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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Gringa: *Noun, slang term (Usually disparaging or offensive), a foreign girl or woman in Spain or Latin America especially when of Caucasian origin; broadly, a non-Hispanic girl or woman — feminine form of gringo.*

My friend Don is a rather odd chap, or at least he was when we were in college together. He seems to have settled down now, at least outwardly. To his friends he can still be a bit, well, odd and occasionally, after we'd graduated, I (and other friends) got messages or pictures from him that were well, a bit different from what most people would expect! At college, he'd taken hedonism to the extreme. He held the Students' Union bar up most nights before staggering back to his room with whichever girl had accepted his blandishments. The following day, he always looked the worse for it, but that didn't seem to affect his academic performance. He was a runaway success with the women for some reason and it was always the prettiest and most intelligent of them who appeared on his arm or in his bed; moaning their way to their orgasm and keeping the other residents from their sleep.

I don't think Don was an exhibitionist, at least, in the accepted sense, but he didn't seem to have a problem with getting caught doing the great deed with whichever woman he was with at the time. Nor was he averse to sharing the photos which his various conquests had been persuaded to allow him to take. Every so often there would be a point of view picture of some dolly taking his dick or sucking his cock, or just naked and teasing the cameraman. I never knew why he did that, he just did. It wasn't really as if he was trying to say 'look how lucky I've been'; we all knew that!

Rather against the odds Don was snapped up on graduation by a large multinational and put to work on their management recruitment scheme. By all the evidence, he settled down and knuckled down to the work. Within a couple of years, I got—rather to my surprise—an invitation to his wedding.

The bride, Jennifer, was (and is) a rather hot blonde. She was about five foot six, collar length hair, and a rather generous pair of titties (38Ds I found out later) which were showcased by the plunging neckline of a daringly cut (and dazzlingly expensive) white wedding dress. And the accent!

Did I mention that she had a soft American accent betraying her origins as being in one of the southern states of the USA? I found later that she'd graduated from the US university known universally as 'Ole Miss' and was a fellow graduate trainee with Don's company, who he'd met while she was on attachment to the London office. It had been a whirlwind romance.

A few weeks after the wedding I found out rather more about Jennifer than she'd probably want and all by accident. I was surfing the net one evening looking at the girly pictures and stumbled across some images of a girl who looked very familiar. It was something about her eyes and the way her hair fell. The girl lay on a rumpled bed looking right down the lens at the cameraman, legs akimbo with a huge dildo stretching her pussy into a wide, red, ring which gripped the black plastic. Other images showed more of her.

The girl was a generously-stacked blonde with great legs and ass. Generous tits with big stubby nips were set in generously sized pink areolae and meaty pussy lips nestled below a neatly trimmed bush. She looked familiar; very familiar. I read the note which the poster had left on the gallery and, to cut a long story short, it was Jennifer and the images were a revenge porn posting by her now ex-boyfriend who she'd parted with on engagement with Don.

Eighteen months or so after Don and Jennifer's wedding I found myself in the southern US, close to the Mexican border, attending a six month specialist course sponsored by my employer; another multinational. It so happened that Don and Jennifer were in the States themselves and on a road trip vacation in the southwest. Inevitably, their route took them close to where I was studying and they decided, on my invitation, to take a break with me.

One evening, over a few drinks, we agreed to go over the border the following day as Jennifer wanted to do a little bargain shopping. I'd already been over, of course, and agreed to go as a guide. I didn't have any lectures or other commitments that day.

The following morning, Jennifer turned out dressed in a short blue polka-dot sundress with strappy heels and a white hat with a huge brim. It was fairly obvious that she was braless below the dress due to the natural movement of her bust as she walked and the thrust of her nips against the thin fabric.

I knew the area from previous visits and where Jennifer was likely to attract the most attention, especially in view of the way she'd chosen to dress, and I resolved to keep her to the main shopping streets. The plan worked admirably and, after a little bargain hunting I suggested a local café which I'd used before to get out of the heat and get some lunch.

Not only could Jennifer eat, she could drink too, so by the time we emerged into the late-afternoon sunlight, she was somewhat sloppy and giggly. As we strolled through an outdoor market, Jennifer stopped to look at a stall. Neither Don nor I realised, and wandered on, oblivious to her absence.

I found out later what had happened. Trying to find us and with her senses dulled by the tequila she'd downed over lunch, Jennifer had wandered too far down one of the side streets and into one of the districts I'd been trying to keep her away from.

A gang of Hispanic teen boys had surrounded her and, realising her helpless state, one thing had led to another before they dragged her into an adjacent dilapidated warehouse from which much ribald noise already emanated. Inside the large open space that was the warehouse's ground floor was an elevated stage surrounded on three sides by bleachers on which lolled leering men and teen boys. They were mainly local Hispanics, but with a leavening of American and European tourists who'd wandered in for the show.

Jennifer was unceremoniously pushed up on stage and restrained by two of the bigger boys who stroked her ass under her rucked-up skirt before a third ripped her dress off leaving her in only her white satin bikini briefs and heels. The outline of her bush and fat camel toe were clearly visible through the thin, clinging satin.

Jennifer struggled and writhed against her captors as the boy thrust his hand down the front of her knickers and lewdly fingered her slit to the cheers of the audience. Poor Jennifer was totally degraded but was unable to keep her hot twat from juicing at the boy's attention. Despite her shame, her clitty swelled and she could feel her pussy drooling juice, quickly wetting her gusset. The other boys were now playing with her meaty nips which began to redden and swell, and rolled her fat titties beneath their hot palms. They no longer really needed to restrain her as she lolled against them, her body betraying her growing arousal.

Soon Jennifer's hips were bucking involuntarily against the boy's fat finger as it plunged in and out of her hot moistness and she struggled not to degrade herself even more by cumming on his hand. But giving her an orgasm was not his intention and, as she neared her climax, he pulled his hand away. Unbeknownst to Jennifer, a Hispanic girl in a small bikini strolled onto the stage behind her

leading a big German shepherd. Jennifer was aghast when the animal suddenly appeared beside her and began sniffing at her drooling crotch!

The crowd shouted its approval as the boys forced the now struggling woman's legs wide apart to allow the excited dog to shove its snout between her tanned thighs. Jennifer wailed and pleaded with them to let her go, but they only held her firmly in place as the dog began lapping at her soggy panty crotch. Gradually her struggles weakened as the dog's raspy tongue slathered her panty covered pussy with dog saliva.

With the audience now shouting its approval, the Hispanic girl hauled the dog away as the boys hustled Jennifer off stage to prepare her for what was to come.

Don and I discovered Jennifer's absence on reaching the end of the street. We waited ten minutes for her to catch up with us before strolling back through the market as far as the café where we'd lunched. Don then tried calling her mobile phone, but with no success. We agreed to separate and check the area afresh to see if we could find her.

I knew the area from previous visits and where Jennifer was likely to attract the most attention and so get into the most trouble. I decided in the absence of any other ideas that it was for the best if I checked those areas first.

It was early evening when shouts and catcalls from the old warehouse where I'd watched a few bestiality shows in the past drew my attention. I'd been walking and searching for some time and I was footsore and weary. I'd spoken to Don several times on his mobile and Jennifer still hadn't turned up. I decided that I'd check out the show; just in case.

I paid the entry fee and stepped through the rough hessian curtain onto the main warehouse floor, which was set up with a lighted stage and bleacher seats on three sides. Mariachi music blared as an accompaniment as a young, and pregnant, Latino girl gave a blowjob on stage to a large mixed-breed dog. Every so often she'd pause in the task at hand to shout responses to the watching audience's shouts of encouragement. After a while, she lazily sat up and unfastened her bikini top, allowing her dark tipped nubs to sniff the air. As the dog licked its own cock, she rose unhurriedly to her feet and shucked off her bikini briefs before falling to her knees, ass up and tits rubbing the stage, before the dog.

The animal, clearly well-trained in mating with human bitches and without the need for encouragement rose above her, and easily fond its target. The dog bent its back to its task, soundly fucking the now wriggling Latina for what seemed like an eternity but was probably no more than five minutes. The dog didn't attempt to knot and, when it pulled out its still engorged red cock was followed by a thick stream of spunk.

The Latina rose to her feet and acknowledging the cheers of her audience, gathered her scattered clothing and accompanied her canine lover through a hessian-curtained opening to the side of the auditorium.

I joined many of the other men at a rudimentary bar and bought myself an overpriced Mexican beer.

As I settled back onto the rough bench, the announcer called out in Spanish. My grasp of the language was just enough to understand him to say, "Tonight a special amateur treat for you all from the United States. A Gringa whore will give her first performance for us."

I'd heard of amateur performances happening at these places in the past. Sometimes it was American college girls on Spring Break who'd always wanted to try an animal and satisfied their fantasy on stage to the cheers of an audience. Sometimes (and more sinister) it was a Gringa who'd been kidnapped from the streets, drugged, and made to perform.

As the mariachi music restarted, two young Mexican girls led a stumbling Gringa blonde on stage. As I feared, it was Jennifer, stripped down to her satin knickers and heels; tits swinging lewdly either side of her chest as she stumbled along between her escorts, and not able to focus on where she was or what was happening.

"Look at the melons on that puta," exclaimed a Hispanic man sitting near me eyeing the woman's wobbling tits.

To my deepest surprise, the woman was Jennifer.

"It's her concha I'm interested in seeing... Well-filled," muttered another, his hand already thrust shamelessly down the front of his loosely fitting trousers to masturbate.

The trio stopped mid stage and Jennifer was turned to face the baying audience; the two girls were holding her up, steadying her, as a third girl led a huge German shepherd onstage and up to Jennifer's crotch. The dog's big red cock already protruded from its furry sheath and bobbed obscenely between its rear legs as it moved.

The Mexican girl ripped Jennifer's panties off, exposing her bushy pussy to the dog and the audience. The dog had her scent already and began lapping at her pussy with its rough tongue. The young American still couldn't figure out what was happening, but shuffled her thighs apart to give the dog better access to her already wet and excited twat.

Now, you may be wondering why I stayed in my seat as my best friend's wife, and the woman I'd come to find, was paraded naked on stage and set up to be fucked by a dog, and why I didn't go flying to the rescue. It's quite simple really. The audience was a big one and it wanted a Gringa show. They weren't going to stand for any interference from anyone or for any reason. Also, this was the lawless end of town and the staff, such as they were; all carried rather large machetes in order to deter interference. It wasn't unknown for badly damaged bodies, or just body parts, to turn up here or there. All in all the best I could do was sit tight and hope to get Jennifer out of there as unscathed as I could. In the meantime, and since Jennifer wasn't unattractive, I settled back to enjoy the show with the rest of the audience.

Under the bright spotlights everyone could see Jennifer's crotch shining with dog spit and pussy juice. Her engorged red clitty, protruding from its sheath like a little cock above her red slit, was prominent as she thrust her hips forward to encourage the dog to lick her to orgasm. She was obviously out of this world with whatever drugs she'd been given on top of her lunchtime booze to know what was happening to her; but that didn't stop her body from responding enthusiastically to the dog's enthusiastic ministrations.

After a few minutes the Mexican girls' guided her onto her belly, ass upwards, across a padded bench before fastening her widespread legs to a frame which topped the bench and in a position that left her pussy totally exposed to the dog and the audience. The dog's enthusiastic lapping had Jennifer on the edge of cumming when the girls pulled him off her. Now she whined in frustration at the orgasm promised, but denied, and those in the crowd that understood English heard her shamelessly begging to be allowed to cum.

The dog was well-trained and waited patiently for the instruction to mount the human bitch,

although it continued to whine excitedly. On command the dog leapt on the prone woman's back and mounted her, his bright red hard-on poking at her crotch, stabbing wildly into her blonde bush searching for the hole but missing its target. Even from where I sat I could hear Jennifer cry out for someone to help the animal get it in! Some in the audience had their mobile phones out to video recording the Gringa's humiliation. One of the Mexican girls reached down and guided the engorged doggy-prick between the blonde's drooling snatch lips.

As soon as the dog felt the heat of her twat he thrust his loins forward, driving his hard cock right between Jennifer's slippery labia! The blonde's mouth formed a silent 'Ooohhh' as the animal's prick rammed deep up her needy pussy.

The crowd seemed to pulsate. Grunts, groans and swearing poured from the men as they swayed dizzily on their feet, some playing openly with their hard cocks. Their eyes caressed the naked woman as they watched her squirm under the humping dog.

A voice with an English-accent shouted, "Fuck her... Give it to her... Screw the arse off her!"

And words uttered in the same lustful tones came in Spanish from the Mexicans. The dog responded as if it understood the encouragement by growling, clawing, then ramming harder and faster. His furry loins hammered against Jennifer's ass, his prick a blur as it pistoned in and out.

The mostly Hispanic crowd was clapping and cheering now, anxious to see this American woman becoming a bitch to this big dog. Jennifer did not disappoint. Confused and drugged, but still hopelessly horny and desperate to cum, her hips pushed back against the dog's thrusts. Her grunts and moans of pleasure were loud enough to be heard over the crowd's shouted encouragement. Now the big dog really pounded Jennifer's claspings pussy. Its ears flat against its skull and lips drawn back in a parody of a smile as it furiously humped the woman who twisted and writhed below its furry loins. Her sweaty body wiggled and shook as if she was having convulsions. Suddenly Jennifer wailed loudly, her body quivering, as the first orgasm overwhelmed her.

"God, look at that dirty bitch go!" I heard a man with an American accent exclaim.

"Dirty bitch, or not, I'd still like to fuck her myself," answered his companion.

Many in the audience crowded closer eager to see if the suffering Gringa twat could take the doggy's fat knot. In her orgasmic frenzy, Jennifer worked her pussy back hard against the still humping animal as it jack-hammered forwards. Then it slid in, the fat swollen knot popped in past Jennifer's cock stretched pussy lips and locked the dog and woman together! Almost immediately the animal stopped thrusting and began to try to throw its rear leg over Jennifer's back so that it could rest rump-to-rump with the woman as it ejaculated deep into her womb.

However, something else happened too. The club owner, experienced in such things, had dosed Jennifer with enough of the drug to make her confused and easily managed for a while but not through her entire performance. He knew that having the Gringa regain her senses onstage, and realizing her humiliation in performing with an animal and in front of an audience makes for a much more memorable show. That's just what happened now.

Jennifer slowly became aware of her situation and circumstances and began pleading and wailing for someone, anyone, to help her, and make the dog stop. But then her body betrayed her and another powerful orgasm ripped through her dog-stuffed crotch as she felt the hot cum splash her innards. Jets of hot wetness flooded her stretched Yankee pussy and Jennifer dimly realized that the dog was emptying his furry balls in her once-proud pussy.

One of the watching Mexicans stepped close to the bench and said in good, if accented English, "Relax, gringo puta, the dog has tied its knot's in your filthy Yankee concha, and it'll not come out for an hour!"

With those words of cold comfort the Hispanic faded back into the crowd. Despite being aware of her degrading situation, Jennifer couldn't deny the pleasure the doggy cock was wringing from her well-stuffed twat. Flushed with shame and humiliation, she kept begging someone, anyone, to make the dog stop. But at the same time, the animal's fat knot worked her stuffed snatch into a series of pussy-clenching orgasms that left the helpless woman flopping around on the bench like a hooked fish.

"N-No! Oh my Gawd... Nooooooooooooo!" She wailed. "He's cumming... He's cumming in my pussy!" Her sweaty face flushed bright red, and the tears streamed down her cheeks.

The flood of dog jizz ignited another strong climax between her spread thighs. The poor shamed American's body jerked around like a slutty sex puppet until the dog finished and its cock popped out of her lewdly slimed snatch.

As Jennifer's dog show continued, word of the Gringa's unwilling participation had spread and the audience had grown as more and more men paid their entry fee and took their places on the bleachers to watch the Yankee defiled and publicly humiliated by the pistoning dog cock. Those that couldn't get seats packed the aisles and leant on the walls, their avid eyes watching every move. Now, the nearly packed house cheered wildly at the woman's embarrassment and humiliation as she sagged weakly across the bench. Legs still held wide by the straps, and her crimson pussy lips gaping open with drools of dog cum hanging from her twat.

One of the Mexican girls stood nearby, as if waiting for a signal or something. At the back of what was left of her mind, Jennifer believed she'd been degraded and humiliated enough and that she'd now be allowed to leave. Instead of freeing her the waiting Latina pulled on a lever and then rotated the bench like a barbecue spit.

Whereas before Jennifer had been on her belly; she was now on her back, legs still widely splayed and lewdly displaying her doggy-jizzed snatch for the entire audience. Rivulets of spunk still dripped from her gash and puddled on the floor below her! She closed her eyes in shame, the tears running down her cheeks as she could feel the doggy fuck juice running out of her twat and dribbling over her ass cheeks. These perverted people had already forced her to mate with a dog. What more could they do to her?

A sharp sting on her ass made her open her eyes. The Mexican girl had just injected something in Jennifer's butt and already warmth was spreading through her crotch and belly. Her eyes glazed over once more, and the room spun lazily as she struggled to focus on what was happening. The crowd had suddenly started clapping and cheering once more. Something big and furry clomped onto the stage led by a second young Mexican girl. *Oh my God*, I thought. *It's a fucking donkey!*

Actually, it was a Burro, the miniature breed of donkey common in Latin America and a small one at that, but the distinction meant little to the drugged woman. The Burro was swiftly tethered to some adjacent rings on the stage floor. Jennifer's beast bench had small wheels that locked to hold it in place, or as now, unlocked so it—and its helpless cargo—could be rolled under the Burro's hindquarters. Jennifer called out to the crowd in a confused babble. To the audience nearest her, she almost seemed to be begging to take the beast's huge cock! Although I expect the opposite was true.

The Burro had been well-trained in mating with human females. He recognized the scent of her over-

heated pussy and his long cock rod already extended from its sheath and stood rock hard under his belly, nearly level with Jennifer's juice-slicked and stretched snatch. Despite its small size, the stallion was generously endowed with a thick, eighteen-inch long, prick. A thick string of slime dripped lazily from the flared tip of its cock into the helpless woman's pussy bush.

One of the girls reached beneath the Burro's belly between Jennifer's widespread thighs and spread her meaty pussy lips apart before guiding the fat tip of the animal's dripping cockhead into the helpless woman's pussy gash. Feeling the heat and wetness, the Burro thrust his haunches forward, splitting the blonde's labia and driving the head of his cock a few inches into her slimy pussy-tunnel!

Jennifer struggled to clamp down with her strained pussy muscles, to keep more of the beast's thick cock from penetrating any deeper into her aching twat. But the drugs the Mexicans had given her made it difficult to concentrate. And to confuse things further yet, her snatch was still in-heat from the doggy fucking she'd just received. Her clitty was swollen fat, and throbbing, still needing more cock! Then, with a snort, the Burro thrust against her, cramming a few more hot, hard, inches into her clenching pussy canal.

"OH... MY... GOD!" She howled as the muscular animal thrust again, brutally stretched her vagina to drive further up into her aching Gringa twat!

In an odd twist of circumstance, the slimy doses of doggy jizz still coating her twat were acting as a lubricant, making it easier for the Burro's prick to slide slightly in and out, forcing its way deeper into her snatch! Her fat, erect, clitoris were mashed against the dark meat of the animal's shaft. The Burro simply by shuffling its hooves made the Gringa rock back and forth enough to excite her needy pussy against her drug-fogged will.

"Oh God... Noooo" she shouted as she tried to ignore the mounting pleasure between her spread legs. "Nnnnaaaaaahhhh," she suddenly wailed.

Gushes of pussy juice flooded her snatch, further lubing the Burro's strokes as what looked a huge orgasm rippled through her body making her shake and quiver all over. More Burro-meat wedged into her pussy, forcing the pink pussy flesh to stretch painfully. The crowd was clapping and cheering enthusiastically now avidly watching the blonde Gringa's twat swallowing more of the animal's huge cock and enjoying her shame and humiliation. The bitch was cumming helplessly on Burro's dick; unable to control herself or deny her perverted need.

"Yeah!" Called an American-accented voice over the clamour. "Fuck her! Ream her pussy out, yeah!"

The assembled men roared their own encouragement to the labouring Burro in response.

Poor Jennifer had never felt so full down there in her life. The Burro's cock was way deeper inside her pussy than any human penis had ever penetrated. The Burro's heavy haunches thrust forwards its powerful muscles clenched; driving its engorged cock deeper and deeper into Jennifer's defenceless quim. The Burro began to fuck her in earnest and Jennifer abandoned herself to the moment and met his fuck-strokes with equal gusto. Thrusting her pelvis at the Burro as his wide, long cock plunged into her.

I edged up closer to the stage now and got my mobile phone camera out too, like most others in the audience. No one else knew that the Burro-stuffed blonde is my best mate's wife but me, of course. Like the others, I was now as excited and anxious to see Jennifer take as much beast dick as possible up her snatch which formed a strained, white, oval around the black meat of the Burro's cock.

Jennifer's face was now a mask of pure lust. This was no play-acting—it was obvious that the girl was

enjoying getting fucked by the Burro despite her earlier pleas for help. Her fat pussy lips were stretched snug around the Burro's shaft, pussy juice and dog jizz dripping down between her ass cheeks. Her titties bounced wildly to and fro, the nips darkly engorged and a red orgasmic flush spreading at her throat. The animal was thrusting at her, instinctively trying to bury more of his cock up her vagina. But the drugged blonde couldn't focus, and she was being bounced back and forth like a slutty sex-puppet.

As the donkey thrust between Jennifer's parted thighs, and she thrashed under the onslaught, I took pics and video too. I was thinking I might be able to use it once back home to get some 'cooperation' from her in exchange for keeping this, and particularly her orgasmic reaction, confidential.

The Mexican club owner said something to a couple of the young Hispanic girls at the edge of the stage and they moved to untie Jennifer's legs from the sex saddle. *Surely the show can't be over already* I wondered? Nope, nothing that easy for poor Jen. The girls each grabbed an ankle and pulled up and apart, spreading the Gringa's legs like a wishbone. One girl passed the strap, still bound around the American woman's ankle, over the Burro's broad back to the other girl who wrapped it securely around Jennifer's other ankle. Jennifer's shoulders were still supported on the bench, but her ass were hanging freely now under the animal's belly and her pussy is still stuffed full with Burro meat.

Together the Latino girls began to rock Jennifer's pelvis back and forth, swinging her midsection rhythmically to and fro like a pendulum. The blonde was still too drugged up and confused to realize what was happening, understanding only that each swing back against the animal's cock forced his fuck-shaft deeper and deeper into her juicy twat, then drew her pussy lips back as she was rocked the other way.

The friction of the Burro's massive fuck-rod dragging across Jennifer's fat clitty was driving her wild. The audience could see gushes of twat sauce squirting lewdly from between her fluttering snatch lips, lubricating the Burro dick so it slid more easily, deeper, harder and faster into the Gringa blonde's creaming fuck slot. Her thighs were clasped tight to the animal's furry sides and her heels drummed at the Burro's flanks.

The girls were now working Jennifer's pelvis back and forth as hard and fast as they could. Sweat dripped off Jennifer's helpless body as the Mexican teens punished her Gringa twat with the beast's club-like cock. The audience could hear the wet, squishy sounds as the huge organ fucked in and out of the American's pussy and the wails and groans of the young woman forced into pleasure against her will. I couldn't take my eyes off the scene on the stage as my friend's wife writhed in ecstasy, her pussy stretched and full with donkey cock.

The drugs were again wearing off, leaving Jennifer at first confused and gradually aware of what was happening to her. The perverted, degrading shame, and humiliation of being beast fucked again in front of a larger audience who were recording her with cell phones. She started to cry.

"Oh God..." she pleaded to the crowd. "Won't somebody help me?"

However, helping her avoid more humiliation is not what the audience had in mind. We wanted to see how much punishment her proud Gringa pussy could absorb. So they only shouted encouragement to the young girls who responded by swinging Jennifer back and forth with even more gusto.

I had moved even closer toward the stage and was now near enough to watch her fat pussy lips fluttering back and forth in time to the rocking rhythm. They were hugely swollen now, red and

shiny with twat sauce. Her clitty had swollen obscenely, poking up between her labia like a small penis! Her crotch was coated with a slimy white goo; the mix of Burro pre-cum, doggy jizz and girl juice.

At first I worried she might recognise me and beg for help. But I quickly realised that she was long past being able to recognize anyone among the crowd. Her eyes were heavy-lidded and glazed, drool dripped from her slack mouth now and her blonde hair hung in dirty strings across her face. She was no longer able to form sentences, just grunting and babbling while the Burro cock reamed her snatch.

Jennifer mumbled some incomprehensible sentence, and after her eyes rolled back in her head and her sweaty body jiggled and convulsed like she's having a seizure. Her magnificent titties rolled and shook obscenely, coloured now by a faint redness which spoke to the genuineness of her sex response to the Burro's enthusiastic fucking. Her clenching pussy muscles worked against the Burro prick, finally milking it into release! Braying, his furry body trembling, the beast slammed its length home in the woman's belly as its coconut-sized testicles began pumping their greyish-white load up Jennifer's degraded pussy!

"Ohhhhh... No... No... He's cumming in me," she suddenly screamed!

The Mexican girl's relaxed their grip on her legs now letting her hang beneath the belly of the beast as her body helplessly accepted each thick spurt of equine seed full up her twat! Jennifer writhed beneath the thrusting animal as spurt after spurt of Burro slime flooded her insides. The girth of his penis acted much like a cork between Jen's widespread thighs and prevented it from dribbling out.

Each contraction of the Burro's massive balls sent another powerful stream of jizz into the quivering woman's stretched pussy. She jerked and spasmed mindlessly, arms and legs twitching as her vagina was pumped over-full with hot Burro seed. With nowhere to go, the seed backed up inside her pussy, jetting through her and filling her womb. I could see her lower abdomen swelling under the pressure, inflating like a balloon until she looked pregnant!

Finally, when even her womb could absorb no more, Burro cum forced its way out past her battered pussy lips, and sprayed lewdly all over her crotch, dripping with slimy strings onto the stage!

At last the Burro's balls seemed to have emptied, but still Jennifer twisted on the end of the animal's still engorged tool as she worked off the spasms of her own orgasm.

At a signal from the club owner, the two girls undid the straps holding Jennifer under the beast's furry belly and let her sag down onto the bench. With an obscene 'plop', the Burro's wilting knob slid free from Jennifer's stretched twat and swung loose between the animal's loins, its length slathered in cum and pussy juice. Jennifer looked barely conscious now and unable to move.

The girl's knew the routine and spread the blonde's legs lewdly along either side of the bench. Jennifer's stretched pussy gaped openly, sloppily drooling thick gobs of equine spunk. Dozens of flashes lit the stage as her humiliation was digitally captured by everyone with a mobile phone.

After a few minutes the two girls pulled the blonde up onto rubbery legs; holding her upright between them as quarts of Burro semen dripped from her twat! She seemed to be looking right at me but her eyes were unblinking and her expression completely blank as they hustled her off stage and through a roughly curtained opening. I followed several other men who doubtless knew what was to happen next and who wanted to watch, or participate in, the Gringa's further humiliation.

The rear area to which Jennifer was pulled was a further open area which, from the size of the outer

doors which were roughly draped with hessian, opened onto the rear loading dock. The side walls were lined with cage, stalls, and tanks; containing a selection of dogs of various breeds, reptiles and equine's of varying sizes. In the centre of the floor was a rough bench, which stood about waist high with what looked like a stock with holes for wrists and neck at one end.

Jennifer was roughly handled belly down onto the bench, her wrists and neck trapped by the stocks and legs roughly fastened widespread to the rear legs of the contraption. The two Latinas sauntered off, their job done, and their place was taken by a heavysset Hispanic girl who wore her hair in a ponytail and whom I'd seen on stage during a previous visit. Doubtless in order to emphasise her non-availability right now, she wore a non-too-clean oversized t-shirt cum dress over her bikini bottoms.

Together with an accompanying older Mexican man who carried a large machete at his belt, she herded the jostling men into a rough line and then began to take their money as they queued at whichever of the still helpless woman's orifices that took their fancy. Soon, Jennifer grunted, choked and spluttered as men humped her bucking, sore, body without consideration and pumped their pent-up loads into her throat, pussy and ass. Rivulets of spunk dripped from her chin and thighs, puddling on the floor below her.

I stood partially concealed by a pillar, biding my time. The men swarmed around the frame and its Gringa captive paying their money and taking their pleasure at whichever orifice suited them. The Latina stood to one side, taking the money and watching to see that none of the clamouring men did any damage that would prevent the Gringa continuing to earn money for them. The watching guard stood stolidly, legs braced apart, behind the Latina doubtless as much to protect the money as well as maintain a semblance of order among the jostling crowd.

As the men began to thin out, one of the bikini-clad performers—a petite brunette with near European features—sauntered to the cages and selected a large dog which she led out towards the performing area. A few minutes later, the calls of the crowd and loud mariachi music told of the start of a new performance on stage, and the few men who had remained to watch the Gringa's humiliation strolled off to watch the slender Latina perform with her chosen stud. A few moments later the last of the men finished with Jennifer and, stuffing his still dripping dick into his pants, hurried off towards the auditorium. As the curtain dropped behind him, the crowd shouted, doubtless in response to the dog show they were witnessing.

NOW, I thought!

I still play rugby for my local side as a prop. They're the big forwards who are expected to challenge for the ball and resist the same challenges from the opposing props. I'm big and I'm fast. I charged forwards, covering the few yards quickly from a standing start. The Latina had already unfastened Jennifer from the frame and she'd slumped to the floor. Something made the Latina look up. Her mouth opened as if to shout. I straight armed her sending her spinning away and into the frame. The guard was an older man, doubtless experienced, but inattentive now that the room had emptied and the threat of problems gone. He was slow, far too slow, to react. I shouldered him, throwing him to the floor.

I heard the thump as his head hit the concrete. The momentum of my charge carried me past the fallen man. I stopped as short as I could, danced back and—in a move that would have been banned from any sport for life—stamped down hard. I heard bones break and an anguished yell from the man, mercifully drowned out by the rowdy crowd in the adjacent room. I stepped forwards and whirled about to face the injured man, who was already pushing himself up one-handed, his face masked in blood.

I favour stout footwear and when travelling wear Veldschoen boots, a heavy-soled sturdy field boot of the style favoured by British Army officers during two world wars and beyond. I didn't hesitate and kicked him hard, as if scoring the winning goal in a Wembley cup final, right under the chin. His head snapped back with a nasty crack. I don't know if it was his neck, or jaw that made the cracking sound, but nevertheless teeth and blood flew and the man slumped forwards unconscious; his head making a dull thud as it hit the concrete.

I turned again to find the dazed Latina crawling in a circle that would end at the curtain to the auditorium. I didn't hesitate; this wasn't the time for niceties. I grasped her firmly by the ponytail and between her still slick thighs, then swung her head upwards into an adjacent pillar. Her forehead hit the unyielding concrete with an ominous thud and she went limp in my grip. I lowered the unconscious woman to her knees and, supporting her limp form as best I could, used my free hand to strip the oversized t-shirt off her before turning to Jennifer who sat looking dazed by the frame.

As I turned, I saw the folder into which the woman had been stuffing the bank notes which Jennifer's final performance had earned. *Why not*, I thought. *Jen might as well get something out of this*. I stuffed the folder into my pocket.

I quickly straightened the shirt so that it would go on easily and, without ceremony, fed Jennifer's arms into the armholes before forcing it over her head and down over her still heaving spunk-slimed titties to her hips. It wasn't easy getting the shirt on, it was like dressing an uncooperative baby as Jennifer was either trying to help or hadn't identified me as friendly and was trying to fight. On the other hand, as Jennifer was an adult, I could use the force on her that one wouldn't use on a baby for risk of causing injury.

At the back of my mind, I noted that her fat nips were engorged and dark red still, speaking to her genuine arousal at what had happened to her. With Jennifer part-dressed, I hoisted her to her feet and, with a quick tug, dragged the t-shirt hem down over her hips. As she toppled forwards, I rolled her over my shoulder into a fireman's carry.

The two Mexicans lay still and silent as I padded quickly towards the hessian-screened sunlit doorway to the loading dock and the relative safety of the street.

The End