

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

I should explain that before I got married I had been seeing a much older man who was into bondage and discipline, and I had loved it. But it had all got too much for me, and trying to give it up and escape from his influence I had married a vanilla guy to try and settle down. It hadn't worked, and I knew that if I didn't do something about it I would leave my husband and go back to the BDSM guy, and I wasn't sure I could cope with that, he was very intense and living with him was exhausting, physically and emotionally.

It started like any other internet chat, trying to find common interest with a complete stranger. This man's name was Adam, and he said he owned a large ranch in southern USA, in Texas he said it was, but he declined to give me more information about its location. He said that he had a lot of horses, including several stallions, and people paid to watch the horses mating. That sounded kinky and I like kinky chats, so I asked him to tell me more.

He said he had erected a grandstand in a paddock for paying spectators, and also offered accommodation to people visiting from far away. He offered to pay me if I would just go and stay there for a few months working as a maid, looking after both the horses and the visitors.

I asked if that included sex and he said it could, if I wanted, but it would always be my choice. Obviously I would be paid much more if I had sex with some of the visitors, and he hinted that there were other ways I could earn even more money. I suspected he meant porno films or something. I had never been to Texas, and the offer seemed a good way to resolve my marriage. Go spend a month or two on a ranch, effectively working as a prostitute and maybe a porn star, earn a heap of money, and decide whether I wanted to go back home to my husband. I told him the idea appealed to me but I needed time to decide. He said he understood, and agreed that we should chat more. No commitments.

I was mostly worried by the porn films bit. I knew I could sleep with guys in Texas with no chance of anyone in my home town finding out, but appearing in a porn film was something altogether more dangerous for my future. Of course, if the money was really good it might be worth it, but I suspected he could get girl porn stars pretty cheaply so there was no reason to believe the money would be enough. So, no, I decided firmly that if that was what he meant I would make it clear that I wasn't into it. Next time we talked I told him that, and he laughed and said no, he promised there wouldn't even be photographs taken of me if I didn't agree to them.

But I do like sex, and the idea of screwing half a dozen different men in a day did appeal. The sex with my husband was by now downright boring, and my memories of those earlier experiences with the BDSM man were still too confronting to go back to. I definitely rather liked the idea of spending time as a hooker in a distant land. Especially if the money was good, and of course many of these guys had traveled from far away to be at the farm so were, presumably, wealthy. I still wasn't at all clear about why these guys came all that way, what did the farm have that these guys wanted? Did they really just want to watch horses mating? Or was it the farmhouse, and the girls waiting to have sex with them? Was the horse thing just a cover for what was in fact a brothel? But if so why had he said that I didn't have to fuck the men?

We talked several more times before he finally told me what the "other ways of earning money" were. It wasn't just horses mating that the men came to see. He said that before and after a stallion fucked the mare, the horse's dick had to be cleaned. He said some girls liked doing that, would even suck the dick as they cleaned it. The visiting men paid to watch the girls doing those things to the

horses. Some of them would stand beside the horse, and the girl would use one hand on each cock. He explained how some men liked to fuck the girl as soon as she had finished handling the horse's cock!

I told him I thought that was cute, and implied that I might be willing to do that, and asked him to tell me more. "Go on" was becoming my standard response!

He said that, if there was no mare available, girls could help the horse out by masturbating him! And the visiting men paid heaps to watch the girls doing that. They liked to watch the girl arousing the horse, and they liked to watch her make the horse spunk, with her hands, or even better with her mouth. And they liked to fuck the girl while she was still covered in the horse's sperm.

He asked me if I wanted to see photographs of girls doing that. I was so horny I could hardly breathe as I replied, yes please.

He sent me a photograph of a horse with its cock out, and a girl sitting under the horse smiling at the camera as she wiped the enormous cock with a soapy flannel. I didn't think that I could put the cock in my mouth, but the idea of stroking a horse's cock made me shiver, with excitement as well as disgust. I knew that I would love doing it in front of a crowd of lusty men. When he was sure I wasn't revolted, he sent me another pic, of that same girl after the horse had cum, with his semen all down her front! So much semen!

I told him that I was sure I could do that. I admitted to him that I liked the idea of doing it, if I was being watched. I explained to him that I really would only want to do it in front of an audience. That was the thing that turned me on about doing it. He promised me that he could arrange a large audience.

I could tell that all the time he was testing me, seeing how far I would go before saying I was disgusted. But I kept saying I wanted to hear more. I was quite sure he was making it all up, but it was exciting to talk about such depraved things.

He told me how the men would pay more to fuck the girl after the horse had spunked over her, often they would actually lay her down in the stable, with her front still covered with the horse's semen, and lie down over her and fuck her! And they would pay extra for it. Would I be up for that? I told him that I would be. He promised me the money would be good, but to be honest that was not why I wanted to do it. I couldn't stop looking at that monster cock and thinking of it spurting hot semen over my breasts and belly. I could imagine the groans of arousal from the men watching me.

And I did like the idea of afterwards, with all those men wanting to fuck me, maybe as I lay on my back in the straw! So I could earn a lot of money and have some fun at the same time. For a while the only sex I allowed my husband was with me on my back. Before he entered me, I would put my fingers in my cunt and rub my girl juices up over my breasts. He would have been shocked if he knew what I was thinking as he mounted me. And after he had cum, and rolled off me and gone to sleep, I would again put my fingers in my cunt, and take his semen and rub it over me, and I would close my eyes and imagine the next man covering me. I would open my legs wide and imagine they were tied to the end of the bed.

That got me thinking of my BDSM man and prompted my next question.

"Do the girls ever get tied up, or spanked?"

He asked why I wanted to know, was I into that sort of thing? I admitted that I was. He said he very definitely could provide that, and if I did what his clients wanted in that respect I could certainly

make a lot of money. I fantasized about being tied to a fence in a paddock in the sunshine and whipped, watched by maybe hundreds of guys. And surely after, when the whipping finished and before they untied me, many of those guys would want to fuck me as I stood there still tied and helpless.

While I was with my BDSM man, before I got married, a very few times he had put me to several guys, friends of his, having them fuck me one after the other, while I was tied to his bed, and I had loved it. I have difficulty climaxing just from one man giving me a quick fuck, but I had cum with them even though I couldn't masturbate. I had no doubt at all that I would cum with a queue of men giving me a long succession of quick fucks, especially if I was tied by my wrists to a fence and my legs were tied wide apart! The idea of doing that after a flogging, and while being watched by a larger crowd of men, and being paid for it, was a real turn-on.

My husband benefited from all this, I was much randier at night, and he got lots of my very best sex efforts, but I found that I could only climax if I closed my eyes and imagined I was with a horse, or was being watched! I masturbated a lot.

I assured the man that I was becoming seriously interested. He explained that he would pay my air fares, and provide free accommodation, so long as I stayed at least a month. He would prefer it if I stayed six months! I so wanted to believe this was a real invitation to go to a real farm and do all these disgraceful things, but still I was really convinced he was just making it up.

Finally I asked him to tell me more about the horses. He sent me more photographs, of horse cocks, of a girl tied naked against a tree being flogged, other things. We discussed how the girls staying at his ranch are expected to tend to the horses, clean their cocks, and if a stallion was not going to be mated that day the girls would 'milk' the stallion to stop him getting frustrated. I loved the idea of that, especially when he told me how much semen a horse could pump into a girl's bucket if she was good with her hands.

Then when he realized I wasn't totally shocked by this, he sent me photographs of a girl, face down on a padded bench, the first pic showing her being strapped down by her wrists and ankles, and a thick strap fastened over her back. Legs very wide, and hips tipped up and her crotch elevated by the shape of the bench. The next photo was of her lying there on the bench, tied helplessly, in the middle of a large paddock in bright sunshine, and in the background you could see the grandstand, packed with men.

The final photo he sent me that day was of that same girl, same position, covered by a stallion. There was no doubt that the horse's cock was in the girl. In her cunt. I couldn't stop looking at those photographs! Actually mostly I looked at the second photograph. Imagining how it would feel to be lying there in the Texas sun, in front of maybe a hundred watching men, waiting for my first stallion to be brought to me. I imagined hearing a horse whinnying, stamping its feet, he knew that if he was brought out to this paddock it meant there was some cunt waiting for him. I imagined the horse getting up over me, inserting his cock as best he could in my tight little pussy, thrusting as hard as his frustration would make him, and then pumping all that incredible semen into me.

And as he pulls out, and moves away, there would be this huge roar of applause from the crowd! And then men would start coming down from the stands, and lining up behind me. To see if they could still cum inside my hugely dilated cunt.

The man explained to me how a girl has to be prepared to take a horse cock, but it really wasn't that difficult. He reminded me how a woman can stretch to take a baby, although there were other

factors involved in that activity. But he assured me that a few weeks of playing with increasingly large dildoes is all that's needed, and he explained that this would all be part of the deal if I went to stay with him, and that training wouldn't interfere with my other money-earning activities with the men. I wondered if the men would still want me, after my cunt had been stretched so much, but he assured me that was a misunderstanding. I was being trained to relax my cunt and allow it to dilate, I wasn't going to be permanently stretched. And he promised me that the training would be done carefully by experienced trainers, and that I wouldn't be hurt during it. I remembered some of the things my BDSM man had done to me, many of which had hurt. He had once had a girl put her fist in me, and that hadn't hurt, it had been a wonderful experience!

The man told me how much he would pay, if I agreed to work toward taking a horse cock. I would only get the full amount if I managed to take it fully, but if I stayed at least two months, and if he felt I had really tried to take the horse cock, he would still cover my airfare and some extra even if I couldn't do it. And of course I would be paid for all the men I fucked while I was there.

He sent me a pic of a girl putting the large end of a baseball bat into her cunt. He said, before he would pay for my air fare, he wanted me to send him a photo of me doing the same.

I didn't sleep at all that night. I tried to imagine pushing a baseball bat into my cunt. I worked on my husband to get him as hard as possible, but even at his biggest he was nothing close to the size of a baseball bat. I used my normal dildo but somehow it now just felt too small, which was stupid because the previous time I had used it, it had been fine and I hadn't yet done anything to stretch myself. Next day in my lunch hour I went to a shopping mall and bought a baseball bat.

I was still absolutely not convinced that I would do what this unknown man wanted, accepting his free flight to America and going to stay on his farm. I still didn't really believe it even existed. But so far my only investment had been a few dollars for a baseball bat, and it was very erotic talking with him and thinking about it. I kept badgering him to tell me more of what life would be like, if I did ever come to visit him.

He explained how my duties would include helping out in the farm house, and on the farm. I would be shown how to look after the horses, and how to prepare other girls to be fucked by a horse. He told me about double ended dildos, and I assumed that my training duties could involve using increasingly large double ended dildos with other girls. It all sounded rather fun. He explained that I would not be required to milk stallions, but I would be able to do that if I wanted. And I knew in my heart that I would, if the farm really existed and I ever did go to it.

The visitors normally ate in a large dining hall, and part of the fun for them was that the girls who were staying at the farm served the men their food, the girls usually dressed in their undies or in skimpy maid costumes or other things like that. Would I be up for that? I said yes of course, although I didn't really have much other than some sexy undies. He said not to bother about that, soon after I arrived he would send me into the nearest city with one of his men to buy everything I might need. And when I went home I could keep it all, if I wanted to. To be honest I just wasn't thinking at all about going home, all I could think about was the farm, living there, doing what he wanted. Milking a stallion before breakfast. Practicing with bigger and bigger dildos. Helping in the paddock, preparing other girls who had finished their training and were ready to do the big thing. Strapping the girl to the bench, comforting her afterwards.

He explained how the horse usually had to be helped to find the girl's cunt, and that this task was often given to a girl, assisted at first by one of the experienced male staff. I told him I wasn't sure if I could do that, knowing how the poor girl must be terrified, and was almost certainly going to be hurt. He said I wouldn't have to, perhaps I could help the girl in other ways, like caressing her

breasts or kissing her as she waited for her horse.

I admitted to him I had never kissed a girl, not sexually. He asked me if I would be willing to do that, in the farmhouse, usually in the evenings as entertainment for the visitors. I said I would think about that, but in reality I knew I would do it. And again I would not be doing it for the money. He sent me a photo of a large room with a crowd watching a stage, with two girls making love on the stage. This was the first photo he had sent me that made me start to believe he was telling me the truth. The other pics were things you could download off the net, but this pic was so well matched to everything he had told me that I began to believe this ranch really existed, that those two girls were being paid to make love, that these men were enjoying the sight as pure entertainment, and that next day these men would see a girl, possibly one of these two, being strapped to a bench in the sun and mated with a horse.

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## **Chapter Two**

"I can't get this baseball bat inside me yet, I have tried but it's just too difficult in my home situation. If you let me come, I will do whatever training you want."

I could imagine the smile on his face as he read that. I was expecting him to reply something on the lines of, "sorry darling I was really only kidding you, I live in a small flat in Chicago, there is no ranch in Texas." I gasped when, instead, he said that it didn't matter about my being able to take the baseball bat, they could work on that after I arrived, and he asked what day I would like to fly, and what airport I would be taking off from.

Suddenly I was faced with reality! I was actually going to do this! How did I know if the ranch actually existed, or if all these girls on the ranch were there as willing helpers? The girls could all have been kidnapped from their homes and sent there under threat of awful punishment if they didn't do as the farm owner said. And perhaps I would find myself locked in a van at the airport, driven away, and sold off to the white slave trade or something. How could I protect myself from any of those possibilities?

I asked to know the location of the farm. He said, sorry, no. I asked how I would actually get there, from the airport to the farm. He said there would be someone to meet me when I got off the plane, and I would just have to go with him and do what he said. I contemplated telling my husband, or my employer or my dad, where I was going, but what could I tell them? If I said anything vaguely like the truth they would try to stop me and if I got away they would worry until they heard from me, and if they didn't hear from me what could they do to help?

I asked him to send me photographs that proved he really did have this farm. He asked what would do that, what would convince me. I said I wanted a photograph of one of his girls sitting under a horse holding the horse's cock in one hand and a copy of that day's newspaper in the other hand, held up so I could read the headline. He promised to do that and send it. "Have her wearing a red dress." No way could he find a photo like that on the internet!

What else would I like? I asked for a photo of him, he said no. I asked if I could phone him, talk to him. He said no. Could I talk with some of his girls? No. If I didn't like it when I had seen it, could I go home immediately? He said yes, if I refunded the air fare, but what did that promise mean? I asked him what I had to bring with me, he said only one small bag. Everything I needed would be provided when I got there.

The other thing I had to do was explain to my husband and my dad, and maybe also to the BDSM

man who was waiting for me to leave my husband and go back to him. I told each of them that I needed some time to myself and was going away backpacking across America for three to six months, and no, don't expect even a postcard, I want to clear my mind of everything and think only of the future.

And I got on the plane.

When they told us we were going to be landing soon, I went to the toilet and changed my underwear, putting on the sexiest bra and panties I owned, determined to make a good impression.

A man met me at the airport, not Adam, his name was Jason and he was just one of the workers. He looked nice and treated me respectfully, he took me to another part of the airport and put me in the back seat of a four seater plane, then put my little suitcase in a space behind the other back seat, and he calmly blindfolded me. He put headphones on me, and spoke to me through them. "Sorry about the blindfold, hon, but for the moment the boss doesn't want you to know where the farm is." It was very hot in the plane, until we started moving.

It was quite scary being blindfolded in a tiny one-engine plane as it took off, but that was nothing compared to my fear at where we were going. He talked to me sometimes as we flew but my mind was in such a state that I hardly heard what he said, and I was too scared to reply. He talked as we landed, otherwise I think I would have been sick as the plane lurched and swayed.

The blindfold was taken off after he stopped the engine. He let me out, and put me in a car, and drove me to a huge old fashioned stone house like you see on the television. A wide flight of steps went up to the front door. I was trembling as I went with him into a long dark corridor. Turned to the left, into a large office. A man sitting behind a desk, stood up as I entered and walked over to me and took my hand. "Welcome to my farm. I hope you will be happy here. You are very lovely and I'm sure you are going to be very popular. What would you like to do first, shower, walk around the farm, or have something to eat? You are just in time for lunch."

I realized that I was actually starving. I had been too tense to eat the food on the airplane, and hadn't had anything since. He took me to the mess hall that I had seen in some of the photographs he had sent me! So it was real. Not only that, there were a dozen men sitting at the table eating, and four girls serving them. Two of the girls wore just bra, panties, and stockings. One other wore a kinky schoolgirl uniform. The fourth girl wore a totally transparent baby doll jama top with no knickers! I felt quite overdressed in my mid thigh length dress.

We were standing in the door, not yet noticed by the people in the room. He whispered in my ear that it was best not to use my real name. What name would I like to use? I looked blank, and he suggested Vanessa. Relaxing already, I grinned at him, I rather liked being Vanessa, and I already felt I liked and trusted him.

"Hi everyone, this is Vanessa, she just arrived." Everyone turned to look at me, and I smiled. "Would you like to take your dress off, Vanessa?" I turned to him in surprise. "You don't have to but it's hot and you are a bit overdressed. Go on, baby, tease them."

I turned back to the group of men, all eyes on me now as I slowly unzipped the dress and let it fall. Adam, standing beside me, picked it up and hung it up on a hook. I was glad I had thought to put on fresh undies on the plane! So, in just a bra and panties I walked over and sat between two men and was served lunch by one of the other girls. The men were all talking to me, asking me questions, asking what I would be doing at the ranch. They were mostly tactful and quite polite, not specifically asking me if I would be fucking horses or anything, though I could guess they were all wondering



about that. I could tell they were all also wondering when they would get a chance to fuck me. I was wondering the same.

The relief at finding my worst fears unfounded was enormous, and I sat there feeling myself relaxing. I realized how much strain I had been under since I had agreed to come here. All the dreadful things I had imagined, that had kept me awake worrying, and so far it looked as though none of them was going to happen. I liked Adam, I liked what I had seen of the farm, and this group of guys all looked nice and friendly and eminently fuckable. I wondered what the routine was, for them to book me. Would Adam want to have me first? If he did, I would let him. I finished my food and pushed my plate away, and looked round for him. He was chatting to a couple of guys who I realized from the way they were dressed had to be farm hands. He saw me looking his way and walked over.

"What now? See your room, see the farm, see the horses, fuck one of these nice men?" I blushed and asked if I could please have a shower first.

"Sure. Come with me, I will show you your room." I collected my dress from the hook and went with him. My room was spacious, a king size four poster bed, and I guessed that I would be doing some of my work in here. He showed me the contents of the dresser and the wardrobe, they had stocked up in anticipation of my arrival, lots of nice erotic things, but also some nice dresses and skirts. No jeans or pants. He told me to take my time and come down when I was ready. As he walked toward the door, I realized I needed him, right away. I was suddenly feeling incredibly horny and did not want to start my time on the farm by masturbating.

"Um Adam, look ah please, could you just um wait while I have a shower, I won't be long." I shucked off my bra and panties and went to the en suite bathroom, showered, and returned to him in just a towel. "Thanks for waiting. Would you like to fuck me now?" He grinned and said that sounded like a lovely idea. I got on the bed, and laid down on my back. I watched him undress, he went to the drawer of the table by my bed and produced a condom, slipped it on, and climbed over me. I had needed a good fuck, and he didn't disappoint me. What disturbed me slightly was when he said, "Wow you are nice and tight. We will need to start your dilation training soon."

He spunked, pulled out, removed the condom and dropped it in a bin by my bed.

"Let's go take a look at the horses. There's a girl going to be fucked by one later this afternoon, I'm sure you want to watch that."

He found a corset in the dresser. "Try this on, if it's not the right size we will get you another." It was one of those corsets that has metal clips in front and laces at the back, and by the time he had done the laces up tight it was a good fit, and I was having trouble breathing! He showed me a row of high heel shoes and invited to try them and find a pair that fitted. I did, and was waiting to be given more things to put on. Panties, for instance. But he said, "Will you be okay to walk in those? You can take them off when we get to the paddock."

Wearing just the corset and heels, I followed him out of the back of the house across a paved yard to a row of stables. He took me straight to a stable near one end. "This is Tyro, the lucky boy who gets to fuck Geraldine this afternoon."

He let me hold my hand out so Tyro could sniff it, he gave me a sugar lump to feed him. Trying to hide my fear, I thought of what he had just said, and asked if Geraldine was one of the girls I met earlier, he said no, she was away doing some final stretching exercises. This was going to be her first attempt to take horse cock.



He led me into the stall with Tyro. I was terrified of his size! He towered over me, but seemed friendly, nuzzling me with his nose, pushing against me. I tentatively patted his shoulder. Standing there watching this huge black horse, I found myself getting aroused. I was scared, but in some strange way that fear was turning me on. Like years ago when I was with my BDSM lover, waiting to be caned. I think I managed to hide the effect he was having on me, but maybe not, because Adam said, "Have a look under him."

I squatted down, and there, sure enough, was his big cock, just starting to emerge. "Is he getting hard because of me?" I asked, my voice strained.

"Yeah, he can smell your girl juices from when I fucked you earlier, he probably thinks you are going to be his lover today. Give him a stroke."

I didn't need to ask for clarification of what he meant. I put my hand out and touched his cock, and it jerked!

"Christ," I muttered.

"Impressive, isn't he? Keep doing that, see if you can get him fully erect."

"What if he spunks? What about Geraldine?"

"Well, that would mean poor Geraldine would get the fuck of her life. We try to keep our horses really horny before they go with a new girl, so they don't take too long. It's actually a punishment we reserve for really bad girls that we have the horse service another girl, or get jerked off, before we put the horse to the naughty girl. So yes, Troy hasn't cum for five days, and is very eager for it. Try not to take him over the top."

The beautiful horse was stamping his feet, whinnying. His cock seemed to be fully out, and as long as my arm. I was only touching him tentatively, nervously, but I could tell he desperately wanted more. Suddenly I felt it was unfair to make him wait, and I almost tried to bring him off. But no, I feared what punishment Adam might think of for me, if I did that so soon after he had told me not to.

To my relief, Adam allowed me to stand up and leave Tyro's stall. He led me out through another door from the stable, into a paddock. I took my heels off and held them in my hand as I walked out onto the grass. On my right was the grandstand I had seen in several of the photographs he had sent me. Right in front of me was the bench. Adam led me over to it.

"Why don't you try it? Lie down on it."

Very nervously, I did so. "How many girls have been horse-fucked on this bench," I asked him and he laughed, but didn't tell me. He started to put straps round my wrist, and I pulled my hands away. "No, please, not yet."

"You thinking I might put Tyro to you instead of to Geraldine?"

"The thought had occurred to me, yes."

Instead of stopping, he carried on. Cinched the wrist cuffs tight, then went to the waist strap, pulling my middle firmly down into the curved bed of the bench, so my pelvis was tilted up, invitingly.

"Please, no, don't, please I mean it I'm getting scared."

Immediately he released me and helped me to stand up, taking me into his arms and hugging me. "I'm sorry, that was naughty of me. I realize you don't yet have any reason to trust me. I'm sorry."

I reached up for him and kissed him, and he put his tongue in my mouth. "Were you planning to put Troy to me?"

"Absolutely not, no, not until you are ready."

"Were you planning to fuck me yourself?"

"Darling I cannot tell a lie, that was exactly what I was planning to do."

"Okay but you don't need to strap me down." I turned from him, and laid down again over the bench. He stood on steps in the legs of the frame, and entered me the way Troy was soon going to enter Geraldine. He took longer to cum this time, and I managed a really nice orgasm before he did.

As he stepped back and I clambered off the bench, I heard voices, and looked around, a few guys had already arrived and were on the grandstand watching us. I really wished that I had some panties on!

He walked me over to the grandstand, and we stood chatting with the guys. One had seen a girl fucked by a horse before, none of the others had. Adam made me tell them what I thought about touching Troy's cock a short time ago. They all said they would like to see me do it again. I had to go back into the stable and do for a second time what I had done before, with Troy much more excited now, recognizing me, and wanting my touch. His cock was almost fully out and hard by the time I slid into his stall and squatted down. I touched him for a few minutes while the men watched, then one of them said, "Take it in your mouth."

I looked at Adam. "I don't want to make him cum!" I knew Geraldine would hate me if she discovered that I had done so, so soon before Troy was to mount her. Adam promised me that Troy wouldn't cum if I didn't keep him in my mouth too long. I bent down and twisted his cock toward me so I could put the end of it in my mouth, although it was much too big! With my jaws wide open, I could only get the head of him just inside my teeth. I held that for a few moments then pulled back and poor Troy stamped his feet desperately. I stood up and went round him to his head, and cuddled him, and whispered to him that I would let him fuck me in a few weeks time. He seemed to understand, and snorted and rubbed his gorgeous head against me.

I stepped out of Troy's stall, and noticed one of the guys talking earnestly with Adam. I felt sick, I could guess what they were discussing. I heard Adam say, "I'm sure she would love to."

The man asked, "Can she take that corset off?" and Adam came around behind me and undid the laces. Then he and I together undid the metal clips in the front and it fell away and I stood, stark naked, looking at the guy who had just negotiated with Adam to fuck me. "Get down, please, baby, on all fours. No, not that way. I want you looking up at the horse."

I had this really strange feeling, I felt I was somehow being unfaithful to Troy, letting this stranger fuck me right in front of him while he waited, thinking that it was me he would be getting soon.

When the man had spunked and pulled out, we left Troy in the darkness and went out to the paddock. Geraldine had been brought out. She looked pale! A pretty long haired brunette with big breasts and big hips, she was made to stand facing the grandstand for a while as more spectators appeared and took their seats. Then two girls, one of whom I recognized from the dining room, took Geraldine by the elbows and walked her across to the bench. They helped her up onto it, and

strapped her down. I heard Troy whinnying wildly, he seemed to know! I walked over to the girl, and knelt in front of her face. She was crying silently.

"Hi darling I'm Susan, how are you feeling?"

"I'm terrified, I told Adam that I really don't think I'm ready yet but he said he needs someone for Troy today, there's a lot of new guys arrived to watch and Troy is in the mood. I'm so scared, I know it's going to hurt!"

I kissed her and walked over to Troy, who had me stand in front of him both of us facing the bench, and he put his arms around me, one hand cradling my breasts, the other down at my crotch. I had almost forgotten that I was still stark naked.

"Susan, sweetie, what I would like to do now, is take you back to the farmhouse. I'm not sure you are yet ready to watch Geraldine being fucked." I wanted to argue with him, but also I could see what he meant. If she made too much fuss, I might insist on leaving the farm. So I nodded and went with him. He showed me around the house, showed me a small gymnasium, a swimming pool, other things. All the time I could hear Troy's whinnying getting more frequent and louder. Then there was a silence. And then a grunt of pain. I wondered if she had managed to take his whole cock inside her cunt.

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Chapter Three

Watching Geraldine take her first horse cock had made all the men horny, and there were lots more men than girls at the farm, so I was called in to do my bit. Four men came to my room in turn, and I just let them mount me, all of them wanting me from behind, on all fours or bent over the side of the bed, as Troy had taken Geraldine. I realized what we needed was a version of the horse bench in our bedrooms, and next time I saw Adam I suggested it. He liked the idea, and said he would arrange it.

Then it was time for dinner, and I dressed as a French Maid with low cut top and frilly skirt and petticoat but no knickers. It was funny how many men watched me as I moved around the dining hall, while most of the other girls were in just skimpy undies. I would bend low over the table as I put each plate down, and the guy opposite would peer down my cleavage, although other girls were in just pushup bras, some with nipples on display. I stood close and allowed hands to caress my thighs and my bum, and if the man was sensible and gentle I would let him rub my crotch.

One man started stroking my clitoris and I stayed beside him, striving not to show my rising excitement, until he suddenly stopped, leaving me panting! He beckoned for me to get close so he could whisper in my ear, and he asked if I would suck his cock and I said yes of course, but all he did was push his chair back, he didn't attempt to get up and go somewhere private. So I knelt between his feet and unzipped him, and brought him off in my mouth, watched by everyone in the room. I loved it!

After dinner some of us, two girls and half a dozen guys, went for a walk around the farm, and, yes, it involved frequent stopping for oral or full sex, including in the stables on all fours in the straw. I had never enjoyed anything so much in my life, but the maid costume was pretty messy by the time we got back to the ranch house. I went off to shower and change into something different, I was just amazed at the variety of things in my wardrobe! I chose a baby doll jama this time, for casual evening wear.

When I got back to the guest room, the evening entertainment had begun. Girls dancing on the stage, strip teases, that sort of thing, interspersed with girls making love to each other. I stood at

the back of the room, leaning back against one of the visitors, while we watched them. His fingers were exploring me, under my short skirt, and I was horny as hell. He kept asking me when I would be taking horse cock! I kept telling him I wasn't ready, there was training I had to do first, and he made me bend forward and pushed his cock into me from behind, then pulled me back upright so we could go on talking. Like all men, he thought his cock must be the biggest I had ever had, but I kept thinking of Troy, and of his wonderful cock. I couldn't see Geraldine in the room, and assumed she must be off resting somewhere, recuperating from her ordeal.

Twice in the night I was woken by men entering my room wanting sex. I was glad they all used lubricated condoms, or I realized I would soon be too sore to keep going!

In the morning I was woken up by one of the girls. "Hi, I'm Janet, it's my turn to milk the horses, and I've been told to take you along and show you how to do it." She was in a matching set of undies, pink bra, garter belt, and panties, and she told me to dress in the same. I just pulled out stuff from my lingerie drawer, but she said no, it had to be pink! I hadn't even looked in my drawers yet, and was about to say I didn't know if I had them in pink, but then I realized, if she said I had to wear pink then for sure there would be pink in there.

I hunted under stuff and sure enough there they were. I put them on, wondering what was in store. Janet was beautifully made up, and as I did my face she sat on my bed brushing my long hair. They had supplied a complete set of everything a girl might need, and when because of my shaking hands I didn't get my eyes right she made me sit facing her while she did them again.

"Okay baby you look delicious. Let's go see the horses." That shocked me! Why all these preparations if we were just going to the stables? But I didn't want to look silly so I didn't ask.

She had come into my room carrying two large pewter jugs, so I took one from her, and we walked across the yard together as the sun came up, such a beautiful morning, it seemed a shame that nobody else was awake yet. We entered the stables, and it was obvious that the stallions were all awake, and waiting for us! This must be a morning ritual that they enjoyed.

I knelt in the straw watching as she stroked one of the stallions, his beautiful organ growing rapidly under her tender touch. I panted as she bent under him and licked him. She had placed a jug in the straw below the horse, and I realized I would be able to see how much he produced. I loved the way he shivered and stamped his feet as he got near his climax. The girl whispered, "Any minute now. Would you hold the jug for me, so I don't spill any?" I held the jug up under him, right in front of his cock, the edge of the jug against her cheek, she was licking and sucking the side of his cock head, leaving his hole pointed into the jug. The first spurt was so powerful it nearly knocked the jug out of my hand. I gripped it tight and held it while she emptied the balls of this lovely horse.

"Why don't the men come to watch this?"

"They are invited to, and sometimes they do, but mostly they don't get up in time for it."

"So why do we do it so early?" I was thinking, I also could happily have slept in another hour or two.

"It has to be done before breakfast."

We walked past Troy's stall and I could tell he recognized me, I was very touched. But she said no, he had done a huge shoot in Geraldine the evening before, he needed to be left alone this morning to recharge, he had more work to do later on today. I stroked him and fed him a sugar lump, and stretched forward to kiss his muzzle. He was such a lovely and gentle horse, although I did remember clearly Geraldine's grunt of pain yesterday. I felt sure he hadn't wanted to hurt her. I

decided I wanted Troy to be my first horse lover. Though looking at the size of these incredible cocks, I didn't think I could possibly be ready for him or any of the others for a long time.

We did one other horse, into the second jug, and she said that was all we did in the mornings, just two of them, the other horses who needed milking would be done later in the day, in front of the men.

Walking back to the farm house, clutching our warm heavy jugs to our chests, our nostrils full of the scent of hot horse cum, she asked me if I had enjoyed the show last night.

"The girls making love, you mean?"

"Yeah. I have to do that tonight, would you like to do it with me?"

I was really flattered, and I told her I would love to, but explained I had never done it with a girl. "It's easy, I will show you. I'm sure you will love it."

We walked a bit further, and I stopped, and she turned to me, smiling. "What is it?"

"If we do it, when we are on stage, in front of all those men, would you spank me?"

She laughed out loud. "Seriously? Sure, if you like."

"Please, do it really hard, I want you to make me cry."

"Ahh, so that's how it is with you? How delicious." She stood looking at me for a minute, then she looked around to make sure nobody was watching us, and made me go with her into an alcove between two farm buildings. There, she put her jug down, then took mine from me and put that down too, and she pushed me to my knees. As I knelt there, she stood right in front of me and told me to take her knickers off. I did so, my hands shaking. Would I be able to do this in front of an audience?

She lent back against the wall and spread her legs wide. Her hands in my hair pulled me towards her then she put her hands behind my head and pushed my face into her groin. She was laughing as she growled, "Do it to me good, bitch, earn your spanking." I loved it! I reached under me to masturbate, and she snapped, "No, don't you dare touch yourself without permission. Put your hands on my ass."

And although I gave her what sounded and felt like a huge climax, she left me like that, unrewarded, panting for it, horny as hell, oozing pussy juices, nipples hard, untouched clit throbbing, and with my face smeared in her love juices. She made me put her panties back on her, holding them for her as she stepped into them, then pulling them up her long legs. I was shaking so badly I nearly dropped my jug when she gave it to me. As I stood holding it, she came close in front of me, put her hand in my jug, dipped her fingers in the horse semen inside, wiped them over my face, then dipped again and this time she made me lick her fingers clean.

Walking into the farm house, we found that the men were starting to appear for breakfast. I wondered if the men could tell what we had been doing. She hadn't let me wipe my mouth or my face, and I was sure they must be able to see or at least smell her girl juices and the horse semen smeared over most of my face, streaking my makeup. All I could think of was, that I hadn't been spanked since I married Martin, and now I was going to get my first ever spanking from a woman. It looked as though this woman knew how to spank a girl, and I had asked her to do it hard, to make me cry!

In the dining room, Janet put her jug in a fridge, then took mine and put it on the breakfast table! I had a really bad feeling about that! She came over to me and said, "Stay with me, baby, I will explain what's happening." She slipped her hand into mine!

Adam sat at the head of the table, by the jug. He called out each girl's name in turn, the girl collected a glass from the side table and went to him, and he tipped some of the jug into the glass, then everyone watched as the girl drank it down. After Janet had her drink, she came over to me again. "It's an acquired taste, darling, but you will have to get used to it."

And then after all the other girls had drunk, Adam said softly, "Vanessa, your turn." As I stood close to him, holding the glass, my hand shaking, he whispered, "You don't have to, if you can't do it. But you will be punished if you don't." I held out my glass, and to my relief he just trickled a very small amount into it. I stood looking at him, although all the men were cheering me on. I raised the glass, and tipped it into my mouth. I held it there for a few moments, then turned to the men with my mouth open, to show them I had really done it. I closed my mouth and swallowed. There was a big cheer, they all knew this was my first time.

Then the girls served the men their breakfast. I was still in the bra, garter belt and panties I had put on early that morning, although the stockings were smeared with stuff from the floor of the stables. Hands were constantly grabbing my bum cheeks, but I didn't mind. It was fun, all the men in great good humour, the girls all doing their bit to entertain them.

I had noticed that Geraldine wasn't with us, and assumed she was still recuperating, but I was quite wrong.

After we had cleared the plates and the men were having a coffee or tea or whatever, Adam spoke again. "Vanessa, why don't you go with Janet, tidy yourselves up, then fetch the bride." I had no idea what he meant, but I followed Janet to her bedroom and we both put on fresh stockings and re-did our makeup. Then she took me to another bedroom, where a girl was waiting in a long white wedding dress, with a veil covering her face. Janet asked, "Hi Geraldine, how are you feeling?" But Geraldine wasn't in the mood to chat. I think she was terrified. Like bridesmaids in our matching pink undies, we escorted her, walking slowly, into the dining room and everyone stood up to cheer her as she walked over to Adam.

He poured a full glass for her, and she lifted her veil with one hand and drank it all down. Loud cheers. Adam stood up and lifted the veil away. She looked fabulous, her hair done up on top of her head, her face made up exotically, long dangly earrings. Then Adam called Janet over and told her to swap jugs. Janet came back with the full jug, and Geraldine, obviously knowing the routine, tipped her head right back with her mouth open, and Adam lifted the jug and slowly tipped its contents into her mouth, from which it overflowed over her face and into her hair and down inside her cleavage and over her dress.

He put the jug down and used his hand behind her head to tip her head upright. He kissed her on the mouth, and turned to face us and said, "I now pronounce Troy and Geraldine to be Stallion and Mare. Guys, you may kiss the Mare." And yes, the men stood up and went to her and most of them embraced her and kissed her, although a couple were content just to give her a peck on her soiled cheek!

Adam held out a small bucket and said, "Pick the Best Man." Smiling shyly, she swished around inside and came up with a piece of paper that she opened and read. Then she said softly, "Stephen Jones."

One of the men gave a whoop of delight and stood up and went to her. He lifted her in his arms and carried her from the room. Across the threshold! I thought of poor Troy, alone in his stable. It seemed unfair.

Adam told everyone that there would be a further celebration of the wedding of Troy and Geraldine that afternoon in the paddock. He told everyone that Janet and I would be the bridesmaids and would operate the swing. I had no idea what he meant but Janet nodded, obviously well aware of what we would have to do.

With the wedding ceremony over, things reverted more to normal, the men eager to have sex with us, and Adam providing entertainment all morning. One girl was tied to a tree and whipped. I was jealous, but very aware of Janet standing behind me, her hands rubbing over my bottom.

Because, yes, despite all the other things that happened that morning, I couldn't stop thinking of Janet and the spanking I would get that evening.

Adam collected me shortly before lunch, still in my pink undies, and took me around to another corner of the farm. To the dog kennels. When I saw the dogs, I immediately guessed what might be coming! I was feeling sick with nervousness embarrassment and excitement as he made me go with him into the kennel yard, where we were quickly surrounded by at least a dozen large dogs. Standing with them gathered around us, licking me, nuzzling me, he grinned at me and asked, "Do you like dogs?"

Even though I was pretty sure there was much more in that question than when you get asked such a thing normally, I said that, yes, I loved dogs.

"You know you said you hadn't yet done any stretching exercises? I think, rather than using dildos and things, it might be more fun for you to use one of these." Of course I knew exactly what he meant, but just stood there panting, blushing scarlet. He ordered one of the dogs to "drop", and "roll over", and I saw immediately that he was already erect. And very large indeed. "What do you think?"

I was shocked, shaken, aroused, but too confused and shy to answer. Without speaking, I knelt down, with dogs licking me all over, and I rubbed the dog's tummy, moving my hand closer and closer to his cock. The dog went absolutely still, lying there on his back with his tongue hanging out. I looked up at Adam, and he nodded and said, "Go on," and I bent forward and kissed the dog's cock. The dog didn't move. Without looking up, I moved my head round so I could take the cock in my mouth. To my surprise, I immediately felt a spurt of hot semen enter my mouth! I sat back, and looked up at Adam. "He's cum!"

"No, don't stop, dogs are different to men, they keep spurting again and again."

So I went down again and gave the dog more. And he pumped into my mouth, again and again, but at a speed that I could easily cope with, so I didn't spill any. Finally I stood up and Adam and I walked through the pack of excited dogs to the exit, and went outside, and as we started walking back to the farm house he asked me what I thought.

I walked on a bit further, not daring to look at him. Finally I whispered, "Okay."

"I will pick one for you, a really nice one. In fact I know just the one. His name is Oscar."

I was shivering as we went back to the farm house. He grinned at me and said, "You had better change your stockings again."

I was trembling as we served lunch, convinced that Adam would order me down on the floor and some huge dog would bound in and take me in front of everyone. But no, he had something more subtle planned for me. Nothing was said except that I knew Janet and I had to act as bridesmaids later that afternoon. A couple of guys took me upstairs, then Janet came looking for me and I had to find a fresh pair of pink panties before she and I collected Geraldine from her room, and the three of us went out to the paddock. Geraldine was still wearing her wedding dress!

The bench that Geraldine had been on yesterday wasn't there, instead there was a sort of narrow sloping padded bench with sort of ledges each side. Adam was waiting. He told me to remove my bra and panties. I was told to lie on the bench, on my back, with my feet on the ground and my legs wide apart! I had assumed the bench was for Geraldine, but suddenly thought no, this is where I will meet Oscar! I realized that the ledges each side were for the dog to stand on. As he fucked me.

Adam crouched beside me and asked if I knew about the knot that dogs have at the base of their cocks. I nodded that I had heard of it. He told me that if I wanted I could use my hands to stop the knot entering me this time, but soon I would have to learn to take the knot. Basically that is what we would use to prepare me for my horse. For Troy, I thought, but didn't tell him.

I understood exactly why I was here in front of the grandstand, on my back. I was to meet my new doggie lover in front of everyone! But first, as I watched from my supine position, Geraldine was told to undress. Under the dress, she had been wearing scarlet half cup bra and panties, stay up stockings, and a blue garter. She slowly removed all of those except the garter, throwing each item into the grandstand. Then she laid down on the ground and I realized there was something there that she was lying on, a sort of small carpet with straps. When she was settled, she turned her head to me and blew me a kiss, and said, "Good luck, Vanessa."

Adam whispered in my ear, "Meet Oscar."

I looked where he was indicating, and saw this huge dog, being brought toward me. A German Shepherd, bigger than any I had seen before, straining at his lead as a man held him back. The crowd had gone absolutely silent. I could hear the blood pounding in my ears. I could feel my pussy flooding.

For what seemed to be an hour, but was probably only a couple of minutes, the man held Oscar's lead so he could only just reach my crotch with his tongue. And I discovered what a dog's tongue can do to a girl. Much stronger, rougher, and LONGER than a man's tongue. Each time as I was about to orgasm, Adam signed to the man to pull Oscar back. I had no idea what Adam wanted, and twisted my head to him and asked him please to let me cum. To my horror, my words were blasted out over loudspeakers, and I realized there was a microphone right beside me on the couch!

Adam grinned, and whispered, "ask nicely" and I said "please let him fuck me," and he said, "Don't ask me, ask your new Master." Suddenly I knew exactly what he was waiting for. I turned back to look at the dog, my next lover, my new Master.

"Please fuck me, Oscar," I groaned, my words booming out of the loudspeakers, and Adam nodded to the man, and the man eased the lead so Oscar could climb up over my body. I looked down under him and saw his cock, already fully erect and very threatening. I watched in awe as that monster cock probed for my pussy.

Adam whispered, "Help him into the right place," and I took his shaft in my hand and pointed it into my cunt, and groaned as Oscar pushed himself into me. "Remember to stop him getting his knot inside you."

I put my fingers tightly around his shaft, as Oscar started that sharp rapid thrusting that I have seen before, like when a dog tries to fuck another dog, or a girl's thigh, in the street. It was better than any man fuck I had ever had! As with the dog on his back in the kennel earlier, Oscar started jetting his semen into me, lots of it, and I soon could feel it oozing out around his shaft, but also it felt as though he was pumping most of it directly into my womb.

I could feel his slobber landing on my face, and felt his rough furry belly rubbing against my breasts and belly. I lifted my legs and put them around his hips and locked my ankles together above him and rubbed my clitoris against his hairy tummy, and I started urging him to do it harder, faster, don't stop, don't ever stop, and later I would remember those words and flush scarlet, knowing the men had all heard me, in fact everyone in the farm must have heard the words and sounds booming from the speakers.

I orgasmed, loudly, but Oscar pumped on. And I relaxed my grip, and his knot pushed past my fingers and entered me! It hurt as it went in, and his cock head hurt when he reached his full stroke and thumped against my cervix, but most of the time he gave shorter jerks. I came and came and came.

Finally he stopped, tried to pull out, but couldn't. I was tied! He did a sort of jump, and it was obvious he had been like this often before. He was now standing on the ground, on all four feet, with his back to me and his cock still inside me! There was no way I could get up to help Janet with Geraldine!

Adam wanted to have another girl do what I was meant to do, but I begged him to wait until Oscar released me. So Adam asked a couple of guys to get buckets of cold water. Instead of just tipping them over the dog, they threw them over me as well, but it had the required effect and I felt Oscar shriveling and finally he dropped out of me. I was able to sit up, and staggered over to join Janet. Geraldine was in some sort of sling, hanging underneath Troy!

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## **Chapter Four**

I lay there exhausted, but Janet came over to me and kissed me and told me I had to get up to help Geraldine in a few minutes. I struggled to sit up, and then to stand. While I was being fucked, Troy had been brought into the paddock, but he was fitted with sort of leg braces, which restrained his movement. His cock was wildly erect, swaying magnificently under him.

The speakers started playing the wedding march, and I saw that Geraldine was being lifted in a sort of sling thing up under him. The men lifting her placed her under his cock so it rested along her tummy, the head of it between her breasts. They put straps from the sling over his back, and fastened them so Geraldine was hanging below him, that incredible cock just lying along her belly. They lifted her legs up either side of the horse, and tied her ankles with straps going around the backs of the horse's thighs, so she could pull herself to him, but not push herself away. Then the men stepped back and waved us girls forward.

Janet leaned close and whispered to me. "Okay here's the plan. We pull her sling forward, away from the cock, all the way up under him between his front legs until the cock can get in her cunt, then we just let go of the sling and let her weight push her back onto it. He's tethered so he can't thrust, so it's just her pressing against him, and her opening up for him, that will get him into her. It can take ages, and the audience will love the noises the girl makes. The horse usually gets very frustrated, and tries to hump her, but the brace thing on his legs will prevent him moving. We just wait and let

him go inside, as far as he can, but when he starts to cum we must pull her forward off the cock so the sperm can be seen by everyone. As soon as she is free, I want you to get under him and take what's left of his semen in your mouth, and also try to let the stuff streaming out of her run over your body. Okay?"

I nodded nervously, reluctant to think that we were teasing Troy this way. Still, he would probably enjoy this more than just a hand job in the stable like his mates were getting.

Janet told me to go one side of them, she went the other. The base of the sling she was on tilted Geraldine's head up so she was looking down her body at the huge cock lying up her belly and touching her breasts. Janet told me to gently pull Geraldine away from the cock, and as we did so the head of it slid down her body toward her crotch.

As well as pulling her forward, Janet on one side and I the other held her labia open waiting. We were kissing Geraldine, stroking her, urging her to relax, but she was clearly not managing. Her eyes were fixed on the cock head as it slowly slid down out of her sight between her raised thighs, and nestled in the opening of her cunt.

"Ok Vanessa, just relax your hold on the frame and let her slide back down onto the cock." The slings were pulling her back, trying to get her back into the position she had been in before we drew her away, the only difference was that now the cock was going to be inside her pussy, not just lying along her belly. But so far it hadn't got in her at all. With neither of us pulling on the frame, the only thing preventing her swinging back to the original position was the cock stretching her cunt, which was not yet dilated enough to let it in.

Poor Geraldine was sweating and moaning, dreading the moment when her cunt relaxed that little bit more and the cock pushed into her.

Janet told me to get under Troy and work on his cock with my mouth and hands. "The sooner you can make him cum, the easier it will be for Geraldine," she told me, giggling. For one awful moment of sadism I thought, I didn't want it to be over too soon! But I did as Janet told me, and put my mouth over the side of his shaft and slid my teeth and my tongue along the huge length of him. I could see, as I crouched there, that it was very slowly gaining entry to her!

I ran my finger along his shaft where it was entering her, to get it moist, then gently pushed my finger into her bottom and held it there, and she moaned and her cunt opened up a little more. So did her bottom, and I was surprised how my finger slid easily right up inside her, and now I could feel the end of his cock!

I actually think it was my finger in her bum that finally got her to relax totally, and suddenly I saw her sliding back down onto that monster pole! I couldn't believe how much of him seemed to disappear inside her! She was groaning and sobbing and panting and gabbling, and Troy started snorting. I looked over Geraldine's body at Janet and she grinned at me and said, "Any moment now," and then suddenly she said, "Okay now," and we tugged the sling forward and off him just as he started to empty his balls into her.

There was semen everywhere! I quickly pulled his cock away from her and pointed it into my mouth, he was still spewing buckets! No way could I swallow it all, and I just did what I could while the rest overflowed and ran down my body. What was inside her was running out of her and trickling down my back.

Later I realized there was surely no way a girl could accommodate all that semen, and I found myself wondering how she hadn't been damaged the day before, when she was face down being fucked by

him with no way to limit what he pumped into her. When I asked about it, I was told that it was actually a slight con, when they used that frame they always milked the horse a couple of hours before, so he could give her his full attention without doing her harm. But with the sling the trick was to have his balls totally full and let him spray the girl and her helpers. They were certainly right, the audience loved it and I ended up totally covered with his semen. We were well used over the next few hours.

Anyway when Troy did spunk, splashing her and me and some of Janet, the grandstand applauded loudly and farm guys came over to release Geraldine, and as Troy was led away Geraldine to my amazement put her wedding dress back on! Her undies had disappeared into the crowd, but she pulled the dress on and bowed rather stiffly to the crowd and walked, very stiffly, off toward the farmhouse, with Janet and me supporting her. After being soaked in semen at breakfast, and then spending most of the day in the Texas sun, the dress stank!

And obviously another bit of the ritual, the guys came to us, picked her up, and carried her, and us, to the swimming pool. The three of us were thrown in, fortunately the water was deliciously warm, and men jumped in with us and started fucking us, a most amazing group sex scene.

One guy started to bugger me, but I had to stop him, and explain that Adam had told me to preserve my anal virginity for an appropriate moment. In the middle of a splashing laughing cheerful orgy, I felt it would do my ass a disfavor to let this guy have it for free. He laughed and said he understood, and said he would talk to Adam about having me that way. Meanwhile he asked if I could do a blow job with him standing up to his waist in water. I could, taking breaks to straighten up and breathe. He enjoyed it. All the time I was actually in fear that he might suddenly not let me straighten up, and hold me underwater until he came. But then, as I came up for air again, I saw Adam on the side of the pool watching, and I realized he was looking after me!

And then it was evening, and time for the entertainment, including Janet and me, doing our love thing, and me getting my first spanking in nearly a year. During dinner, she whispered to me to change into a school uniform. I did it the way my long ago Master used to require, hair in pigtails, no makeup, the lot. When I appeared in the door of the play room I got a big cheer. Looking across the room, I saw that Adam's people had erected a mockup of a young girl's bedroom on the stage! As soon as the applause stopped, Adam beckoned me forward, and as I approached I saw my lover, Oscar, sprawled on the bed! Obviously he and I and presumably soon Janet were to act out a little drama. Or romantic comedy, depending on your viewpoint.

I walked up onto the stage and Oscar sat up and looked at me. And I think everyone in the audience could already see his cock emerging like a giant lipstick! Acting my part, I went to him and gave him a hug. He stood up on the bed and put his front paws on my shoulders, and licked my face. I slid my hands down under him, and found his cock. Huge! Slid my hand down the length of it, found his knot. This time I would let him put it in me at once, if he wanted. With my other hand I searched for his testicles, and imagined the semen boiling in there. I wondered what I was meant to do, get down on all fours right away? Or let him lick me, or what? Suddenly I knew what they would like. Remembering the commands that Adam had used in the kennels, I urged Oscar to get down, and told him to roll over.

And that was how 'mummy' found her naughty daughter, crouched over her much loved pet dog, sucking his dick. She stood watching me, arms folded, looking severe, waiting for the audience to stop howling their approval and for me to 'pretend' to notice her. I sat back and put my hand to my mouth, and stood up, looking guilty, and stood facing my 'angry' mom.

"You bad bad girl! I am going to spank you."

She moved to the front center stage where a sort of padded stool was placed on a low platform. She pulled her skirt right up and sat down, and patted her lap. Glancing back over my shoulder, I saw poor Oscar settling back down on the bed. Maybe he played this act often, and knew he would get his oats later. I was unbelievably horny as I lowered myself over Janet's stocking clad thighs.

Janet lifted my school uniform tunic skirt up over my back and made me lift my hips so she could pull my white cotton panties down, taking them to just below my bum crease. Ashamed, I lowered my head but she immediately grabbed my hair and pulled my head up so I was looking at the watching men. I realized I must keep my head up throughout the spanking. She placed a hand on my bare bum, moved it over the surface, then lifted her hand. And then she started to spank me. And as she did so, the platform on which the stool was placed started to rotate. I found myself alternately looking out at the audience, sitting silently and enthralled, and then presenting my bottom to them.

Janet spanked quite hard and steadily, the sound echoing in the near total silence of the room. At first I thought this would be easy to take, but she kept on and on! Soon I was squirming, writhing my thighs, then kicking my feet as far as my slowly descending knickers permitted, and of course the audience loved it.

My bum was on fire when Janet finally ordered me, in a deliciously demanding voice, to get up and go stand in the corner! I don't know what it is about that expression but it makes my knees turn to water! But this was the first time I had been made to do it in front of a large audience. With my panties at my ankles, I shuffled over to the corner she indicated, the one closest to the audience, and turned my back to them, and went to put my hands on my head. But she told me to hold my skirt up under my armpits, so instead I had to stand with my elbows sticking out exposing my scarlet bottom to the men.

As I waited, Oscar walked over and stood behind me! He started licking my bum crack!

Another performance took place on the stage, a strip tease dance or something, I couldn't see what it was, only hear the music and the cheers as the show progressed. I was left with my nose pressed to the corner, my hands gripping my skirt hem up under my armpits, and my pussy awash, and with Oscar's nose pushing into my bum and licking my ass hole! I slowly moved my feet apart, then tipped my pelvis, and Oscar responded by pushing his muzzle in under me until he was licking my cunt and sometimes even my clitoris! I knew I would orgasm if he was allowed to keep doing this! And I knew that was what they all wanted! I tried to ignore my embarrassment and allowed Oscar to forage.

The performance ended, the players left the stage, and everyone was watching me, and in the silence I couldn't help myself, I groaned and shuddered and pushed my bum right back at him, and he got up inside me with his glorious tongue. And as my orgasm crashed over me, 'mommy' returned, and saw me being a bad girl again. I turned to face her, and tried to apologize but she wouldn't listen. She told me off and told me to wait while she fetched the strap! Standing facing the audience now, and facing Oscar, I just spread my legs and let him do his thing with his tongue. "Oscar, sit," called Janet as she walked back in. "Step out of those panties, girl, then come over here, and kneel on the stool. Take your tunic off." Everybody watched as I did so, being left in just a cotton vest, tight across my breasts. The platform I was on started to rotate again, but Janet wasn't on the platform. She stood watching me, from the side, so the audience could see me.

"Put your hands on your head. Keep your head up and your eyes open."

Feeling all bottom, I waited, and slowly turned in front of the crowd. She walked slowly around the

outside, choosing her moment of when to strike. Sometimes when I was facing the audience, sometimes when my bottom was. This position prevented me from squirming other than to twist and flex my hips. The tawse was fearsomely painful and she applied it hard. At last she stopped, and told me to step back off the stool and to lie forward over it. Only she hadn't stopped tawsing me. In this new position she gave me another dozen strokes, which did make me cry. Then she stopped and walked away.

I knew better than to move, and of course Oscar knew his rights. He moved in between my feet and climbed up over my stinging bum until his chest was on my back, his forearms gripping me around my breasts, and his cock probing into my cunt. I suddenly feared he might get it into my ass, so I reached back and guided him, then put my hands back on the floor in front of me. His cock seemed to fill me! The platform started to rotate again as Oscar started to fuck me, so the audience could see me and Oscar from all sides. I kept my head up, the back of my head rubbing against his chest.

At first his knot didn't make it inside me, I could feel it pressing against my cunt opening while his shaft moved in me. But as I relaxed the knot slipped inside me and at each thrust his cock head was now up against my cervix!

I soon had another climax, as Oscar took his pleasure. But then Oscar sort of twisted round, and ended up again standing with his back to me, and we were joined, half hoping someone would throw a bucket of water over us. Instead, they stopped the rotation of our platform and invited men to come up and have oral sex from me. A queue of them on stage, all hoping to have their go before Oscar shrank enough to pull out.

To my amazement another strip tease dance took place while the men were fucking my mouth, during which Oscar managed to escape my grasping cunt, and when he was free he just walked away, climbed on the bed, and went to sleep. I was left with semen running from me, and more men wanting oral sex. Once Oscar had left me, another queue formed, of men who wanted sloppy seconds.

After all this, Janet still wasn't finished, and appeared with a cane, and gave me twelve strokes that made me want to be her devoted loving slave! But I didn't tell her that, I just sobbed and rubbed and went to bed followed by at least a dozen men, all wanting to feel and fondle my welted ass before putting their cocks in my cunt or my mouth. I was told that the bidding for my virgin ass was reaching high figures!

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Chapter Five

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to announce that we have the prospect of another wedding, this afternoon."

Big cheer, lots of applause, everyone waiting for Adam to announce the lucky couple. Did it mean another girl had completed her training and was ready to take horse cock? I was working with the other girls, serving breakfast to the men. There was a half full jug of horse sperm on the table, all of us girls had been given our morning milk, I was now able to quaff half a glass of it without being sick, indeed I really was developing a taste for it. I was actually half hoping that Adam would soon make me join the 'full glass' girls, so Janet wouldn't keep teasing me, calling me 'half cup'.

I was dressed in a fetish nurse costume this morning, as instructed by Janet, who had become my mentor, showing me how to milk horses and all the other tasks required of girls working at the farm.

She and I had done that incredible spanking scene in front of everyone, and I was hoping for a repeat performance, but so far I had only been called on to do a pole dance routine, that got lots of applause but looked, I am certain, pretty amateur. I had done a lot of blow jobs!

Adam held his hands up for silence. "Oscar has agreed to take Vanessa as his bitch."

'Oh, my god, ' I thought, taken completely by surprise. Oscar had been fucking me pretty frequently, but so far always organized by Adam and always in front of men watching. At night he was taken back to the kennels, and my night's sleep was only interrupted by men coming in to use me. What would it mean, if I belonged to Oscar? Would he be allowed to spend the night with me, in my bed? That would be so exciting, serving him every time he felt horny! Men were so predictable, somehow I thought life with Oscar would be more interesting, more romantic. We could make love without people watching us! How often would he want to fuck me?

As I waited for the applause to die down and for Adam to tell me what was involved, I wondered why I had been dressed in this nurse costume. Was it related to my betrothal? I couldn't see how it could be.

Adam gestured for silence.

"Come here, Vanessa."

I walked over to him, very aware of all the men watching me, and no doubt watching my breasts showing over the tight white lace top. I was wearing a pushup bra that created a deep cleavage, and lacy full brief panties. Then he pointed to the jug on the table.

"What's in this jug, Vanessa?"

"Semen, Adam. Horse semen."

"But you are now engaged to a dog. I need you to take the jug and go to the kennels and fill the jug with doggie semen. But first you have to empty the jug. Fetch a glass, please."

I was blushing scarlet as I walked back to him holding a tumbler, which he slowly filled to the brim with the sticky white stuff. He waited. So I was now going to join the full glass club, but it looked like it wouldn't be just the one glass! I turned to face the men, and raised my glass. They started that "drink, drink, drink," chant as I slowly tipped the stuff into my mouth and swallowed it. When the glass was empty, I looked back at Adam, he was holding the jug! I desperately wanted to ask him, no more, please, but instead I held the glass out and he filled it again. It's not really that big a deal, I knew I could drink a litre of cow's milk if given time to do it, so why was this so much more difficult? I raised the glass.

When I finished it, I think Adam recognized the state I was getting into. Instead of making me drink it all, he said, "That was good. Now tip your head back and open your mouth, please. You don't have to swallow any more, just hold it in your mouth and let the rest run down your front. Hold your panties out in front, so I can fill them up."

I realized that this was part of his plan, the dogs would love the state of me, when I went off to the kennels in a few minutes! As Geraldine had done on the morning after her wedding, I stood while he poured the remaining contents of the jug over me, over my face, my breasts, and, yes, inside my knickers. When the last of the jug had trickled out over me, he gave me the empty jug and sent me off to the kennels.

The dogs all crowded round, anticipating doggie delights, and the only way I could concentrate on milking them one at a time was by getting them alone. I was able to find an empty pen, and took each dog in turn in there, and did the "down, roll over" bit, watched through the fencing by all the other dogs. That worked fine while the jug was pretty empty, but as the jug filled up I needed to have the last dogs standing up, so I could milk them down into the jug without spilling any. The dogs were really well behaved, obviously well experienced at being milked and eager to accept it. I could tell that the dogs liked me, and that I was getting good at pleasing them. Mostly using my hand, of course, because the idea was to capture the semen, not drink it. I realized being good at hand jobs would be a valuable skill, if I was to become Oscar's bitch. I concentrated on trying to read doggy expressions as they neared orgasm.

In a way I could understand why I was in this silly nurse's uniform, because I was sort of giving essential and much wanted treatment to these darling horny frustrated dogs. I made a mental note to ask Adam how often they did get milked, because it just seemed unfair that the horses were looked after so well while there didn't seem to be the same care taken to look after the dogs. Would Oscar be jealous if I started looking after his friends as well as him? Surely a bitch isn't meant to be monogamous, is she? Obviously I would always give Oscar preference, but I hated the thought of all these other dogs just watching mournfully while Oscar had all of me that he wanted.

Anyway at last I thought I had collected enough doggy semen, and I walked back to the farm house, and found Adam's office and showed him what I had achieved. Perhaps inevitably, he poured me a glass from the jug and made me drink it, standing in front of his desk. He asked if I thought I could tell the difference, and I said no, I didn't think I could, though to be honest everything was happening so fast that I really couldn't say whether I could tell or not.

I was rather shocked by what he said next. "Let's have a look at your bottom. If it's recovered from Janet's efforts, I want to give you half a dozen cuts myself."

I was still visibly bruised, but not enough to discourage him, and he made me bend over and put my hands on the floor in front of my feet, which of course meant my skirt lifted up clear of my bum, and I waited shivering while he selected a cane and came over and tugged my steaming knickers down to mid thigh, then stood behind me and out to my left, and laid into me with the cane. I felt quite upset, what had I done to deserve that? Anyway after the last stroke he moved directly behind me and put his cock in me and said that he loved fucking me, and I realized the caning was purely for his pleasure. As he fucked me, he talked, his voice husky.

"You did say you are still an anal virgin?"

"Yes," I panted.

"How would you feel about Oscar fucking you in the ass? Him being your first, I mean?"

"He's very big," I moaned, sure that wouldn't be seen as a convincing argument.

"You just need to learn how to relax," he said with condescending casualness. "But yes, you are right, you do need a bit more training first. But I think that we will keep your ass hole for Oscar to use, exclusively, alright?"

I nodded shyly. He pulled out and told me to pull my panties up and go find Janet to be given more tasks.

I stayed in my semen-soaked nurse costume all morning, helping out with various tasks around the house, giving guys oral sex, and assisting at punishments of girls. But I wasn't allowed near the

horses. Then lunch, with me still in my stinky and sticky nurse uniform, the other girls in assorted sexy clothing, all of us serving the men their food. The men were hungry and excited, looking forward to whatever they had been told was happening in the afternoon. Another horse fuck? Or was it going to be my turn, my wedding?

I was sent off with Janet, taken to a room I had not been in before. Standing in the corridor outside the closed door, she told me to remove my clothes. She knocked on the door and waited. Ominously, I noticed that the door had a sign on it, 'Bitches room'.

Finally Adam came down the passage. He was holding a thick black leather dog collar. "Your engagement ring, my dear." He showed me the label, 'Oscar's bitch', and buckled the collar around my neck, securing the buckle with a little padlock!

"Okay now you can go inside." He opened the door and waved us inside. First I was put into a corset, brindle coloured, that mixture of brown and black patches and stripes that is so attractive on a dog. On a bitch! The corset came up almost to my nipples, lifting and separating my breasts. It came down across my tummy but left my cunt and my ass unobstructed. As he tightened the laces, Adam explained that it was mainly "to protect you from your Dog's claws when he mounts you." But it had other purposes. Like most corsets it had suspender straps, six in all, but these were much thicker than I was used to. There were assorted metal buckles and rings. It had shoulder straps too, and he explained these were to stop it sliding down. I couldn't see, yet, why it might slide down, it squeezed my waist quite firmly, wouldn't my hips be enough?

"Put your hands in these, please." Sort of full arm length gloves but without fingers. As I slid my hand into the sleeve of the glove, I had to clench my fist to get it into the stumpy foot at the end of the glove! The sleeves and the foot were also brindle coloured.

He produced a pair of stockings, unlike any I had seen before. Thick material, almost like leggings, inevitably brindle in colour. Thick pads at the knees. And the strangest boots you could imagine. I was told to "get down" and then "roll over" and finally "lift your knees and put your feet flat on the floor". As I obeyed, little did I imagine it would be some time before I was to stand upright again. As I lay on my back, my cunt fully exposed to him, he calmly lifted my left foot and slid the first stocking onto it. Helped by Janet, he worked the stocking up my left leg, easing my foot into the strange boot, and adjusting the knee pad so it fitted over my knee, then clipping the welt at the top to three suspender straps.

They did the same to my right leg. Then he produced a leather strap, and fed it through a buckle on the heel of my shoe, and led that up through a buckle on the side of the corset. He did it up quite tightly so my heel was pulled up behind me! Then a second strap did the same to my other leg.

"Okay bitch, roll over, get onto all fours."

And that was all I could do, with my legs tied behind me I would be unable to stand up. The gloves kept my hands clenched as fists inside what I now realized were my front paws. He made me crouch there while he adjusted the length of the heel straps so my upper legs were vertical and the lower legs tipped up behind me, and tugged the glove sleeves up under my armpits and joined them to each other with a strap over my shoulders.

"Okay bitch, crawl for me please."

And that was all that I could do, crawl slowly and clumsily around the room, watched by the two of them. As is natural for a crawling human, I had my head out in front, and was looking down at the

carpet. He told me to lift my head and crawl back to him. He was holding a bizarre mask thing, shaped like a dog's muzzle! He fitted it over my nose and mouth, and secured it with a strap behind my head, and other straps that went under my chin and over my head. A final strap ran from the top of the harness back to a metal loop in the corset waist behind. So I couldn't lower my head! He showed me a mirror, and I could see that my head, in that awful mask, really did look quite like a dog's head.

"Nearly done, bitch. Can you guess what's the last thing to do?"

I suppose I should have been able to guess, but to be honest my mind was in turmoil and I wasn't thinking very clearly. But I said no, and he spanked my bare ass. "No, bitch, don't talk, just bark. One bark for no, two for yes."

Feeling a total fool, I barked twice. Then I groaned, seeing what the last thing to do was. Janet was holding what I recognized as a butt plug, with a flesh coloured dong to go in my bum, a narrow neck that my sphincter would close around to grip it firmly inside me, and a wider head to stop it slipping further in. But this one had a significant difference to those I had seen on the internet. It was quite short, not nearly as long as Oscar's cock, and nothing like as thick as Oscar, indeed not much thicker than a man's index finger. But the awful thing was that, at the end that didn't go into me, it had a tail. A doggy tail. As I looked at it while Janet lubricated it, I knew the tail would curve up above me after he had inserted it.

Janet gave him the greased plug, and he went round behind me. But before he put it in me, he pushed something else inside. Then the butt plug pushed whatever it was further into me. The plug was a tight fit but not painful. I was surprised that it wasn't bigger. "Is that okay?"

"Woof Woof."

He said, "Good, then you can go straight to the next size after you have had your enema."

I groaned inwardly at that, realizing he had put a suppository in me first.

"Okay Janet take the bitch for a walk, and bring her to the yard in quarter of an hour. That thing should be doing its work by then. Don't let her go though, not until she has met the people."

Janet clipped a lead to my collar and we set off, me learning to walk on all fours, Janet saying things like "sit" and "heel" and making me feel totally humiliated.

I very soon started feeling the effects of the suppository, my belly clenching and roiling, but Janet just kept me moving.

Arriving back at the farm house, there was a large crowd waiting for us, and they burst into raucous applause at the sight of Janet walking her pet dog. I suspect that the men wouldn't even have recognized it was me at her side if they hadn't been given hints earlier in the day. I looked around nervously for Oscar, but he wasn't in sight.

Adam walked over to me and stroked my head, patted my bum, and asked if I needed to have a crap. Blushing inside my doggie mask, I barked twice. By now the need to crap was overpowering.

He explained to the crowd that the doggie needed to go perform, and he told Janet to take me for a walk in the woods. As soon as we were in the woods Janet whipped the plug out of me. Devastating experience, but at least I don't think anyone watched except for Janet. She gave me time to wipe myself on the grass, then led me back out. Adam had another plug, same in every detail except

length and girth, this one was much closer to Oscar's size. This one made me gasp as he slid it in me.

When it was settled inside me, he stood in front of me. "Do you, Vanessa, undertake to love honour and obey Oscar?" I barked twice.

And then he whistled, and Oscar came bounding round the corner. He was told to stand beside me, and to my surprise he did, although glancing down under him I could see a throbbing erection. He knew exactly why he was here. Even so I was impressed that he was obedient enough to wait for it.

I heard Adam reading the wedding service, including the magic words, "I now pronounce you Dog and Bitch. Oscar, you may fuck your bitch."

I wondered how he would mount me with that horrid tail in the way, but as with real bitches the tail was softer than it looked and it just folded when he pressed himself over it, and in seconds he had mounted me and impaled me with his huge cock.

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## **Chapter Six**

Now I was married to Oscar, I just assumed he would spend the nights in my bed, but no, that's not how it worked. Instead, after dinner and the evening entertainment, I was sent to his bed! The first night, I was still in that humiliating doggie costume, with brindle full length gloves, leggings with knee pads and ankle straps, and the corset. The only concession was that the dreadful doggie muzzle mask was removed, obviously so that I could use my mouth to please my new husband, and perhaps his friends.

The mask was removed as part of the evening entertainment, and I had to give a demonstration of my devotion to Oscar, taking his big thick cock in my mouth and working on him as he spat his semen repeatedly into my throat. Then I had to get on all fours at the very front of the stage, and Oscar mounted me and fucked me from behind while men took turns putting their cocks in my mouth. Men don't cum as much as a dog does, but I took at least ten men's semen in during that period.

Then it was time to go to bed. Most of the girls had been booked by a guy, and would soon be led off to a bedroom for the night, or for a quickie, depending on his needs and tastes and finances. I was wondering if I could just sneak off with Oscar, and get some rest. My jaw was aching from all the oral sex I was doing while Oscar played with me behind. He wasn't in the slightest put off by my little plastic tail, he just pushed it aside as he mounted me. Finally the entertainment was over and Adam asked for a round of applause for all the girls, and the men who had booked girls started to collect them and set off. The others seemed to like to sit up a bit watching TV and drinking. Maybe they were waiting for a girl to become free so they could go up and take her over. I was actually glad I belonged to Oscar. Nobody attempted to interfere with us.

I was still hoping Oscar would come with me to my room, but no. Adam came over and attached a lead to my collar, and at the other end was a doggie chew ring. When told to go to bed, Oscar just picked up the chew ring and started walking, and I had no choice but to follow. We padded away, out of the house, across the yard, and round the corner to the kennels. There's a push button thing that lets dogs get in, but not out, and I followed him into the kennel yard, where all the dogs gathered round to congratulate Oscar and sample his new bride. They were all very well mannered, seemingly content to take their turns. There must be some doggie pecking order, but I couldn't work out how it worked. All that mattered was that they didn't fight over me.

I wondered why this was happening out of sight of the men, and then I worked it out. I realized that there would be security cameras watching us! But there was no point worrying about that, Adam had promised me that he wouldn't put pics of me on the internet, and I trusted him. But maybe they kept these video recordings as night time entertainment when the visitors got bored? I wondered about the menu on their in-room televisions. No doubt as well as CNN there would be porn films, but were there also films of us, and of all the other girls who had worked on the farm over the years?

Suddenly I guessed that they would be offering live television, and right now, I was sure, many of the guests would be lying in bed watching me!

Oscar also was watching approvingly, as his kennel mates took turns, but after a while he got bored and went off to his bedroom, a large wooden dog kennel. Very large. Big enough for a girl as well as a dog. I hadn't noticed it on my last visit, and I realized it had been put there for the newly married couple.

When the other dogs tired of me, I crawled in and tried to get to sleep, but first Oscar wanted another go. I knew I would get sore if I had to keep this up for too long. But when he finally let me settle, I must say it was remarkably romantic, curling up with him, spooning behind him and holding his cock, and listening to his satisfied snores. There was enough light from the moon for me to see a bit of the inside of the kennel, and yes, sure enough, there was a glint of reflected light indicating there was small camera in the roof. I just hoped it was being kept for private viewings, house guests only. I bent over Oscar and used my hand and mouth to get him hard again, and offered to let him mount me yet again, but no, he was happy to have me felate him and to cum in my mouth. I tried to ignore the camera and pretend I didn't know it was there.

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Chapter Seven

Victoria had grown up in a wealthy family with a strict god-fearing father who demanded obedience. She was educated in a girls' school and sent to an all-girl finishing school, before being married off at the first opportunity to one Mr Jason Steel, a business friend of her father twice her age and more than twice her weight. The marriage was a disaster from the first night, when she panicked as her new husband tried to have sex with her, lying on her and thrusting thoughtlessly while he kissed her with wet slobbery kisses. Her reluctance being far too obvious, the husband persisted for a month and then took her to the priest who had married them and asked him to sort out the issue.

The priest asked to talk to the girl alone. "Come back in an hour," he said to Mr Steel.

After her husband had left, Victoria was subjected to a long and embarrassing discussion. "Why won't you let your husband have what he is entitled to?"

Victoria tried to explain that her husband was horrible about it, just looming over her and pushing her legs apart and trying to put his thing in her. The priest explained to her that this was normal, it was the wife's duty to open her legs and let her husband enjoy his rights. Victoria could hardly explain to this pious and otherworldly man that she had spent a rapturous six months having sex with a lady teacher in that finishing school, and knew that there was much more to lovemaking than just being fucked! Her lesbian lover had told her that men were horrible, and consequently she had been dreading marriage. Even a loving and caring man would have had trouble winning Victoria's affection against such a convincing propagandist. When her husband had turned out to be just as bad as Victoria feared, it never occurred to her that other men might be different.

But she didn't tell him any of this, only said that she didn't like what he did to her. And so the priest

came to the conclusion that the problems were all Victoria's. She was clearly irrational and unreasonable, and her husband was entitled to feel aggrieved when she refused him his marital rights. He decided he should give her a physical examination to see if there was some actual problem preventing her from giving her husband what he wanted. He told her to take her clothes off.

Victoria had never undressed for any man other than her husband, but she could not question an instruction from her priest! So with shaking hands and blushing face, she slowly took her dress off. "And all the rest, please, Victoria," he said, looking severe and saintly. She obeyed, placing her bra and panties on the chair beside her. "Please sit on the table facing me, and open your legs wide." She was, of course, desperately embarrassed but did as she was told. He stood looking at her, at her big firm breasts and her thick bush of pubic hair, and then he let his hands stroke down over those marvelous breasts and down her smooth taught belly to her thighs, where he pressed her knees even further apart before sliding his hands in toward the inner sanctum.

She moaned as he gently opened her labia and stooped to peer inside. She groaned when he eased a finger inside her, and mumbled helplessly when he asked if it felt pleasurable. She was totally confused, it did feel nice but this was a man and she shouldn't like it. She couldn't stop thinking of her finishing school lover who had spent hours at a time touching her this way, and she wondered why Mr Steel never ever bothered to touch her this way. Her breasts were still tingling from the priest's touch, and now her clitoris was throbbing in urgent expectation of what must surely follow!

But no, he didn't continue. Perhaps if he had done so this story might have gone in a completely different direction, but the poor man just didn't know enough about girls to understand what his touch was doing to the girl on his table, and how much more it could do. Instead, thinking in the way men do, he unbuckled his trouser belt, and unzipped, and let his trousers fall to the floor.

"Please keep still, Victoria, let us see if there is any physical reason why you cannot gratify your husband." So saying, he just eased his cock into her pussy. The events of the last few minutes had been enough to make her moist, and he wasn't well endowed, so he slipped in easily enough, and stood there with his cock fully inside her, looking down at her lovely breasts and her beautiful face.

"When you kiss your husband, do you use your tongue?"

When Victoria helplessly shook her head to indicate that, no, she didn't do that, he put an arm behind her and pulled her up close against him. Pulled him as close as those big tits allowed, then put his other hand behind her head and forced her to kiss him. He opened his mouth, waiting for her tongue to enter, but it didn't, so he showed her how to do it. Victoria thought she might be sick as his big slimy tongue invaded her mouth, but fortunately he sensed her concern and released her. He also pulled his cock out of her cunt. The problem was clearly with her mind, not her very delectable body.

He considered recommending to Mr Steel that he try tying the girl to the bed, or thrashing her soundly before asking for sex. But while such remedies would enable the husband to have his way, the prospects for a long and happy marriage were slim, if such arrangements were required every Saturday into the far distant future. He finally decided on a more drastic solution.

When Mr Steel arrived to hear the priest's verdict, Victoria was sent to wait in the car. Without going into any detail, the priest explained that he was sure Mrs Steel was physically capable of meeting her husband's demands, she just needed to realize her duties. He told Jason his proposal, "There is a farm in Texas which should be able to educate Mrs Steel in her responsibilities. I suggest you send her there for a month or two." He told Mr Steel what little he knew of the facilities the farm had to offer. Mr Steel was smiling grimly as he drove his wife home.

On Saturday Mr Steel gave his wife one last chance to provide him with what he felt a man was entitled to expect from a wife, and when she yet again resisted his advances so he had to use brute force to get her to lie still, he pumped his seed into her struggling body then retired to his study and phoned the farm. He said he required that they either convinced his wife that sex was so much fun that she would beg for it, or convinced her that having sex with her husband on demand was better than being sent back for another stay at the farm. "I don't care which way you go, all I want is to be able to fuck the bitch whenever I am in the mood to do so, without having to fight for it."

Adam gravely responded that he fully understood. "You realize that the training will include her being fucked by me and my staff? Quite a few of my staff. That's not a problem for you? If it worries you, we can provide an internet camera feed so you can watch her all the time, and satisfy yourself that we are not taking excessive advantage of her."

While not interested in who was going to fuck his wife during her training, Mr Steel was intrigued about this internet feed, and asked for details. "Is that a live feed then? To my home?" Adam confirmed that it was, and mentioned the price, but Mr Steel didn't care about the cost, only wanting confirmation that he would be able to watch her all the time. Adam explained that they could have a camera crew follow her about, but as well as being especially expensive it was anyway a bit of overkill. Also in some ways Mr Steel might prefer the cheaper option. The farm had lots of security cameras all around the place, and the secure internet channel would allow him to monitor any of the cameras at any time, so he could watch other events at the farm. He mentioned quite casually that each of the girls on the farm had a camera in her bedroom. Adam didn't specifically say Mr Steel would be able to watch other girls as well as his wife, but it was clear to Mr Steel that this was the inference. He immediately agreed to have the internet live feed, irrespective of its price.

Adam asked, "When you get your wife back, are you only interested in having routine straight missionary type sex?"

Mr Steel was a bit taken aback by that question, and asked what else Adam might be able to provide. "Well, as an example, Mr Steel, do you want your wife to give you oral sex, that sort of thing?"

"Oh shit yes!" He had never asked for that, and was certain Victoria would have bitten his dick off if he had tried to force it from her. The thought that these people could train her to provide it was mind boggling.

Adam went on. "Other things? Bondage, spanking, buggery? Do you have any specific fetishes you would like her to be ready to supply when she gets home?"

Mr Steel had never buggered any girl, and had never imagined Victoria tolerating him doing that to her. In the month they had been married, he hadn't actually even slapped her, but the thought of spanking her definitely appealed. "Are you serious? You think you can persuade her to do all of that stuff?"

"Well, to achieve it we will first have to make her do all those things here at the farm, again and again. We will try to get her to enjoy it. But that's frankly rather unlikely. So we will concentrate on the other line of training, making her want never to come back here. When you get her home, I guarantee that she will have the skills you require, but probably will not show a willing enthusiasm. We will have to make her dread a return visit to the farm so much that she will do those things, and anything else you want, on demand, rather than be sent back for more training. Is that what you would like?"

It was! In fact the thought of that was so exciting that as soon as the deal was agreed Mr Steel went

back to the bedroom and shook Victoria, forced her onto her back, and told her to stop crying and to open her legs. This turned into a much better fuck than the earlier one, both because his wife was too tired to struggle much and because he had spunked just fifteen minutes earlier. So after a few minutes he was still going well, and managed to lift her legs up over his shoulders and thrust really deeply into her, while Victoria lay with her hands under his chest trying futilely to push him off.

And as he fucked her he was thinking, 'soon my little innocent darling, I will have you in this position and my cock will be in your ass'.

Arrangements were duly made, and a few days later Victoria was dispatched in a chauffeur driven car to Texas. Nobody had told her what to expect when she arrived, and she hoped she was just going to spend a few weeks enjoying solitude and freedom from her horrible husband. She had never been to Texas before and loved the countryside and the sunshine.

Meanwhile her horrible husband was setting up a battery of monitors around the house so he would be able to watch, continuously wherever he was in the house, live coverage of his wife's education, on that very secure and very expensive internet channel reserved for very special and very wealthy customers.

Arriving at the farm, Victoria was met by one of the girls dressed as a French Maid standing at the top of the steps! She was in ridiculously high heels, and Victoria noticed the chauffeur looking up at the girl and realized her skirt was so short you could see the flesh above her stockings. Mrs Steel was shocked, and wondered what her husband would say if he knew this was how the staff dressed! Obviously standards were different in Texas to what she was used to! As she walked up the steps she saw the girl had enormous breasts that were very copiously displayed! Victoria was glad to see that, because she had big breasts herself, and had always been embarrassed by them, it was nice to see a girl who was even bigger. She started to feel almost frumpish in her severe black frock and almost flat heels. She wasn't to know that Jason was watching her avidly on a monitor in his bedroom, as she approached the other girl.

The chauffeur had by now taken Victoria's large and heavy suitcase out of the car and carried it up the steps, and now stood blatantly ogling the Maid, waiting to be invited to carry the suitcase into the house. The maid just said, "Actually Mrs Steel you won't need that, I suggest your driver takes the suitcase back with him. The Manager is in his office, Mrs Steel, would you please come with me to meet him." Both Victoria and her driver were shocked but had no choice but to comply with the girl's instructions. The driver was left looking foolish as the doors to the estate house swung closed. Reluctantly he put the suitcase back in the trunk and drove off.

Victoria walked behind the maid, and was shown into a large office, behind which Adam was sitting doing paperwork. The maid pointed to a red square on the carpet in front of Adam's desk, and said, "Please stand there, Mrs Steel, within the red square." Victoria felt really quite offended by being treated so rudely! It was bad enough not to be offered a chair, but to be told to stand like some tradesperson was very offensive to her. She was trying to work out how to explain her attitude when the man put down his pen and looked up.

"Mrs Victoria Steel?"

"Yes," she stammered.

"That dress is the most old-fashioned thing I have seen on anyone coming to my property. Please take it off."

She was shocked, and of course initially refused to obey. But Adam showed no interest in her as he

picked the pen back up and went on with his paperwork. Anyway she was so used to obeying men that she finally did as he had said, unbuttoning it and dropping it to her feet, then stepping out of it, reaching down to pick it up, and then standing holding it in front of her.

Adam finally looked up again, then clicked his intercom and said, "Rebecca, come in here please." When the girl entered, she could see Victoria's back, protected only by a bra and panties. Adam said calmly, "Please take Mrs Steel's dress and put it away somewhere. I am tempted to tell you to burn it but I suppose she will need it to wear home."

Victoria found herself standing in just her undies and shoes, facing this complete stranger.

"Don't look so upset, we will get you other things to wear in due course. You have nice breasts, what size are they?"

Victoria desperately wanted to tell him to mind his own business, but instead whispered, "36DD," and looked down, which just reminded her how big they were and how much of them was now on show. This bra had not been purchased with the idea of strange men seeing her in it!

"So, you tell me why you are here."

"My husband sent me."

Adam slammed his hand down on the desk so hard that Victoria jumped. "Do not be stupid, girl, yes of course your husband sent you. I want to know if you understand WHY he sent you."

"Um I ah I don't think he is very happy with the way we um ah make love."

"Let's get a few basic rules established, Vicky."

Victoria was appalled that he had started calling her Vicky without even being given permission to call her Victoria, but she didn't dare complain.

"First, from now on you don't talk about making love, is that clear? What do you think I expect you to call it?"

She looked at him blankly, thinking he couldn't possibly want her to use the F word! She stammered a few alternatives, all rejected. Finally she whispered a word she had actually never spoken aloud before, except to that long ago lesbian lover. "Fucking?"

Adam congratulated her sarcastically then repeated his question. "Why did your husband send you here?"

"He's not happy about the way I let him fuck me."

"Is he right to be unhappy? Tell me what you do to please him?"

"Well um I ah oh god I just um don't um like doing it. Fucking. It's horrible."

Adam stood up and went around behind her, and ran his hands down over her pantied bottom. She tried to squirm away, and one of her feet moved off the red square.

"Were you told to stand within that red square?" Victoria nodded and moved her foot back, she was close to tears and totally confused.

"So, you have only been here what, ten minutes, and already you have disobeyed an order. I am afraid you will have to be spanked for that. Please bend forward and put your hands on the front edge of my desk. Keep your knees straight and push your bottom back."

Obedying, Victoria realized how desperately exposed her bottom felt, sticking out behind her and inviting the spanking he had promised. She felt his hand back on her bottom, felt it lift off, felt it land again frightfully hard! She jerked upright and stood with both hands pressed to her bum. She looked at him and saw his eyes were down at her feet, and yes, sure enough, she had again stepped out of the square. She mumbled her apologies, and stepped back inside it.

"Stepping out of the square a second time is bad, but standing up without permission during a punishment is far worse. I will use a strap. Take your panties down to mid thigh, and put your hands on your head." With that he walked away to a cupboard behind his desk and opened it to display an array of crops and straps and canes!

By now Victoria was totally under this man's spell. It just didn't occur to her to question his right to do any of this, or to say that she wanted to go home, she just stood there with her bum delightfully displayed ready for the tawse that she saw in the man's hands as he walked back toward her. She was hardly aware that he was looking down at her crotch, her attention was totally drawn to that awful looking strap. What Adam didn't know was that no other men other than her husband and the priest had seen Victoria's crotch since she was a child. What Victoria didn't know was that in the next month dozens of men would see her naked, and many of them would do things to her that she had not ever done before.

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## Chapter Eight

"So, tell me more about your sexual relations with your husband."

Victoria squirmed with embarrassment. She was still in her underwear, standing within the humiliating red square on the man's carpet. After her spanking she had been allowed to pull her panties back up, but her bum was on fire, and the strap was still laid in full view on his desk.

"What do you want to know?"

"Tell me how often you two fuck, how, and where, and exactly what role you play in the fuck."

"He tells me he wants to do it, I have to lie down on the bed on my back, and open my legs. He gets over me and puts his penis in me."

She moaned as Adam stood up, picked up the tawse, and walked around behind her. "He put his what in you?"

She felt the strap rubbing gently across her panties. "His cock," she stammered.

"Good, I will give you just three strokes for that error. But don't you ever again use those coy politically correct phrases, do you understand?"

She nodded and put her hands on her head and waited, but he said he wanted her panties down at mid thigh first. So she slid them down then put her hands back on her head. She shivered as the tawse rubbed over her bare flesh, then yelped as it landed, but managed to stay still, yelped again, and then for the third time. Somehow she had kept her feet still despite the pain.

He walked back behind his desk and put the tawse down where she could see it. She put her hands down, tugged her panties back up, and put her hands back by her sides.

"Does he use his hands or his mouth to stimulate you, or just his cock?"

"He likes to hold my breasts." She groaned as he stood up again. "My tits," she panted but knew it was too late. Near to tears with the humiliation, she tugged her panties back down and put her hands back on her head. Three more times the tawse slashed across her bottom. Yet again she eased her knickers up over the flaming redness.

"How exactly does he handle your tits?" She showed him with her own hands, cupping them over her brassiere. "With your bra on?"

"No, I always have to be naked when he fucks me."

"Take your bra off then, and come round here where I can feel your tits." She obeyed, and tried to keep still as his palms ran over the firm flesh, and his fingers teased the nipples. "Has he ever put his cock in between these lovely tits?" Adam knew the answer, from his extensive questioning of Mr Steel, but loved making her admit it. She nodded but said nothing. "Are you going to answer me, or do I have to tawse you again?"

"Yes sometimes he does."

"Exactly how? Show me, as well as telling me." He stood up and undid his trousers, and dropped them to his feet, then sat down again, just as Mr Steel had described how he liked to do this.

Victoria was far too embarrassed to question why Adam was doing this the same way as her husband did. For all she knew this was the only way men and women did it. She slipped to her knees in front of him, and moved her body in very close to him, lent so her breasts were pressing either side of his cock, then used her hands to press her breasts in against it. Then she pulled slightly back so he could see that his cock was nicely trapped in the gloriously smooth warm embrace.

"How do you help him to cum?"

"He just moves himself up and down, I just keep pressing my tits together. He doesn't usually cum from doing this, he just likes it when he is working, in his study, with me under his desk doing this. Then he takes me to bed when he has finished his work."

Jason had told Adam all this during their phone conversations before Victoria set off for the farm, and Adam could see why his wife was so unhappy.

"Does he let you jerk off?"

"What do you mean?"

"Does he let you rub your clit while he is fucking your tits with his cock?"

"No!" Victoria had been brought up to know she was not ever to touch her own clitoris. The girlfriend at the finishing school had spent a lot of time trying to break down that barrier, but hadn't managed. Victoria had loved pleasuring her lesbian lover, and even more loved it when the lover went down on her, but she had never been able to touch her own clitoris, either when with that woman or when alone.

"Well, you must. Stand up. Take your knickers off and put your feet wide apart."

Victoria got to her feet, removed her panties, put them on Adam's desk, and moved her feet slightly apart. Adam casually kicked them wider, then ran his fingers over her crotch and inside her labia. "Now, hold your cunt lips open so I can see your clitoris." He opened a drawer in his desk and took something out, and held it gently against Victoria's crotch. He pressed a button, and the thing began to vibrate! Victoria's knees collapsed and she sagged forward over Adam, her body shuddering.

"Oh no please I can't stand that!"

Adam snapped at her to stand up straight, then handed her the vibrator. "Hold that against your clit." As she did so, her whole body started shivering. Adam bent forward and started caressing her breasts and nibbling her nipples.

"Oh my god," she moaned. Adam waited until the girl was clearly near her orgasm, then took the vibrator from her. He took her panties from the floor and used them to wipe the vibrator then reached under Victoria to wipe her crotch, and left the panties displayed on his desk with the vibrator on top.

He smiled up at the panting woman and said, "You will get lots of opportunity to play with that later. I think it's time to go meet some of the men who are staying here. Come with me."

At the mention of meeting other men, Victoria felt she had to protest. "Are you sure my husband has agreed to all this?"

Adam always loved these moments, when a new girl decided to try to resist his treatment of her. "Vicky, if you are unhappy you can leave now. Is that what you want?"

Surprised at his ready agreement, Victoria decided that she should accept, even though she knew her husband would be furious with her. She nodded, and Adam walked to the office door, opened it, and beckoned for her to come with him. Naked now, Victoria reluctantly walked out of his office, past that grinning maid Rebecca, and down the passage, her big breasts swaying and her striped and reddened ass cheeks moving sweetly.

Rebecca went back into Adam's office to tidy up. A few moments earlier Rebecca had been leaning against Adam's door listening to the glorious sounds of Victoria being thrashed. Before putting the tawse away, she sniffed it and kissed it. She had experienced it often enough, and knew how it stung, and she sympathized just slightly with poor Mrs Steel who had received quite a long beating. But she knew Victoria would be back, and unless she was very obedient, she soon would be graduating to the cane. She hoped that Adam would allow her to be present to witness that!

She laughed when she saw how Adam had displayed the girl's panties, specially posed with the vibrator for her to find. She guessed that Adam wouldn't be back for a while, so she stood where she knew from past experience that Victoria would have been standing, and put the vibrator to her clit. After one quick orgasm, she picked up Victoria's panties and used them to wipe herself and the vibrator, then took the sticky knickers and the bra and the shoes, and left the room. Victoria's clothes would be locked away until the end of her training.

At the open front door of the house, looking out at the long drive leading out across empty fields with no sign of civilization, Victoria asked if she could have some clothes, and if Adam would get her a taxi. Adam said, "Sorry, no, this is what your husband instructed as treatment for you. But I want you to understand you are free to leave if you wish."

She took a tentative pace forward onto the first sun-drenched step down to the drive, and burnt her foot on the hot stone. She stepped back quickly and asked, "Please can I at least have my shoes?" Adam smiled. He realized this girl promised to be one of the very best he had been sent so far for his special style of female education. "Can I talk to my husband?"

"Yes of course, but not today. Guests are allowed one phone call a day. However you are here for discipline and training, so you are only allowed one call a week. You may call your husband on Sunday afternoon." Adam made a mental note to ensure that something really degrading or painful or preferably both was happening to Mrs Victoria Steel when she phoned home! And it would be in plain view of a security camera, so Mr Jason Steel could more thoroughly enjoy the conversation. Tears started running down Victoria's cheeks, and he knew this first little rebellion had already taught her a lot, and it wouldn't be repeated soon. "Come along, you have quite a lot of special training booked for you to do this afternoon."

Entering the residential area, Adam went to the gymnasium. A couple of men and several of the girls were exercising, the girls in tiny bikinis or in bra and panties. Victoria looked at them in amazement, and went to cover her breasts and belly with her hands, but Adam snapped at her to keep her hands by her sides. He walked her past the swimming pool, where more of the guests were having a lazy swim, and one couple were having a fuck in the shallow end. Victoria could see that they were clutching tightly, but couldn't bring herself to believe they were actually fucking. Adam ignored them and led her to the sauna. By prior arrangement, four men were sitting in there, stark naked, hot and sweaty. "Guys, this is Mrs Victoria Steel, she has been sent here by her husband to learn how to give blow jobs properly. I will leave her with you, when she has satisfied all of you would one of you please call an attendant and have her sent back to my office."

The four men had been told they could be reasonably forceful in getting what they wanted, including spanking her or even fucking her, if she refused to learn to suck cock. Also there was a cold tub in the next room, with icy water in it, into which some real sauna aficionados liked to jump briefly before returning to the steam room. He had told the men they could put Victoria in there if her amorous activities were too frigid.

When Victoria was brought back to Adam's office, she was looking very fraught. Before she reached him, one of the men had phoned him with a report on her progression. Apparently it had taken three spankings and three dips in the cold pool to convince her to behave. All four men agreed it had been great fun persuading her, and although her blow jobs were still pretty uninspired, they were looking forward to assisting her to improve.

When she was standing smartly inside the red square again, he asked her how she had got on. "It was horrible," she muttered, which delighted Adam.

"You need to learn to do this, for your husband. And remember, if you do it properly, he won't want to stick his cock in your cunt so often."

Victoria considered that statement. She wasn't at all sure which was worse, a cock in her mouth or in her cunt!

"Well, it's progress at least, and I think you deserve a reward." He stood up and went behind her, and she cringed which amused him. He took a blindfold from his pocket and fitted it over her eyes. "Now, Vicky, I want you to sit down, then lie back on the carpet with your knees up in the air." Victoria assumed she was now going to be fucked, presumably by Adam. 'As a reward?' she thought, unhappily. Reluctantly she obeyed and waited.

Adam went to the door, silently opened it, and beckoned to Rebecca, who came in and quietly walked around the girl on the carpet. Knowing what she was going to be required to do, she had already put her hair in a tight pony tail behind her head, so it wouldn't fall on the body of the girl she was about to lick and alert her to her identity. She knelt between Victoria's wide spread feet, and gently lowered her face down until it was just over Victoria's crotch. She blew gently and Victoria jerked and gasped. Without using anything but her tongue, Rebecca slowly drew the girl out of her depressed and disgusted state, and soon had her panting again. She took her time, slowly raising Victoria's sexual excitement, teasing, probing, biting. Finally the girl had her first orgasm for a long time, and it was, like all the earlier ones, from a woman's attentions.

Rebecca sat back, grinned at Adam, and left the room. Adam took her place between Victoria's thighs, pulling Victoria into a sitting position then pushing his cock in the girl's mouth. This time Victoria was in a better frame of mind, believing that it had been Adam who gave her such pleasure moments before. She applied herself diligently, as instructed earlier by the four men, and soon Adam spunked into her mouth. Adam removed the blindfold, and helped Victoria to stand up. Exhausted and confused, the girl fell into his arms for a long hug. Adam was thinking, maybe they didn't have so far to go with her after all. He still had to plan something special for Sunday.

"So, Vicky, you think you are okay with blow jobs now?"

She looked up at him pathetically, and said softly, "Yeah I guess so. But I won't have to do any more, will I?"

"Sorry darling, yes I fear you have to keep practicing, it's an acquired skill and you will need to work at it."

"I see. I don't like doing them with other men watching me."

"Darling I'm afraid that's really inevitable, we just can't have you endlessly going off on your own with guys. It's better if you just work your way around the group."

He felt her shudder at that thought. But she wasn't saying no, she was just coming to terms with the idea of doing it. Amazing how far she had come in the short time she had been here. He wondered how many men he could put her to in her next group grope. Above all he wondered when he would be able to show her the stables, and have her giving horses blow jobs!

Her husband had stipulated that she wasn't to be fucked by a horse, not on this visit. He didn't want her cunt stretched too much. Adam had asked about putting her to dogs, and Mr Steel had said he would think about that. First he wanted to watch her being fucked by guys, and see whether she could be made to like that. If she returned to him wanting and enjoying sex, he would spare her the dogs, but if she remained unwilling then the threat of doggy fucks might be enough to make her at least cooperative in his bed.

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Chapter Nine

That night, Adam sat beside Victoria during the evening entertainment, and watched her reaction to girls doing strip teases and pole dancing, and girls making love to each other on the stage. She watched the latter with a degree of interest that made it clear to him that she had experience of that herself, or at least had a desire to try it. As two girls on stage writhed through what seemed to be an entirely real mutual orgasm, he lent over to her and whispered in her ear, "Rebecca told me she likes you." Victoria visibly shuddered!

She had attended a second blow job training session earlier, this time with six men, and had done adequately although obviously without enthusiasm. Adam was thinking through ideas on how to change that, but for the moment he was going easy on her. He had allowed her to dress, in a cute little baby doll jama with frilly panties, and she had served food and drinks all evening, along with the other girls. But Adam kept noticing Victoria watching the other girls, and in particular Rebecca.

Now, while watching the entertainment, Adam was making her masturbate the men who came one after the other to sit beside her during the show, on her right. Adam was sitting on her left, and her left hand had been around his swollen cock for over half an hour now, not moving. Or at least trying not to move, although as she jerked off the guy on her right inevitably her left hand also jerked a bit. He had explained to her that this was a test, she needed to be able to do hand jobs with one hand while just stroking a guy with the other.

Now, when the man on her right spunked and stood up and left, Adam beckoned Rebecca over. She was still in her French Maid costume, looking just delicious. He whispered to Victoria, "Take Rebecca's panties off." She looked at him, shocked, but he could tell she was excited by the command. "Do it now, quietly, or I will make you do it up on the stage."

Victoria turned to look at the lovely young girl beside her, and gave a nervous smile, and Rebecca smiled back, and Victoria slid off the seat, squatted down, turned, and reached in under Rebecca's tiny skirt. The other girl helpfully lifted her bum, and Victoria drew the knickers down and off. Rebecca spread her knees wide apart invitingly. Still squatting in front of the girl's naked crotch, Victoria looked up at Adam for instructions. "Now lick her," he said, absolutely confident that at some time in her past Victoria had licked at least one other girl. He and Rebecca, and most of the men in the room, watched with interest as Victoria slowly moved her head forward and down.

Rebecca was equally happy being licked by a man, a woman, a dog or a horse. She just closed her eyes and let her whole body focus on the attentions of the tongue at her crotch. After a while, Adam reached down and drew Victoria away, and forced her back into her chair. She was crying! He lent close to her and whispered, "This is what you want, isn't it?" Victoria nodded. "Okay, then you can have her. Take her to bed." Victoria was flushing scarlet as, watched by everyone in the room, she stood up, took Rebecca's hand in hers, and walked out.

Next morning, and for some days after that, Adam tried to get Victoria to accept being fucked. But the girl just couldn't do it. She would take cock in her mouth, and would jerk cocks off with her hand, but she just hated having a man on top of her thrusting into her cunt. The problem, obviously, was that her husband had been so insensitive and so brutal in his treatment of her that the girl now froze at the thought of further conventional copulation. Trying to convince her to accept cock in her cunt, Adam used various methods of persuasion, including beatings and riding a wooden pony, but nothing worked. She would, if forced, lie still and allow herself to be fucked, but it was clear to everyone that she hated it. However she loved spending time with Rebecca, and soon became so addicted to her that she was willing to give displays of lesbian sex in front of anyone.

Testing her, Adam had Rebecca spank Victoria, and it was obvious that Victoria was turned on by it. It also turned on all the men watching them at it. Even more obviously, Rebecca loved doing it! At Adam's suggestion, she started tying Victoria up, and whipping her, and Victoria just begged for more.

Then Rebecca donned a strap-on cock, and Victoria watched her nervously but allowed Rebecca to penetrate her with it, and the two women kissed and writhed and soon Victoria orgasmed.

For several weeks, Victoria enjoyed Rebecca's attentions, and all the men at the farm, and Mr Steel

at home watching on his monitors, enjoyed watching the two of them at it. They developed a routine, where after breakfast Rebecca, in leather or PVC or other Dominant costume, would march a naked Victoria out into the yard and tie her to a whipping post, and spend half an hour or more whipping her and fucking her, and quite soon after the performance started Victoria would begin to scream with pleasure. Rebecca would then put on the strap-on cock and fuck the sobbing girl from behind, after which Victoria continued to climax as men took their turns doing the same.

Yet Victoria could never even pretend pleasure if compelled to have sex with men alone. She needed Rebecca to prepare her mentally and physically. Adam insisted, and reluctantly Victoria complied, but she couldn't enjoy it unless Rebecca fucked her first. She would suck the men's cocks, or jerk them off, but without Rebecca to start her off, as soon as the man began to insert his penis in her, she would clam up and go cold and lie motionless until the rape was over.

Attempting to evolve Victoria's sexuality, Adam allowed her to watch Janet with Oscar, and had Victoria give dogs and horses manual and oral stimulation. She found it exciting, but it was clear that her true love was Rebecca. One day, after extensive lesbian sex with her Mistress, Victoria submitted to a dog, and rather to her surprise she loved it.

And then Victoria's time on the farm came to an end. Adam invited Mr Steel to come to the farm, and sat him down in his office. "Do you enjoy watching your wife making love to Rebecca?"

"Yes I do, it's very erotic, but it turns me on and makes me want to fuck her."

"But she will let you, if you wait until Rebecca has finished with her." Jason was positively drooling at the thought of that.

"Can we do that now, before I take Victoria home?"

"Yes of course, if you want. But let's talk a bit more first. Tell me, when you watched your wife being beaten, did you enjoy that too?"

"Oh yes! I loved that!"

"Even when it was Rebecca disciplining her?"

"Especially then, yes, oh indeed that was the best, by far."

"Would you like to fuck Rebecca?"

"Oh absolutely, yes."

"Well then, why not give your wife what she wants? Rebecca is bisexual, she is happy to fuck anyone, man or woman, she just enjoys sexual pleasure of any kind. And she is a natural Dominatrix, she will pretend to be submissive but much prefers to be in charge. She is at the farm because here I can give her all the things she wants, but I have discussed your situation with her and she says she would be happy to go home with you and live with the two of you. She will keep your wife happy, discretely so your friends needn't know there is anything unusual going on. Rebecca will be available for you to fuck if you prefer her, or she will prepare your wife to take your cock if you want that. Of course she will want to be paid, but I am sure she will be worth it. You just tell your friends that Rebecca is your new house maid, and nobody need know that your relationship with her or your wife is, let's say, slightly unconventional."

That afternoon another wedding service was held, this time with Victoria holding her husband's hand as she promised to love honour and obey Rebecca. Everyone filed out into the front driveway and threw confetti as Rebecca led a naked Victoria out to Mr Steel's limousine, which fortunately had dark window glass. Everyone cheered as the car drove away.

Their story had a rather unexpectedly happy ending. Or you might say, an unexpected new beginning. Watching what Rebecca did to Victoria, Mr Steel started to modify his sexual activities. He started giving Victoria foreplay, something he had never bothered with before, and he found he actually enjoyed doing it. His wife's hatred of male penetration changed as a result, and when Rebecca moved on after a year in their home, Victoria and Jason had developed sexual techniques that pleased both of them.

Rebecca promised to visit occasionally, in return for discrete payments, and those visits were welcome and mutually enjoyable, but they were no longer necessary for the Steels. Jason's techniques were not, on their own, adequate to keep Victoria happy, but by then the Steel family had a pet, a large German Shepherd. While Jason was away or working in his study, the dog kept Victoria sexually satisfied, and when Jason wanted sex with his wife, Victoria would go up to the bedroom first with the dog, and by the time Jason walked in Victoria was more than ready to have sex with her husband.

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## **Chapter Ten**

Grace Harcourt was sent to the farm for quite different reasons. Where Victoria Steel had just needed to be educated in how to please her husband, Grace needed to be taught never again to cheat on Mr Harcourt. Grace was 45 years old, rather plump, buxom, still very attractive, with long died blonde hair. In the twenty three years of their marriage she had given her husband three delightful children, two boys and a girl. The two boys had left home, but the girl still lived with them.

It was the girl, Stacey, now 16, who had, indirectly and accidentally, contributed to Grace's present predicament, by bringing home a man she had met, much older than her, who had been unhappy to find that Stacey wouldn't put out. The man had smiled at Grace, and Grace had shyly replied with a smile, although she knew she should not encourage the man, who was so clearly much too old for Stacey.

The man returned the next morning, after everyone else had gone out to work or to school. Standing in the open front door, he smiled again, and Grace found herself inviting him in.

He was very adept at seducing bored frustrated middle aged women. He had brought a bottle of expensive wine with him, and persuaded her to share some with him. Very soon they were kissing on the couch, then a few minutes later he was caressing her breasts, and an hour after he entered the house he took her to bed and entered her, as she lay naked, legs sprawled apart on the bed in Stacey's bedroom. It had been his idea to use the girl's bedroom, when he sensed that Grace was reluctant to use the main bedroom. But also it amused him to be screwing the mother with all the evidence of Stacey's youth distributed around the room. Clothes, including underwear, left on the floor and draped over a chair, photos of her heroes on the wall, girlish magazines spread everywhere, and photographs of Stacey and her friends at parties and concerts and doing crazy things in the park.

Grace had a tiny birthmark on her belly close to her right labia. Because of it, she never shaved her pubes, allowing her brown pubic hair to hide most, but not all, of the stain, The man studied it as he

licked her, then slid up her body to fuck. And when she fell asleep exhausted after the lovemaking and suffering the effects of two glasses of wine, he took photos of it, and her, and the bed and the room she was lying in, with his mobile phone and slipped silently out of her house. And just to prove that he was not a gentleman, the next day he posted the pics to Stacey.

As luck would have it, Stacey was with her parents when the pics arrived on her cell phone. She recognized the sender, and she opened them in all innocence hoping to find a pic of them together or of him doing something exciting. Instead the first pic was just of a hairy woman's bush, with a bit of a birthmark visible emerging from the hair. Stacey shaved her pussy, but anyway so far the man hadn't got that far with her, so far all she had allowed was some kissing and his hands on her breasts. So who was this in the photo? She looked at the next pic. Her mother. Naked. On Stacey's bed.

Unable to control her reaction, she just screamed, "Mommy how could you? On my bed, with my boyfriend?"

Her father took the phone from her and flicked through the photographs, while his wife sat pale faced and wanting to die.

Obviously divorce was a rational result of such an event, but Grace begged and promised and finally an agreement was reached. She would go with Stacey to this place that her husband knew about, a little farm in Texas, and while there she would be punished, repeatedly and strictly, by Stacey and others, until such time as Stacey was ready to forgive her. The scope of punishments available was not defined at all. Grace was only told that the place specialized in treating errant women, especially wives and girlfriends. At any time Grace could opt out, and leave the farm, but in that case she would not be able to return home, and her husband would divorce her. On the basis of their pre-nuptial agreement, and the clear evidence of her infidelity, she would get nothing.

Like so many others before them, they were met by a girl in a sexy maid costume and escorted into an office where a man introduced himself as Adam and invited Stacey to sit down. Grace was shown a red square on the carpet and told to stand within it. Adam and Stacey discussed how Grace's punishments were to be arranged and staged. Occasionally Adam turned to the mother and asked her questions, like, "Have you ever been caned?" The answer to that, of course, was no, she hadn't. Adam asked Stacey if she would like to start by giving her mother a caning.

Stacey whispered, "Okay," and her mother moaned. Adam decided it would be easier for Stacey if her mother was placed over his desk. He told Grace to step close to his desk and bend forward over it, then he went around behind her and lifted her skirt and lowered her panties to her knees. "Open your legs as wide as the panties allow, and stay still." He went to the cupboard and selected a light cane for Stacey to learn with. He handed it to the girl and went back behind his desk. "Lay it on, Stacey, as hard as you like. Take your time, and stop when you get bored. You will have lots more opportunities to continue this."

As he watched Stacey wield the cane again and again, Adam could see that caning her mother was releasing some of the anger stored up inside the girl. It would be a while before she was ready to forgive her mother, but at least she was starting to relax and see the thing in a clearer light. Finally he suggested her mom had had enough for the moment, and Stacey rather reluctantly put the cane down and said, "I can give her more later?" and when Adam assured her that she would be able to any time she wanted, the girl asked what was next on her mother's program.

"I think perhaps you and I should have a little chat alone, what do you say?" Stacey was of course delighted at being treated as an adult, and agreed eagerly. Adam buzzed Rebecca, and when she

walked in he told Grace to stand up and pull her knickers back up, and then said to Rebecca, "Please take Grace out into the yard and have her stand with her hands on her head. Pin her skirt up behind, and pull her panties down to her knees so everyone can see she has been caned. Then she can wait until Miss Harcourt is ready to continue her punishment."

Stacey was grinning hugely as her mother reluctantly went with the maid. Adam clicked a switch and a monitor on the wall came alive and Stacey watched her mother standing in bright sunshine in full view of everyone walking through the yard, with her hands on her head like a naughty schoolgirl. Then Rebecca drew her skirt up behind, and pinned the hem up between her shoulder blades. Then Stacey laughed aloud and clapped her hands as Rebecca drew her mother's knickers down.

"So, Stacey, what would you like to put your mother through next?" Stacey asked what was available. "Have you ever heard of a wooden pony," Adam asked, and was pleased that Stacey had no idea what he was referring to. "Well, look, there are lots of things we can offer. Let's start by meeting some of the people here, and then I will show you around the farm, then you can see some of our wooden ponies and other things, and you can decide if you want your mother to ride one or to experience something else first."

Stacey was thrilled by the things Adam showed her. She stood looking at the array of wooden ponies in one of the punishment rooms, and Adam could tell she was picturing her mother there. She asked how long someone could ride one, and Adam carefully chose a short time because he was certain Stacey would sentence her mom to the maximum permitted. But later in the tour Stacey saw something else that appealed even more. By the end of the tour she had listed a dozen things she wanted to put her mother through first, but had decided absolutely what the first sequence would be. But first mom was to be introduced to everyone in the most humiliating way possible.

Back in his office, looking at the monitor showing Grace in the yard, Adam took a microphone and pressed a button and his voice was broadcast over speakers around the farm. "There will be an interrogation and punishment of a new lady visitor, in the meeting hall in fifteen minutes time. All welcome." Stacey laughed at the look on her mother's face.

Foremost in his mind at the moment was that both women were still fully clothed. He had already decided a nice humiliating time for Grace to undress, but he needed to work out how to get Stacy to do the same. He was hoping that she would volunteer, both to strip and to have sex, but he didn't intend to force her. Not at first, anyway.

He took Stacey to the meeting hall, where quite a few men had already taken seats and others were entering. He and Stacey sat in the front row of the audience. Rebecca waited until everyone had come in and found seats, then brought Grace in, marching her down the aisle, up the steps, and onto center stage. She still had her skirt pinned up behind her and her hands on her head, and was waddling with short steps, trying to keep her panties from falling all the way down! It was obvious that she was finding it all extremely embarrassing. The worst moment must have been seeing her daughter in the front row of the audience, looking up at her.

Adam had told Rebecca to do the introductions, and the delightful young girl did it well. "Gentlemen, I want you to meet Mrs Grace Harcourt. She is here to be punished. Mrs Harcourt, would you please tell everyone what your offence was."

The poor woman looked desperately embarrassed. She mumbled something but nobody could hear her. Rather than give her a microphone, Rebecca made her speak up, eventually having her

practically shouting so everyone could hear her. "I had sex with another man."

"Not just any man, was it, Mrs Harcourt? Please tell us who you fucked."

"My daughter's new boyfriend."

Rebecca gestured to Stacey for her to stand up and face the audience. "Gentlemen, this is Stacey, Mrs Harcourt's daughter. She will be doing much of her mother's punishments. She has already started, haven't you Stacey? Tell us what you did to your mom a few minutes ago."

Stacey looked shy and self-conscious, but she had a big grin on her face as she said, "I caned her bum."

Adam whispered congratulations to Stacey as she sat down. Rebecca told Grace to turn around, so everyone could see the cane marks. Grace was not happy to do it, but reluctantly obeyed. Her bottom and the backs of her thighs were striped and bruised. The audience clapped their approval for Stacey's work. "Okay Mrs Harcourt, turn around again."

"Tell everyone how your husband found out what you had done," she demanded, and poor Grace had to recount the tale of the photographs. Everyone hooted with laughter. Even Stacey giggled.

Rebecca asked for questions, and Grace had to answer things like, was he a good fuck, and did he have oral sex as well as fucking you? They asked her how many other times she had cheated on her husband. The answers were predictable, yes it was quite a good fuck, yes he had put his cock in her mouth before the fuck, and no she had never been unfaithful before. When Stacey whispered to Adam that she thought her mom had been humiliated enough, Adam stopped the questioning, thanked Rebecca, and told Grace to come with them. "Guys, we are going to the kennels, please come along to watch."

Whether Grace had any idea of the significance of that remark will never be known. What is certain is that the next half hour must have been the worst in her whole life. With the outer fence of the kennels swarming with spectators, Grace was made to walk into the yard inside the kennels, which were initially empty, and then the dogs were released to join her. The dogs were well trained, and looked threatening without actually biting her. Adam made suggestions which at first Grace rejected, but finally, in real fear from the increasingly threatening dogs, and realizing that she would not be allowed out of the kennels until she had obeyed, she undressed. Everyone cheered and clapped and whistled. The dogs grew increasingly excited as she neared full nakedness.

Then Adam told her to get down on all fours. He called out instructions to her how to use her hand to stop the dog's knot from entering her, and the dog's trainer called instructions so the dogs obediently took turns mounting her.

She was sobbing as the first dog cock pushed into her cunt. The other dogs were standing around, cocks exposed, eagerly but obediently waiting their turn. The men around the outer fence were being entertained by girls from the farm, some having hand jobs, some getting oral, and some pressing a girl up against the fence and fucking her, while watching Grace over the girl's shoulder. Grace orgasmed during the fifth doggie fuck.

As they watched, Adam moved behind Stacey and put his arms around her, quite innocently at first, but as Stacey got more excited she pulled one of his hands up onto her breast. Not long after she pushed his other hand down to her crotch, over her skirt. By the time Grace orgasmed, Stacey had pulled her skirt up in front and Adam had his hand inside her panties and was doing skilful things to the girl's clitoris.

Stacey finally took pity on her mother after an hour, and over a dozen dogs, and after both she and her mother had gone through several orgasms.

Mrs Harcourt spent the night on her bed, entertaining a seemingly endless procession of men, whereas Miss Harcourt had just one man in her bed, and seemed entirely satisfied with what that man did to her. At one stage, cuddling him, she whispered, "I've never done anal sex, but I would like to try it, if that's okay?" Adam was too worn out by then to oblige right away but promised he would in the morning, and when they woke up he kept his promise, very gently and carefully with lots of lubricant. The men using Mrs Harcourt were not so considerate. By morning Stacey's mother's anal sphincter was stinging.

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Chapter Eleven

Next morning Adam deliberately delayed the morning milking by a couple of hours, both so that the horses would be even more eager than normal, and so more of the men would attend to watch. Indeed almost everybody was there.

Grace was taken out to the stables by two men, with Stacey and Adam walking behind. Stacey was in a cute see-through baby doll jama, her mother was naked. The two men explained to the girls how to milk the horses, then Grace was made to kneel down with the cock head in her mouth. One of the men knelt behind her, holding the jug close up beneath her chin. Then Stacey and her mother used their hands on the horse cock and kept going until the horse spunked. The powerful jet of semen burst into her mother's mouth and overflowed down into the jar. Not having expected the jet to be so powerful, she was taken by surprise and nearly choked, but that didn't stop her being held in place until the flow stopped. Stacey squealed with excitement. Then while Stacey watched, Grace was made to lick the entire shaft and balls clean.

Then Grace was dragged to the next horse to repeat her actions, again with Stacey helping to masturbate the horse cock, and then again with a third. For the fourth horse, Grace was laid on her back on a low trolley with her ankles strapped back behind her, and pushed in under the horse, and Stacey was told to hold her mother's labia wide apart! Convinced she was about to be fucked by the monster cock over her, Grace started gabbling, but Adam consoled her with the words, "No, don't worry, he isn't going to fuck you, not this time."

She was made to grip the cock shaft and hold it pressed into her fuck hole as the men pushed the trolley closer, so the head was pressing hard into her, but of course she wasn't able to take it inside. Stacey lent in over her and stroked the horse, and unexpectedly he bucked slightly and Grace screamed. Adam was wrong!

The men quickly pulled the trolley back, but the head was inside Grace and it didn't flop out as they expected. So they left her there, and Stacey continued the massage, and only when the horse started to spunk did the men pull her free. Stacey lifted the cock so it hosed all the way up her mother's body. Semen was gushing from Grace's gaping cunt and the poor lady was sobbing. When the horse finished spunking, Grace was made to sit up, so the semen pooling on her belly and breasts could run down and dribble between her legs. Under her, in the trolley, was a sort of chamber pot, that was by now nearly full with horse semen.

Helping her to her feet, Adam laughed and apologized. "He wasn't meant actually to enter you, not yet. You must have been very relaxed!"

Grace of course had been fucked the day before by a pack of dogs, and then all through most of the

night by a succession of men, so yes, in all probability her cunt was more relaxed than it had ever been. But her ordeal was not yet over. She was taken from that stall into an empty one, and was turned to face a gap in the stall fencing, into which each spectator in turn thrust his cock seeking relief, while the other men stood around watching and encouraging.

Adam took Stacey aside and quietly suggested that, seeing how easily the head of the horse cock had entered her, maybe they could put her mother to the horse, for a full planned fuck, that day after all, if Stacey wanted that. When Stacey had asked for it earlier, Adam had said then that he didn't think her mom would be able to cope, but he explained that her ability to take the cock head just now had caused him to change his mind. Stacey was delighted, and enthusiastic. "Bench, or sling?" he asked, having previously explained the normal methods for horse fucks.

"Sling," said Stacey, grinning hugely. "But without the horse being hobbled. I want to watch the horse walking her around the paddock."

Adam gave her a hug and kissed her, and she asked him if he wanted to fuck. He said yes he would love to, and she asked if they could go back to the stall and do it while they watched mom giving head in her rather unusual glory hole. By now Grace's hands had been cuffed behind her back, so she was only able to use her mouth, and she was already totally streaked with semen.

Moments later, standing lent over the bar of the stall, with Adam starting to fuck her from behind, Stacey called out to her mom, "How's it going mom? How many guys so far?"

One of the staff members advised her, loudly, that Mrs Harcourt had given head to eleven men so far. "She's getting better all the time."

"Go for it, mom," Stacey called out cheerfully, then she groaned as Adam thrust deeply and hard.

"How would you fancy the horse in your cunt," he whispered to her, partly to excite her but partly because he wanted to learn how she would respond. Stacey moaned, but he wasn't sure if that was just his cock moving firmly inside her, or his words. She didn't reply until some time later.

After Adam climaxed in Stacey, he announced that Grace had done enough, and could stop sucking dicks. She was helped to her feet, and brought out of the stall. Stacey stood grinning as her mother stumbled painfully past. She was taken back to the dining hall, so the men could have brunch. And while the men ate, Grace was shaved, using warmed up horse semen as shaving cream.

Watching this, Adam chatted with her daughter. "So, Stacey, what next?"

"Can we put her on a wooden pony?"

"Of course you can. Guys, would you like to come and watch?" It seemed they all wanted to watch this! The farm had a large room dedicated to these awful devices, with numerous different styles. Sometimes Adam liked to have a pair of girls riding facing each other, in shared agony. But today he provided comfortable seating for Stacey and the other spectators, while Grace alone was mounted. Stacey had chosen a narrow horizontal rod sticking out from the wall for her mother to ride. There were steps either side, so Grace could stand straddling the rod with it just below her crotch, while adjustments were made.

She was fitted with ankle and wrist cuffs, then her hands were cuffed together and she was allowed to support herself on a ring hanging down from above, so she could maintain her balance on the pole and so she thought she would be able to take some of her weight off her pudenda. After giving her time to prepare her mind for the ordeal, her newly shaved pubes were parted and she was told to

bend her knees and settle down until she could lift her feet off the steps. When her weight was on the pole and her feet were free, ropes from her ankle cuffs were tightened drawing her feet out to the sides, off the steps and backwards, until Grace could just touch the floor with the tips of her toes. Then her hands were taken from the ring above and clipped to a ring at the front of the pole, forcing her to bend her body forward.

Now all of her weight was squarely on her cunt. Adam gave Stacey a pair of nipple clamps and explained how to fit them, and Grace groaned as Stacey first suckled one nipple to get it engorged then slipped the clamp on, then repeated the process for the other one.

Watching all this with interest, Adam noticed after a few minutes that as she sat watching her mother's very obvious suffering, Stacey's face had gone pale. Obviously she was beginning to understand the severity of this punishment. Would she relent and let her mother dismount? Adam thought she would probably give her mother five or ten minutes on it.

He was wrong. Several times Stacey went over to her mother and asked how she was doing. Sometimes she took a nipple clamp off, obviously enjoying the groan from her mother as blood flowed back in, then she either fitted it straight back on, or teased her mother by not putting it back for a while before walking forward and fitting it back on. It was not clear which Grace was hating the most, the pony or the nipple clamps, especially having them taken off and put back on. But despite her mother's pleas, Stacey didn't agree to let her mother get off the horrid pony. Eventually it was Adam who said she had suffered enough.

He told Stacey to remove the nipple clamps, and everyone applauded as Grace howled as each one came off. Two men held her steady while others untied her wrists and ankles, then they lifted her off and carried her to a short table, placing her face down with her legs hanging down one side and her head hanging over the other end. As one man pushed his cock in her bruised pussy, another put his cock in her mouth.

Adam explained to Stacey that it was a tradition of the Wooden Pony room that girls always got rogered from behind immediately on dismounting. And then they traditionally received a pussy whipping. Stacey looked puzzled, but all was clear a few minutes later when Grace was tipped over and laid on her back, her legs were pulled far out to each side, and Stacey was handed a pussy whip. "Lay it on, darling," Adam encouraged.

He could tell that Stacey was starting to have reservations about the things she was making her mother submit to. That was sweet. But there was no way Grace would escape her ride on the sling under a stallion that afternoon, with, as Stacey had said earlier, her mount walking her around the paddock.

He decided that Grace needed a rest if she was going to be nice and vocal during her afternoon impalement, so he sent her off to bed, and this time she was left alone. Well, sort of alone. She was tied to the bed by her wrists and ankles, legs wide spread, and a large dildo on a pole was inserted in the entrance of her cunt and the end of the pole was strapped to the foot of the bed.

The watching camera soon revealed that Grace was having trouble sleeping. She was seen to be squeezing her thighs and bucking her hips, and trying to push herself further down onto the intruder, clearly desperate to have an orgasm. After half an hour, a dog was released into Grace's bedroom, a dog that had been trained to stand over women and lick their cunts and clitorises. Grace spent the next hour looking up at the erect cock of the dog as he foraged around the dildo in her cunt.

Stacey went to Adam's room and made love, Adam exciting her greatly by describing what would happen to her mother later that afternoon. He made Stacey lie on her back on the floor, and crouched over her, and explained how her mom would be strapped into the sling and put under the horse, then lifted up until those big breasts and the plump belly were almost rubbing against the horse's hairy chest. "Straps from the sling will go up over the horse's back."

Stacey groaned and shivered, and strained her hips up trying to touch Adam's cock. "Then your mother's arms and legs will be lifted up around the horse's body." As he said this, Stacey brought her arms up around his neck, and her ankles rose either side of him and linked behind his back.

"At this point the horse cock will be lying along her belly." Stacey lifted her bum and Adam lowered himself, until the girl was pressing her crotch against him. "The assistants will adjust her, and the cock, until the cock is resting against the opening of her vagina." Stacey reached for Adam's cock and placed it against her cunt opening. "Normally we hobble the horse so he can't thrust, and leave it to the woman to do the work. Sometimes men move the sling forward and back in order to fuck the woman on the horse's cock." Stacey's mouth was open and she was panting. He could feel her pussy reaching for him, trying to suck him in! "But for your mother, the horse will not be hobbled. He will be free to fuck." And so saying, he rammed his cock as hard as he could into the squealing girl and Stacey had yet another incredible orgasm.

Adam loved waking a woman to take her to be fucked by her first horse. Always when he did this, the poor women were very clearly terrified, however much training they had gone through. But Grace hadn't yet had any preparation other than dogs and men and the last couple of hours with the dildo. She accepted the inevitability of it, but was physically shaking at the prospect. Having handled the horse cocks that morning, she whispered to him that she was sure it would kill her.

"Look, Grace, you have to realize you are here to be punished. He won't kill you, he won't even damage you, but yes, it will hurt. A lot. That's why we normally let girls practice with progressively larger dildoes and things, working up to taking their first horse. Your daughter has been pressing to have you put straight to the horse with no preparation at all, but I was going to allow you a little of that training, although not as much as other girls are allowed. But when we saw the horse get himself in you this morning she said that proved you can take him, and I have to agree with her."

"He didn't get in me, he only got the head sort of in my opening," Grace whined, desperate to convince Adam to give her time to prepare. "I'm sure I won't be able to take a full fuck from him." Adam struggled not to show his amusement as he walked beside her, pretending to think about it. Well, of course he was thinking about it, and loving the thought. He really did want to watch the horse raping her virtually unprepared cunt, but knew it was unfair. He needed to give her a chance.

"Look, normally as I say we let the girl spend days, even weeks, stretching herself and learning to relax her cunt around big objects, before finally putting her to a real live unrestrained horse. Would you prefer to do it that way?"

"Oh course," Grace moaned, eagerly committing herself to several weeks more at the farm, in order to avoid the trauma of an unprepared horse fuck.

"I tell you what, I will give you an opportunity to masturbate the horse today, and if you manage to get him to spunk in, say, fifteen minutes, then we won't let him fuck you today. You can then start the dildo training this afternoon. We can do the same tomorrow, and every day, until you think you are ready to fuck him. How is that?"

"Oh thank you, that's wonderful, thank you so much." Grace didn't really understand why he was

being so generous, she was sure that she hadn't taken fifteen minutes with any of the horses she handled that morning. Still, she wasn't going to argue!

"Of course I will have to convince your daughter to let you off the immediate fuck that she is expecting to happen in a few minutes time. You might have to give her things in return."

"What sort of things? I don't understand."

"Look, let's deal with that after your turn in the paddock today, okay? Let's just concentrate on one thing at a time. If you don't manage to bring him off, then he will fuck you immediately and there won't be any need to give anything more to your daughter."

Grace nodded nervously.

Adam then explained that he was being nice to her in a second way, letting her choose the horse that she would go with this afternoon. The first choice was between one of the ones she had milked that morning, or one that hadn't been milked. If a horse had been milked so recently, the horse wouldn't be as primed as normal. Not as much semen. Which would be good if he did fuck her. But conversely he would be more difficult to masturbate. So she might do better to pick a horse that was randy and eager, and just make sure she jerked him off in time.

Stacey was waiting at the stables. He took both women to each stall in turn, and Grace stroked the horses' muzzles as they stamped and whinnied excitedly. "It's amazing how they seem to know when a fucking is about to happen," he said casually, making Grace cringe and Stacey laugh.

She chose a horse called Ernie, who hadn't been milked for almost a week, and Adam took her out to the paddock where the fuck would take place. The grandstand was packed with spectators. Grace stood watching nervously as Ernie was brought out and walked around by the attendants. Then Ernie was made to stand in front of the grandstand, he was stamping his feet eagerly and his cock was already partially exposed. He knew why he was here, and wanted to get on with it. Grace was told to get him fully aroused. Watched by a grandstand full of excited men, she knelt beside him and stroked his cock until it was hanging down threateningly and jerking to her touch. Adam suggested that Stacey keep working on Ernie while Grace was prepared for her ride.

One of the men asked Grace to lie down on the sling. When she was in place, a strap was placed over her waist to hold her firmly. Then one of the men put a big dollop of lubricant on her belly, and put his fingers into it and spooned some of it into her cunt. "The stuff on your belly is for you to use to lube his dick as you stroke him. What I have just put in your cunt is in case he does end up fucking you," the man said quite casually.

Then four men picked up the sling and carried it under Ernie, who was rock hard by now, and while one held Ernie's cock up against his belly the others lifted her and adjusted the straps until she was hanging under him with his cock lying along her belly and between her breasts, the head touching her chin. Her legs were tied up each side of the horse, but her hands were left free. The poor woman was shivering as she looked down her body at that monster cock.

"Grace, I am going to give you fifteen minutes to masturbate him. If you manage to bring him off with your hands and your tits and your mouth, then you won't need to take him in your cunt this time, although you will have to do the same again tomorrow, and again he will fuck you if you don't again bring him off first. But the thing is, you can spend the time before then exercising your cunt so it will be easier to take him when he does fuck you." He let that sink in, he knew Grace was terrified of that huge cock and was sure she would try at least to delay the time when it rammed its huge girth into her cunt, and she knew it would be easier to take him if she did all the exercises Adam had

told her about.

“So, fifteen minutes to bring him off. Are you ready? Your time starts now.”

Adam gestured to the men to release the horse. Ernie stood still, enjoying the desperate attentions of the woman under him. She rubbed him between her tits, she stroked him, she bit and licked his cock head. And increasingly everyone watching could tell she was winning! He was stamping his feet, wriggling his rump, and rolling his eyes. And suddenly he was spurting semen over her face and hair. Everyone applauded.

Ernie was energized by his release, and set off at a trot around the paddock with Grace hanging underneath, his cock still spurting periodically as he moved. Eventually one of the staff managed to grab him and walk him back to his place in front of the grandstand, and the sling was removed from under him and carried over to a table at the foot of the grandstand.

Her head was totally swamped with thick semen! She lay helplessly, still restrained by the strap over her belly, her ample breasts flushed and her shaved pussy gaping.

“Okay gentlemen, Mrs Harcourt awaits your cocks.”

Adam took Stacey and they walked back to his bedroom. It was nearly two hours before the men finished with Grace.

After dinner that night Grace and another girl did a series of shows, in between other performances. For each of their shows, the other girl used a strap on dildo, the size of the probe larger for each successive show. Very much to her surprise, Grace had a number of orgasms during the evening.

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## **Chapter Twelve**

Next morning Susan was with Grace preparing her for her next session with horse cock. She had brought Oscar along, and set him to licking Grace’s breasts and clitoris, in order to help her to relax while Susan gently inserted and withdrew a large well lubricated dildo in the groaning woman. “How big is that one,” Grace sighed, “is it as big as the horse’s?”

Susan felt she had to be honest, and admitted that, no, it wasn’t nearly as big. Bigger than any man, but not like a horse. Grace, panting under Oscar’s skilful attentions, asked, “Is this dog yours? He’s wonderful. Would he like to fuck me, do you think?”

“Of course he would, do you want him to?”

“Yes please. I’m sorry but I just can’t get excited by plastic cocks.”

Susan withdrew the dong she had been using, and gave Oscar his ‘fuck her now’ order. Immediately, Oscar moved around the woman, got between her legs, climbed over her front, and plunged his cock into her, the first stroke driving up against Grace’s cervix. Grace’s well stretched and relaxed cunt easily accepted the dog’s knot. Oscar started pumping semen.

“Oh my god that’s so good. So much better than plastic.”

Susan giggled, knowing only too well how Grace was feeling as Oscar did his incredible thing. A few moments later Grace started questioning Susan about the darling dog, whose rapid jerking thrusts

seemed to be going on and on.

"And you can just turn him on like that? Just give him an order and he will fuck you?"

"Well yes, it's a bit more complicated with him and me, because I'm his bitch, so he actually can have me any time he wants when we are alone, but also he won't fuck me just because I ask him to. He is trained not to try to fuck other women unless given permission, and to always fuck if he is given an order to do so."

"So any time I want, I could just tell him to fuck me and he would?"

Susan grinned, enjoying Grace's amazement at the dog's training.

"Yes, and he will stop too, if you want him to. Shall I show you?"

"Fuck no, don't stop him! Please! He's incredible."

There was silence for a few minutes as Oscar steadily fucked, and Grace enjoyed. Susan always felt a bit jealous when Oscar fucked other women, but that was the arrangement. Oscar was her Master and fortunately he wanted to fuck her often enough. But if Susan had her way, she and Oscar would be locked away somewhere so she was the only cunt available to the dog! Instead, at times like this, she had to sit and watch another woman enjoying his fabulous cock.

Grace started to orgasm, and Susan whispered the words that told Oscar to keep going. She let the mating continue, and was rather disappointed when eventually Oscar pulled out and the knot slipped out of Grace's wet and sloppy cunt. Oscar stretched out on the end of the bed and went to sleep.

When she was recovered from the doggy fuck, Grace was exhausted but happy. She drew Susan into the bed beside her. "Oh my god I could use a dog like that at home."

"Why, what's the problem?"

"My husband just isn't any good at sex, and has no imagination at all. We only do it once a week at most, and it's always the same. I have been getting so frustrated. And then suddenly this friend of my daughter made a pass at me, and I gave in to him. It was glorious sex but over too quickly. And I got caught."

"Yes, you told us all about how you got caught cheating. In your daughter's bedroom, I gather."

"Yeah, I know, that was his idea, I should not have allowed it. But to be honest all I wanted right then was to feel a big cock inside me, and that kid had a nice cock. Not as good as your dog though!" Both women were watching Oscar sprawled sound asleep across the foot of the bed. "Don't suppose I could borrow him sometimes?"

Susan laughed, but the laugh was slightly forced. She was thinking. She had been at the farm a month now, and it was time to move on. Either home to her husband, or go back to the man who used to beat her, or find somewhere else to go. Also Adam was pressuring her to take horse cock, and she didn't want to do so. It wasn't that she was scared, although the size of horses still daunted her. No, the truth was that she was completely happy with Oscar, as his official bitch, and she felt it would be cheating on him for her to go with a horse, or even other dogs. She accepted being fucked by the many men on the farm who wanted her, but she was able to go back to Oscar with a clear conscience about them. Somehow letting a horse fuck her seemed different, unfair to Oscar.

But the other problem was that she didn't want to leave the farm if it meant leaving Oscar behind. She had actually asked Adam if she could buy Oscar, but he had explained how well trained the dog was, and named a price that was far more than Susan could afford. He had suggested that he could let her have Oscar cheap if she stayed at the farm fucking horses for show for a couple of months. "Stay another six months, and you can have Oscar for free." Six months, 180 days, at least 150 horse fucks. What would her cunt be like after that? Would Oscar even want her after that? Would any man be able to feel himself inside her? No, it was time to move on, but how to do so and keep her beloved Oscar?

She put her hand on Grace's breast, and started gently massaging her nipple. Grace purred and snuggled in closer, slipping her hand down to Susan's crotch.

"Is your husband very wealthy then?"

"Very," Grace sighed as she moved in to kiss Susan, tongues probing deliciously.

After a few minutes of caressing, Susan asked, "Tell me about where you live, is it a big house? Do you have maids and stuff?"

Grace by now was lying on her back letting Susan's lips, tongue, and fingers roam over her breasts and belly. She was hardly aware of what she was saying as she mumbled her reply. "It's huge, too big for us now the boys have grown up and moved out, and Stacey is a dead loss at helping round the house. We have professional cleaners come in twice a week but still it's a lot of work for me. I don't like cooking."

"You should have a maid," Susan sighed as she bent down into Grace's crotch, burrowing her tongue in between the woman's labia and teasing her clitoris.

Grace closed her eyes and said nothing, her mind totally absorbed by the sensations ravaging her body. She thought of Oscar, and how he had licked, a magnificent tongue, strong, rough, and long, but artless. Susan's tongue was like a live thing, knowing exactly how to please. And Susan kept stopping too, then starting again, driving Grace ever higher into mental places she had never been before.

At last Susan allowed Grace to orgasm. By now Oscar was ready for more, and she gave the command, and Oscar mounted the older woman again. "Oh my god I can't keep going on like this," Grace moaned as Susan moved back to give them room to play. Susan was thinking, hard.

When Oscar had had enough, she sent him off the bed, and let Grace recover.

"Maybe I should come and stay with you, work for your husband, as the maid? I love cooking. And I would bring Oscar with me. You could use him whenever you wanted."

"Would you let my husband fuck you?"

"If you don't mind, yes."

"To be honest if I could avoid having sex with him, and have it with Oscar instead, I would be totally happy!"

"Would you like to have sex with me too sometimes?"

"Oh god darling yes, yes oh yes! Sex with you and Oscar together is the very best I have ever

known." They lay in each other's arms thinking about it. Finally Grace whispered, "What about Stacey though? Would she accept you in the house, and Oscar?"

"Believe me, Grace, she will. If you let me spend time with her too."

Grace laughed. "My god Susan you have been doing the rounds! So Stacey likes girls too?"

"And dogs. Would you mind sharing Oscar with her?"

Grace kissed Susan. She had already seen enough of Oscar to know he would have no trouble keeping both women happy. Well, all three in fact. The only problem would be preventing her husband from finding out. But, if he was getting good sex with Susan many he wouldn't notice, or even care! Actually no, the more she thought about it, her husband would love the arrangement.

This proposal was put to Stacey, who agreed immediately. When Adam was told what they wanted, he agreed, on one condition. "This afternoon, or tomorrow afternoon if you want to spend a bit longer practicing, both Grace and Susan must try to take horse cock, in the paddock, in front of the grandstand. You must both do your best to let the horse cock into your cunts, but I accept that the horse might not be able to get it in. So long as both of you have tried, I will let Susan take Oscar away with her."

There was a thoughtful rather tense pause, both women knowing they would agree but reluctant to speak first. To everyone's surprise Stacey was the first to speak.

"What if we make it all three of us trying?" Everyone looked at her in astonishment. "I've been fucking with Oscar, and some other dogs, and I've watched all the horse fucks that have happened since we came here. I don't suppose I will be able to take a horse inside me, but before I leave I'd like to have one try with a horse."

And so it was agreed. It would happen that afternoon, no point wasting time on a few more hours of training, best to just get on with it. Three girls side by side with three horses, it would be an afternoon to remember. The girls would be put on the benches an hour before the horses were brought out, and the men could take turns. That would loosen them up and get them well lubricated.

Then the three chosen horses would cover the girls and try to get their cocks into them. Adam would monitor the action and the girl would be pulled clear when he decided she had tried enough. Also if a girl did manage to take the cock inside her, there would be men at hand to ensure the horse didn't thrust full strength. Susan gave Oscar a big hug, and whispered, "I wonder if you have any idea what we girls are doing for you today!"

Finally they were led out to the paddock, all three girls naked except for garter belts and stockings. Adam had suggested they could do the 'dressed up fancy and a slow strip in front of the spectators' bit to excite the men but Grace had begged him, "Please, no, I am scared enough already, I don't think I could cope with that as well." Similarly Grace begged off the ritual of selecting the horse that would be her first lover. When Adam agreed to that, Susan asked for the same. Interestingly, Stacey whispered the name of the horse she wanted, she had seen him being masturbated by one of the other girls and he had seemed gentle and appreciative. His cock was pretty big, but she didn't really think that would matter because there was no way any of those horse cocks would get inside her. She just wanted to experience the attempt, and the sensation of doing it in front of a cheering crowd.

The girls were put on the benches, legs wide spread ready for the horses. They were all terrified.

None of the girls really even noticed the procession of males lining up to fuck them. All they could think of was the size of the cocks waiting to penetrate them. Finally the men were ordered back to the grandstand, and a man went to each girl in turn and administered a cream that numbed the nerves around the vaginal opening, and relaxed the muscles. Then men dumped large blobs of lubricant on each girl's belly, and helped the girls to spread the lube over their hands. The men gently massaged more of the lube deep into each girl, preparing her for her ordeal. The girls were as ready as they could be for the event about to start. The horses were brought out, hot, eager, stamping their feet, with cocks swaying beneath.

The audience held its breath as the three horses were led forward to the benches, and carefully took their positions over the three waiting girls. Helping hands moved the cock heads so they pressed against the crotches of the panting girls. Then suddenly Adam called out over the loudspeakers.

"Guys, these three brave girls have asked a favour of me, and in return have agreed to try to take horse cock. I have taken it this far because I wanted to see if they were really brave enough to try to go through with it. You can see that they are. But none is properly prepared and I don't want to damage them. So, thanks girls but no, you don't have to do this. I want you to masturbate the horse, but you don't have to fuck him. Bring them all off, and then you can leave, with Oscar, and with my blessing. Don't worry guys, we have other entertainment for you, after these three horses have been masturbated I have three trained girls available who will fuck the next three horses."

Grace, Susan and Stacey used their hands and mouths and soon the horses spunked over them. They were then removed from the benches and replaced by other girls who had completed their training. Three more horses were brought out, and the men were given the show they had been promised, although not with the novice girls they had wanted to watch.

Back in the farm house, the three were allowed to bathe, and then were dressed suitably for their return to the Harcourt home, and sent away. Oscar spent some of the journey with his head out of the car window, but also spent some time with his head under the skirts of the three women.

Arriving at the Harcourt's house, Grace kissed her husband and promised him that she would behave in future. She introduced the new maid, Susan, and Susan's pet dog Oscar. Susan was dressed as a French Maid, looking very desirable, in low cut top, short skirt, and seamed stockings. Mr Harcourt instructed them to put Oscar in the garden, told Grace and Stacey to wait in the living room, then took Susan to his study to interview her. "What sort of services are you proposing to offer?" he asked hopefully.

"Anything that you desire sir," she whispered, thinking back to her first lover, the man who introduced her to submission. She knew how to answer this sort of question, and was finding herself getting wet as she fell back into those old much loved ways.

"And if I find your services to be insufficient?"

"Then you must punish me sir. I am experienced at taking the cane."

Mr Harcourt couldn't believe his luck. Did Grace understand what Susan was proposing? He didn't have a cane in the house, but he would get one as soon as he could!

"What salary are you expecting?"

She named something she knew he would be happy to pay, explaining that the only condition was that she wanted her pet dog Oscar to live inside the house, not just out in the garden. Mr Harcourt said that was okay with him, but would Grace and Stacey mind? When Susan explained that Stacey



also loved Oscar, Mr Harcourt had an immediate hard-on! He knew what happened at the farm his wife and daughter had been on, and had no doubt about what Susan meant. "Will Stacey's relationship with Oscar be open, or only practiced in private?"

Susan lowered her eyes discretely, but she was smiling as she answered. "It can be open, if that is what you want sir."

"Yes, that is what I would like. And you Susan, your love for Oscar will be displayed openly?"

"If you wish, sir. And should you wish, you can control the ways and times in which I display it."

"Would you like to show me now?"

"Certainly, sir. Here, in your study?"

"Yes please."

Susan turned to leave the study to fetch Oscar. But as she opened the door, Mr Harcourt stopped her. "Susan, your left stocking seam is not straight."

Standing with her back to him, she smiled. This was going to work out nicely. Leaving the door open, she slowly turned to face him. "I am most terribly sorry sir. Shall I adjust it now?"

"No, take that stocking off completely. And remove your panties, I will spank you for being improperly dressed."

Standing in front of the door, where he had a perfect view of her and where the women in the living room could see her, she slowly slipped off her left shoe then unclipped the suspender clips of her left stocking, and slid it down her leg. She stooped to put her shoe back on, on her bare foot. Standing up again, she lifted her short black frilly skirt and hooked her thumbs in her lacy panties, then pushed her panties down and stepped out of them. When she was upright again, he told her to lift the front of her skirt, and she did so, and stood letting him see her shaved pussy.

"I think I would prefer you not to shave."

"Certainly sir, whatever you say. How would you like to spank me, sir, over your lap?"

"Yes." His voice was gruff and strained, the way she remembered her previous dominant boyfriend sounding when he was about to cause her pain. She walked around the desk and stood beside his right thigh, and slowly lowered herself across his lap. She knew that Grace and Stacey would be listening.

He spanked her hard and at length, and she had a small orgasm during the spanking. When he stopped and told her to get up, without asking she slid off his lap and knelt between his feet, and unzipped him and took him in her mouth. Before closing her lips around him, she said, "Thank you for my spanking, sir."

This time she was shivering with excitement as she left Mr Harcourt's study, her mouth full of his semen. On the way through the living room to the garden to fetch Oscar, she gave the two Harcourt women the thumbs up, knowing Mr Harcourt was totally hooked. Things were working out better than she had dared to hope.

Back in the study, with Oscar standing obediently waiting, she stood facing Mr Harcourt, smiling

shyly. "How would you like me to mate with Oscar?"

"On all fours this time."

"Yes sir. Tell me when you would like him to begin. He is very well trained."

She got down on all fours, and lifted her skirt over her back. Oscar waited, as he was trained to do when others were present. Mr Harcourt walked around her, feeling the smooth bottom and reaching under to the hot sticky wetness. "I intend to cane you tonight," he said, his voice strained.

Susan gulped, nodded, and hissed, "As you wish sir," then Mr Harcourt told her to mate, and she gave Oscar the instruction.

The dog mounted her from behind, and as he did so Mr Harcourt put his cock in her mouth again. While he was excited at the thought of having ongoing sex with Susan, and of spanking or caning her every time she made some tiny mistake, he was even more excited at the thought of watching his daughter having sex with this magnificent dog.

Later that afternoon Susan was sent on a shopping trip. To buy a cane.

**The End**