

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Amy [16] awoke, startled by the shrill chiming of her alarm. She settled back into her pillow and looked sideways at her clock. Reading the digital display she sat bolt-upright.

"8:30? Shit, I'm going to be so late!"

Amy jumped out of bed and dressed as quickly as she could in her jeans and a long-sleeved shirt. As soon as she was decent she rushed downstairs to the kitchen and grabbed a banana and an apple for breakfast. She'd have to skip the normal coffee and cereal if she was going to get to sixth form college on time.

She rushed over the road to her bus stop just as the bus arrived. She sat at the back of the bus once she'd paid her fare and started wolfing down her fruit as if she'd not eaten in weeks.

The reason Amy was so worried about being late today, of all days, was because her class was going on a trip to a science lab. She'd always had a love for science, especially forensics, so in college, she'd taken the course that gave her the widest scientific education possible.

The journey was half an hour on the bus and a 2-minute run to stop at the college gate where her class was getting onto a coach for the 2-hour journey to the lab they were visiting.

"Amy!" her tutor said. "Just in time. We were going to leave without you."

"Sorry Andrew," she said. "I'm still not used to living on my own."

"Never mind that. Get your backside on the coach or we'll all be late there."

Amy smiled and got on the coach, taking a seat next to her best friend, Lucy [also 16].

Amy had left home 3 months ago, to live in a flat by herself. She'd had to take a part-time job to pay the rent, but the landlord was, thankfully, very understanding. She was also grateful that sixth form college was much more relaxed than secondary school. The tutors understood why she was always late and always spoke to her like she was an adult and not a naughty child.

A few minutes later, the coach set off through the city centre to the other side of the city where the lab was set up like a little farm. Apparently, the lab dealt in cloning experiments; how it could be done successfully. While scientists had cloned a sheep back in the 1990s, Dolly the sheep, being a clone, didn't have a very long lifespan. The purpose of this lab was to find a way to make cloning possible while retaining the average lifespan of cloned animals.

Amy found it all extremely fascinating, which is why she'd worked her ass off to be able to pay for this trip. She'd taken any extra shifts or overtime she could at work.

"Alarm again?" Lucy asked.

"Yeah," Amy replied. "No matter what time I go to bed, the damned thing doesn't ever wake me up the first time it goes off."

Amy watched the city roll past quietly, talking to Lucy when she was required to, but mainly she listened to Lucy pine on about how good in bed her boyfriend was. She didn't seem to have any shame, not even appearing to try and keep her voice down. It was as if she wanted to let the world

know she was fucking who she described as “the best lay in the city.”

After what seemed an eternity, the city ended and the countryside began to sidle by. The beauty of the English countryside always took her breath away. The rolling hills, shimmering streams like ribbons of tinsel on the tree at Christmas, the herds of animals behind their fences and natural barricades, always made her feel as if she was floating.

Before Amy knew it, the coach had stopped, pulled up to an ordinary-looking farmhouse. A small group of men and women wearing various kinds of outfits awaited them. Some of them looked like the scientists they were, others looked like they belonged in an office or supermarket.

The class left the coach and gathered in front of the scientists. The man at the front of their welcoming committee stepped forward and cleared his throat.

“I’m Doctor Michaels,” he said. “I’m the Chief Researcher at this facility and will be giving you a tour today. We’ll be showing you many of the labs here and explaining what it is we’re trying to accomplish with our work.”

He led them inside and down a flight of stairs. The labs were impressive in size. The entire “farm” must have been built after the labs were, so as not to have a modernized building in a place where a farm would look more at home. Doctor Michaels confirmed this suspicion quickly.

“Of course,” he explained, “the fields on the surface do hold animals that we occasionally take samples from. We keep them well-fed and exercised, everything they need each and every day.”

They spent the morning touring the main labs and taking notes on what was done in each area. When noon came, they stopped for lunch in the cafeteria, which was in the large farmhouse, though it looked like it belonged in a school or a hospital.

Amy thought the morning had gone well. She’d learned things from the tour of the labs, some of it had taken a large amount of concentration to understand because it was very complex, but she’d grasped it fairly quickly.

Lucy, however, was bored out of her mind. Though she was taking the course, she wasn’t very interested in cloning or experimental science. She preferred hard facts.

“I wish I’d stayed in bed,” she told Amy while they ate. “That Doctor Michaels guy sure likes to drone on.”

“Yeah, well it’s his job when students come here,” Amy said. “You can’t hold it against him. Besides, it’s all interesting stuff. Imagine what cloning could be used for.”

“Don’t care,” Lucy said.

“Even if cloning saved your life one day?” Amy asked her, grinning slyly.

“How could it do that?” Lucy asked, ignorantly.

“Well, say you needed an organ transplant, and there was none available,” Amy began. “They could possibly clone the organ they needed from your own DNA, giving you an organ guaranteed to be a match.”

“That’s Science-Fiction talking, Amy.”

"It may be Science-Fact, one day soon," Andrew cut in. "Sorry to eavesdrop, debating such things is interesting; hearing everyone's views on things and such."

They spent the rest of their lunch debating the pros and cons of cloning which seemed to make Lucy happy. She really got into it and soon they were having an intellectual argument without a hint of boredom from her.

When lunch was over, Doctor Michaels told them they were going to tour the labs where they were doing more experimental cloning techniques, which meant going even further down.

The facility had 3 levels: the farmhouse, which held the cafeteria and a few offices, the basement, which had the primary testing labs, and the sub-basement, which held labs for more difficult testing.

It was the first lab in the sub-basement where Amy made the mistake of picking up a beaker full of liquid. It wasn't exactly against the rules of the trip, they just had to wear gloves, eye protection and a lab coat, all of which she was wearing.

"Be careful with that," Doctor Michaels said. "It's hard to replace."

"What is it?" Amy asked.

"A mixture of horse-DNA, testosterone and something I can't tell you about," he replied, winking slightly. "Wouldn't want a secret formula we made to get leaked onto the internet or anything and wind up being used without our oversight, now, would we?"

"Is it dangerous?" Amy asked, intrigued.

"Not that we know. Of course, because of its expense, we're extremely careful with it."

Amy held the beaker up to the light and looked through it. It was a light, clear green colour and had the consistency of water. She lowered it when her arm started to ache slightly, so she wouldn't drop it. She didn't notice a few drops drip down the outside of the beaker and onto her hand. She gave the beaker a small sniff and smelled something similar to bleach. She put the beaker down and followed the rest of the class. As she did so, she opened a stick of chewing gum and slipped it quickly into her mouth and chewed it, careful not to let anybody see her do so, knowing the rules of a lab.

By the end of the day, Amy was tired. She'd had fun and learned a lot, but it had taken a lot out of her, too. She made her dinner and sat in front of the television to watch a few of her favourite shows, which were mainly CSI and NCIS. They were what had gotten her into science in the first place. As she watched, she got even more tired steadily.

The next thing Amy knew, she was on her hands and knees, though she couldn't feel anything below the knee on either leg. She looked up to see not her living room, but a field with a few horses in it. The horses were grazing on the grass, their tails whipping through the air at flies.

She looked down and saw that what she had thought were her arms, were actually a horse's front legs.

"What the hell is going on?" she thought.

She looked around again and sniffed at the air. She could smell the warm, sweet scent of horses. She's always liked how horses smelled. She'd first smelled it when she'd learned to ride as a child

and it had made the experience more engaging for her. Just the smell of these horses brought back her memories of the horses she used to ride.

Suddenly, Amy was awake, the TV was on and she was highly confused. Firstly, was the dream. It was confusing the hell out of her, why the hell did she have it? The most obvious assumption was because of the class trip. She'd examine the dream later.

There seemed to be a more pressing matter. Her panties seemed much too tight as if they'd been pulled up into her crotch when she'd fallen on the floor, but it didn't feel right for that situation.

She looked down and noticed that her skirt had bunched up and she could see the problem. Her panties were bulging out and to one side, dangling by her leg was a huge testicle. She was instantly scared.

Amy ripped her panties down and in the scant dawn light, she saw the sheath of a horse's cock and slightly lower down, 2 large balls that were now resting on the floor.

"This is a dream!" she said, loudly. "This isn't real!"

But she knew that in a dream, you never proclaimed that it wasn't a dream. Just to satisfy her urge to know for sure, she pinched herself hard. It hurt a lot.

"How did this happen?" she asked as if the simple notion of asking would give her the answer.

Amy jumped up and ran to the bathroom to look in the mirror for a better view of this unnatural thing. When she got there, she ripped her knickers off and stared into the mirror, willing it to be a hallucination.

She reached down and tentatively touched the sheath. It felt real and she could feel the veins and the soft, regular pulse of blood flowing through it. She gave it a slight squeeze and could feel something inside it.

She felt a stirring feeling in her stomach. It was like butterflies going haywire. She was still looking in the mirror when she saw the soft tube of her newly-grown cock edging slowly from its sheath. As she watched, Amy saw it spring quickly from soft and flexible to unimaginably hard. It hurt, it was so hard.

Amy had no idea why she was getting horny since she was still terrified as to what had happened to her body, but she couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to pleasure herself as she now was. She decided to go for it without even considering the ramifications.

She wrapped her hand around the hard, thick shaft of her new cock and squeezed it lightly. The pressure she exerted was deliciously exciting. Even through the fear and shock, it felt great to do. She was craving to do more but forced herself to take her time.

Slowly, gently, Amy started to rub her hard shaft, moaning instantly at the feeling of her hand gliding along it. It was so sensitive that she was soon panting with lust and increasing her speed and pressure.

She fell to her knees, weak with the longing to cum, pumping her shaft as hard and fast as she could, moaning loudly. Feeling a tingling in her newly-grown testicles she screamed her pleasure before shooting a gigantic load of semen straight at the mirror.

The thick, sticky substance splashed onto the mirror in a stream, covering her reflection in cum, blocking her view of herself. She kept stroking herself, feeling better and better as she came more and more, her cum flying from the end of her cock like a rocket, hitting the mirror then dripping down it slowly.

She came for a good minute before the cum started just dripping from the tip of her large member and pooling on the floor between her legs. She was panting, breathless as she stopped jerking herself off, almost unable to see, she felt so good.

As Amy lay back, panting, it slowly dawned on her what she'd just done. She'd been overcome by feelings she didn't recognise and masturbated with this scary new appendage. The fear she'd felt earlier came back stronger than before, as the ramifications dawned on her like a slap to the face.

'What if I can't suppress the urges?' she thought. 'I might be controlled by this thing for the rest of my life.' Sobered from her desires, she got to work cleaning up. She washed the mirror and wiped off her new, huge member with a wet cloth. Then she had to rinse the cloth off before climbing into the shower and having an extremely cold wash.

There was still an hour or so before she had to leave for college, so she rang Lucy. Mercifully, she picked up her phone quickly.

"Hello?" was what Amy heard. Lucy sounded groggy.

"Lucy, it's Amy. I need you to come to mine as soon as you can," she said, urgently. "Forget college, I have a problem."

"Can't it wait?"

"No. It can't," Amy replied. "Please?"

"Fine," Lucy said after a moment's silence. "I'll be there in an hour or so."

An hour and a half later, there was a knock at the door. Amy answered it and thankfully, Lucy was there. Amy ushered her in and offered her a drink, which Lucy declined.

"Let's just get this over with," she said.

"I wish I could," Amy said under her breath.

Lucy didn't seem to hear her, so Amy made them both a cup of coffee and sat down. She sipped her drink as she tried to figure out how to tell her best friend what had happened to her. She could try and find a way to talk into it or she could come straight out with the shocking truth.

"Well?" Lucy asked, taking a gulp of coffee. "What's up?"

Amy tried to think of words to express what she was feeling, how frightened and confused she was, but she couldn't grasp any. Instead, she stood up and faced Lucy.

"I have something to show you," she said. "I'm confused as to how it happened, but I need to tell someone about it."

Amy had only put on a dressing gown for this, so she undid the belt, still holding it closed.

"What the—" Lucy started, before saying, "Hey, no offence, but I'm not into lesbian stuff."

"Please!" Amy exclaimed.

Lucy just nodded, seeing the worry on her friend's features. Amy pulled open her dressing gown. The cock that had been held hidden by the dressing gown flopped down and hung limply between her legs.

Lucy looked as if she were in shock. Her eyes were wide, her mouth hanging open. In any normal situation, she'd have looked hilarious, but not in this one.

The cock was about a foot and a half long and about 3 inches thick at its hardest, Amy remembered. At the moment it was about half that and hanging limply.

"That has to be fake," she said, disbelievingly.

"I wish it were," Amy said sadly.

Lucy was staring and Amy blushed and averted her gaze. She did notice, however, Lucy licking her lips unashamedly.

"Look at the size of it!" Lucy almost yelled, her face breaking into a slight smile.

She was obviously trying to hide her love of such a large cock, and Amy decided to let her think she hadn't noticed. She had other worries, after all.

Lucy stood up and made Amy sit down. She then squatted in front of her and rested her hands on Amy's knees to support herself as much as give comfort.

"Amy, this is going to be fine," she said calmly. "We'll figure it out and find someone or some way to make you how you were."

When Amy didn't respond Lucy gave her a little slap on the knee and asked what was wrong.

"It'll take forever to sort out if it's even possible," Amy said. "And I can't control it."

This made Lucy cock her eyebrow and Amy told her what had happened a while earlier. As she spoke, understanding dawned on Lucy's face and Amy could all but hear the cogs turning and forming a solution.

"I can help with that," Lucy said, unembarrassed.

"What happened to not being interested in lesbian stuff?" Amy asked.

"Well," Lucy said, a smile coming to her face, "with a cock like that, I can make an exception. The bigger the better for me, after all."

Amy sighed in fake exasperation, though her heart was pounding a bruise on the inside of her ribcage. She had to admit, the idea of fucking Lucy with this massive cock was strangely exciting. She barely thought before nodding in agreement.

Even as she was nodding, her new appendage was growing hard and long at the thought of fucking her best friend. Before even thirty seconds were up, Amy's cock was so hard, it felt like it was going to burst open from the pressure.

A glint came to Lucy's already bright eyes as she admired the sheer length of her friend's unnatural,

large horse-cock. She dropped off the couch and looked at it close up, marvelling at how it looked: the slight curve of the 18-inch shaft, the large veins pulsing with blood to keep it hard. Underneath the cock was a set of huge balls, dangling down and swinging slightly as Amy moved.

Lucy licked her lips again before leaning in and slowly, gently licking the head of Amy's cock, causing Amy to moan softly.

Lucy smiled when she tasted it. It tasted completely different to how she was used to a cock taste. It was still fleshy tasting, but it was sweet, and the rhythmic pulse of blood under the skin was deliciously powerful. It made her even wetter than she already was.

Amy moaned loudly when Lucy engulfed the head of her new cock deeply, pressing it to the back of her throat and licking the underside. She felt as if her cock was about to explode with cum, right down her friend's throat.

Lucy sucked hard, bobbing her head hard and fast, her hands, wrapped around the shaft, were stroking with an equal amount of enthusiasm. Amy moaned long and loud and, without warning, came hard. A huge torrent of cum filling Lucy's mouth. Lucy tried to swallow it all, but she couldn't swallow it as fast as Amy's cock could pump it into her mouth, which meant that a lot escaped her lips and dripped down her chin and onto her shirt.

She pulled Amy's cock from her mouth, swallowed the last of the cum in her mouth and wiped it on the back of her arm. She then looked down at her top and saw the mess there.

"Sorry Lucy," Amy said, looking embarrassed. "I didn't mean to cover your shirt in cum."

"It's fine," Lucy said, smiling as she wiped some of it onto her fingers then sucked it off of them and swallowed.

She eyed Amy's still-hard cock and took her clothes off. Seeing Lucy naked made Amy's cock twitch and all she wanted to do was jump on her and ram her cock into Lucy's tight pussy and ass, but she fought hard to control her desires.

Lucy stood and pushed Amy's dressing gown, which she'd kept on but open, from her shoulders. As it fell to the floor, Lucy took Amy's hand and pulled her to the bedroom. When they got there, Lucy pushed Amy onto the bed and climbed onto it next to her, not even shutting the door behind them.

Lucy leaned over and kissed Amy on the lips passionately, her hand slowly rubbing the cock that was now pointing almost straight up at the ceiling. Amy kissed back, moaning slightly, as their tongues found each other and started dancing together. The kiss was long and when it was broken, a thin string of saliva hung between their tongues.

Lucy stood on the bed, her feet planted on either side of Amy's waist and she slowly lowered herself to a comfortable kneeling position where the cock could be standing proud, but not inside her. Slowly and carefully, she grabbed it and lined it up with her dripping opening before lowering herself further, the head of Amy's cock piercing her tight cunt.

Both of them moaned loudly as if it was a competition to out-moan the other, but in reality, Amy was moaning at her friend's tight pussy and Lucy from being filled so much (even with only two inches of it inside her).

When she'd gotten used to the girth of Amy's cock, Lucy pushed down more, until it hit her cervix. As she did, she came from being penetrated so deeply with such a thick cock. She didn't stop there;

she pushed even further and harder, and the head of Amy's cock pierced Lucy's tight cervix, penetrating her deeper than she'd ever been penetrated before. Lucy screamed with a mix of extreme pleasure and pain, while Amy moaned at such a tight grip on her cock.

Lucy started to move her hips slowly fucking her best friend and both moaned in tandem, a symphony of pleasure and pain that seemed to go perfectly with such an intimate act and having nothing to do with the size of the cock or depth of penetration.

Amy couldn't help herself, she rolled over, putting Lucy underneath her with her legs up and she held them where they were as she started to fuck her friend hard and fast. Lucy started swearing incoherently as she was pounded deeply and hard by Amy's horse-cock, and Amy's balls slapped hard against her ass.

Both of them screamed as their orgasms peaked, Lucy squirting cum around Amy's cock, and Amy emptying her big balls directly into Lucy's womb. The amount of cum Amy expelled was so large that it squirted out of Lucy and onto the bed covers.

As they both came down from their first orgasms, they hugged and kissed, all inhibitions on the lesbian act gone before drifting off quickly into the post-orgasmic bliss of deep, contented sleep.

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## **Chapter Two**

### ***Saturday***

Amy woke up around dusk, based on the amount of light coming through her bedroom window. She'd fallen asleep, her new horse-cock still hard and inside her best friend, Lucy.

Lucy was awake, watching Amy sleep, and apparently enjoying the cock that was still inside her and hard again. Lucy was bouncing slowly and gently on Amy's cock and smiled when she noticed her friend had awoken.

"Good evening, sleeping Beauty," Lucy said, in a slightly strained voice. She couldn't keep her pleasure out of her voice.

Amy smiled and pushed Lucy off of her, rolling on top of her and kissing her neck hard. Lucy squealed and moaned softly, trying to playfully push Amy away, but she didn't relent her kissing or let Lucy up. As she was doing this, she spread Lucy's legs and pushed her hard cock against her pussy, slowly sliding into her, making Lucy moan long and loud.

Amy started thrusting slowly, steadily fucking Lucy's tight pussy as Lucy automatically locked her legs around Amy's ass. Amy started thrusting faster and harder when her friend had her securely locked inside her pussy. Lucy was moaning loudly, not even caring about Amy's neighbours hearing them.

Amy pounded her friend's tight pussy faster still, moaning herself, her big balls slapping Lucy's ass hard with every forward thrust. The wet, slapping sound of Lucy and Amy's fucking was deafening in the confines of the bedroom, and if she wasn't completely cut off from the outside world at that moment, Amy would have felt self-conscious.

It didn't take long for Lucy's pussy to squeeze Amy to orgasm and she squirted cum deep inside her best friend, screaming as she emptied her balls and filled Lucy's womb.

Amy rolled off of Lucy and they lay together silently for what seemed like a long time, listening to the birds singing outside the window as they caught their breath.

"Coffee," Amy said. "Want some?"

"Tea for me, Amy," Lucy replied.

Amy got up and put the kettle on as she thought about everything that had happened in the last 24 hours. She desperately wanted to know how it was possible and if it could be reversed. After all, while Lucy was enjoying it, Amy was still scared she might never be her normal self again.

Ideally, she needed to speak to somebody at the laboratory she'd visited the day before, so they could at least explain what had happened, and hopefully, how it could be reversed. At worst, she hoped her unusual condition could be managed.

She needed to speak with Doctor Michaels, the lead scientist at the lab, he'd probably be the one to know what had happened to her, if anyone could know. She decided to do all that later, for now, her stomach was growling for food.

Amy opened the bread bin and put four slices of bread into the toaster for her and Lucy. At that moment, Lucy walked into the kitchen wearing just her panties. Amy hadn't noticed her, since her back was to the door, so Lucy slipped quietly up to her, wrapped her arms around her and kissed her neck softly.

Amy giggled cutely and smiled at Lucy. She gave Lucy a little peck on the lips before untangling herself and serving the toast and drinks at the dining table.

They ate and drank in silence. Amy was running through everything that had happened and her only hope at understanding, and hopefully, treating what had happened to her. She had a phone number for Doctor Michaels that they'd all been given had they had any questions. It was too late to call now, and it was Friday, so she'd have to wait until Monday to call him and hopefully get her answers.

Lucy kicked Amy under the table to get her attention.

"Sorry, I was miles away," Amy said.

"I could see that, Amy," Lucy said with a slight smile. "Thinking about last night?"

"Yeah, but probably not in the way you mean."

Lucy looked at her with a questioning expression and, just barely visible, a sad understanding of what Amy was saying.

"Still thinking about how it happened and how to undo it?" She asked, answering Amy's suspicions.

"Yeah," Amy said. "I probably won't be able to live a normal life with this thing hanging between my legs."

Lucy nodded, apparently understanding completely. They were staring at each other across the table with such intensity in their eyes that to someone who didn't know them, it would look as if a fight to the death was imminent. In reality, it was 2 best friends who'd known each other for years playing out every possible corner to the following conversation. They knew what the other would likely say

to what was said by them.

“OK, I’ll just say it,” Lucy said, finally breaking the silence. “I understand what you want to do, but I don’t want you to get rid of it.”

“What about your boyfriend?” Amy asked. “Won’t he be just a little suspicious if I keep this thing, you spend most of your time with me and your damned pussy is stretched open enough to fit a coconut inside?”

“Amy, let me tell you something,” Lucy said in a pleading voice. “I know you think size doesn’t matter, and it might be true for you, but size is important to me. Sure, he has a big cock, but it’s got nothing on yours. And besides, you’re the best shag I’ve had.”

Amy was flabbergasted. For Lucy, this amounted to spilling her heart for the world to see. She’d never been hugely vocal, but when she had an opinion, she ranted about it until everyone she could be bothered to tell had heard it.

Amy didn’t know what to say. She sat quietly for what felt like a very long time. She’d had no idea that she’d had such an impact on her best friend. It was her decision and she knew Lucy would stand by it and help her as much as she could when she’d made up her mind.

“I’m going to call Doctor Michaels on Monday,” she said when she finally spoke. “I’ll talk to him about it and see what my options are. I’m sure he’ll want to see it, so will you come with me when I go?”

“Sure,” Lucy said after a few seconds. “You’re my best friend, you come before sex.”

Monday Monday arrived with a normal British overcast morning sky. The day had come for Amy to find out what had happened to her on Friday. If that was, anyone could possibly know. She picked up her phone and dialled the number on the card she’d been given at the lab.

“Hello?” came the voice of a smart-sounding woman when the phone was answered on the other end.

“Hi,” Amy said, shakily. “I’m calling for Doctor Michaels.”

“Might I ask who you are and why you’re calling?” asked the assistant.

“Yes ... my name is Amy, I was part of the class trip that toured your labs on Thursday,” Amy said, as she felt the colour rising in her cheeks. “It’s a rather important question for an essay we were asked to write,” she lied.

“One moment.”

The line clicked and there were a few beeps before it clicked again and another voice, male this time, spoke.

“Good morning, this is Doctor Michaels.”

“Hi, this is Amy ... I need to see you,” she said. “I have a problem and it’s urgent,” she clarified.

He must have heard something in her voice or sensed her anxiety because he gave her a time and said he’d meet her outside the laboratory for her, and he’d give her his full attention for as long as she needed.

Amy and Lucy left in Lucy's car. They didn't have any classes on Monday, so they were fine and wouldn't be missed. It was a long and almost silent drive but they made it, a little earlier than expected. The Doctor was waiting for them and he led them inside to his office.

"Now, shall we get straight to it, since you sounded so desperate on the phone?" he asked reassuringly.

Amy nodded and stood up, starting to unbutton the loose jeans she'd put on that morning.

"What are you..." Doctor Michaels began, but Lucy cut him off.

"Please, she's using all her willpower to do this, and it's something she needs you to see," she said.

Amy dropped her jeans and they fell to her ankles and her huge new penis was fully on show, out of its sheathing and hanging down to her knees. Doctor Michaels took an involuntary step back.

"When did this happen?" he asked, unable to mask the shock in his voice.

"On Thursday," Lucy said. Amy was too embarrassed to speak, or even think coherently. "She told me on Friday and she's scared, confused and very embarrassed right now."

Doctor Michaels sat down, thinking hard. Slowly his expression turned from one of deep thinking to one of understanding.

"The vial!" he exclaimed. When Lucy looked confused and Amy looked up, shaking with partial understanding, he continued. "The vial she picked up and looked at. I wanted her to be careful because it's expensive to create that blend of horse hormones and chemicals."

"So, what happened?" Amy asked, finally able to speak. "What happened to me?"

"You must have ingested some of it. It will have been a tiny amount, or you'd be severely ill ... or worse," he said gravely. "It must have entered your system and somehow rewritten your DNA on a limited scale."

He wanted a blood sample and Amy gave it willingly. He left the room with it and reappeared a short while later with a piece of paper.

"Don't worry, I didn't tell anyone why I wanted your blood tested and there'll be no record of it," he assured her gently, before looking at what she presumed were the results.

He examined the paper for so long Lucy cleared her throat to let him know they were still there.

"Sorry," he said, "but this is remarkable. As I thought, your DNA has been rewritten. There's a string here that doesn't appear at all in any human DNA. It's specific to Equines. Male Equines to be exact."

"Can it be reversed?" Amy asked hopefully.

"I'm afraid not," he told her. "Not by any method I know of. It could be simply temporary, or it could be a permanent alteration. There's no way of knowing, especially since DNA manipulation is extremely complex and, on humans, illegal."

"But that's what happened!" Lucy said.

"Yes, but this was accidental," he explained. "We didn't intend for it to happen, nor did we even consider that this concoction of ours would be capable of such things. It was totally unforeseeable. I can keep analysing that blood sample over time and see what happens, but other than that, I'm afraid there's nothing I can do to help."

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A couple of hours later, Amy and Lucy were driving back home in complete silence. It was unbearable but neither of them wanted to break it. Amy was upset that her condition was irreversible and Lucy was thinking deeply about how her friend was feeling, though she was quietly grateful about the development. She felt guilty about it, but she couldn't help the feeling.

"Pull over the next chance you get?" Amy said. "I want to go for a walk."

Lucy nodded and pulled over the next time there was a rest point. They got out of the car and climbed into a field and slowly strolled across it. There was a copse of trees on the other side and they headed for it at a leisurely pace. It was a quiet walk, as they crossed the field, observing the nature of the countryside, listening to the sounds of the birds and small animals moving and communicating with each other.

After a while, they reached the trees and Amy sat down against the trunk of a large tree. She gently let the back of her head touch the tree and sighed in disappointment; her hopes had been thoroughly destroyed. She'd never be normal again. She wished that she'd never been on the trip to the lab.

She started to cry, the tears rolling down her cheeks and over her chin, falling to form visible drops on her white top. She didn't care that she was crying in front of Lucy, she'd understand. She knew she was right when Lucy sat next to her and put her arm around Amy's shoulders.

"It's OK, Amy," she said. "We'll figure it out. A way to solve it or at least help you live with it."

Lucy pulled Amy towards her and held her face gently into her shoulder. Amy sobbed her heart out onto it for what felt like forever to both girls, but she stopped eventually, sniffing as she dried her eyes and hugged Lucy tightly in thanks. Lucy gently pushed Amy away and looked at her with concern.

"I mean it you know," she said. "I will help you, despite the fact that I love it if that's what you want."

A solitary tear of gratitude rolled down Amy's cheek and she kissed Lucy on the lips tenderly, lovingly. Her friend had been so good to her over the previous few days that she didn't care that she was starting to feel love for the sex-craving girl.

Lucy kissed back, passionately, wrapping her arms around Amy. Their tongues snaked towards each other and ran along and around each other.

After a while they broke apart, breathing heavily and looked at each other.

"Shall we go back to yours?" Lucy said.

Amy looked at the ground, embarrassed.

"I might need some help," she said, a little sheepishly, and showed Lucy the bulge in her crotch.

Lucy smiled and undid Amy's jeans, letting the hard monster cock free of its restraints. The gentle upward curve and smooth-looking flesh made Lucy shiver with delight as she lowered her face to it and kissed the tip.

Amy moaned as Lucy worked her way down from the tip, kissing and licking slowly all the way down to her balls. Amy moaned louder as Lucy sucked on her balls, stretching her sack as she sucked part of it into her mouth, making love to it with her mouth.

Lucy kissed back up to the tip and then kissed Amy on the lips deeply and passionately, their tongues seemed to wrestle with each other and their hands clawed at clothing. In under a minute, they were both naked and aroused. Amy could literally see Lucy's juices dripping from her pink, shaved pussy and onto the leaves and dirt below it.

Lucy threw her legs over Amy, straddling her stomach, with her cock between her ass cheeks. She humped Amy's belly, her ass massaging Amy's cock. She squeezed her cheeks together and alternated her speeds, making Amy scream with delight, lust and pleasure mixed into one potent noise that startled the wildlife in the trees surrounding them.

Lucy reached over into her discarded bag and pulled out a bottle of clear liquid and squirted some of it onto her ass and Amy's cock. It was slick and silky soft as she rubbed it into her friend's cock and her asshole.

When she was finished, she held Amy's cock firmly and slid it gently into her tight ass. They both moaned long and loud as Lucy slid slowly down Amy's cock, impaling her ass tormentingly slowly. Her asshole widened as Amy's cock did until she could slip down no further without it hurting.

She held herself still for a while, getting used to the feeling of fullness before starting to move up and down. She moved with slow, shallow thrusts, letting them both get used to it. She knew Amy wouldn't last long inside her ass, so she kept a pace that wouldn't make her cum so quickly.

Despite the slow pace, Amy felt the pressure that she'd come to associate with cumming build. She wouldn't last very long inside Lucy's ass. She thrust in rhythm to Lucy's movements, moaning with ecstasy, moving closer and closer to filling Lucy's ass with her hot, thick cum.

Within minutes, her suspicion was proven right and she moaned as she exploded and shot a huge load of cum into her best friend's ass. She pulled out and let Lucy situate herself. Amy was still hard as a rock and still needed helping.

Lucy stood up and turned her back on Amy, bending over to suck the head of Amy's cock into her hot, wet mouth. Amy moaned, but not before she saw Lucy's gaping ass, dripping gently with cum and covering her asshole with her own lips, licking and sucking the cum from it as she moaned.

Lucy was moaning too, sucking Amy's horse-cock as deeply as she could, flicking her tongue at the head when she could. She came from Amy's oral ministrations, squirting the juices from her orgasm on Amy's chest.

Amy came again quickly and Lucy gagged as her throat was filled with cum, but swallowed every drop, continuing to suck Amy's cock even though it was softening.

Amy had already sucked all of her cum from Lucy's ass, but continued to eat it anyway, loving the taste and the kinkiness of the act. She felt another squirt of Lucy's cum cover her chest and stopped.

They were both satisfied so they got cleaned up and dressed before heading back to the car, holding

hands. It felt natural to do so; without even thinking about it, they'd become a couple.

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Chapter Three

Amy woke up on Tuesday morning and went through her normal routine of eating, showering and getting dressed for the day. Of course, now she had an extra thing to wash, and it had become toiling to wash her new horse-cock and balls every day.

It had been several months since she'd been to the labs where she accidentally spilt something and had grown her new appendage by the next morning. In that time, the college year had ended, but she'd be back there Tuesday of the next week for the start of her final year.

During the holidays, Amy had taken her part-time job at the shop she worked at and had gone full-time, something the manager was extremely happy she was able to do. It hadn't been easy: during the day, she'd get horny and her eighteen-inch cock would grow to full hardness. Thankfully, after hearing this, her long-time best friend and, now, girlfriend, Lucy, would come and meet Amy on her breaks and give her a quick blowjob or let her fuck her.

Lucy had split up with her boyfriend after Amy and she had become a couple. They'd both felt sorry for him but, as it turned out, he'd been sleeping with the biggest slut in the entire college behind Lucy's back. That had broken Lucy's heart because she had loved him. Amy had told Lucy that she didn't need the slime ball and the next day, she'd found him and hit and kicked him a few times, breaking his nose and causing pain to his balls.

That had been just before the end of the college year and Amy had gotten the first week of work off using "family matters" as an excuse and the two of them had gone by train to the Lake District for a camping trip. They'd had fun, renting a little cabin and spending the days at a beautiful lake swimming for a few hours before going back to the warm cabin for a long, hard session of fucking each other's brains out.

When they'd gotten back, Lucy had all but forgotten about her ex-boyfriend and they had enjoyed the rest of the holidays together. Amy was happy with how everything was going. Well, almost everything.

The rent on her flat was going up, and while Lucy had taken to living with her, she didn't have enough money to pay for any of the bills, just enough to pay for petrol, road tax, insurance and just about everything else she needed to be able to drive.

Amy had posted an advertisement in the local paper for somebody to take the spare bedroom which was completely unused. She'd had a few responses and had interviewed almost all of the people that had replied to it; all except one. That was what was on the agenda for the day.

At about midday, there was a knock at the door and she went to answer it. When she opened the door, she was pleasantly surprised to see a beautiful, young redhead standing there.

"Hi, I'm Scarlet," the young girl said, reaching out to shake hands. "Nice to meet you."

"I'm Amy," Amy said, taking the offered hand and shaking it. "Nice to meet you too."

"I hope I'm not late," Scarlet said, sounding slightly worried.

"Don't worry, you're actually a little early," Amy assured her. "Please, come in."

Amy stood aside and let Scarlet pass, who, as she entered, took off her shoes and placed them on the shoe rack by the door. Amy then led her down the tiny corridor that separated the rooms, leading her to the living room.

"Please, take a seat," Amy said, gesturing at a seat and smiling. "Would you like a drink?"

"Yes please, anything alcoholic," Scarlet said. "Especially if you plan on bending me over the coffee table."

Amy's eyebrows shot up in surprise as Scarlet giggled, wiping a single stray tear of laughter from the corner of her eye.

"Sorry, I'm just joking," she said, still giggling. "I'll have tea if you've got any."

Still surprised by the joke, Amy nodded and went to the kitchen to make two cups of tea. When she walked back into the living room, she placed the drinks on the table and sat on the sofa opposite Scarlet.

They sat and talked for a while, just about things in general. Amy discovered that Scarlet was going to the same college as her and Lucy, though taking a different class. While Amy and Lucy studied the sciences, Scarlet would be studying the arts, consisting of art, drama and dance. She'd also be studying physical education to help, along with dance, to keep her fit. Lucy came home not too far into their conversation, made herself a drink and sat down next to Amy.

"So, Scarlet," Lucy said, "What do you like to do?"

"Swimming, acting, painting," Scarlet began, her eyes lighting up, "and horse riding." She finished.

Lucy glanced at Amy, a smile forming on her face.

"I like riding horses too," she told Scarlet, making Amy chuckle, lightly enough that Scarlet didn't hear it, but Lucy did.

"Do you have any questions for us?" Amy asked.

"I do," Scarlet replied before asking, "Do the bedroom and bathroom doors have locks on them? It's just, I don't want any people just barging in while I'm changing or anything."

"I've just come back from the local locksmith's shop," Lucy said. "He's coming over later to fit them."

Scarlet smiled with what looked like relief after Lucy said that, then standing up, she told them she had somewhere else to be. They said their goodbyes and she left.

"Let's take her," Lucy said. "She's much more fun than anybody else who wanted the other bedroom."

"Yeah," Amy said, smiling.

By the end of the week, Scarlet had moved in. She'd made herself at home as much as Lucy had,

helped clean and cook, shop for food and even did the laundry, all without really asking if they needed it done. She didn't even seem fazed by Amy and Lucy's relationship and shows of affection that they gave each other.

There had almost been a disastrous situation for Amy, when she'd forgotten to use the new lock on the bathroom door and Scarlet had walked in, not knowing that Amy was in there. Luckily, Amy had been able to quickly wrap a towel around her waist, though her boobs still showed. Scarlet's eyes had been drawn to them like a laser-guided missile. She'd uttered a barely-audible apology and backed out of the bathroom.

On the Saturday before they went back to college, Amy, Lucy and Scarlet decided to go out and have some fun. They went to see a movie before hitting a restaurant for a nice meal and a few drinks. Then they went home to change.

With their flat being just outside of the city centre, this didn't take them very long. They met up in the living room to look over each other's outfits.

Amy was wearing a black dress that fell to her knees and disguised her secret pretty well while also accentuating her ass and boobs. Lucy wore a tight top and a mini skirt that barely covered anything at all, the straps of her g-string peeking over the top of it at the sides.

Scarlet wore a revealing, backless dress that came halfway down her thighs and gave anyone looking a nice view of her cleavage.

When they were ready, they hit the town and went to a rock bar where they played rock music of all styles: softer music on the ground level and in the dark basement level, the heavier, darker variants of rock.

The first drinks they ordered were shots of Vodka followed quickly by a pint of lager. This got them tipsy almost immediately and they hit the dance floor to a catchy 80s song. Amy and Lucy danced and ground together in the middle of the room while Scarlet danced nearby, spurning the advances of men of all ages.

After a few songs, they put in another order for drinks and sat in one of the quieter corners chatting and laughing as the alcohol went to their heads. They danced and joked all night, each one of them dancing with each other so that they all danced together at least once. What was curious was the fact that Scarlet tried her best not to dance too close to either of the other two, but Amy and Lucy paid it no thought.

When they got home for the night, they were wasted and they all collapsed on the sofa in the living room together, laughing and giggling at nothing in particular. Their bodies were a jumble of arms and legs, so much so that if you were looking, you probably couldn't tell whose arms or legs were whose.

Amy felt a soft touch on her boobs and they were gently rubbed and squeezed while another pair of hands massaged her bum in the same way. She turned to look and found that it was Lucy massaging her ass while Scarlet played with her tits. She moaned softly, her breathing deepening and quickening as her sensitive flesh was teased.

Amy was lying on top of Lucy and Lucy was lying across Scarlet's stomach. Amy rolled over and ground her hardening cock into Lucy's barely-covered pussy while giving her easier access to her ass, while at the same time, pinning Scarlet's hands between her and Lucy's tits. Lucy moaned

loudly at the stimulation of both her pussy and tits as Amy and Scarlet rubbed against her.

Amy kissed Lucy deeply and softly, her hands reaching past Lucy to grope Scarlet's tits. The three of them moaned together as they drunkenly pleased each other.

Amy's cock was becoming more and more noticeable, though, in her drunken stupor, she didn't particularly care. She ground it into Lucy's pussy, wanting only to pleasure her best friend and lover. At the same time, she was being pleased by Lucy's hands on her ass, kneading her ass cheeks with skill beyond measure. And Scarlet's hands were massaging both Amy's and Lucy's breasts.

Lucy pulled up Amy's dress, exposing the pink thong she was wearing underneath, her slowly hardening cock peeking over the front of it, pointing at Lucy's stomach under her mini skirt. Amy ground her cock into Lucy's pussy, feeling a wet patch expanding slowly across Lucy's panties. Lucy moaned loudly, unable to contain it and causing Scarlet to jump a little, bumping her hips against Lucy's. Lucy's eyes opened and Amy stopped grinding against her, seeing Lucy's slightly shocked expression. Lucy lifted her ass slightly, slipping one of her hands behind her and sliding it up Scarlet's thigh.

"D-don't ... Please?" Scarlet said as the hand travelled further up.

Lucy felt Scarlet's crotch and felt a hardness there. She smiled to herself and rolled over, planting a kiss on Scarlet's lips as she softly rubbed the hardness. Scarlet moaned softly, growing harder. Lucy also felt a small wet patch.

"You're a hermaphrodite?" Lucy whispered, leaning close to Scarlet's ear.

Scarlet nodded timidly, but Lucy smiled softly then pressed her palm hard against Scarlet's cock, her fingertips pressing down where the patch on Scarlet's panties was. Scarlet moaned and Lucy started to rub, pressing her fingers against the pussy under Scarlet's hard cock. Amy had started grinding her cock between Lucy's ass cheeks, making the string of her thong rub against her anus. Lucy and Scarlet both moaned loudly as they were pleased.

After a few minutes of rubbing, Lucy turned over again, rubbing her ass against the bulge of Scarlet's cock as Amy ground her hard cock against Lucy's soaking, pussy a few times before pulling the front of her thong to the side and rubbing the head against her lover's wet, bare pussy.

"Both of you fuck me," Lucy said, looking at each of them in turn. "Put those cocks to good use and fuck me."

Amy and Scarlet looked at each other in confusion before Lucy pushed Amy off her gently. Scarlet and Amy both gasped, coming face-to-face with each other's cocks. Amy's pointing upwards, large and proud, while Scarlet's 8-inch cock and wet pussy were exposed due to Lucy moving the front of her thong aside.

Slowly, their shocked expressions turned to mischievous smiles and Lucy had Scarlet sit and straddled her lap, facing away from her. Amy stood over them both, her cock throbbing with anticipation. Scarlet slid her cock into Lucy's ass and Amy pushed hers deep into her pussy. Both of them began to fuck Lucy hard and fast. They alternated their thrusts so that Lucy always had one cock going in either direction.

Scarlet sucked Lucy's neck as Amy licked, kissed and sucked her tits, causing Lucy to moan loudly and in deep pleasure.

All three of them moaned in sexual bliss to the sounds of their movements: the rhythmic creaking of the wooden frame of the sofa, the slapping sound of Amy's huge balls hitting both of the other girls' pussies, and the much quieter sounds of the cocks sliding in and out of Lucy's holes.

Lucy came first, an explosive orgasm that drenched Amy's cock with Lucy's juices and caused her pussy to tighten up and grip Amy's cock like a vice. Both Amy and Scarlet kept fucking Lucy hard and fast, the slapping sounds and moans of their pleasure filling the room. Scarlet and Amy both came hard, filling Lucy's pussy and ass with hot, sticky cum.

They all fell back panting, cocks softening as Lucy's pussy and ass slowly dripped cum onto the table that she was still leant over. After a few moments, the three drunk girls fell asleep; the only sound in the room was soft breathing.

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## **Chapter Four**

Lucy [16] woke up first, stretched and looked over at Amy [16] laying face down beside her. A shaft of low autumn sunlight from a crack in the curtains illuminating her gorgeously long dark hair. Lucy brushed it aside, softly kissing the back of Amy's neck. As she gradually kissed down Amy's spine, her breasts stroked the back of Amy's arm, making her nipples harden; Amy stirred in her sleep. Lucy pushed down the white cotton sheet, exposing Amy's bare taut buttocks. Lucy kept kissing lower and lower; holding each buttock in turn. Lucy adored Amy and would do anything to pleasure her friend. As Lucy pulled Amy's buttocks apart to insert her tongue, Amy awoke, spreading her thighs wider and lifting her bottom up to Lucy's eager mouth.

Lucy slipped one hand forward, between the quivering buttocks, still expecting to feel soft warm wet pussy - but no - just a smooth dry crotch, just like her ex-boyfriend. Then her fingertips encountered cock on a massive scale - it all came flooding back.

Background I have to admit that this story is not original - it takes the teen characters, Lucy and Amy, from a story uploaded by Drew Robbins from Indiana.

In Part One, Amy visits a secret animal research laboratory on a school trip and foolishly consumes an experimental green liquid containing Horse-DNA, testosterone and something else. The following day she feels a little unwell, but sitting in the bath is horrified to see her hardly-used pussy 'heal over' and this enormous horse-cock sprout from her loins.

After Dr Michaels confirms her worst fears that her DNA has changed, probably permanently, Amy 'comes out' to her best friend Lucy. After the initial shock, Lucy agrees to move in with Amy - the two develop an unusual lesbian/bi-sexual relationship.

In Part Two, the friends experiment with Anal and Cuntal penetrations - Lucy adores both.

I have taken this situation forward into the story you find here - enjoy.

Partway through writing this episode I discovered Part Three, in which we meet Scarlet. I won't spoil the surprise, but if you need help visualising a girl like Amy but with more anatomical differences there is some excellent work by Futanari artists on xhamster. I have trouble understanding how you would ever satisfy such a girl but might include her in a future story.

Back in Bed Amy rolls over, trapping Lucy's head between her thighs - forcing the horse-cock into Lucy's face. Lucy crawls up the 12" of rigid engorged prick - the entire shaft exposed from its fleshy

sheath. Lucy is amazed she can now get the entire cock-head in her mouth - her muscles are definitely relaxing with every sip of sperm she swallows. Amy scoots around under her lover, lifting her legs so that Lucy is now straddling Amy's face - a moist cunt just inches from her eager tongue. Amy loves to eat out Lucy - her cunt feels so soft and open, especially when Amy inserts a few fingers into her arse. Only yesterday Lucy flinched at two fingers, now all four comfortable fitted - Amy was fisting her best friend's arse.

Lucy stopped sucking cock for a moment: "Oh shit, that feels amazing - how many fingers have you got up there"? She looked back over her shoulder, amazed to see Amy's entire fist vanishing up her own arse - just like those photos of vets with their arm up a cow. Suddenly she had a deep animal desire for this horse-cock, not just sucking it and drinking Amy's cum, but fucking it with all her young body.

Lucy pulled Amy's arm from her arse and twisted around so that she was balanced above the cock head.

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### ***Lucy gets an Anal***

"Are you sure?" panted Amy. Lucy didn't answer, just lowered herself onto the horse-cock. She had never felt so full. The cock was up her arse - she was riding it; lifting up and plunging back down.

Once the cock-head was in, Lucy screamed but kept on pushing down. That first time she stopped, panting, sweat running off her nipples, with about half inside her: "Oh God, Oh God, Oh God" she mumbled, "Where on earth is it all going inside me?"

The girls had only a hazy knowledge of human anatomy, having both flunked biology at school. The biology syllabus was just getting to the human reproduction cycle when the science teacher was sacked, caught fiddling with a small boy. The school persuaded the nice Maths teacher to stand in, but he just read the words off the screen, trying to avoid the gaze of a dozen pubescent girls masturbating noisily at the back of the class. He stopped the lesson when one of the little sluts leapt up onto a desk, holding her cunt lips apart, demanding "Inseminate this."

So they never really learnt how flexible the intestines are, and probably only Dr Michaels could explain how Lucy was now able to take the entire 15 inches of horse-cock up her arse. Both girls were soaked in sweat and Lucy's pussy juice; then the horse-cock started cumming deep inside Lucy - Amy was certain she saw Lucy's breasts increase at least a bra size, as she hugged her friend through their best simultaneous orgasm ever.

Both girls were crying with emotion - Amy held her friend's face - kissing away the salty tears, as she erupted deep inside Lucy's body - horse-cum dribbling down her thighs as she pulled out, completely spent.

Lucy walked around in a daze for the rest of the day, stroking her bottom, conscious of the changes going on deep inside her body.

Examination One day Dr Michaels rang: "I'm sending a car over for you Amy, I'm a bit concerned about the effects of that horse DNA on your metabolism. I'd like to run some more tests."

Lucy was out when the dishy lab technician arrived to collect Amy; otherwise, he might have ended up tied to the bed for the weekend, but Amy was too worried to play with him.

At the research centre, Dr Michaels ran the usual battery of blood pressure, height, weight tests and a thorough breast examination that Amy thought was a bit excessive.

He handed her a glass beaker "I'd like a sperm sample, you can use my office."

"But, erm, I don't think I can fill that. Anyway, Lucy always plays with my horse-cock. I've never, err, tried masturbating it."

"Don't worry, miss. You'll be fine. There are some magazines in the top drawer. I'm sure you'll find something suitable to arouse him."

Lucy pulled off her jeans and white panties and sat on the cold leather office chair. Horse-cock stirred as her hot bottom and thighs warmed up the cold seat. Sure enough in the top desk drawer was a pile of nude magazines. Most were quite old, showing mature ladies with huge busts in ridiculous poses, which held no appeal to Amy, or horse-cock. Near the bottom of the pile, Amy found what looked from the cover to be a stuffy medical journal, but inside was pure joy. Photographs of young girls in tight white jodhpurs and black riding boots, saddling up their horses. Over the page one beauty was standing up in the stirrups, her thighs and tight shapely bottom presented to the viewer. Amy had never seen horse-cock rise so quickly - it slammed against the edge of Dr Michaels' desk. This was no time for measurements, but she was certain it was longer and fatter than yesterday, probably now a full 18."

Amy carefully took hold of the cock shaft in one hand, just behind the head and tried to aim it at the tiny glass beaker in her other hand. Horse-cock tried to teach Amy how to masturbate it - long slow strokes, right up to the tip, and back down again to the balls. But it was never going to work; after a few swift strokes horse-cock was gushing sticky white sperm all over her hands, the desk, the magazine and by luck some ended up in the beaker. She licked her sticky fingers - wow, it was so sweet and smooth as it slipped down her throat. Now she knew why Lucy loved to swallow so much.

When Dr Michaels returned a few minutes later, Amy was all cleaned up and dressed: "Sorry about the mess on your desk. Can I keep this old magazine? You seem to have plenty."

The lab technician drove her home, with a supply of screw-top jars and a small fridge to keep them in. He called every Saturday morning to take the sperm samples back, not knowing that most of it had been sprayed up into Lucy's arse prior to dripping out into the jars.

Once Lucy had been filled with horse semen at both ends, it rekindled a childhood love of horse riding. Lucy persuaded Amy to sign up for lessons at the local stables. They couldn't wait for Sunday; getting very aroused over photos of the young girls, but especially the horses. Amy had hardly left the flat for days, afraid that someone would notice the bulge between her thighs, and she had nothing to wear.

Mothercare All her skirts were so short they exposed the horse-knob when it relaxed down her thigh and her jeans were so tight she was afraid of catching it in the zip (panties were useless).

"How do men avoid that?" Amy asked no one in particular. She longed to ask her Dad, but he was going to be the last one to hear about her little experiment.

Eventually, she found an old pair of baggy corduroy trousers with a button fly in the back of the wardrobe; paired with a sloppy tee shirt.

Shopping in town, Amy felt strangely attracted to pregnant women - she could feel horse-cock twitching against her thigh.

“What about the Mother & Baby Shop?” suggested Lucy, dragging her friend in the front door, trying to avoid the gaggle of heavily pregnant women stroking each other’s bumps.

Amy is bending down to a low shelf – what stupid merchandising – looking for a pair of pregnancy dungarees in her size. She was always a trim size 8 before the ‘accident’, and from the back her shapely, tight arse still was (unlike Lucy’s, which was beginning to gape from the 3 times a day sperm collection).

Lucy exclaims “watch out” as a pretty teen, with bright blue eyes, massively pregnant, only a few days to go, doesn’t see Amy and collides with Amy’s upturned arse. Amy stands up, still holding the dungarees, turning around – the girl is clearly embarrassed: “Sorry I didn’t see you down there; I can hardly see my feet anymore.”

She compares the shape of their obvious bumps: “I had a pair of those dungarees, up to 5 months, I guess. They hold it all in really comfortably. Amy watches in horror as the girl’s bump moves. “That’s OK you can feel him kicking if you like.”

Amy touches the bump on the girl’s tummy, then gaining confidence, slides her hand down between the girl’s hot thighs.

Blue Eyes: “God you’re making me all wet – even my boyfriend has stopped touching me like that – keep doing it, you’ll have a baby in your hands.” Amy’s nipples harden, horse-cock threatens to split the trouser stitching.

Lucy is standing behind Amy, shielding their groping from the other shoppers: “Bet you want to try this then, gorgeous.” She undoes Amy’s fly, releasing the swollen horse-cock into the girl’s hands.

“Oh my God” she exclaimed, bent down and took the first 3 inches into her mouth. She sucked like a vacuum cleaner, both hands massaging Amy’s balls, slathering the horse-cock in spit. Amy tried her hardest to remain calm in this shop full of pregnant women but shortly had to hold onto the girl’s head for support as she released rope after rope of steaming hot cum into the girl’s mouth.

Blue eyes staggered to her feet, wiping away a drop of spunk that missed her mouth: “That was awesome; here give me a kiss.” The girl swapped the still-hot sperm with Amy, both swallowing each other’s face in a passionate embrace.

“OK, OK, break it up you two,” Lucy demanded. “You know that stuff might not be good for her in that condition. Can I have my girlfriend back now?”

The girl staggered off, holding her bump, certain that the kicking had changed. The Maternity Unit was certainly in for a surprise when that little girl was born with a full mane of shiny dark hair (her mum and dad were blonde)...

Ann Summers It was obvious to Amy that Lucy’s arse gaped open most of the day; Lucy kept touching herself, hoping for something to fill it. She had tried most of the bottles and spray cans in Amy’s bathroom, but she complained they kept falling out. The girls giggled outside the local sex shop, daring each other to go in. Inside, Lucy browsed along the high shelf of sex toys, trying to find the right-sized anal plug.

“Can I help you, ladies?”

Amy looked up startled, to see the gorgeous blonde branch manager; feeling the horse-cock

snuggled up warm against her tummy began to arouse, threatening to poke the lady.

“Um, we’re, uh, looking for a plug for her,” blurted out Amy, pointing at Lucy, “but none of these are big enough.”

The manager, Ann, looked Lucy up and down, noticing the revealing tight jeans: “We do have some special toys in the back room if you two care to come with me.”

Very quietly Amy heard Lucy replying “Yes we’d be very happy to cum with you anywhere.”

The Manageress Ann handed Lucy a huge black plug: “Here, pop behind that curtain and slip this in.”

A long 30 seconds later Lucy appeared from behind the curtain bare from the waist down: “It won’t stay in,” she sobbed. She turned around.

Ann was shocked: “What have you been taking up there?”

Lucy looked at Amy: “Ask her.”

Amy opened the top two buttons on her new duffle jacket - the horse-cock head glowed a bright red.

“Christ! What on earth is that?” demanded Ann. “That’s what’s been up this poor girl?”

Amy blushed: “Only once or twice” she lied, “she begged me. I don’t think it hurt her.”

Ann: “Here baby, try this one,” handing Lucy an inflatable plug. “I find it works really well when horse riding. But I guess that’s what got you into this mess in the first place.”

Lucy went behind the curtain again, while Ann stroked the cock head, starting to kiss Amy.

Lucy emerged, stripped down to her bra and socks, grinning from ear to ear, pumping on the inflatable bulb hanging from her pretty arse: “Amy, this is awesome. It feels fantastic. It fills me up perfectly - just like your cock.”

The cock in question was down Ann’s throat, while Amy groped inside her dress: “Fabulous - now let’s get out of here before this woman gets filled with spunk too.”

Examination One evening on the daily skype call Dr Michaels looked worried: “Amy, love we’re not happy with the recent sperm samples. I’d like you to come over to the lab tomorrow for some tests. I’ll send one of the stable boys over, and you’ll need to bring your girlfriend.”

“OK, see you tomorrow”, Amy wasn’t sure how much Dr Michaels knew of Lucy’s involvement.

The next day they both sat in his office, holding hands, giggling nervously.

“OK you two, I need to know exactly how you are collecting these sperms,” he said sternly, handing Lucy an empty glass beaker. “Show me.”

Happy to oblige, Lucy stood up, dropped her jeans and spread out face-down over the desktop. Amy pulled down the white panties, deflated her friend’s anal plug and pulled it out. It wobbled, black and slippery, obscenely on the desk. Amy’s horse-cock automatically reacted to the sight of her friend’s open arse, almost climbing out of the dungarees. Amy stood between Lucy’s legs, cock head touching warm arse flesh, straining to be fucking.

"I guess you need some of this," Dr Michaels handed Amy a pot of lubricant.

"How did you know...?" Amy trailed off, applying a good dollop to cock head, and then smeared a finger-full into Lucy's arse. Cock head slipped in real easy. Lucy moaned. Amy pushed forwards, burying another 3 inches into her best friend.

Dr Michaels didn't reply, but suddenly appeared next to the pair, snapping photographs of their coupling on a very expensive-looking camera: "I hope you don't mind. Just a few shots for my report."

The next thing Amy remembers, before shooting a bucketful of cum into Lucy's backside, is Dr Michaels standing very close behind her - his erection pressed into her own sweet cheeks and his hands all over her tits.

"May I?" he asked pleasantly, rubbing little circles around her arse, then pushing his quite-respectable 8" cock into her.

Even though Amy had a cock of her own, it was nice to feel another one. Since Lucy had moved into the flat, her own arse had received very little attention, and this was just what she needed.

Just then the office door opened wide and a half-naked girl burst in: "Oh sorry Dad, didn't realise you had company."

Amy recognised the girl from the beautiful magazine photographs when Amy discovered how to masturbate this beast between her legs. Sam already had her blouse off - fabulous high tits in a black bra, and the jodhpurs around her knees, matching black thong all sweaty from riding.

"Come in baby. These two beauties are just demonstrating their sperm collection technique. We thought it odd that the samples had traces of anal lubricant and Lucy's DNA. Now we know why. Come on over - I think you could help."

Sam hopped around, struggling out of the tight trousers and riding boots: "OK Dad, you fuck the one with the horse-cock and I'll get off with this pretty bitch." Sam had a gorgeous deep tan all over her lush body; well-nearly all over.

Sam climbed up on the desk, pulling aside the thong, offering her sweaty crotch to Lucy.

"Christ, you're hairy," panted Lucy, trying to get her fingers through the curly forest into soft cunt, "and you smell of Leather."

"I've been riding, stupid. Just wait until you taste her - should still be a bit of stallion inside."

Lucy ran her tongue over Sam's deep brown torso, arms, high breasts, midriff, cunt and stopped at the odd curved tan lines on the inside of her thighs.

As Sam lifted her legs up onto Lucy's shoulders for a deeper inspection, Lucy traced the horseshoe-shaped pattern of pale skin up one thigh, across the lower edge of her fabulous tight cheeks and down the other thigh with her tongue and fingers. The tan was nothing like her own straight-edged triangles front and back from sunbathing in a bikini during the summer. Her over-protective Dad had reluctantly agreed to topless in the back garden but insisted on inspecting her bikini bottoms each day to make sure the amount of exposed flesh wouldn't inflame the neighbours. Just wait - now that Lucy had moved in with Amy, they could revel in the nude all summer next year.



“So Sam, when you’re sunbathing do you drape a towel over...?” Lucy trailed off, not sure how to ask.

“Silly girl; I always ride naked when it’s warm enough. The saddle stops my arse ever getting a proper tan, but the horses seem to like it. My stallion can’t wait to lick me out after a hard ride. You should feel his tongue; it’s enormous.”

Lucy lost no time in eating her out, opening up the sweaty lips, rubbing the hard clit. Lucy’s hand wandered up to Sam’s tits, releasing her hot soft flesh from the black bra. Sam held her cunt open for Lucy’s pleasure; masturbating hard to catch up the 10-minute start the two girls had. Dr Michaels ploughed Amy’s hardly-used arse, causing the biggest eruption of horse-spunk into Lucy, who shuddered to her own climax.

The Wet Room Sam slowly recovered from her climax, having squirted all over Lucy’s face; she slithered off the soaking desk onto her feet, still hugging and kissing Lucy: “God, I really need a shower now. Do you two want to join me, next door?”

Sam handed her soaked bra and thong to Dr Michaels: “Here Dad, you can play with these, and turn that fuckin’ camera off, you old perv. I didn’t know you were filming all that.”

Sam pushed open the door almost hidden by a bookcase: “Here we are girls, the best shower room in the lab. We are going to have some fun.”

It was a wet room, shower taps all along one wall. The first one had a regular circular impulse shower head, labelled ‘For External Use Only’. Sam ignored that and picked up the second showerhead shaped like a fat dildo, labelled ‘For Internal Use Only’. By the side, someone had written ‘Anal OK, Cuntal not recommended’ in lipstick. Sam stuffed it straight up her cunt, warm water bubbling out of her crinkly lips: “Oh that’s better, I needed that.”

Lucy found a larger one for her arse, while Amy experimented with spraying the external one up against her balls, just like a boy – it felt fabulous.

“Lay down,” demanded Sam “I need to ride your horse-cock, bitch.” Sam switched her shower to her arse and lowered her soaking cunt onto Amy’s horse-cock. She rode it hard, just like her stallion, rising up and slamming down, making her tits leap all over her chest.

Lucy crouched down behind Sam, soaping those fabulous swinging breasts in both hands: “Shame we haven’t got another cock, we could double-fuck this bitch, really make her cum.”

Sam looked up to the camera blinking near the ceiling: “Hey dad, I know you’re watching. Bring me the strap-on. You know the huge blue model in your top drawer. I really need a proper fuck.”

Lucy had never worn a strap-on before, Dr Michaels helped her adjust the straps around her thighs and between her legs, so it stuck straight out: “OK perv, now fuck off and watch us double-fucking your slutty daughter.”

Lucy dropped to her knees behind Sam, pulling out the anal shower head: “OK now squeeze all that water out.” They both laughed as a stream of warm soapy water shot out of her arse, covering Lucy’s chest, making her nipples erect. The next minute Lucy had the strap-on lined up and pushed upwards into Sam’s damp arse. Sam went very still as Amy and Lucy synchronized their thrusts into her young body: “Oh shit, I have never felt so full – you are really doing it. Yes. Yes. Don’t. Don’t. I’m going to cum if you get any deeper.”

Amy pounded horse-cock in, until balls slapped against thighs, pulling out at the last possible moment like she always did with Lucy's arse to collect the sperm samples.

Amy had no wish to impregnate Sam and wasn't certain how horse sperm would be taken up by her young body. So Amy pulled out and Sam cradled the pulsating horse-cock between her hot breasts, sucking the tip between sentences:

"I don't suppose my Dad told you what happens to your sperm samples?..."

"Well, the lab is running a breeding programme to get young foals to sexual maturity much quicker..."

"They use your sperm, with some other Artificial Insemination techniques up the Brood Mares" ... more sucking...

"Look at the monitor over there; see those two young grey foals, can only be two months old"...  
"They're already showing signs of wanting to breed."

Amy looked up over Lucy's shoulder, who was now removing the strap-on from Sam's arse and experimenting with a comfortable cuntal position. The young Filly and Colt, both products of Amy's sperm, were racing around the paddock, nuzzling their Dams for a feed, and then playing chase. The young Colt play-fucked the gorgeous young Filly, holding her still between his front legs and aiming his impressive horse-cock into her rear end.

Amy was fascinated at the way the Filly stood perfectly still while the Colt serviced her; after his dripping cock was safely back in its sheath she rolled on the grass, all four legs held high to keep the sperm inside her.

Sam sucked Amy's expanding cock, rubbing her wet tits up and down the shaft, eager to extract the last morsels of sperm: "Dr Michaels would love you to join the Breeding Programme, no need for Artificial Insemination now, I'm sure you'd prefer Natural Insemination - you can have as much Filly as you want. She's very gentle - she'll even lay down if you can't reach standing behind her. And there's always the Colt too if you're feeling frisky."

With that, all three girls collapsed in a sweaty, satisfied heap on the shower floor, dreaming about their next adventure with horse-cock.

Horse Riding This site appears to have an (unreasonable) downer on sex with animals, so I will have to leave the details to your furtive imaginations.

Sam persuades her stallion to mount her new friend Lucy, stretched out over a hay bale, giving her further problems with the anal-plug falling-out problem.

Amy satisfies her craving for penetrating the velvety-smooth flesh of the grey filly, horse-cock satisfying its very first horse-vagina. Amy had perfected her Natural Insemination technique.

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Chapter Five

Amy's best friend Lucy moves in with her and discovers the toll the 3-times daily sperm collection is having on her young arse - they find some suitable clothes for Amy and the inflatable anal plug for Lucy.

Dr Michael's horse-mad daughter Sam joins them for sex on the office table and later in the wet room with showers marked 'For External Use Only' and more interestingly 'For Internal Use Only'.

The final character to join our happy throng is the red-head Scarlett, who we discover is hermaphrodite - having a fully functional penis plus a fully functional vagina, and beautiful too.

Sperm Collection Generally, the stable-lads took it, in turn, to drive over to Amy's tiny flat to collect the sperm samples every Saturday morning, but this week Sam came in person. She wanted to fuck with Lucy mostly but was intrigued to hear about Scarlet's below-the-waist surprise and wanted to learn more, personally.

Sam was taught never to visit empty-handed, so brought each girl a gift from Uncle Mike's Marvellous Masturbators range.

Amy was dressed in a baggy jumper and warm leggings, against the cold of her flat.

"Here you are baby - the male version," said Sam to Amy. "This chain goes around the base of your horse-cock, and this Anal probe does what it says on the tin."

Amy yanked down her leggings; pushing horse-cock through the chain loop and fumbled with the Anal probe.

"Here, let me give you a hand. Turn around baby; this shouldn't hurt."

Sam licked her fingertips and thrust the probe into Amy's tight arse. Amy shuddered, turned around, smiling as the chain tightened up; bringing horse-cock up into Sam's belly, "Want to fuck it Sam?"

For those unfamiliar with the mk4 masturbator, it needs no batteries but works on the temperature difference between the external chain and the internal probe vibrating deep inside Amy.

Sam pulled out one for Lucy - Uncle Mike had slightly modified the standard female model - the Cuntal probe was still the smooth egg shape, but the Anal probe sprouted 4 extending lumps, designed to lock it in place.

"Hey Luce, get yer arse out here, Sam has a present for you," shouted Amy.

"That's not very nice, calling her 'Loose'. I know she has problems after each sperm collection session..." Sam trailed off.

"No, silly. I was shouting 'Luce' not 'Loose'. 'Luce' is just short for 'Lucy', and she is a lazy fucker," replied Amy, grinning.

Lucy emerged, all tousle-haired, huddled inside an old bathrobe to keep out the cold. She brightened up considerably when she spotted Sam and the odd toy in her hands.

"Let me guess," purred Lucy, very attracted to Sam. "The round one goes up yer cunt, and the knobbly one goes up yer arse." They slipped in real easy. "Oh, that feels good. Come to bed and let me thank you bodily."

Just then Scarlet, the delicate redhead, with big brown eyes, strolled into the kitchen. A pair of thin sleep shorts did nothing to hide her obvious erection; her hands shot to her tiny bare breasts, covering her hardening nipples from the three girls' gaze.

"Oh my God; you are gorgeous," breathed Sam, holding Scarlet by the shoulders. "Amy has only sent

me a few photos of your panty area.”

Scarlet’s cock twitched: “Do you have a Masturbator for me too?”

“Of course, baby. Here let me show you.”

Sam pulled Uncle Mike’s special toy out of her pocket. “Look - he made this especially for you - it’s like a male version plus a female version - just like you really.”

Scarlet gingerly pulled off her shorts, handing them to Lucy, and stood butt-naked between her three girlfriends.

Sam knelt down in front of Scarlet, wrapping the chain gently around the base of her penis and sucking in the smooth hot tip.

Lucy knelt down next to Sam and fed the Cuntal probe between Scarlet’s open thighs up between her soft crinkly lips.

Amy knelt down behind Scarlet, burying her nose between the hard smooth buttocks, and then slipped the Anal probe in place.

Scarlet quivered all over, hanging onto her hard nipples as the first wave of climaxes overtook her young body. Her knees buckled, she slumped to the floor, joining the tangle of arms, legs, heads, breasts, cunts and horse-cock. Scarlet was in heaven: she fucked Sam’s face, then Lucy’s cunt and finally Amy’s arse, leaving trails of cum and pre-cum across their ripe young bodies.

As the cum and pussy juices cooled off and stuck to skin and in hair; the four girls laughed as Sam pulled a huge blanket over their four bodies to keep out the cold of the flat.

New Home Amy, Lucy and Scarlet had taken to wearing the usual teenager clothing of tight jeans and baggy jumpers to keep warm in the flat; preferring to stay tucked up in bed except for quick trips to the bathroom and kitchen. They almost never went out and the food had pretty much run out days ago.

“OK, you lot; you can’t live here anymore. Dr Michaels has enlarged my bedroom at the farmhouse, and you’re all invited to come and stay.”

After a quick visit to the cold bathroom to wash and pee, Amy, Lucy and Scarlet threw their few clothes and belongings into the back of Sam’s Range Rover and set off to their new home.

Dr Michaels had already terminated their lease on the flat, paying off the outstanding month’s rent, as he was keen to resume the Natural Insemination trial.

Sam first showed them her new huge bed; easily room for four girls to make love, or even sleep. The en-suite bathroom had those amazing external and internal shower heads: Amy promised to try both on Scarlet.

Lastly the playroom: it was simply furnished with a semi-circular white leather sofa, a big soft white rug for fucking on and a huge TV screen on the opposite wall for watching Sam’s awesome collection of lesbian porn. The whole farmhouse had under-floor heating, so Sam generally padded about in the nude, pressing her hard nipples into the warm soft fabrics.

Amy, Lucy and Scarlet quickly decided that their old jeans and jumpers could be junked and instead

searched through the clothes parcel delivered the next day.

Dr Michaels had bought them all brightly coloured micro bikinis with matching micro-length rah-rah skirts. Sam held up the tiny triangles to her breasts, Scarlet comments, "They don't even cover the brown bits around her nipples. You're not catching me flashing my tits like that."

Scarlet found a silk scarf to tie around her bust, knotted at the front to hold her soft breasts all snugly warm.

Lucy searched about in the parcel and discovered four pairs of white satin shorts. The fabric was so insubstantial to be almost see-through and really tight and short as she pulled them on. They looked fabulous on Sam too, creating a deep camel-toe at the front and perfectly smooth half-bare buttocks from behind. Scarlet's, being a size 6, were rather tight across her little cock, but she loved the shape. Amy managed to trap the horse-cock between her thighs and sat on it, leaving a smooth unsexed frontage for the photos of the four of them sitting primly on the white sofa.

Dr Michaels snapped away, encouraging them to open up - Sam pulled her knees apart and up, revealing her cunt and arse to her Dad's eager camera. Amy leant her face into Scarlet's lap, licking up and down the length of her cock, sucking in the tip as it emerged above the waistband. Scarlet grabbed hold of Amy's head, holding her tight until spunk started to flow into Amy's mouth. Lucy pulled off Scarlet's breast covering, feasting on her upturned nipples as she climaxed.

Sam's Dad didn't miss a trick, on his knees, holding the camera for close-ups of all four girls' bits. Finally, Amy pulled Lucy's anal plug out and replaced it with the horse-cock emerging from her shorts. The four girls fucked on for a further ten minutes, before collapsing in a messy, sweaty heap on the floor.

Somehow Amy ended up swallowing Dr Michael's cock - she craved human-DNA; he didn't disappoint.

Scarlet's Story Sam and Scarlet were locked in a naked 69 embrace on the sofa; Amy and Lucy were making breakfast. Sam licked deep into Scarlet's velvety-smooth pussy, then let her tongue travel lazily up the sprouting cock to suck in the head. Scarlet couldn't get enough of Sam's taught buttocks - sliding a finger deep into her new best friend.

Sam let go of Scarlet's growing cock for a moment: "Baby, I don't mean to be rude. But were you born like this? Did you always have such a beautiful cock and cunt?"

"It's a long story: My Mum and Dad were very strict, never let me play with boys, or masturbate or anything little girls do inside their panties. I went to stay with my Aunt for a weekend and she was concerned that I wasn't developing properly. I was about 14, still no sign of any breasts, periods hadn't started and I was really miserable. So she took me to see her doctor. The doctor sat me on her knee and stroked my vagina. I loved it. Her long fingers rubbed little circles around that bump at the top."

"Clitoris," added Sam, not able to stop herself interrupting.

"Yes, I know what it's called, now" Scarlet continued, getting slightly flushed.

"She taught me how to masturbate in just those few minutes. Then she gave me some strange homeopathic medicine to get puberty started. She said I must only take a few drops in a big glass of water every day, and tell her in a month if anything had changed - down there."

Scarlet paused, fingers dipping into her warm wet pussy.

Sam was now kissing Scarlet's bottom: "Carry on, I am listening."

"Well the few drops a day didn't seem to be doing anything at all, so I started drinking it neat."

"Oh don't tell me" interrupted Sam. "You started rubbing it on your clit?"

"How did you guess? Well, it started to grow and grow. Soon it was too big to hide between my lips. Then it sprouted into this, and now I'm a hermaphrodite."

Scarlet burst into tears, sobs wracking her young body.

Sam held her tight, smothering her face in kisses, licking down to her gorgeous erect nipples, then taking her entire cock to the back of her throat. By now Amy and Lucy had returned from the kitchen: Lucy lowered her hot cunt onto Scarlet's mouth while Amy jacked off horse-cock between Sam's exposed buttocks.

"I managed to keep it hidden from Mum; she would have freaked. Probably had me Burnt at the Stake as a Witch" Scarlet chuckled.

"But Dad must have spotted me standing up to use the toilet one day; I can use either but prefer the cock. After that, he was always touching me up; slipping a hand up my skirt whenever Mum wasn't looking. Eventually, she caught us in the shower together. We were soaping each other's cocks - I had a nice erection all ready to cum - I hoped he would swallow it. But she went completely ape-shit; threw us both out on the street, still butt-naked - it was freezing."

"Then what happened?" asked Sam, stroking Scarlet's long red hair.

"Dad found us a flat, but he kept me away from school, hardly letting me out on my own. I guess he was trying to protect me. But he only wanted me as a boy - he cut my hair really short, taped over my boobs and once even taped my pussy shut. Then he started bringing his mates back from the pub; they found it great fun to jack me off onto the coffee table, then force me to lick it all up. Then they would take turns to bugger me, like a boy, over that coffee table. It was horrible - great hairy, sweaty blokes forcing their huge cocks into my tiny, tight arse. I hated it. Dad seemed to love it. I had to get out of there. That's when I spotted your advert for a flatmate, and here I am. But please - no anal, and definitely no coffee tables."

Scarlet had been holding onto Amy's horse-cock through most of her speech, it twitched in her small hands: "I'm not sure I can take all this, especially for a first time cuntal..."

"Oh you poor baby" cooed Lucy, "you're still a virgin? But that's the only cock here, except for yours. Oh wait a minute; I've got this little strap-on we could use."

Lucy stepped into the strap-on, Sam and Amy helped with the straps. Sam spat on her hand and smeared it onto the cock head. All eyes were on Scarlet as Lucy knelt between her open thighs and guided the plastic cock between silky-smooth pussy lips. Scarlet's little cock shot up straight as her pussy took the strap-on; her big wide eyes opening even wider as her cunt walls clamped around the plastic cock.

Lucy pulled back and shoved it further in; loving the way Scarlet's breasts rotated under Sam's fingers. Amy has stroking her bottom - sliding a wet finger between her hot lips. Sam kissed her way

down Scarlet's tummy, heading for cock as Lucy pounded away.

Scarlet was babbling incoherently: "Suck me, oh please suck me."

Sam and Amy got to her cock at about the same time; kissing each other with a slippery cock shared from mouth to mouth. We suspect Scarlet came first - her thighs wrapped around Lucy's waist, pulling the plastic cock deep into her open cunt. Amy lost no time in slurping down Scarlet's sticky-sweet sperm. Sam had to make do with jacking off Amy's horse-cock as Lucy fingered her to a moderate climax.

One morning Sam was trying to trib Amy; her thighs were powerful from horse riding. She held Amy tight, grinding her hot wet pussy into the space where Amy's cunt used to be. Amy concentrated hard on the sensations between her legs, ignoring the huge horse-cock flapping around at the front.

"Dr Michaels," she screamed at the ceiling, "I know you're watching, you're always watching. I want to be a girl again. Get rid of this horrible horse-cock and give me back my cunt."

Scarlet kissed away Amy's tears: "Here suck this" offering her little erection up to Amy's mouth, "perhaps all you need is human-DNA."

Lucy helped Scarlet cum in Amy's mouth. Amy swallowed it all down and stopped crying; Lucy pulled out her anal plug and settled down on horse-cock. It didn't hurt as much as usual - perhaps it was shrinking a bit.

Jenny Rings Scarlet sat up: "What's that funny ringing noise?"

Sam scrambled around the discarded clothing on her sofa: "Hey look, it's this pink iPad. Dave the Author said we might get a call. Hello."

A pretty face and two enormous boobs appeared on the Facetime video call, "Hi babes. It's Jenny from Indiana. I just wanted to say I love your story and wanted to see Amy's amazing horse-cock in the flesh."

Amy grabbed the tablet from Sam: "I love your tits - they really turn me on. Go on, give them a slap."

Jenny Cumslut laughed, holding her phone right up to one nipple, licking her fingers and squeezing hard: "Hey babe, now you need to show me that cock of yours; I love horses."

Amy's horse-cock had been slowly growing out of its sheath and was pushing against Lucy's thigh. Amy lowered the tablet to show Jenny.

"Don't you think this is a bit weird? You're a real person and we're just characters in a sex fantasy. Anyway, here's my cock. Enjoy it while you can."

Lucy grabbed the cock in both hands, while Scarlet leant over and kissed its head.

"Show us yer cunt," cried Lucy really getting into this remote-sex session.

Jenny lowered her phone again to show the girls in England the giant blue vibrator holding her lips apart, the silver balls just visible revolving deep in her wetness.

Suddenly a virtual trackpad appeared on Sam's tablet; stroking the red arrow increased the speed of Jenny's vibrator. Pushing the blue-button started the clitoral vibrator, and then the green button

forced the anal vibrator home.

Jenny was screaming, "Harder bitches. I love it." Jenny Cumslut came hard, mashing her huge tits to a pulp.

When Jenny had recovered Sam 'walked' her around the farmhouse, then showed her the foal in the field outside, "I think you're going to like this, baby."

Jenny was ecstatic, "What a beautiful young horse. Show me his back end. Holy Shit, I want him, I need to fuck him. That cock must be 14" long. How big is that lovely cock?"

Sam: "42 centimetres; that's 16 and a half inches to you. I have to measure him every day. He's part of the Special Breeding Programme. My Dad is getting them sexually active younger, so they can breed earlier. What a life; he just gallops around the farm all day, trying out that cock on anything that moves."

Jenny: "Quick, give me the address. I'll be on the next plane over."

Jenny scribbled it into her journal, next to the sketch of herself sandwiched between the foal behind and Scarlet in front with her lovely cock down Jenny Cumslut's throat. Jenny kept the journal under her pillow - it held her filthiest thoughts. "See you soon, girls."

Dr Michaels Office Dr Michaels had inspected all the medical literature for horse-cock removal - preferably without surgery. He'd also been reading some rare pornography, but aside from an incredible erection, hadn't given the answers he was looking for.

Watching the CCTV monitors, he added a note to the latest recording 'Scarlet may be the answer'. He found the homeopathist - a Doctor James - that had treated Scarlet and invited her up for a few days. They were never going to agree with each other's methods, but developed a close personal relationship in bed and watching the 4 girls perform.

Dr James explained that she loved dogging - in their local woods - nothing better than being handcuffed to a tree with her lover hiding a few feet away, waiting to see what happened: "She usually made me wear this ridiculous fish-net body stocking under a long coat. I had to submit to every bloke and girl that wanted a shag."

"Weren't you afraid of the cops?..." Dr Michaels trailed off.

"She IS the local police. Where do you think the handcuffs and truncheons came from?"

"Truncheons...?"

"Oh yes, sorry, forgot to mention those. She has quite a collection - loves the early Victorian ones, with the bulbous curved top - fits right up my ... Oh, I'm sorry, am I embarrassing you, doctor? Anyway, she always rips the crotch out of my body stocking thing, leaving my cunt all exposed to the cool air, and shoves her favourite truncheon up my arse. She promised to remove it carefully if I can keep it in for at least two shags. She radios in our position and 5 minutes later half the force have arrived, queuing up to drop their uniform trousers and poke the lesbian homeopathist."

"You poor thing ... did it hurt?"

"Nah, I loved it. The policewomen were the worst - wanted to prove how tough they are. Never seen so many strap-ons appear out the back of the squad cars. Some cunt posted a video online, so we

had to stop - shame really I loved it up against that tree ... Anyway enough of my sordid sex life. What are we going to do about Amy? She seems so unhappy with that horse-cock you gave her."

"I didn't..." complained Dr Michaels, stroking Dr James' thigh.

"I think the answer lies inside Scarlet - if we can just get some of her DNA into Amy, she might get her cunt back. I know she drinks the stuff like cum is going out of fashion, but I think we need to add some special ingredients. Could you get Sam to collect some straight out of the teenager, then we can experiment with making up a cream."

Sex Toys One night, with Amy and Lucy still fast asleep, Sam and Scarlet were desperate for some toast and marmalade. After licking the crumbs off Sam's tummy, Scarlet was more desperate for something hard between her legs.

Sam lifted up Scarlet and spread her legs over the rocking horse standing in pride of place in her playroom: "See those buttons? The green one turns on the vibrators in the saddle area."

Sam clambered up behind Scarlet, supporting both tiny breasts in one hand and grasping the tiny cock in her other hand. Scarlet rode hard, bouncing her tight arse up and down on the dildo attached to the saddle. Then Sam remembered the odd request from Dr James - she found the tiny tube, slipping it over the head of Scarlet's cock and switched on the pump. As soon as Scarlet started to cum, the pump milked her dry: human-DNA for her odd homeopathic experiments.

A few days later the two Doctors arrived at the farmhouse. Dr James handed a tube of jelly to Amy: "Here, baby, just rub this into your cuntal area, and wait for it to take effect."

Amy was out of her shorts in a flash, rubbed it all over horse-cock and down between her legs, almost into her arse: "Is that OK"? she smiled, eager to please. It began to sting. "Ooops, perhaps I shouldn't have used so much." Amy dropped onto her knees: "Please make it stop. It feels all wrong down there. What's happening to me?"

"Here, baby. Hop up on this table, so we can take a proper look," replied Dr James, soothingly.

Sam, Lucy and Scarlet helped the twitching Amy up onto the table, holding her legs apart for the two Doctors to examine their curious cure. Sure enough the horse-cock was growing smaller, and just the hint of pussy lips were beginning to appear on Amy's super-smooth crotch.

"It's working," shouted Sam. "Look her cunt is coming back." She kissed Amy passionately. "Look baby, you're nearly a girl again."

The horse-cock was down to six inches, more like a giant clitoris - just like Scarlet's. Lucy explored Amy's brand new cunt with her fingers, then her tongue: "Baby, you taste fabulous. All sweet and sticky."

Celebrations Amy was over the moon having lost her horse-cock; she couldn't stop touching her new cunt - forcing it into each girl's face for a good licking.

Dr Michaels felt a bit of a spare part and popped out to fetch a gift.

Sam turned to Dr James, who was eagerly watching the four girls groping each other: "So your live-in lover is a Policewoman and you like being tied to trees?"

"How dare you Miss; that was a private conversation with your father..."

Sam laughed "No conversations are private in here - you were watching us. I bugged Dad's office some time ago. And yes before you ask - his bedroom too. We loved the sounds of him eating you out in the bathroom this morning." Sam stroked Dr James' thigh: "We don't have handcuffs handy, or a tree in here, but we do have the rocking horse. Come on over."

Sam pulled the reluctant doctor over to her favourite toy, easing her legs apart to straddle the beast.

Lucy wrapped the leather reins around Dr James wrists, tying her hands firmly around the horse's neck. Sam switched on the motors and the row of masturbators at one-inch intervals all down the horse's back burst into life. Numbers 17 to 20 detected the greatest resistance and emerged trying to press into soft flesh.

Sam lifted up the doctor's skirt. "What exactly have you got on under there? Oh; leather shorts! How original. Well, I think I can just reach the zip. Lift your arse up a bit." The zip opened and Dr James settled her crotch back onto the row of dildos.

"Dad made the rocking horse for my birthday; back then the vibrators just had numbers - 1 to 24 - all down his neck and along to his tail. He said they helped me learn to count. I used to rub my little crotch up and down his neck - it was all I could reach. Then when I hit puberty he re-programmed it so that the vibrators lifted up out of his back. They were labelled 'Cl', 'Cu' and 'Ar'. I thought they were chemical symbols - so for ages, I used my rub my clitoris against Chlorine, so that Copper expanded into my pussy. Then I finally figured out that 'Ar' wasn't Argon when it slid up my Arse. I kept on cumming and cumming - he just climbed up behind me - just like this and held my breasts as I climaxed."

"Huh - you mean the 'Cu' is for Cunt and the 'Ar' for Arse? I like the sound of this." Dr James settled her crotch into place and the Cu and Ar vibrators entered her body.

Dr Michaels returned, dressed as Santa with a sack of beautifully gift-wrapped presents.

Scarlet tore the tissue paper off her tiny child-sized double-ended dildo and carefully inserted one knobbly end: "Come here Amy, the other end has got your name on it."

Very slowly Amy lowered her brand new pussy onto the soft plastic until her giant clit clashed with Scarlet's. They twisted around to get their cunts properly aligned and held hands, pulling the soft cock deeper into their young bodies. They took turns being 'on top', thrusting the dildo in to its full depth, holding onto each other's buttocks in a desperate attempt not to climax first. Dr Michaels somewhat spoilt their game by sucking both their little cocks into his mouth, then jacking them off into a glass vial.

The End