

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Chloe wandered through the back yard of sorts, taking in her temporary new home. She would be house sitting for an old rancher, his wife had passed long ago, and they had had no children. His mother was very sick, and in her later years. Alone, he decided to go stay with her, her prognosis was about six months and he wanted to spend every minute of it with her. Getting on in years himself he had a great deal of land and a handful of free hang cattle, three chickens and a rooster and one Clydesdale stallion. It had been a gift to his wife years ago as a colt, and he was unable to part with it.

Chloe only had to sprinkle food for the chickens, feed the horse, and watch the house so it wasn't empty way out in the middle of nowhere. It was summer and balmy, extremely early morning when she arrived, the man left as soon as she arrived. She wandered into the barn, the sun was just beginning to rise in the horizon, casting the land in the beginning of grays. A slight cramping in her lower belly reminded her how long the plane flight had been and how much of a hurry she had been in. She desperately needed to pee but had know the rancher was desperate to get to his mother, so she had held it as long as she could.

She looked at the barn, five feet from her, and then to the house, thirty yards away. There was no one literally for miles and she would never make it into the house only to have to hunt for the bathroom. Grimacing she dashed into the barn, her eyes, already beginning to adjust to the slight lightening of the sky saw nothing in the itch black of the small confines. She flipped her skirt up and removed her panties, you can try and squat with the best of them but the chances of soiling our under were where unavoidable.

The stallion looked around the barn, surveying the area. The male he lived with had been agitated when he'd forked hay into his area, absently patting the stallion's nose as he left, forgetting to put him into his stall. The stallion wandered out, curious at the new smell, one he had not encountered in what seemed like forever. The smell of a female, his nostrils flared, his lip curling back to catch her scent, his cock was swelling, begging to drop out towards the ground.

The small female moved into the barn, hands out stretched as though she couldn't see all that well. Finally, she flipped up a bit of fabric circling her waist and hiding her pussy and wet sound filled the barn, the aroma filled the air, this female was ready for mounting. But as he tossed back his head and began to prance forward, tail held regally high she rose.

Chloe stood, hands on her hips, she felt a little naughty having peed in the open whether or not she was completely hidden and alone. She giggled, then sighed,, fluffing her shirt, it was already getting warm and the weather man had promised today would be the begging of a long heat wave. Might as well get as much hay down as possible. Heat rose and as the days dragged on the hay loft was only going to get worse and worse. She moved to the ladder silhouetted at the door and began to climb, oblivious to the nose not four inches from her behind, ecstasy on the stallions face as he watched her climb higher. She hauled herself into the small loft, looking at the stacked bales. Might as well toss down five, I can get more in the evening.

Chloe was barley five feet, maxing at a hundred pounds, she was curvy of course, but just a tiny thing at five three. She had blond hair, sun kissed but pilled up in a bun with the approaching heat, spring green eyes and slightly sun kissed tan to go with the beach bunny look. She didn't want to push down too many and have them spoil.

She braces herself to push one towards the open door, its tough work but she manages to maneuver it out and down. She takes off her heels, feeling ridiculous scrabbling for purchase in the pumps as

she pushed around hay bales. She successfully pushed out five, making relatively nice pile at the entrance to the barn. She looked back at two more that were conveniently placed in the middle of the room, it would be so easy to just get them out, she was already hot and dusty, might as well.

She heaved the sixth out the door, feeling her muscles screaming at the effort, these things were no light weights. She looked at the last, and braced herself behind it and heaved it slowly towards the light, the sky was beginning to be lightly tinged with a pink but it was still early dawn. Her strength waning she heaved at the bale. She gasped as she over calculated the distance and tumbled out with the bale. It all happened so fast she didn't even have a chance to scream, only to hope she landed on the hay.

The stallion pranced in circles around in the barn, head and tail held high as he listened to the small female scuffled about in the higher floor. He knew he was a prize at 15 hundred pounds, standing nearly nine feet high at the head and seven at the shoulders. He had a shiny black coat, a testament to his health a vitality, black mane and tail, black socks were most Clydesdales would have white, he was rare in his breed both color and over average height and weight. His thick black cock, four inches wide already hung two feet down, as dark as the rest of him. He knew the female would be unable to resist him.

Suddenly, in a flurry of motion, the female flies down from to the floor and lands in the bales of hay that had been falling. She lays sprawled over the mound, legs spread and fabric tossed up over her, exposing her pussy and ass. The stallion prances over, the female had capitulated, presenting herself to him. He breathed in her scent, his nose and lips moving over her pussy, his tongue licking around the soft skin and folds that smelled so wonderfully.

Finally, his cock fully expanded he heaved himself up over her, planting his hooves in the hay, not bothered by the location, as long as the female was open to breeding he wasn't going to complain. His cock slapped up against his belly, attempting to root for her entrance. His cock head, beginning to flare already finally touched silky wet skin, he froze and bore down. The spongy head began to force its way past the initial tightness, finally forcing it's way past the tight outer ring of muscles.

He kept pushing, no withdrawal, just a steady grind of his weight down into the woman. His cock made slow progress deeper into Chloe's pussy. Finally he reached her cervix, bottomed out, he snorted, unhappy with what little he'd managed to wedge into the female. His pre seminal fluid and the stirrings of lubrication from his female allowed him to withdraw, at first she rose with him, rising up off the hay before his cock began to finally move back from her, allowing him to hammer back in.

His cock head repeatedly bashed the back of her pussy as he crashed back and forth, mashing her into the hay as he fought to fit more into her. Her vaginal walls allowed a few inches more to enter as they stretched with the force of his thrusts. The stallion felt a small indentation at the back of the wall he was fighting; her cervix was beginning to dilate with the constant battering. Snorting angrily at being denied the stallion renewed his battering with renewed vigor.

Frustrated as he felt the end of his cock so close to more pussy he stopped thrusting and bore down. And in the face of an animal weighing as much as he did, her cervix gave. The head popped just into the small canal of her cervix, he snorted, tossing his head as she continued with his steady pressure. The head moved slowly through this restricting passage before it was able to expand. He'd forced his way into her womb, slowly pushing more into her he was able to finally fit all two and a half feet into her, his balls, the size of a cantaloupe each rested against the female's clit.

His cock began to swell, both the stalk and head, expanding to six inches around, with the head in her womb a full nine inches across, her belly clearly showing the path, the six inches around stalk of

his cock thirty inches into her with the massive swelling of his nine inch flared head. He tossed back his head, arching back as he released into her. If one were looking they could see the massive jets of cum shooting from the clearly outlined head and forcing the womb to expand under the pressure. Her womb continued to expand, swelling away from the swollen head, hiding it as she continued to grow as he continued to come. Neighing and whinnying, the stallion emptied his two balls and ten gallons of cum into his female.

With the head in her womb and the stalk forcing her cervix wide not a drop excited, forcing her to expand to hold it all instead. It looks as though she's swallowed a basket ball. The stallion moves to separate from the female but she moves back with him, his head is so flared it can't make it back out of her cervix. The stallion could care less, having finally gotten his rocks off. He prances away, the female hanging down from his cock, unable to slide so much as an inch back out of her.

The weight of the woman on the stallions cock arouses him again, blood pumping back into his barely softened cock, he tries to slap it back up against his stomach, but buried in the female she bounces instead. He tosses his head as she's held nearly horizontal on nothing but his cock. He arches back again, coming into her already stuffed womb and forcing it to expand more. He pranced around the yard, the female hanging from him; she's short enough to be safe from any stray hoof and bounces along with him.

The constant jerking on his cock aroused the stallion again, he comes, forcing her womb still bigger. His cock so engorged with blood continues to swell with each climax, a full seven inches across at the body and now ten at the flared head he can no longer expand, having hit three feet, all forced into his female. He trots out into the pastures where the cows are, he can smell them but doesn't care, he's interested in the freedom.

He takes off at a full run covering the open land in a rush of green. But the bouncing of the swollen woman arouses him once more, the added weight of his cum making her weigh heavily on his cock head. He humps the air with the woman on his cock, emptying his balls into her again. She now looks a full nine months pregnant, her shirt forced up under her breasts, her skirt band below the swollen mound of her belly.

He finds a small watering hole frequented by the cows in the pasture he drinks his fill to replenish his sperm. The jostling wakes up his cock further, he humps the air madly, jerking the female around before he came again, forcing yet more into her already over stuffed womb. He trots off, each step jostling the woman and engorging his cock further, he came repeatedly, staying near the water to replenish. The woman had to have a hundred pounds of sperm in her womb by now, sloshing as the stallion would hump the air non-stop. His cock would jerk up towards his body, and jerking the woman with it her head smacked his rib cage with enough force to make sure she stayed under.

The sun rose high, but the stallion cared not as he ran the open land pausing every so often to hump his female, desperately rutting in the air as he continued to pump gallon after gallon in to the small female. Tiring the stallion headed back towards his stable as it began to grow darker, he's run and fucked from sun up to sun down.

The female weighed heavily on him now, every few feet or so he would have to stop and cum. His head was lowered as he finally made it to the stable. He was exhausted after his day, and excited for the next with his female. He paused one last time outside the barn doors, coming in a final rush. The woman began to slip down his cock, her new weight finally enough to force her down his huge cock and to the floor, her belly is so swollen it hits first, she rests on it and her knees, head flat to the ground as it swells out to the sides of her with its load.

Her cervix struggles back shut, after the abuse of the day but traps every drop of sperm within its vault. Her pussy sits wide open, gaping after the load it was given, the stallion's cock hangs limp, three feet long, nearly a foot across at the stalk and twelve inches at the flared head. Shaking his mane out he licks one last time at her pussy before he moves to his stall, looking forward to a good night's rest.

Blinking, Chloe slowly opened her eyes, it was starting to lighten. Her head hurt, as did her stomach and oddly enough her pussy. She remembered falling from the upper loft, she must not have been out long...a snuffling sound drew her attention behind her. She struggled to move her head and froze. The biggest black horse she had ever seen stood behind her. And between his legs swelled the biggest cock she had ever seen. Suddenly he moves over her and crouches a bit, not wanting to startle it into running and trampling her she freezes. Something bumps her sore pussy but she holds still.

That is until whatever bumped her starts to bust into her pussy.

She shrieks as the stallion starts to hammer away, his cock is forced deep quickly and the jostling draws her attention down to her belly. She gasps at the ridiculously swollen belly she was resting on, she looked like she was nine months pregnant with triplets. It jiggled a bit as the stallion forces himself against her cervix, snorting and whinnying. There wasn't a thing she could do beyond risking fighting free and him trampling her, but with the size of her belly she would never make it free in any haste.

Amazingly as the stallion ruts and bashes her cervix she feels him stop and bare down. An intense pain made her gasp as she felt her flesh give beneath the massive male. Her cervix is forced open as the stallion slowly works himself into her womb, as though he's done it before, she looks at her belly and wonders how many times he's done it and what damage it's done. Finally she feels his huge balls resting against her and the horse shoots off into her. She feels the sperm already in her swim around at the force of his ejaculation.

Finally he's done and stands, but over night she's tightened back up and rises with him. Uncaring the stallion takes off with the now conscious woman on him. He stops just in the pasture and begins to hump wildly, swinging the female back and forth, before jetting more into her. Chloe gasps as he takes off again with her hanging from his cock, he would stop every so often to jerk wildly before jetting more into her grossly swollen abdomen.

Chloe rode it out in a state of shock. He stops again, jerking madly and coming again. She's heavy enough to feel herself being drawn down his monster cock to plop to the ground. Her belly is so big now with her head flat in the ground, her knees don't reach. The stallion prances around her, proud of his female. It's then she looks past him to see other stallions, cocks extended at the smell of sex in the air. Her eyes widen as the black stallion prances by and white and brown paint moves in. She holds herself very still, terrified of what could happen if they were startled. Instead it rises over her and hunches down, fitting its cock to her stretched pussy and forging into, it's not as big as the black male and begins hammering away, quickly forcing into her cervix before releasing.

The young male prances, only to be replaced by a white male, this one's wide but barely two feet long and had to hunch down even farther to hit his mark, he crashes through, fighting to fit all of himself in her, he hits her cervix and bashes into it, thrusting madly. Chloe is jerked back and forth as this monster hammers away into her, rougher than the others before it flares in her, he's thick enough to stick and as he rises he brings her with him. Tossing his head he trots in circles, stimulating himself again he releases another load and drops her to the floor.

A grey dappled male moved in, he didn't prance or make a sound as he nuzzled the back of her neck before he fit himself to her and forced his way in. As the others before him he forces his way past her cervix, the head swelling more and locking her to him, but he doesn't rise and carry her he stays as he is, never losing his rhythm as he continues to pump into her. He finally rises and slips free of her, moving back. Another male moves in and so on, Chloe loses count of the males and him many times that take her each.

The sun rose high and then crossed over to begin to set. Each male has been sated except for the big black one who returns. Her belly is so enlarged now she has to stand bent over, her belly nearly resting on the ground. The male moves behind her and finds her open hole with no problems. He thrusts forward, seeming to knock at the door of her cervix and as though it were trained it opens to his swollen head. He comes in a matter of minutes, sending the ocean of sperm in her swimming again. Her head hangs down as he starts up again and again, until his head is swollen to a foot across and takes off with her hanging below him.

He heads back to the barn, tired after another marvelous day. But with the constant sex both are overly swollen. Chloe's abused pussy is clenching tight, and the stallion's cock root now has a diameter of a ridiculous fourteen inches, his head an astounding sixteen inches across and he's hopeless stuck until the swelling of one or the other subsides. He moves around the yard, tired, but aroused.

A noise draws the attention of both. There in the yard stood a cowboy, he takes off his hat and slaps it against his leg, freeing it of dust as he approaches.

"Help..." Chloe gasps, her belly still swimming as the stallion came again.

The cowboy nods and turns to the house, opening the screen door and walking in. Chloe is crying now as the stallion tries to free himself. The cowboy moves beside the stallion, careful to avoid his feet and presses his two handfuls of ice to the exposed bit of cock and her pussy. She gasps in shock, the stallion renewing his jerking. The flaming swelling goes down enough for the stallion to free himself before finally jerking free. Chloe gasps in relief as she rests her weight down on her massive belly. The cowboy throws the ice down and grasps her shoulders, helping her to stumble over to the hay and then down on to her side.

"So you're the girl the old man got to watch his land," she nods, tears streaming, "I was out looking for my run away horse and saw you out in that field"

She begins to cry harder, "no, shhh," the cowboy soothes, "I know you're no intentional animal lover, this one here probably took you by surprise and dragged you out there. He got into your womb didn't he."

She nodded, "they all did, is there damage?"

He shakes his head, "nah, a horse cock is huge but a baby is bigger, you'll be sore but fine. The cum you've got in there is another story. See, that big grey stallion is mine, and I've never been able to get him to bred before, not so much as an erection. You got him to mount and come." He rested his hand on her belly, "Now, I can leave you to deal with this and deal with him on your own..."

"Please don't!"

"Or I can lock him up and help you with this, but I would need something in return," There was no smile to his voice and nothing lascivious in his gaze.

“What?” she asked knowing full well she would do just about anything.

“I want you to mate my grey and let me harvest his sperm from you. He’s worth a lot but he won’t perform, I’ll pay you as a stable hand and commission and no one needs to know about this or what exactly it is you do for me.”

She nods, anything was better than being fucked by the big black stallion and being drug around to be gang banged by a herd of horses.

He rises and corals the big male, expertly locking up the obstinate horse. He’s got a taste of your pussy and doesn’t want to let that go,” he chuckled as he strode back to me, he helped me to my feet and walked/carried me towards the open fields. I looked up to see the herd of horses standing there and froze.

“No, don’t tense up, I need to get you to my place to take care of this and pewter here can carry us both, the two of you need to be fast friends.” He lifted me up with little effort, and heaved up beside me. My swollen gut swelled obscenely before me as the cowboy helped support me in the saddle.

“My names Richard Neilson, but I want you to call me Richard, this is no place for formalities.”

“I’m Chloe,” I gasped a bit, the weight of my belly making it hard to breath.

“Hold on, we’re almost there,” he shifted me up higher, trying to shift my stomach off of my lungs. Finally, as it grew darker we reached his little ranch house. He slide off gracefully as I floundered around a bit and he caught me. The grey horse, pewter nuzzled up to my crotch and Richard froze before guiding me to bend over and stepping back.

I looked at him questioningly before I felt Pewter rise over me, his cock butting against me. Richard steps in slowly, and as Pewter snaps at him, tosses my skirt up and bares my lower body. The horse jerks forward, hitting his goal on the first shot and forces his way in. He quickly forces through my swollen flesh and buries himself deep, knocking against my cervix and entering.

“He’s in your cervix isn’t he?” Richard whispered from a good ten feet away, not wanting to startle Pewter.

“He’s... past it... in my womb... flaring,” I chocked off as he jetted into me, never stopping his motions as he continues to rock into me. I noticed Richard had left, going into his house. I sighed, knowing Pewter wouldn’t be done any time soon, the almost continual jet of his cum creating a typhoon in my womb, the cum spinning crazily.

His cock head was stuck in me, when all the other horses had been there I hadn’t been able to pay much attention to them as individuals. Now I saw he was as big as the black brute that started this, but his cock was shorter, but wider to start with, I didn’t want to know how much he could really swell. The screen door slammed closed as Richard approached us, hands full of ice as before.

Just like that Pewter pulled back from me, and I sagged, the added weight in my belly telling on my strength, the liquid still spinning crazily in me. Richard helped me up and into his barn off to the left of his home. He braced me against a wall as he went to clear a table, he came back and guided me to the empty table. He helped me onto it and lay me back.

“I’ll be right back,” he said as he led Pewter into his stall and then disappeared out the barn door.

I lay there, struggling to breath with the weight pressing down into my lungs.

Finally he appeared, brandishing an odd instrument, he gathered a stack of large containers, he held one up, "these are for collecting and freezing horse sperm," he held up the odd thing, "and this is a beer keg tap, I'm going to tap your keg," he grinned and slapped my belly, it jiggled with the semen trapped inside.

"That will really work?" I asked, seemed ridiculous, "and what will you do with it?"

"I'm a breeder, you had a herd of the best horse specimens I've ever seen fill you up, this stuff is gold honey."

I nodded and he flipped my skirt up, a few days ago that would have shocked me, now it didn't even phase me. I felt the cold metal of the tap moving into me, I was stretched wide enough to allow his hand to enter with it with little effort.

"Let me know if this hurts," he said, his head bent down as he tried to see, I jumped as the cold metal touched my cervix, he slid it smoothly right into my womb, he sat back grinning. He picked up the first container, like a thermos, and lifted the lever, immediately the white horse sperm flowed freely. When it was full, he turned off the tap, capped the thermos and got another. This went on for an hour, filling thirty six of the thermoses.

"That's it sweetheart, you're empty," he removed the tap and moved back.

I sat up, looking at my belly, it had amazingly snapped back to its original tautness. Looked at Richard, shocked by everything that had happened, he stacked all the thermoses in his deep freezer.

"You can stay here tonight, I have a guest room, and tomorrow we can begin harvesting Pewter."

"But you have so much, how will you store it all?"

He laughed, "I'll sell that as a mystery box type thing, something along those lines. I'll say the labels fell off and it could be one of those five. It'll be at a discount and will sell quickly. Pewter will be full price, which will sell quickly as well since I've never had him on the market before but will even out soon."

I nodded, swaying on my feet, he caught my arm and led me into the house, showing me the bathroom and my bed room and handed me an old shirt of his.

"To do this I need you to only fuck Pewter,"

"But I didn't..."

He held up his hand, "I know you didn't do it on purpose, but this has to be a pure sample, so you will stay with me at all times. I have people lined up for him already and they expect a high quality sample."

I nodded, and he left me to my shower. I scrubbed every inch of my skin, I knew I should be horrified by the events of the last few days and what I had agreed to do for Richard the cowboy. Oddly enough I wasn't, I sighed, toweling off and flopping into the bed.

A shadow fell over me, I blinked in the dark to see Richard standing over me stark naked. He was tall, over six feet, with dark brown hair that fell in a shaggy cut that only emphasized the fact he was a male, with dark eyes and sun roughed and darkened skin. His right hand was gripping his cock, stroking it as he looked down at me.



"I tried to leave you be, to give you a safe place and keep this business. But I can't get the image out of my head, and I can't leave you be."

I smiled, drowsy, but in welcome, he gripped the sheet and pulled it back from me. Crawling forward I looked up as he straddled me, his cock thick and large for a human.

"I know you're sore, sweetheart, we won't do it that way," I was thankful but also very confused. I knew it would be uncomfortable to do anything vaginally tonight, and I needed to recoup for tomorrow, but what other way?

He answered that by rolling me over onto my stomach, and with his hands at my hips he pulled me up and back, into the cradle of his body. It was then I noticed he'd been rubbing something onto his cock, not just his cock, it was lube and he liberally spread it over my anus, I felt the cool plastic of the nozzle burrow into my anus and the thick ooze as he squeezed it into me liberally. His thick fingers started, one, then two as he stretched me.

When he had four in comfortably he pulled back and the smooth crown of his cock hit the puckered flesh. He wasn't one for foreplay but then neither were the horses. He worked himself in slowly, gaining ground as he worked his way to the hilt. I felt my body expanding to take him with minimal discomfort. He worked into a hard and fast rhythm, pounding in and out, grunting as he crouched over me.

Finally I gasped, tensing and clenching as I came, lights flashing before my eyes as I felt his shout and the hard, hot pulse of his semen into my anal canal. He pulled back slowly as I slumped forward, ass in the air, my shoulders resting on the bed. He scooped me up and carried me into the bathroom where he cranked the shower on. I sighed as the warm water soaked into my tired muscles, leaning into his chest.

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I woke to an alarm going off, I cringed, burrowing into the bedding. The bed jostled and the horrible noise halted. Suddenly the day before came rushing back and I rolled over to look up into the smiling face of Richard.

"C'mon," he slapped my hip, "up you go." I sighed but sat up, stretching, feeling grossly over used muscles pulling. Walking was another matter all together, everything hurt and strained.

He came around the bed and it was then I noticed, in the light of day, that the closet stood open, and in it was men's clothing, "This is not a guest room."

He laughed, "Nope, but then again you're not a guest of that sort."

He helped me into the shower, getting in again. In no time we were downstairs in his kitchen, making breakfast together.

Before long he took my hand, "It's time."

I nodded, following behind as he lead me to the barn.

He opened the gate to Pewter's stall, the big grey horse came prancing out, head held high and cock already evident.

"What should I do?" I asked.

“What did you do the first time?”

“I fell from the hay loft window into the hay.” I warily watched the horse as he circled me.

Richard blinked, “Well let’s try not to repeat that. The other times though, when your belly was too big for you to escape, how did they mount you then?”

“I was bent over but standing,” as I acted it Pewter whinnied and moved up behind me.

“Well that does it,” Richard laughed.

I didn’t respond as Pewter’s pre cum jetted into my pussy as his spongy cock head fought its way past me pussy lips. He hammered his length into me, it had already begun to swell when he reached my cervix. Knocking on it, he forced his way in through it, slowly thrusting through the tightness until his head popped into my womb, there his head flared as he jetted into me.

“Jesus, when you’re not full, I can see the whole length and the flared head, even the jets he shoots into you,” his voice had awe, even admiration as he watched. Finally he shook himself and took Pewter’s lead.

“What’s going on?” I asked as my feet left the floor as Pewter stood up and followed Richard.

“I’m going to feed the animals, and head over to the old man’s place, feed his animals,” I’m going to let you two do your thing, but prevent him from taking you out into the pasture or the other horses getting to you.” He took off the bridle and back out, latching the lock on the swinging bars, “I’m going to lock him in here. I’ll be back in a few hours to check on the two of you, but I won’t tap you until tonight, I don’t want you needlessly sore.”

And with that he patted my ass through the bars and walked off. I watched him go, unable to be upset in any way. I mean, it sucked being left out here stuck on his horse’s cock, but it was sort of my job now...I suppose, as a ranch hand. And he did save me from the black horse.

I was jerked back to reality as Pewter started humping the air, an in effect jerking himself off with my weight.

As the day wore on he came again and again. But he wasn’t, I don’t know, crass about it. He was as gentle as a horse could be. With my constant stimulation he came repeatedly, sometimes with mere minutes between them. His balls seemed to produce more semen than the big black horse, his metabolic rate must have been through the roof. He drank gallon after gallon prompting me to direct him to allow me close enough to turn the faucet on. Directing a horse from beneath is a feat unto itself! Richard never came back as he said he would, I wasn’t too worried, Pewter was gentle and both of us had water, but before long both our stomachs were beginning to growl.

Finally the sun set and it began to cool. My stomach wasn’t as swollen as it had been the day before but I was still huge and I could feel Pewter’s cock getting huge in me; since he was already wider than the other horses he seemed to swell thicker faster, ten inches around with a foot wide cock head flare trapping him in my womb. Finally I saw Richard approaching from the far fields.

“Give me a minute and I’ll be right with you two,” he called as he ducked into the barn, he was back in a matter of minutes.

Pewter shied away from him, whinnying as he came again. Finally Richard caught his lead and directed him slowly into the barn where he had a cold pack waiting. He applied it to Pewter and I

was dropped from him in a matter of minutes. Had Richard not caught me I would have fallen to the floor, he carefully guided me and my beach ball belly to the table and stretched me out on it before moving to put up Pewter.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, kissing me, "A mare was foaling and things went south, we had to do an emergency c-section, and time got away from me."

"We've got to figure out a way I can get free on my own," at that his eyes went wide.

"Are you hurt?"

I laughed, "Oddly enough no, just obviously sore. Hungry is the issue, both of us, you ever heard a horses stomach growl? Deafening."

A chocked laugh shot from him, "I imagine." He moved back and towards my feet, and at the cold touch of metal he worked the tap into me. "White gold," he quipped as he began filling and labeling the thermos like containers.

Finally I was empty and he had seven new containers. He helped me up the stairs and into his room. We showered again, before he helped me into bed and curled around me. Both of us perfectly content.

*The End*