

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



By border bar standards this place is a little cleaner than most, but the smell of alcohol, sweat and stimstix that hang in the air betray any pretence that the club is any less seedy than the lurid signs outside indicate. The promised “Best Sex Shows” in Kogalym did not come cheap, the bar prices are Ginza finest but the ambiance is distinctly Chiba gangland hideout. Ando nurses his warming bottle of Baltika and glances nervously around the small bar avoiding any direct eye contact before settling on the stage where some emaciated blonde with fake tits gyrates around a pole with little passion to her disinterested audience.

Getting in had been a chore, the doorman had to have been two and a half metres tall and seemed openly hostile to letting any clientele into the bar. His cheap cyber-arm sputtering occasionally as he ran Ando through a weapons scanner before sneering and pushing him over to a small window to pay the entry fee. The bouncer was probably a veteran of the Sino-Russian conflict as were many of the current residents of The Golden Cage, an over pompous name for hell-hole Ando found himself in. Since the conflict anyone of Oriental extraction was viewed with suspicion, even those helping rebuild the shattered communications network. Few here, on the former front line, seemed to care that Japan had supported the Russian Federation after China’s oil grab into Siberia. Ando’s company would fire him on the spot coming to a place like this and being alone would have seemed suicidal to his fellow employees. But this was not a place you could really take along your work colleagues, especially when the hoarding outside was advertising the star attraction as “A truly UNIQUE Dog and Pony Show”; it would have made for some rather awkward water-cooler conversation the following day.

Ando knew he was a pervert, not in any sort of dangerous way, just one driven by curiosity for the bizarre. His imagination fuelled since his early teens by Akihabara manga always sought out the strange and unusual. He felt it opened his eyes to a wider world, one of the reasons he would take on these harder assignments that many other salaryman would shy away from. It earned him a good wage, it would keep his family secure back home, when he eventually had one, and he would have a bright future in the company; but only if he made it out of this bar alive tonight. Ando knew the world would look at him as a freak for his curiosity, so it was better to keep his fantasy life and the real-world separate. However once he heard of this place and the unusual touring act, he knew he had to take some risks; better to have lived a short life hard doing what you dreamed, than to die old and unfulfilled. Life here was probably cheap, as only in a place like Kogalym could you find places like this. Only here was the law more concerned with weapons and drug trafficking to bother with some perverse acts in a well run club, especially when that club could double officer’s meagre wages to stay away and disinterested.

The bored looking blonde gymnast on stage is wrapping up her act by dropping her body onto a very large dildo whilst doing the splits before rolling backwards to let everyone take a closer look at it slowly slides out between pierced lips. Her well practiced moves seemed to be having some impact on her audience; Ando breathes more easily as this means fewer eyes would be directed at him. He takes a tepid swig and looks more closely at the small stage, barely large enough to hold a pole, the skinny woman and her discarded clothing. Suspicions grow in Ando’s mind as he realises it would be difficult to fit more than a very intimate couple on the stage, never mind a small horse. He sighs realising that he has probably wasted his time once again in some scam to hook in travellers and drunken soldiers to buy overpriced beer. May as well drain off the bottle and leave quietly during the finale of the next act before anyone gets drunk and accuses him of being Chinese.

A mild ripple of applause indicates her act had concluded as she steps through the threadbare drapes at the back of the stage, through the doorway hidden behind. The DJ suggests this may be a good time to get in another round of drinks before the main attraction. Even Ando’s top end

linguasoft chip has difficulty translating the heavily accented Russian, but in a place like this it is easy enough to fill in the blanks from the context; sex, drink, no touching. The rush to the bar allows Ando to move to a darker area of the club with a better view of the stage as well as closer proximity to the side exit to enact his escape plan. He can feel eyes following him as he does his best to blend into the plasteel walls in the shadows and swallow down his fear. Ando hopes his curiosity would not leave him with the same fate as the metaphorical cat.

Perhaps his linguasoft had mistranslated the sign outside, perhaps it read "See a pervert, Japanese engineer being slowly tortured to death by local war criminals LIVE on stage!" Ando shudders and chances a look around the club again; his would-be torturers seem to be losing interest in him now he had stopped moving. As people return to their seats with their plastiglasses full, the lights dim once again as the DJ introduces the star act of the evening.

"Welcome, my fellow filth fucks! Do we have something special for you here tonight! Rarely do we get to see such a rich mans toy playing to perverts like you in the filth and squalor of Kogalym, but for one performance only she will delight you with her unique dog and pony show. Ladies and gentlemen, fellow perverts, may I introduce the unbelievable Friel!"

The audience musters up a mildly impressive round of applause as a lone woman steps through the curtain and an industrial classic kicks up a notch through the sound system. From the quizzical stares it is obvious that many of the patrons are a little confused by her lone appearance, not a prop, dead or alive in evidence.

She is a skilled dancer, her body kicking to the relentless beat. She is impressive to behold, but certainly not what the audience is expecting. Friel is probably around two metres tall in her excessive heels, her pointed toes squeezed into shoes shaped like lacquered hooves. Her long, very shapely, pale legs lead up to a very short pleated white skirt resting on a delightfully shapely and substantial arse. A slim waist accentuates her voluptuous heart shaped bottom beautifully as her close knit white fabric top stretches hugely across a pair of ridiculously massive breasts, each about the size of her head and contained within an industrial sized bra clearly seen underneath the tortured fabric. She makes the previous dancer's curves seem positively natural. Her long, elegant neck holds a patent leather collar adorned with a single clear gem. Friel's face is captivating in its beauty; long, straight black hair cascading down her back, kept out of her face with a simple white headband, full lips glisten with scarlet lipstick, her pretty button nose allowing her large almond eyes to dominate her features, vibrant emeralds sparkling with intelligence, intensity and concentration.

Overall she is dressed like some white angelic schoolgirl created by the devil to tempt the unworthy. Certainly her every curve must have been created in the vats of a body shop, but rarely did they ever combine in such a perfect way. A raw sexual power burns off her every pore as her body moves gracefully to the music, a vision of pure lust made real.

Although she is not what the audience was expecting her absurd and exotic beauty holds off any immediate retaliation to the price of entry or drinks. Ando quickly assesses his escape plan once again in the event this brief moment of distraction erupts into trouble. However concentrating on anything but the woman on stage is almost impossible. He, like everyone else, stares in silence as Friel faces her back to the audience and bends over double with impossible flexibility and grace to look at her new fans upside-down from the side of her closed legs, her tiny skirt rising further up her beautiful rounded buttocks. With a quick flick of her hips the skirt lifts and settled over her back completely exposing the two moons of soft white flesh to the audience.

Friel raises her eyebrows in mock surprise, purses her lips and brings her finger to them; her

expression reminiscent of the classic Marilyn Munroe pose. Like Marilyn her “accidental” reveal had been very deliberate. She gives the audience a few moments to stare at her wonderful, shapely backside before running her hands up her legs. Straightening up a little, she places a hand on each cheek of her bottom, knowing it’s hypnotic effect on the audience. Her flawless skin and no underwear teasing the assemblage of what is to come and what lies between those cheeks; her legs, still clamped together, revealing little. Gently Friel caresses her own buttocks, her hand rubbing closer towards the crevice between her cheeks. Her long legs teetering on hoof-like shoes leading up to the large, round backside looks very much like the back end of a horse, all she would need is a tail to complete to illusion.

Her hand starts rubbing between her cheeks, caressing a little deeper each time, slowly disappearing between the rounded mounds. Friel’s eyes are closed, mind racing with erotic thoughts, getting into the right frame of mind, turning herself on. She always loves this bit; smiling to herself in anticipation, her lust rising, her heart pumping loudly in her ears as a shiver of goose bumps runs up her spine. Then it happens, the audience gasps in shock.

As Friel rubs deeper between her cheeks a squirt of liquid flies out and a muscle group no other human possesses flexes obscenely. Her backside briefly parts on it’s own revealing a gaping pink hole, a prominent clitoris at the base and a thick set of unfamiliar lips surrounding it. Ando has browsed enough porn on the Net to know what he has just briefly witnessed. Friel has a horse’s cunt where most people would have an anus. All thoughts of leaving this place disappear in that instant, even Ando’s hentai fuelled imagination had never anticipated this turn of events.

Friel moves her hands back to her cheeks now, to provide the audience with a better view, a shimmer of sweat highlighting her curves in the bright stage lighting, keeping her front in shadow, facing away from her audience. Her arse flexes again, like a landed fish gasping for air, her buttocks part to reveal their hidden treasure. This time the audience is prepared for the sight; a huge, quivering, fleshy slit mostly pink with a little mottling of browns and blacks, towards the base sits a large clitoris. As the labia part and wink at the audience the true magnitude of the organ is revealed; a 10 centimetre gash in her flesh, opening 3 centimetres wide revealing a deep wet tunnel dribbling a slick, syrupy liquid that moistens the whole area. A second or so later it closes again with a clearly audible squishing sound causing some of the liquid to squirt beyond the confines of the small stage onto a nearby table. This time the audience is silent, in awe or perhaps disgust of what they have seen. Ando looks on, his heart beating fast, instantly falling in lust with her body.

As her pussy winks again for the third time the audience can distinctly hear the in-rush of air as it fills the open void of her cunt. Then Friel, without any preparation or finesse, rams her clenched right hand into the hole, it seems to pass in without any friction whatsoever. She is obviously designed for larger lovers, probably hoofed. She works her hand deeper, but the way she is standing precludes anything more than her wrist passing inside. Pulling her saturated fist out, she uses both hands to hold open her winking arse-cunt demonstrating her capaciousness. Friel wiggles her backside in time with the music obviously relishing the revelation of her surprise package to the audience. A small river of juice running down her legs, Ando realises there is far more liquid running down her legs than is coming out of that cavernous vagina.

Bending forward further and slightly relaxing her stance the source of this liquid is revealed. Just in front of her clitoris another identical pussy nestles, sited where her normal vagina should be located, forced out between her legs as she doubles over, now aroused and winking out of time with the other. An awkward sideways blink of her two equine cunts nestling between her thighs, no gap between them. Her entire crotch area is a wet mass of sex organs, eager for a pair of huge horse cocks to pound her with unrelenting force.

This is almost too much for Ando, nothing could have prepared him for this.

Again swaying her arse in time with the music she allows the staccato winking of her pussies to create puddles on the stage floor whilst simultaneously spraying the front row of her audience with her intimate juices. The raw smell of mares in season briefly manages to overpower the background stink of the club. Holding her buttocks open Friel begins to stand up, chancing a look over her shoulder at her stunned audience. Gradually she lets her legs slide apart a little to provide a better view of her gasping cunts.

In a clear, powerful, well-educated English accent Friel speaks for the first time.

"What could fill me?"

She pauses for effect.

"Oh, I know!"

As her legs part further an ominous shadow can be seen through them; a long, dark shape approaching her knees. With a practiced move Friel spins on the spot, yanking her skirt off, tossing it towards a surprised audience member revealing her male side to all.

Nestled in her crotch is a large sheath with a partially flaccid horse's penis dangling from it, around 30 centimetres long and beginning to approach her knees. It is pale pink in colour, with a couple of large splotches of black down its length. Nestled behind it are a pair of fist sized testicles, held close to her body, skin stretched tightly over their veined contents, shining in the stage lights.

Again the audience are in shock, not sure whether to stay silent, clap, cheer or choke on their overpriced beer.

The penis between her legs is obviously equine in origin, and clearly from quite a large specimen. Still wrinkled up its length, the head a blunt wedge, it continues to slowly spill from the large sheath that nearly reaches from her crotch to her belly button. About halfway up its length can be seen a fold in the flesh where it thickens dramatically towards the base. It finally stops disgorging and starts to harden. Friel takes both hands and runs them up and down the length, a large heavy looking hose of flesh. The fine wrinkles beginning to smooth out and large veins start to become more prominent along its vast length as it began to rise. Well over half a metre long and now wet from the continued dripping from between her legs Friel rubs her own slick juices over its length as the head thickens and the monstrous appendage begins to reach full erection.

The cock is now pointing straight toward the audience; they can clearly see the urethral process prominent on the blunt head. Using her penis as a distraction Friel pulls off her woollen top revealing the huge bra beneath and she resumes coaxing her stallionhood to erection with her hands. They don't reach round the massive organ, her milking action behind the preputial ring looks like she is trying to push blood into the other half as the head further widens, now distinctly wider than the shaft below it. As she does so the whole organ rises up into the cleavage between her bra cups, almost level with the full red lips of her mouth. Friel licks her lips teasing the audience.

"Oh there you are! Where have you been? So tasty too!"

With that, she licks the tip of her own penis causing a final surge in its length and thickness, the head now clearly beginning to flare, a little spurt of liquid coming from the end. The thing must be around 75 centimetres long, its flesh shining lewdly in the stage lighting, veins and tendons clearly texturing the smooth, tight skin.

Friel opens her mouth, clearly unable to fit the whole tip in her jaw, but making a valiant attempt. Her arms are folded beneath her breasts, squeezing the penis between the vast cleavage as she thrusts with her hips mashing the head between her lips, leaving smears of scarlet lipstick over her glans. As she thrusts her churning balls push forward revealing the still winking labia of her front mare cunt whilst it dribbles its continued arousal down her long legs. A look of bliss can be seen across Friel's face, her eyes half lidded as she thrusts again into her mouth causing a big spurt of watery pre-ejaculate to eject across her face. The nipples on her breasts look prominent even under their heavy upholstery; it is obvious that her show is for her own benefit as well as her spectators.

The head of the enormous organ starts flattening further, becoming wider, all Friel can do is suck the textured edge as the mass of the rubbery glans just mashes into her face. Friel keeps pumping her hips forward again and again with increasing speed, each time her balls are thrown in the air her pussy is clearly visible, a small waterfall of lubrication tumbling down her thighs. The musk of her organs is now strong in the air; fully overpowering the stale smells of the bar. She starts grunting unable to hold back her lust any more; a stallion at full erection ready to spread his seed.

Her spectators are silent, the DJ has even turned down the music so everyone can hear her moans, muffled behind the gigantic cock head pounding her face, its flare half the size of her head. Ando wishes he was sitting down, his own raging erection tenting his trousers, his legs feeling wobbly and weak at this sight before him. How could such a creature of such total lust exist in this world?

With increasing intensity Friel tit-fucks herself, her entire being focussed on the cock she is embracing. These are not the delicate movements of a considerate lover, these are brutal thrusts of animalistic hunger, eager for final release. Her groans turn into moans, which in turn become high pitches whinnies of delight as the moment of release gets close. By now each thrust is resulting in a cascade of watery ejaculate soaking her face and hair.

Friel screams, the club collectively holds its breath.

She orgasms.

Each thrust now sprays a thick white cream into her mouth, over her face, on the stage and nearby spectators.

And orgasms.

Each thrust is accompanied by a pitiful moan of desire and release.

And orgasms.

Each thrust has her testicles pulling hard into her body, her enormous, rigid shaft, taugth and pulsing up its length as sperm is pumped up its full extent in ever decreasing quantities.

Finally it ends, leaving Friel covered in a slimy film of horse cum; panting and exhausted from her ordeal as the owner of such a ridiculously powerful organ, her master in matters of pleasure.

Her audience are all breathing hard probably considering how something like that would feel. From the look on Friel's face it is a punishing ordeal of self-gratification beyond anything a human would normally have to endure.

As the organ softens Friel loosens her grip under her breasts and it tumbles forward spattering the floor and tables in front of her with the remains of her greasy spunk. It falls heavily towards the ground, a thick rubbery tube coming to a rest just below her knees, hiding her testicles and vaginas

from view.

From under her ruined makeup Friel smiles at her audience. Although still out of breath she manages to muster a clear voice.

“Not a bad start... now what next?”

With her immense shaft still slowly retreating back towards her bulging sheath, Friel reaches behind her back and unhooks her bra. If anything her nipples are even more prominent now than before, squashed against the lacy fabric. Ando can't help but notice 2 large damp patches on the undersides of her breasts, well away from the cascade of sweat and cum that have swept down her body.

As she loosens her bra slowly, Friel starts swaying her hips once again in time to the music. With each swing her equine cock wallows back and forth between her legs, it is still some way off fully retracting and dribbles its remaining load between her thighs.

Shuffling her bra forward she raises her voice once again with a quizzical lilt to her refined English accent.

“Someone did promise you a dog and pony show, didn't they?”

With that Friel throws the vast garment to the side to reveal yet more surprises on her freakish body. Her nipples are not in fact nipples but rather truncated sheaths, now revealing their obscene contents. Out of each slowly stretching orifice is spilling the pointed tip of a bright scarlet cock head. With both hands she grasps her massive right globe and hefts it higher, presenting the emerging dog cock to her stunned viewers. Letting go of her immense breast it crashes back against her ribs and she smiles again as she begins to rub the tip of her right nipplecock coaxing it out further with each twirl of her fingers around its sensitive tip.

The sickly red penis continues to disgorge from its hideaway, still floppy and malleable. The nipple sheath bulges slightly and Friel's eyes widen briefly as a larger lump of flesh squeezes its way out some 10 centimetres behind the pointed tip. She grasps the alien cock behind this small lump and gently jerks it a few times gradually bringing it to a semi-rigid state before hefting her tit up using her spare hand to bring the organ to her mouth. She runs her tongue around the glans, teasing her own arousal and playing up to her jism drenched fans in the front row.

Friel hauls her unwieldy breast up a little further allowing her lips to close around the turgid appendage, sucking half of its length into her mouth and bringing it to full rigidity. It's a massive organ by human standards, some 20 centimetres from where she is grasping it behind the rapidly swelling knot to the tip being lovingly caressed by her mouth and tongue. Once startlingly red against her pale flesh its colour is changing as the erection begins to fully form, a white criss-cross of fine filaments giving it a more pinkish hue which accentuates the bluish veins just below the surface of the slick, shiny surface. Friel opens her lips letting the canine cock slip out partially and then forcefully jerks it a few times with her hand causing a fine stream of pre-cum to fire out the end into her greedy open mouth.

At least this organ is more practical to suck than the monstrous horse penis which is still slowly retreating into the sheath in her groin. Still well over 30 centimetres is dangling free between her legs as her body efficiently retracts the organ, a complex series of concertinaed folds allowing it slip back inside its velvet pouch. The cock is a marvel of nature, the once massive, blunt head now an oozing pointed tip slowly retreating neatly into itself to hide once again beneath her well designed clothes. When Friel came on stage no-one had thought to look very hard between her legs to see the telltale bulge in her skirt that could have indicated she was packing such a massive mare-fucker.

Ando's curiosity over the way the equine organ neatly packed itself away wanes as the bulging sheath pulls the last few centimetres home and he looks back up to Friel's face; straight into her startlingly green eyes. She is looking directly at him, a smile across her lips as an almost constant stream of watery ejaculate from the erect dog cock plays over her face. Friel winks at him and Ando almost dies of shock at the personal interest this creature of his dreams is paying him. Perhaps it is the way he is looking at her - he loves her. Friel is perfection personified in his mind, how could anyone else in the entire world compare to her. She had certainly noticed his interest and smiles again before continuing to pump her cock into her mouth, closing her lips around the length supporting her breast with only the inflated knot behind the main shaft.

Friel's other hand lowers and gently toys with a puffy orifice on the underside of the same breast. The source of the wet patches on her bra is now plainly evident; a fully formed bitch's vagina in a state of full arousal wetly glistening as she gently prods it with her digits, caressing the small clitoral nubbin and pushing gently into the folds of yet another sexual organ.

A few of her viewers are looking away shaking their heads, the spectacle even too much for their war hardened minds to comprehend. But the vast majority watch on dumbly, stuck between awe and morbid fascination at the continual revelations of her twisted body.

The cock in her other nipple is identical, but still scarlet and partially flaccid as it hangs out limply. Ando's brain reels; the fact that her body could be aroused in so many ways, each independently is mind boggling to comprehend. How long could she keep arousing and pleasuring herself in a cycle of orgasms? He loved her. He loved her with all his heart. Sex would feel so dull after witnessing this masterful feat of bioengineering. How is it possible to return to a normal life after observing this? But still he watched.

Finishing up diddling her dog cunt, her hands join, gripping tightly behind the engorged knot probably 7 to 8 centimetres wide by now. Squeezing tightly she uses it like a handle to start ramming the dog cock in and out of her mouth, her breast wildly bouncing like some over-filled water balloon. The finely stretched skin on the organ is so thin it looked like it would tear but it is stronger than it appears as Friel begins rapidly shoving it faster and deeper into her mouth sucking hard. Each thrust is now causing the knot to touch her lips before it is pulled almost all the way out with frenzied slurps. The penis continues its thin stream of pre-ejaculate causing her to keep swallowing or risk spluttering. By now her hands were a furious blur and her grunting has started again, release getting near.

Suddenly she moans loudly, her mouth opening, the dog cock briefly freed from its oral prison, now quite clearly ejaculating a thicker, cloudier liquid onto her lower face. Out of breath Friel again tries to push the erection back into her mouth but is having difficulty keeping it there with her laboured gasps and moaning. Trying to breath through her nose as the raging orgasm continues is obviously a hopeless task. Large air bubbles are forming out of her own jism under her nostrils as she tries to maintain the punishing tempo of thrusting, whilst sucking, whilst cuming.

Clearly trying to breath through her own juices is too much and she starts coughing uncontrollably as the orgasm subsides slowly. Finally regaining some composure she releases her death-grip behind the knot and lets the breast fall back against her chest, the cock sliding free from her mouth. Again Friel looks directly at Ando and smiles, thick ropes of sperm covering her mouth and dribbling off her chin. Slowly, lasciviously, she licks her lips and points at Ando, upturning her hand and beckoning him over with a curl of her manicured forefinger.

Ando is captivated, he does not remember moving but seconds later he is standing beside her. He is assaulted by an overpowering stench of animal sex, her near naked body drenched in seminal fluids.

She kisses him suddenly and deeply, her tongue entering his mouth without warning, a mix of horse and dog sperm smearing his face and throat.

She breaks off, an arm resting on his shoulder "Konbanwa, lover-san. Won't you help me? I am need of something long and hard inside me?"

Ando just stares. Still open mouthed. He is unable to say or do anything.

Reaching behind the curtain with her spare hand she pulls forward 2 long latex gloves, proffered by some hidden stage hand.

"Put these on."

Ando just reacts. Is it an order? A request? It does not matter. Whatever she wants, she will get. He pulls them up his arms. They are quite baggy, not some strange fetish wear but a pair of normal veterinary gloves that pass all the way up to his shoulder. Meanwhile Friel is beginning to finger the slowly swelling canine penis on her other breast.

"Do you understand me?" she asks

Ando just nods looking down at his latex clad arms than back up to her cum smeared angelic face.

"I want you to service me you like a pair of randy stallions, understand?"

Ando nods

"When I present myself to you shove those arms right up there. Don't be gentle. Then work them hard and deep. Don't worry you can't hurt me. Just satisfy me, lover-boy!"

Ando nods again.

"You ready?" she asks with a wink. Not waiting for an answer.

Ando's mind is awash with feelings and desire. More than anything in the world he wants to satisfy her. He wants to make her remember him, to build a bond beyond this surreal day. He wants to mean something to her. To Friel; his sweetheart, his love.

Turning her attention back the club she starts to rub her newly emerging dog cock a little more vigorously as it spills out of the naked sheath that forms her nipple. It is still the bright scarlet of semi-arousal, not like the other ballooned up pink and blue veined monstrosity that still sits in a state of full erection on her other breast weeping watery fluid with each heart beat.

Gripping behind the fully engorged knot of her first cock she lifts her breast up high and pushes the other breast under it. It is a complex process, made more difficult by the mass of her globes, but her intent is obvious. Carefully she guides the bright red cock into the engorged vagina under her other breast. Friel hisses through gritted teeth as the ripe tit gradually sinks down over the shaft, her eyes partially closing, clearly enjoying the experience of fucking and being fucked simultaneously.

Cradling her lower breast with her arm, holding it in place she uses the firm handle provided by the still turgid cock on her upper breast to work her bitch cunt up and down a few times. The penis rapidly inflates, the knot beginning to fill out quickly. Abruptly and with some force she squeezes her breasts together to allow the cock to fully penetrate herself before the knot gets too big. Friel groans again and shivers with delight as she holds everything in place.

Friel's body starts to sway again with the music; her eyes are closed as she mashes her breasts together in time with the beat. The wanking action from the firm grip behind the knot on her upper breast allows her to squish her huge breasts together with some force. Her breathing is laboured, her right leg quivers slightly and it looks for a moment that she may lose her balance as a fresh fountain of liquid spurts from her exposed doggy cock. The rhythm of the music provides a natural timing to her breast thrusting; steady and consistent, no speedy orgasm this time, just a slow intimate screwing.

After a few minutes of manually manipulating her self—penetration Friel lets her arms drop to her sides, a sly smile on her lips as her tits stay attached to each other, a twisted mash of breast tissue held together like knotted dogs. Crowning the ponderous mounds is an erect dribbling canine penis. Friel bends forward, hands on her thighs letting her boobs swing down, still mated. She turns her luscious backside to Ando, his queue to get to work.

With her legs slightly apart and her leaning forward, all Ando can see are two massive winking orifices, the strong odour of horses assaulting his nose. Ando is out to impress. Without any hesitation he punches deep and hard with his right fist into the upper cunt. He expects some sort of resistance, something to slow his progress, but nothing does. It is a long, slick tunnel that just goes on forever. He is up to his elbow in her tender folds and she obviously wants more. He slides his other hand into her lower pussy, again with very little resistance.

Ando is a bit dumb struck, he is double fisting a pair of slack horse cunts in a bar in Russia, he had never planned it that way, but he could think of nowhere else he would rather be just now. With Ando briefly lost in thought, Friel takes matters into her own stride and suddenly steps backward causing Ando to almost fall over backwards in shock. But he holds his ground and his arms disappear inside her greedy cunts with a loud squelch until he is buried halfway up his bicep.

"That's more like it! Now harder and deeper" she demands

Ando doesn't need a second telling, he leans forward with all his weight, forcing the arms in further until his face is mere centimetres from her rump, her musk wonderfully overpowering. He hears Friel grunt, a good sign as he feels a forceful clamping down on his arms. The whole length of her unnatural vaginas begin to squeeze his arms tightly. Keeping his fist clenched so it resembles the head of her stallion cock he leans back with full force in order to try and pull his arms free. Her slick confines try to hold him in place but the lubrication is helping him as his elbows re-appear. He can feel his knuckles rubbing against the muscular ribbing within her tight cunts as he continues to pull out all the way. A sickly sucking sound as his fists break free from her forceful grip. Friel's cunts spasm wildly, winking in rapid succession, spurting out huge gouts of lubricant, desperate to be filled again.

He teases her for a second before straightening his arms and pushing his whole body against her with his full strength. She is slack again, but as he gets deeper her vaginal muscles begin to clamp down once more slowing his progress. However this time he has built up some momentum and does not stop until his face impacts against her vast wet crevice. Ando sees one of her clits nearby, an engorged brown and pink nub about the size of the first joint on his thumb. Without a second thought he fastens his mouth on it and is somewhat surprised when it moves by itself to push up and rub against his lips. His nose is buried alongside his arm in her upper mare pussy, her wonderful perfume driving him forward. He sucks and gently bites the sensitive organ and hears Friel cry loudly in startled surprise. It feels like someone had applied a vice to his arms as the cuntal spasms are now greatly magnified in their intensity.

He holds for a second then using all his force against her equine might he pulls out again, halfway

this time before shoving his arms back in again, making sure his nose and mouth hit her clit. Ando's face is getting wet from his own perspiration and his lover's juices.

The audience is a little more animated now, cheering on the young stallion as he tries to please his mare. The oriental guy is certainly putting some effort into his work as he starts to develop a steady rhythm, vigorously pumping in and out of her. Friel is staying in time, sometimes pushing back against his powerful thrusting, other times just letting Ando do all the work. Her breasts are bouncing quite erratically, still joined together in prolonged orgasm, the crowning dog cock occasionally giving a small spurt. Friel has one hand on the pole supporting her, her other hand now rubbing the second exposed canine vagina on the underside of her exposed tit. All the time she is groaning loudly, occasional unintelligible gibberish emanating from her cum soaked lips. This combined with Ando's grunts of effort and the squelching noises of her cunts is having a fair attempt at drowning out the music, the DJ preferring to let the audience hear the show than another industrial groove.

Three of Friel's fingers are now being driven in and out of her little dog pussy using Ando's thrusts to propel her breasts onto her own hand. Her twisted parody of a body is beginning to shudder, her moans growing to loud whimpers as she is being stimulated in four cunts at once. Ando can feel the clamping on both of his arms becoming more rapid, she is getting close. He tries to feel which cunt is convulsing more and concentrates a little more effort on the other in an attempt to keep them equal in arousal. On each forward thrust he tries to grasp the engorged mobile clitoris in his mouth, a little bite or a quick suck before his efforts pull him away again. Ando is finding it more difficult to see, sweat is stinging his eyes, occasionally washed out by a sweet backwash of fluids from her capacious cunts. He is drenched, but oh so happy.

Friel screams.

It is an ear piercing cry of pure lust, the sound of her soul being ripped from her body, her mind white hot with gratification, her heart trying to leap from her chest. She is punching the doggy cunt in her breast with her fist as her footing gives way. Ando can do nothing but follow her over, both of his arms clamped by massive rings of muscle as his lover is gripped with the seizure of orgasm. Two tables go tumbling as the pair crash to the ground half on the small stage, half in the front row. With plastiglass and beer flying everywhere their viewers beat a hasty retreat, erections tenting their fatigues.

With both of them in a crumpled heap Ando tries to keep moving his arms. Every time he flexes a muscle Friel screams again, a sound of pure animal lust, all humanity lost in the waves of bliss that are passing through her every fibre of being.

Friel is blind and deaf and dumb and paralysed. All around her is whiteness, a high pitched ringing in her ears, unable to move or articulate anything beyond bestial grunts. Time has stopped. Layer upon layer of orgasms assaults her fragile mind, multiple orgasms from multiple vaginas, over and over again. She is a being of pure orgasmic energy riding waves of lust uncharted in history.

Every creature that has ever orgasmed in the universe is channelling their energy through Friel now. She feels the sand underneath her flippers as she spawns on the beach. The ephemeral ecstasy of a Mayfly deflowered. The brood mare being mounted again. The porn star concluding her scene. The Kitaschi maiden being penetrated by her twenty mates. Gaia conceiving the universe.

This is enlightenment.

All is still. On the floor lies Ando, eyes closed, with a blissful smile on his face nearly buried, like his

arms, in his lovers rump. They look like some sort of bizarre conjoined twin. Friel has started breathing again, ragged gasps of air as her body claws for oxygen once more, her body shuddering with contractions as she slowly regains consciousness with tears streaming down her exhausted face. As she begins to move more tremors wrack her body as Ando's arms begin to slip out of her, she can barely even vocalise a moan as she shakily crawls onto all fours. Her knotted breasts slowly slip apart, a turgid bleached dog prick springing up as it slithers out of its bitch cunt with a wash of sperm. With that Friel weeps and collapses back on top of her breasts, too weak to move.

Ando leans over, and helps lift Friel up, rolling her over and letting her lean against the small step of the stage, arms and legs akimbo. Friel opens her eyes again, still glassy and dull as she becomes dimly aware of her surroundings, a look of confusion on her face.

Friel weakly takes a drink from a bottle of water Ando holds to her lips as he cradles her head gently. Her emerald orbs slowly regain their intensity as she stares up at him, a feeble smile forming on her lips as she looks deeply into his eyes. As her strength returns Friel reaches for Ando and they embrace, lips locked together in an ecstatic show of love. The club watches on as the new couple hold each other tightly and kiss passionately.

Finally they break apart and Ando helps her back to her feet. Friel smiles warmly at Ando, then down to her horse cock; slowly emerging from its sheath again before giving him a dirty grin.