nobody is going to come looking. They know you have nowhere to go, that you have nobody else but them."

"But I have you," she argues.

"But they don't know that," he says, quickly shutting her down. Besides, the weather is nice."

Emily Elizabeth smiles again. The weather is exceptionally nice today. She looks over her shoulder at

him. It is simple. They can just be out here naked and fucking and no one will bother come looking. At home they know she'll come back, that she has no place to run to and nobody to help her. She feels his erection resting against her ass cheeks, the dribble of precum on the small of her back, his remarkably heavy balls against her thighs. "Will I need anything?" The massive meat slides ever so shallow between her cheeks.

"Only want you feel is important to take," he replies.

She lies there for a moment thinking of everything she owns, which isn't a whole lot. The only two things that would matter are insignificant compare to what she has now. "I don't need anything except clothes."

"We'll get those later," he assures her.

"So why don't we just leave now?" the girl asks.

"We'll wait until night. Otherwise we'll be seen," Rick explains.

It makes sense, especially with her earlier outburst. While they think they know she has nowhere to go or anyone to help her escape, they certainly won't be stupid and not keep an eye out for her. "So if I'm not going back home and we have the rest of the afternoon and you're still hard..."

"I think we can fill in that time usefully," he muses.

The ache Emily Elizabeth felt after their first go around earlier this afternoon is completely erased. With practice her body has quickly become used to the fit and feeling, ready to take on even more of the man if necessary. But now that night has begun to fall, they pull away from their embrace to clean up a little and get dressed. Rick has assured her that he has plenty of money stashed and the perfect mode of transportation to get them where they will be going. All that is needed is for them to make their escape together.

They have just finished dressing when a noise from the top of the hill draws their attention toward it. They look just in time to see John, kale and William cresting it. "And where is it you think you're headed young lady?" William calls out.

Emily Elizabeth casts a look of defiance at the man. "I'm leaving here. I'm getting away from you and your son. You're nothing but perverts."

The man laughs at her accusation. "This is coming from the little girl that sneaks off while in town to fuck older men." The girl's eyes go wide and her mouth drops. "Yes, I have keep tabs," he continues. "I have investigated you and your family. I'm not some hillbilly farmer without a sense of how the outside world works. Your parents may have kept you from that world as much as they could, but I know how it all works."

Emily Elizabeth looks over at her father, her eyes questioning him. John shifts the shotgun in his arms. "I have the future all planned out for our family," he says softly. "You are key to everything I have worked toward. I can forgive everything you have done to bring your mother and me shame."

"But I don't want to stay," the girl says, finally finding her voice. "I'm leaving with Rick. We're going to have a life together."

"And where is Rick now that you need him the most?" William huffs. "It looks like he has abandoned you to your fate."

Emily Elizabeth quickly turns around to see where he has gone only to find herself standing face to face with Blackie. "Rick?" she whispers to the stallion. The horse stamps his foot and snorts. "Could it really be you?"

"Where did you get the horse from?" John questions, squinting to peer through the growing darkness better. "That isn't one of ours."

The teen turns back toward the three men. "No it isn't. It belongs to Rick and he hasn't abandoned me," she says with venom in her voice. "I'm leaving, and no matter whether you like it or not, you can't stop me." She turns back around and begins to climb the horse when she hears William's protests. She freezes, almost uncertain what to do next.

"What are you waiting for, John?" the man wheezes. "Shoot the damn animal. Don't let her get away."

John raises the gun. "Emily Elizabeth," her father's voice quakes. "If you get on that horse, I will have to kill it."

Emily Elizabeth takes a moment to consider everything that has happened to her in her very short life. Like a movie flashing through her mind, across her eyes, she sees it all. Her childhood streams past, followed by her times with the many men in town and then everything that has changed since Rick Blackburn stepped foot on the farm. And just like Sarah had to make the choice to leave her husband for Jake, she will have to leave her family for her stallion. Without looking back at the men, she says, "I have to do what I have to. You will have to do what you have to."

The End