

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Skylar Keen was thinking about her black stallion.

She knew she shouldn't have been, since she was currently engaging in sexual relations with her boyfriend, Reggie. Skylar was only sixteen years old, but even at that tender and experimental age she was aware that girls were expected to pay attention to their sexual partners during sex. That said, Reggie didn't exactly make it easy.

She was on her back, legs spread, as he pumped and grunted on top of her - a rich kid of middling athleticism and middling looks, whose main attributes as a boyfriend were his inability to take 'no' for an answer. He'd doggedly pursued her since seeing her in high school, pulling out all the 'rich kid' stops - offering a ride in the actually-belongs-to-my-dad sports car, expensive gifts, persistent and borderline inappropriate levels of attention - until Skylar had just... given in and agreed to date him.

They went to movies, showed up together at social gatherings with mutual friends, she did the expected lap-sitting. He attended her cheerleading rallies and sometimes drove her to practices. Skylar also took horse riding lessons twice weekly at Stoneburrow Farm, a privately-owned ranch - she found the quiet beauty of the horses a lot more interesting than Reggie's brashness, to be honest - and Reggie insisted on dropping her off at these appointments as well, before proceeding to complain about how inconvenient it was on the way there. Overall, the dating experience had been... okay.

Sex was also... just okay.

Reggie was seventeen, nearly eighteen - a year and a half older than she. On this day the unshaven bristles on his jawline were irritating her as he rubbed them against her neck in the grunting throes of coitus. She was wet enough for the penetration to not be uncomfortable, but that was as far as it went. His foreplay had consisted of a little fingering and a bunch of variations of 'I want you so bad baby', which was his go-to line when he was feeling horny and wanted some physical intimacy.

It was easy to see why he was so interested. Many would have agreed that Skylar was the most beautiful girl at her high school, and had been pursued by many hopeful young men. When she was walking the halls in her pleated skirt (cut a few inches above the knee), thigh-high socks, buckles shoes, and school blazer - with her tie pinned between her breasts and making their generous size and perfect shape more apparent - there wasn't a male, student or faculty - who didn't stop to watch. She wore her silky soft brown hair down just past her shoulder, and the lighter streaks of blonde were natural highlights that the sun seemed to bring out when the day was bright. Her eyes were light, grey with the palest hint of green and blue, and of course, she had learned long ago, with her gaggle of girlfriends, to always keep her makeup "on point" with teased out eyelashes, perfectly-plucked brows, and flattering (but not provocative) lip gloss.

It was a toss-up whether the view from behind Skylar was preferable to the view from the front. Her buttocks jiggled as she walked - they were too pert and bouncy not to - but so did her breasts, even when wrapped in her school-sanctioned shirt button-up shirt and confined in her bra. Many compromised by looking at her from the side, where the slalom-worthy curves could be appreciated in silhouette. Most males didn't have the courage to approach her, even though she was generally friendly and not the type to act like a 'mean girl'. They just assumed they had no shot. Thus, through a combination of financial advantages, irrational self-confidence, and persistence, it was Reggie, a

soon-to-graduate senior, who had swooped in with his father's car and dime-store pickup lines to take the prize.

People figured that was that. Males at the school congratulated black-haired, loud-mouthed Reggie on being a lucky bastard, and cursed him behind his back. Nobody knew, however, that Reggie was failing to *hit it*.

Though they'd had sex numerous times – usually a couple times a week – Skylar didn't really enjoy it. She had often fantasized about her first sexual experiences, and had hoped they would be everything she'd dreamed about... but the reality was a letdown. Reggie was both inexperienced and overconfident, a lethal combination in the bedroom. The first time, he'd lasted about two minutes, and while the foreplay had a bit exciting because of the boundaries being broken, the passable fingerbanging had given way to a condom-clad, mechanical, fast-breathing encounter that had ended satisfactorily for only fifty percent of them.

From there, sex had gotten longer... but only marginally better. The orgasms that Skylar had while at home in her bed were leagues ahead of anything Reggie made her feel during their lovemaking. These trysts usually occurred in either his room or hers, but regardless of the location, the outcome was the same. He would pump away for four minutes, or maybe even as many as ten, and his penis would seem to reach the edge of making her feel something... but then it would be over.

Skylar didn't want to get into an argument about it with him. She was worried that he would say something was wrong with *her* – that she wasn't providing enough attention, enough titillation, that she should mix things up and dance or strip or say dirty things in his ear. When they first started dating, the blowjobs she gave him were exciting again because of that 'boundary breaking' quality. *Hey world, look what I can do now! I'm a growing, sexually-ready young woman!* Now, taking his cock into her mouth had all the excitement of a whistle blowing to start the factory shift of foreplay, coitus, and cleanup.

Very early on, she tried to get herself excited with fantasies of her own, but quickly realized that she didn't really know what pushed her buttons well. Her infrequent bouts of masturbation were very much based on a simple desire to feel the physical sensation of cumming, and not facilitated by any particular fantasy. So, with that plan failing, she simply used the time to think about other things in general. And more and more, her mind returned to her favorite times in the week – her riding lessons, with her stallion, Blackie, so named because of his completely black coat and crest.

After learning on mares and geldings for two years, she'd switched to riding on Stoneburrow Farm's only ungelded male. The farm owner, Mr. Colson, told her that Blackie had once been in riding and jumping competitions, but had an accident and nearly had to be put down. Thus, Stoneburrow was his retirement. He warned her that an athletic stallion was a different beast than riding a gelding or a mare, but Skylar had been excited to try – and found an instant connection with the animal, who was faster and more powerful than the other horses she'd ridden. Truth be told? When she rode, the feeling she got from the thundering, thrumming horsepower beneath her... it was better than anything Reggie was doing. Once or twice, she had almost had an orgasm from the vibrations!

Skylar sighed, thinking about those clit-shaking meadow runs, and then realized she had done it out loud. "Are you cumming, babe?" Reggie groaned. "I'm... getting close!" Skylar was happy about that – because if he was getting close, that meant it would soon be over. They would wipe herself down, Reggie would roll off the bed, put his pants back on, go to the washroom, and dispose of the condom.

Was it possible to get jaded about sex at only sixteen years old? She was sad to even be asking the question. But she had a riding lesson that day, and if Reggie was ready to drop and vacate, the

sooner she could get there.

"Nnnngh... fuck! Your pussy is so fuckin' tight!" Reggie grunted, and she could feel his hot breath on her ear. She wrapped her hands around his waist like she did when she wanted to encourage him. Soon it would be over, and it seemed to Skylar that, because of a combination of her own distant mindset and an even greater-than-usual lack of finesse on Reggie's part, he'd been further from making her cum than ever.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, shit" Reggie grunted, and he did a weird push-off maneuver, looking down at himself, and withdrew his spent penis. Looking down over her own body - Skylar had her blouse drawn up above her tits, and her skirt and panties were removed - she immediately saw a problem. Reggie wasn't wearing a rubber. But she had seen him unwrap it! And he had made a motion like he was putting it on!

"What the fuck!" she exclaimed, her surprise and anger coming quickly, too quickly to temper her words. "Where's the condom?"

"I was just... shit, babe - I was just going to pull out." He looked down at his own cock, sheepishly. Judging from the sticky semen strand connecting his tip to her pussy - and the wetness that Skylar was feeling, leaking out of her slit - he'd done nothing of the sort! She had felt him spasm and grunt into her as usual, which indicated that, in fact, Reggie had delivered his whole load directly into her pussy!

"Why didn't you? You don't even ask?!" she cried, and, lacking anything else on hand, reached behind herself for a pillow and winged it at his face. "You know I'm not on birth control!"

"You were going to ask your mom about it!" Reggie shot back, and unbelievably, his green eyes seemed to be *accusing her*. "You said that like, two months ago! So I didn't have to wear a condom! You haven't been as into it lately-"

Lately? More like never, Skylar thought, but didn't say.

"-and I just wanted, you know. To have it feel better for you."

Skylar wasn't the most worldly young lady, but she could tell a total crock of shit when she heard one. First, Reggie was essentially blaming her for his decision. Second, his claim that he wanted it to feel better for her was nothing but a lie - he only cared about it feeling better for himself!

"You're a fucking asshole!" she cried, tears in her eyes, sitting up on the bed and gathering her clothing. Even in a rage, buttoning her shirt up over her large, round breasts and sliding bare-bottomed off the bed to grab a Kleenex and wipe the wetness from her curvy, puffy pussy mound (with its light, dainty dusting of downy pubic hair), she was more beautiful than most young women could hope to be. "I can't believe you did that!"

"The chances of you getting pregnant-"

"Don't talk to me about the chances!" Skylar insisted. "You're such a *dick*!" She was as mad as she'd ever been, her cheeks flushed not with the heat of passion, as was supposed to be the case, but with anger.

Reggie dared to roll his eyes. "Don't overreact and make me out to be the bad guy, just because you were afraid to-"

"Ugh!" She could stand no more of him, and stomped out of his room, still gathering her clothes, making her way down the stairs and into the foyer of the expensive, but empty, house that Reggie shared with his divorced father. (From the way Reggie's dad, Bill, looked at her, Skylar guessed that he had the same taste in women as his son - which was to say, beautiful and *young*).

"Where are you going to go?" Reggie called after her. "I gave you a ride here!" And then. "Stop being a crazy bitch!"

Skylar popped up a middle finger as she strutted out the front door in her disheveled, but mostly in-place, school uniform. The rumpled clothing and the rush she was in made her look wild, and that was no coincidence. She wanted to get away from Reggie. She wanted to go to the farm, get in the saddle, and *ride*. Humans like Reggie had a way of making animals look noble by comparison.

He was staring at her incredulously from his front door as she stuck her thumb out. And though she'd been told by her mother never to hitchhike, when the first car slowed and stopped (girls who looked like Skylar didn't come along every day), she didn't hesitate to get inside.

The car turned out to be driven by a black guy who seemed a few years older than her, with his two friends in the back. He introduced himself as Kevon, "*like Kevin but with an O*", and his two friends were Mario and Lil' Shake. Skylar did not ask how the skinny, smiling male behind her came by that name. Nor did she comment on how the car smelled a lot like the weed that was sometimes passed around among her friends when they were sure nobody uptight was watching.

She asked them to take her to Stoneburrow Farm, and was surprised when Kevon said he knew the place. "Oh, for real? My old-ass uncle runs that joint!"

Skylar perked up at this news. The caretaker of the farm was indeed an old black man with bib overalls and a corona of frizzy white hair around his bald head in the shape of a half-eaten donut. "You know Mister Sheb?"

"Know him? Shiiiiit, nigga is *off the hook* tryin' to get my city ass up there to ride some country-ass horses." They all laughed, and Skylar began to feel at ease. She offered to pay for gas if they took her up there, Kevon agreed that ten dollars was fine since it was only about a fifteen minute drive, not too far from where they were going. This made Skylar feel even better. She did not see the way the driver looked back and winked at his two backseat compatriots indulgently, as if they were in on a secret joke. Of the three, Lil' Shake was the small one, Mario was the muscled one, and Kevon seemed to be the *paid* one. Probably the owner of the car, if she had to guess. He wore an Egyptian cotton sleeveless undershirt that covered up a nice rack of muscles, and his arms were covered in tattoos. His hair was freshly barbered and he had a diamond earring in one ear. Skylar wondered if he might be a drug dealer. Even if he was, she couldn't help liking him, and his friends, a little bit. She had wanted to get away from Reggie, and they had helped her.

Mario didn't say a word on the way up. Lil' Shake talked a lot. Kevon was somewhere in the middle. When they arrived at the gate leading up to the farm, where the road turned from asphalt to a rutted dirt, she thanked them for the ride, not thinking to see if they would leave after dropping her off, or linger.

She had other things on her mind, like feeling the pounding rhythm of a Blackie's gallop, reverberating through her body. That was what she needed to feel right again.

She was much too early for her riding time, and Sheb, the groundskeeper, wasn't around. But Skylar knew he trusted her around the horses – he had said as much – and she walked up to the barn where Blackie was kept alone. It was a stout red and white wooden structure with a fenced-in pen out front, and most days Blackie was kept there alone, since he got temperamental around other horses.

Perfect for some quality time, Skylar thought, and she was surprised at how such an emotion came so naturally with Blackie when it was such a struggle with her boyfriend. She had kept cool while hitchhiking her way up, but walking to the barn, she felt – or imagined she felt – wetness between her legs, as if the portion of Reggie's cum that had been inside her was threatening to leak out. This inflamed her anger and embarrassment anew.

That stupid jerk, she seethed. He'll probably brag about to his friends tomorrow about things are going great with us and our sex life is amazing. I've heard him do it. He'll act like nothing is wrong, things are great, and if I complain he'll say it's me, overreacting.

She reached the entrance to the barn, and the farm smell of hay, animal feed and livestock hit her nose. Skylar's nostrils flared as she took a deep breath, frankly enjoying it, feeling cleansed by it. Reggie practically dunked his head in Axe body spray, and the artificial smell of cologne had unpleasant associations now. But the smell of the barn – the smell of Blackie – was different. Wholesome, somehow, and alluring.

She stepped inside, and he was there to greet her, standing near the back in his extra-large stall. His eyes were as black as the rest of him, with only the whites providing any color at all. He was a big horse, well-muscled and tall, the top of his head nearing seven feet when he raised his neck up. Skylar felt her heart leap, and for a blessed moment, forgot about Reggie. Blackie was something – *someone* – she could always depend on.

She walked to his stall, picking up the bucket of carrots and apples that old Sheb always left laying around, and Blackie flicked his ears and nickered as she approached. He immediately dipped his head into the bucket for morsels, allowing her to pet his cheek and his neck. The smell was stronger, the scent of a hardworking male horse. Skylar liked it, though she honestly couldn't have said why.

"Oh, Blackie," she sighed, pressing her cheek against his head while he munched. "What am I going to do?" She found talking aloud to Blackie to be therapeutic; unlike Reggie, who, when she got upset, mostly worried about how it would inconvenience *him*. "My boyfriend is a jerk. And I just know if I break up with him, he'll blame me and tell all his friends I'm like... a super ice-queen."

Munch munch munch. Blackie was enjoying his carrots, but he was allowing himself to be petted and snuggled as well, which Skylar appreciated. The wetness between her legs still irked her though. She felt so unclean, so gross. She wasn't afraid of bodily fluids, cheerleading and riding horses she'd been in the dirt plenty of times. But the fact that it had happened without her permission, that he didn't even *care* she might find up pregnant.

"You're so much better than he is, Blackie," she confided, and the horse snuffled and seemed to raise his head a bit to look at her. She reached into the bucket and pulled out a carrot, offering it to him. He started munching immediately, flapping his big, rubbery lips as horses do. Skylar took the opportunity to plant a kiss on his snout, and she felt a bit of saliva splatter on her chin from Blackie's nomming. A few droplets even tickled her lips.

The contrast between how she felt about Blackie's spit and Reggie's cum couldn't have been more stark. She wanted Reggie's cum *gone*. But when Blackie's spit landed on her, she felt a rush of intimacy and excitement, welcoming it. Accepting it. "You're more polite than him," she praised.

"More patient. You never blame me, or get angry. You're... you're stronger than him." The last one was obvious at a glance – Sheb had told her that Blackie weighed in at 2300 pounds, and the rippling of his muscled beneath his shining black coat was a sight to behold. Her hand wandered down his neck to his withers, which was as far as she could reach without opening his gate.

"He's always bragging," she said, sighing, thinking about how Reggie liked to make comments about her body in front of other guys, treating her like a trophy. He acted like she should be flattered when he talked about how her ass was 'fucking perfect' or told his friends 'she has such amazing tits'. "He thinks he's god's gift to women, but... I bet you could show him a thing or two, huh? That was your whole job, wasn't it Blackie?"

Sheb had told her that Blackie had spent time as a stud horse after his injury. Now, he was on the older side but, Sheb had confided, "he probably still got some pop left in his gun!" That had made her giggle. Skylar actually knew quite a bit about the breeding of horses and how stallions mated, thanks to Sheb. Sheb was, if anything, a little too conversant on the subject, regaling her with all manner of off-color stories from his glory days overseeing Blackie's time at stud, including a couple that were borderline inappropriate, full of details that Skylar felt both superfluous and a little exciting. Thus, Skylar knew more about mating positions, artificial vaginas, horse foreplay, and horse semen sale prices than pretty much any other sixteen-year-old.

She moved to open the gate, wanting to take him out for his ride. She stepped inside, and when she saw Blackie in profile, a thought occurred to her and she blushed, then giggled to herself. For all of Reggie's cocksure attitude, his penis was nothing special, and he hadn't managed to make her cum even once. "You're way bigger than him down here, too," she said, blushing furiously, and then giggling again as she walked up to Blackie's side and pressing her head against his midsection. She could hear the great, whooping sound of his breathing when her ear was flush. She had said what she said in a secretive, whispering voice... but she found it felt good to say, in a guilty-pleasure sort of way.

Looking behind her briefly to make sure the coast was clear, she dropped down to her knees so she could get a better look. Blackie's penis was halfway out of its sheath – a coal black log of flesh that was longer than her forearm, fingertips to her elbow, even in this half-hidden state. There was a scent coming from it, too, something hard to describe. Pungent, animalistic, overwhelming. "God, it's big," she breathed to herself, and she couldn't help but mentally compare it to Reggie's average-sized manhood. It was more than twice as thick, more than three times as long, and it wasn't even close to fully erect. Swallowing nervously, Skylar reached out a small, agile hand to press against Blackie's balls, and gasped.

The *heat*. The *weight*. The *size*. Each one seemed bigger than a grapefruit, but ovoid like a giant egg. She pressed her hand harder against the horse's gleaming black scrotum and enjoyed the tactile sensation of fat, leathery horse balls overspilling her palms as she kneaded them from below. Blackie's penis was surging, too, uncoiling from his sheath at a faster rate. It flopped and dangled with dumb superiority in front of her astounded face. Some part of her knew that what she was doing – what she was feeling – was considered inappropriate, but in the moment, Skylar didn't care. It was earnest, and real, and that was enough. Blackie made her feel better during their time together than Reggie ever had, despite all of the latter's promises of being a 'great guy'.

The attraction seemed natural. Built on real time together, galloping across the Stoneburrow acreage, of feeding times and one-sided cats and confidences, and yes, of those pussy-quivering, pounding rhythms as she bounced up and down in the saddle.

Skylar's first instinct was to reach a hand down beneath her skirt, push the crotch of her panties

aside, and rub herself a little. The fact that Reggie had been there recently gave her pause. She knew if she explored the soft, nearly-hairless folds of her slit with a probing finger or two, she might feel the slick wetness of his unbidden ejaculation inside her. The idea made her sick. He'd pulled out enough, cum on her belly and her breasts enough times, that she knew what it looked like and she knew what was inside her - a watery, slippery fluid with a few denser white globs.

"Ugh," she groaned. And she just *knew* that if she took Blackie out and put his saddle on, and settled in atop him, she might still feel Reggie leaking out of her. She just wanted to wash him away; if she were at home, she would lock herself in the bathroom, take the detachable showerhead into the bath, and spray it into the delta between her legs until Reggie was forgotten. She supposed they would break up, and she would have to deal with his apologies, his passive-aggressive blame, and his attempts to reconcile, which would be constant and abrasive.

Blackie shuffled and shifted his hooves, and his cock wavered close to her face, giving her a deep whiff of musk. She couldn't help it. She wanted the cum, the Axe body spray, the loud brashness, away from her. Off of her! She needed something else!

Skylar reached up and took Blackie's musky, heavy cock in her hand - her fingers could not encircle it completely. She pulled the shaft to her face, and pressed the spongy head against her cheek. It was still soft and flopping enough that she could manipulate the length easily. She inhaled, taking in the smell, feeling the smooth, leathery texture and the ridges of veins, the soft scraping of tissues from the enlarged, flanged head.

She rubbed the huge horsecock all over her face as if she was cleansing herself of Reggie. It felt so good! She knelt down, getting her thigh-high socks dirty on the stall floor and not caring, content to rub that horse dick on her pretty, beaming sixteen-year-old face. The tip mashed her lips, which she kept pursed. She pressed Blackie's dickhole against her nostrils and inhaled deeply.

The scent was heavenly. Like the scent of Reggie's cum, but a hundred times stronger. She sniffed and piped an eye-water whiff as deep as she could, her tear ducts growing moist and making her large, expressive eyes glisten. Her teeth nibbled at her plump bottom lip and her hand went to her chest. Her breasts suddenly felt tingly and needy, and she pressed her fingers into one and squeezed, tweaking the nipple with her thumb. Skylar didn't stop to think about what she was doing, or how it might seem to anyone else. "Nnngh!" she moaned. "Your cock smells so fucking good!"

She blushed. It was a lewder thing than she'd ever said to a human being, even though Reggie had always encouraged her to 'talk dirty'. It was the stallion's non-judgmental nature that made it easier, and though her words had been audible in the barn, there was nobody there to hear them. She looked up the shaft toward Blackie's heavy, hanging balls, shifting sideways slightly and positioning herself underneath him. She lifted her knees and took up a squat on the balls of her feet, fanning her skirt out over her spread knees and flashing the white crotch of her panties at the stall boarding. She craned her face out and up, pressing them into the horse's heavy sack, letting that leather, molten ball-bag melt over her face as she filled her nostrils with scrotal skin and took a whiff.

The musky, sweaty stallion scent felt like it was heavy enough to ream out her brain. She moaned again and felt her body respond with more tingling, her nipples erect beneath her blouse. She clawed her front and heard the sort unsnapping of buttons, then pulled her bra down to expose her perfect tits, the areolas puffy and pinker than her tanned skin, the nipples poking out in little nubs that were afire with the grinding of her thumb and forefinger.

A hypothetical future conversation played out in her mind.

I found someone so much better than you, Reggie. We're never going to get back together, so you might as well give up asking. I'm marked with his scent. He makes me feel better than you ever could.

She nibbled her lip, her vision obscured by that heavy horse sack, and moaned out as she enjoyed the fantasy of being free from Reggie. She realized she should have broken up with him long before; she had stayed only because he hadn't done anything so bad that he couldn't spin it as "her fault". He had played on her insecurities, and she had dreaded what he might say around school if she did break up with him, about her 'putting out', sexual habits, or anything else embarrassing.

She seethed out a breath through her teeth. No, being vague about it was too good for Reggie. What he'd done had been tantamount to sexual assault. Putting her at risk of a pregnancy, simply because he didn't like how the condoms felt. No, he deserved to hear it all.

Instead of making out with you, I spent my day sniffing the cum stink out of Blackie's big horse meat! His cock is so much bigger than yours, Reggie - and I get more of a thrill letting his balls cover my face than I do from sex with you. I'd rather go out with a horse than you, Reggie. Would rather give my body to a horse. That ass you're always bragging to your friends about... belongs to my horse boyfriend!

It wasn't a conscious decision to open her mouth and start sucking on Blackie's sack. It was just the logical progression of her actions and her mood. She supposed it was like wanting to have sex with another guy in order to get revenge - except in this case, the 'other guy' was a retired competition horse who had been put out to stud. She wanted... needed... to service the beast that had always made her feel so special. So while she had never approached oral sex with Reggie with much enthusiasm - he always acted in such a sleazy way when asking for it, and constantly said stupid things during - she took to this new task with enthusiasm.

She loved Blackie's balls. The size of them - those massive, churning nuts excited her in a way that no human cock could. She loved feeling the weight of them on her face, loved trying to get her wet mouth around part of their circumference. She was drooling on them, moaning into them, and not caring how lewd it was. Skylar made indecent, breathy sucking noises as she made out with Blackie's ballsack, servicing first one nut then the other, holding them up with two hands and letting them weight in her palms, kissing them, licking them, bobbing her head on them as if she was blowing them.

She loved the smell and she loved the taste. And more than that she loved how virile they were. Just looking at them, she could get the sense they were producing such a huge amount of sperm, enough to impregnate a whole stable of mares. She imagined she could actually feel the testicles vibrate and thrum as they churned out strands and ropes of thick cum curds, wriggling with stallion swimmers. She put her ear to Blackie's balls and imagined she could *hear* it.

Slllch. Sllrrrrch. Blrrrbp.

The sound of testicles, *stewing* in thick, chunky semen, pumping out more all the time. Her knees quivered and her hand went to her clit, beginning to rub it. Something about the sheer *superiority* of it appealed to her in a very elemental way that had nothing to do with romance. Her breathing sped up as she pleased herself, still taking care not to stick a finger inside, afraid she might feel the slickness of Reggie's cum even still. The idea of getting pregnant from something like that... it was... horrifying!

"Nnngh!" she moaned, biting her lip and nuzzling against her stallion's balls. Blackie's long cock,

drooping under its own magnificent weight, flopped over her shoulder. Skylar planted big, wet kisses on his testicles as her arousal gained steam. She reached up and gave his prong an experimental, milking stroke, base to tip... and then it happened.

Something heavy and wet splattered onto the sleeve of her sweater. Starkly white against the navy blue. Richly textured, so thick it could scarcely be said to be liquid. Skylar gasped, her pretty eyes wide open. A thick, gelatinous rope of cum had slid from Blackie's pisshole and splattered on her bicep and the crook of her elbow!

"Oh my god," she whispered. "Blackie!" The smell was that same overwhelming, pungent scent she'd experienced while sniffing his pisshole. Apparently, her attention had made the horse randy enough to leak just a little... and what he'd produced was amazing. With her opposite hand, she pinched the end of the cum strand as if it were a worm, and lifted it. The gooey white jelly peeled upward, with smaller strands stretching and then snapping. "Oh my god!" she repeated. She mashed the cum between her fingers and felt the slickness and wetness, as well as the lumpiness. Between this and the sperm that Reggie had put inside her in their ill-fated encounter earlier that afternoon... there was no comparison.

She closed her hand into a fist and rubbed her fingers on her palm. The sperm slathered over her hand in a gooey, lubricated mess - but when she opened her hand there were still quivering, unbroken chunks of it stuck to her fingers. What she did next made perfect sense to her, even if it seemed absurd. She took her hand, heavy with horse-cum, and stuffed it down into her panties, digitally penetrating herself, wanting to get as much inside her as she could.

"Erase him from me," she breathed, and the pleasure she was feeling was undeniable. Her fear - that she would feel some remnant of Reggie's sperm inside her - was easily defeated. All she could feel now was the slipping and sliding of dense horse cum as she pressed her fingers further. With her opposite hand she reached up to milk Blackie's cock some more, and after a few strokes, additional semen started to slide from the hardening member in ropey, lumpy wads that slopped all over her wrist and hand, as well as the ground. She was quite sure this wasn't an orgasm on the stallion's part, but rather just the reservoir of issue being produced in surplus by his overactive, ultra-virile balls!

"Wash him away, Blackie. I don't want to feel him, ever again!" She slid her panties down her legs to reveal her cum-moistened slit, such a puffy curve, the lips pink and engorged. She gathered a handful of thick, lumpy jizz like she was squeezing out lotion, and this time didn't hesitate to shove it into her pussy; using as many fingers as she could comfortably fit. "I don't want to have his baby!" Her blushing mons depressed under her fingers as she slathered herself with the creamy horse-batter, pressing as much as she could inside with her fingers. It was a liberating feeling, replacing a bad memory with something new. But she needed more. Reggie had been deep inside her - or, at least, as deep as his nothing-special penis could reach - when he'd started spasming and groaning.

Skylar unsnapped her skirt and tossed it aside, leaving her totally bottomless, panties around one ankle. She rose up to a hunched over position underneath Blackie, whose long, floppy horse dong still remained pliable enough to waggle around. It was like handling an elephant's trunk or some other big, bendy appendage, unspeakably thick and throbbing and warm. She knew that she couldn't have Blackie fuck her at full mast - his mighty cock would ram straight through her tiny teenage body and into her throat - but she might be able to insert the big spongy head and move her hips back and forth along it.

She spread her flawless sixteen year-old bubble butt and let the cheeks bounce back together around Blackie's cockflange, starting to sway back and forth, rubbing him. She didn't need to be

fucked, she needed to be *disinfected*. She wanted her boyfriend's cum eliminated, sterilized by heavier, thicker, impossibly virile horse sperm. Blackie's cock flange was huge, true, but she was wetter than she'd ever been – the insides of her sculpted thighs were totally slick with her own lubrication – and she'd already greased up her needy, sizzling pussy with handfuls of Blackie's cum. She judged that because the horse's monster penis was still a bit bendy and not fully rigid, it might be possible.

She placed the elephantine head against her slit and pressed her hips backward, with Blackie's ebon belly forming a roof over her head, casting the act in shadow. She was bent over, back arched, buttocks forming beautiful, tight mounds that brushed against him. "Oh god... please... come on!" she moaned to herself, feeling the resistance of that big, fleshy bulb as it mashed her pussy hole and ground electricity out of her clit. She tried again, and a third time. And then, she felt her slick labia grip around Blackie in just the right way, at the right angle... and expand like they never had before.

"Unnnnnnggh!" she groaned as his flange popped inside. "Fuuuuck!" It was a noise of ecstasy. It felt so much better than Reggie. The size, the texture of that bestial, jet black horse cock were scraping her walls, abrading her slick confines like he had *never* done. "It's so fucking big!" She shoved her hips back more. Her sandy brown hair fell around both sides of her face in silken curtains, her breasts, loosed from her bra, hung down with perfect, gravity defying shape and size, the nipples directly at the lowest point like cow udders, ready to be milked. In the moment of ecstasy she seemed less like a girl and more like a mare.

She thrust back as much as she dared, trying not to push her luck. If Blackie got in on the action, she would no doubt go flying at best and get skewered at worst. She swung her hips in a sort of side to side motion, *schlorping* up the first six inches of her stallion's spongy meat, coating it with her wetness and making it glistened. She was so lubed up, it was dripping onto the ground. And the noises – wet, meaty, *schlorping* noises that were unbelievably lewd, exactly as one might expect a gripping, gorgeous teen pussy to sound when moving up and down some fat horse cock! She thought she could feel some cum leaking into her from Blackie's cock, but wasn't sure – the whole thing was such a nexus of pleasure, it was impossible to know for sure.

She lost herself in the moment for a while, bumping her hips back, keeping a grip on the shaft behind her so it didn't fall out, essentially using the front section of Blackie's meat as a dildo, with her hand around the 'base' Her movements sped up and she got into a rhythm, recognizing at once the plateau of pleasure she so often tried to reach with Reggie, and cresting it effortlessly with her new lover her pussy crackling with tiny orgasms that seemed to be building up to a greater explosion. It felt too good to stop, and she made an effort to take as much of the cock as she could, wanting that cum as deep as it could get, wanting any vestige of her boyfriend's issue to be wiped out.

Blackie, for his part, had only nickered and shuffled his hooves every so often, remaining remarkably compliant. But he had always been that way with her. Old Sheb often remarked that he was less finicky and aggressive with her than other riders, as if they had a 'special connection' and Skylar believed that to be true. She knew what she was doing wasn't safe... but she trusted Blackie.

It was just as she had this thought that she felt him lurch forward, causing her to stumble forward as well and brace her hands on the front gate of his stall. "Blackie, no!" she cried, but before she could do anything else, she felt the shadow above her shift and heard him whinny as he rose his forelegs up and hooked them over the top rung of the same gate, imitating the pose he might make when mounting a mare. "Blackie!" she cried again, and then she heard him snuffle and felt such a surge of pressure that her pretty eyes nearly bugged out of her head.

There was a wet, grinding schlorp noise as Blackie used his powerful haunches to deliver nearly *eighteen inches* of thick, ebony horse meat into her tight, gripping teenage cunt. Skylar made a noise that was barely human – an undulating, pitch-changing animal warble – and her eyes rolled back in her head. Her tongue slid out of her mouth. She held onto the middle rail of the stall gate for dear life. She felt her body stretch around his thickness, felt her womb be pressed flat by his cock flange as he punished her with short strokes.

Slllrk. Slllch. Slllrk. Her pussy gripped his meat like a sleeve, the pinkness clinging in prolapse with each withdrawal, and sending a sprinkler shower of lube down between her legs with each thrust. This was it, she knew. This was what she had both feared, and wanted. Blackie was so deep inside her, it made sex with Reggie look like nothing but a joke. This was the place she had longed for his cock to reach, but been unable to articulate, not wanting the hassle, the conflict that came with requesting a deeper, more satisfying fuck. Her ovaries were throbbing, both from the impacts of each thrust and from a state of breeding overdrive. As the thrusts continued, she found her voice.

“Yes... Blackie... do it... get his... nasty... garbage... out of... my... pussy!”

Then she felt it – a hose-like spray of semen pumping directly into her womb via her dick-kissing cervix. There was no mistaking it. She had never felt anything like the heat and volume of Blackie’s ejaculation. Her developing teenage womb inflated instantly, like a balloon, as it was deluged with chunky nut cream that was as thick as pudding. A life-altering orgasm didn’t just tear through her body, it tore through her soul. Every nerve ending, every pleasure center, exploded like an atomic bomb as she felt her body stretching, inflating, to accommodate the huge volume of cum.

The cum-blasting spurts turned into churning, washing machine sounds as the additional semen was shot into the stuffed-full reservoir of her womb, pluming into the rest and mixing it up. Her womb expanded and grew, making her look pregnant with a baby of pure horse semen. The tight seal of her pussy around Blackie’s long ebony pole made it impossible for much to escape.

Skylar’s imagination ran wild as she swooned, slumped over the bar with her slovenly, piggish cum-gut bulging down. She imagined Reggie’s pathetic, cringing human spermatozoa being stampeded by a thousand times the amount of rugged horse sperm, their heads five times the size, their flagella five times as long. Reggie’s sperm feebly trying to burrow their way into her fertile egg, almost making it, only for Blackie’s stallion load to arrive and utterly *rape* it and tear it into pieces with procreative violence, assuring no conception should could occur.

Come and take a look at what I think of your worthless cum, Reggie, she thought, viciously, spasming with orgasm. Your tiny rapist prick wasn’t getting it done so I needed an eighteen-inch morning-after pill. Your sperm thought they were going to have a good time, but they’re getting fucked in the ass right now. We’re through, and I’ll never get back together with you. Not unless you gain about 2,000 pounds of muscle and twenty inches of cock!

Finally, Blackie relented, disengaging his forehooves from the gate and sliding sideways, so as not to come down and crush her. His sated penis began to retreat back into his sheath with amazing speed, and after just ten seconds it was dangling in a gentle curve that was barely half the size.

Skylar collapsed to her knees and then rolled to her back in the wet straw, looking up at the ceiling and panting, cradling her round, sloshing belly with both hands. Her womb had been stretched out just as much as it would be during pregnancy, and she ran her hands over it and mothered it, loving the feeling of being absolutely stuffed with a thick, lumpy horse load. It was slowly shrinking as the gelatinous, nearly-solid white sperm leaked back out from her pussy and piled between her legs.

"I love you, Blackie," she whispered, looking up at the horse with dazed, half-lidded eyes. Every bit of Reggie had been obliterated, she was sure, by Blackie's superior, virile cum. There was absolutely no chance she could possibly get pregnant now, and the weight of that uncertainty lifted off her shoulders, making her smile with relief... and satisfaction. Blackie had also made her cum way harder than anything she'd felt with Reggie.

She would break up with Reggie, she decided. She was done with boys, at least until later in life. Eventually she might want to be a mother, years down the road. But not now. Now, she just wanted to be with Blackie, riding in the fields... and maybe, just maybe, taking some more 'quality time' behind the closed doors of a barn.

She rolled to her knees, intending to collect herself. Her lesson would start soon, and Sheb would be coming up to the barn at some point to check in. As she tried to devise her plan - what excuse to make for the mess, how to cover up all the cum splashed everywhere, whether or not she could use the barn's water spigot to clean up - the day's earlier worry of pregnancy seemed distant.

She would soon learn that life works in mysterious ways.

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## **Part Two**

*It was just a fantasy.*

This is what Skylar Keen told herself glumly as she looked in the mirror and saw the way her formerly taut belly was curving slightly over the waistband of her panties. In all other respects, she looked as she always had - a stunning brunette with a body sculpted by both youth and cheerleading workouts to have necks craning constantly. Yet there were telltale changes, and this startlingly bit of swelling was the foremost of them.

Following her ex-boyfriend Reggie's callous mid-coitus condom removal and her subsequent vengeful encounter with the stallion Blackie at Stoneburrow Farm, Skylar had dreamt and hoped and prayed that she wasn't pregnant, that her feeling about Blackie's superior seed washing away all traces of Reggie was also reality. The horse had shot so much semen inside her, and it was so thick, that it first seemed impossible any human seed had survived. Now, looking in the mirror with her perfect teenage breasts bare, her nipples sensitive, her belly visibly starting to grow and her last period nearing two months ago, she knew it hadn't worked after all. Reggie's sperm (which it made her sick to think about) had snuck in like a thief in the night and done the deed before she'd been able to reach Blackie.

Skylar fetched a forlorn sigh and looked hatefully down at her belly, running a hand over it. The idea that the baby was "half-Reggie" angered her and made her feel defiled; her ex was being such a jerk even since the incident that there was absolutely no hope of reconciliation or a happy outcome. After their breakup, Reggie had first gaslit her, telling her she was overreacting to him cumming inside her unprotected and without permission. Then, when it was clear she wasn't going to get back together with him under any circumstances, he started dating Yvonne, another member of the cheerleading squad, all while spreading rumors about Skylar around school.

Yvonne, who was blonde-haired, bitchy, and (in Skylar's opinion) extremely slutty, seemed like a perfect match for Reggie, and had immediately started spying on her on his behalf. This rift destroyed the chemistry of the cheer team, with the other girls feeling almost forced to pick sides. And with the cheerleading costumes consisting of midriff-baring vests and mid-thigh length skirts that flew up to display plenty of curvy teen buttock while jumping and kicking, Yvonne had noticed

Skylar's growing belly just as soon as Skylar herself had.

That had happened earlier that afternoon, after school. Yvonne had tittered, saying in a singsong voice: "Uh-oh! Someone's gone and got herself in trouble! Does anyone know if this school has maternity leave for cheerleaders?" The Yvonne allies had giggled with laughter and Skylar's friends had only looked about, embarrassed the subject was being brought up.

But Yvonne didn't stop there. "I guess what we've been hearing around school is true. She likes to *put out* a little too much!" She said this amidst the snapping of her bubblegum, her white teeth glistening like the fangs of the social predator she was. Yvonne, who teased out her eyelashes to obscene lengths, wore skanky lip gloss, and bleached her hair almost white, had absolutely no business criticizing Skylar on this front. Skylar had heard that Yvonne had gone down on half the boys in school, but, unlike her rival, had had the good nature and anti-drama tendencies not to bring it up.

Skylar didn't know how to react. "You're a bitch, Yvonne!" was what had come to mind, and she uttered those words, gathered her things, and walked out of practice, no longer wanting to be around the gossiping, judgmental girls. Even cheerleading, once a source of respite from her trials with Reggie, was now tainted.

As she walked away, ears burning, she heard Yvonne taunt: "Are you gonna be on sixteen and pregnant?", followed by the laughter of the blonde's bitchy allies. That had been an hour before, and now here she stood, in front of her bathroom mirror, rubbing her hands over the small but noticeable bulge in her otherwise featureless abdomen. There was nothing else out of place - her skin was still well-complexioned, her hips still tight and athletic - but there was no denying the truth of her situation. One missed period, a second probably coming, and now this.

*It's too early*, her mind rebelled. *Way too early. It would be barely eight weeks! Women don't show until twelve or sixteen weeks!*

All true. But on the other hand... there it was. Skylar closed her eyes and blew a frustrated, pent-up breath out of her mouth. "Oh, Blackie..." she whispered to herself. "What am I going to do?" She saw her beloved horse clear as day in her mind's eye, everything noble and powerful and kind, but the image provided no answers.

The next day, she talked to Reggie for the last time.

His response was as muddled and self-serving as his morality; starting with a hesitant phone call that Skylar let ring for as long as she could before, at long last, she decided to answer.

Reggie asked if the rumor he had heard was true; she told him it was. A few seconds of silence passed, the only reticence he showed the entire conversation when it came to braying his opinion at her, and then he said with obvious entitlement that they should discuss what to do.

Skylar told him that he hadn't discussed it with her when taking the condom off, if he was so concerned about his role in the whole affair, maybe he should have started with that. She was still only sixteen, but in talking to him she *sounded* older, determined and weathered and disillusioned of any of his grift or attempts at sleazy romance. She was straightforward and strong, much like the stallion that now pulsed in the background of her every waking moment. Indeed, she thought of Blackie as she told Reggie what was what, finishing her statement by telling him that what she did from that moment forward was none of his business.

Reggie's initial conciliatory tone immediately turned into his trademark jerkery. *What*, he asked, *I*

*don't even get a say?*

*Don't act like you want to be a father to this child.*

*Well, you know how emotional you get, I don't know what crazy thing you're going to do. Try to stick it to me with child support somehow, I don't know.*

She had scoffed at him; he was hurt not by her choosing to abort the baby (which was obviously what he wanted, being already balls-deep in his replacement girlfriend) but by the fact that she could arrive at that decision without his input. He had, she could tell from his voice, expected her to agonize over the decision, treating his precious genetic material as a treasure from which her body would be dearly parted. And that sense of ego, unwarranted in such a worm, made her think of Blackie again, and what she had moaned to the stallion in the throes of her tryst with him, when she felt the insides of her young body stretching around his *superiority* and *girth* and *virility* and *size* .

*Erase him, Blackie!*

That he took any pride in what he had done was offensive, and when she tersely ended the call and hung up on him for the final time, never to speak again if she had any choice in the matter, the need to drive up to Stoneburrow Farm took her like a desert whirlwind of heat and need. She knew what Reggie had fantasized about – her pining for him, her trying to entrap him by nurturing the baby – and wanted nothing more than to dispel that idea with some huge, heavy horse cock!

*Here's what I think of your kid, Reggie* , she thought viciously. And only moments after hanging up the phone, she was dressed in her skirt and halter top, brunette hair pinned back behind a barette, long legs working behind a denim skirt. This time there would be no need to hitch-hike. She would take her parents' car, having gotten her provisional license several months before. Old Jeb had told her she could visit Blackie any time she wanted, and she knew just how she was going to nourish and nurture Reggie's unborn child.

It took twenty-five minutes for her to leave her suburban area and make it to the pastoral town outskirts, stopping in the leafblown parking area that was separated from the ranch by a simple chain and two wooden hitching posts. By the time she arrived, she was feeling the heat of her body, and her reasons were as selfish as they were vengeful.

She walked onto the property and found Sheb outside of his caretaker's cabin, his frizzy white hair ringing his bald black head like a half-eaten donut, stooped behind a tied-up horse, wielding a shoeing tool and swearing under his breath. His overalls were laden with dirt, as if he's been up and down in the horse pens and animal petting areas all morning. By this point, they were familiar to each other, and he greeted her warmly. There was a hint of lecherous glee in his gaze, but only slightly, and Skylar saw it as an occupational hazard of speaking to an older man who spent all his time cooped up with animals. Besides, she liked Sheb. Unlike Reggie, whose horniness had made her feel put-upon and tired, Sheb's was mostly harmless. Sometimes, she found herself letting him get an eyeful of the curve of her buttocks as she walked up the path to Blackie's pen.

"Miss Skylar!" he said. "Here to see the big boy?"

"Yeah," she replied, blushing a little at what must have been the obvious eagerness on her face. "I had myself a heck of a day. I just need to ride around a little. I'll feed him and put him away, too, so don't you worry about that."

Sheb smiled and tipped her a wink. "Well, that's kind of you, missy. I've had my hands full all day with some new arrivals. Three new big boys. I've had to separate 'em, see how they get on with each



other. They're uncut, like Blackie. So I can't have 'em crossing paths with the mares."

Skylar raised her eyebrows, and she made a scissor motion with her fingers. "Uncut? You mean-"

"Yep," Sheb said, and leaned in conspiratorially the way he always did when he was talking about animal husbandry. "All three of 'em hangin' down past their hocks! I got 'em in the meadow out past Blackie's graze." He leaned back against the wooden fence. "I'd offer to let you try 'em out, but I bet you've got eyes only for that big boy, huh?"

Skylar blushed even deeper, and Sheb's wink seemed to imply an intimacy between her and Blackie that was both true and secret. "Y-you, know me, Mister Dealie. Me and Blackie just get on really well together." She smiled sweetly, but inside, her loins were throbbing in anticipation of feeling Blackie's body rumbling between her thighs... first on a ride, and then, in the confines of his pen, in a very different way.

Sheb seemed to sense her slight embarrassment and lifted a finger to his white-mustachio'd lips, as if to say 'oops, my bad'. "Well, that ain't none of my business, missy. But I could tell you a story or two. More than one lady and matron has had a trusty stallion on the side to run to when things got tough at home. Something about riding makes those cares just... slip away. And I'm not talking just about country girls but all kinds. Black and white, it don't matter. When someone is treatin' you wrong, sometimes you gotta go to that beast that only knows how to treat you right."

Skylar blinked. "Yes," she said, realizing gradually how well the description fit. "Yes, that's it exactly. Just... human beings can be so *ugly* -"

"Ayup," Sheb nodded. "You don't need to tell me. And my own mama and her daddy and his daddy, they needed that lesson even less. Saw all sorts of ugliness and evil from mankind. So... you go ahead, girl. Go to that big boy." He winked. "And if we have any unexpected visitors... I'll steer 'em away."

This time his smile seemed too knowing to be unintentional, and Skylar felt a nervous, fizzy tingle in her belly at the idea that Old Sheb knew about the going-on when she was with Blackie in his barn. Nonetheless, in whatever strange form it had arrived, she clearly had an ally in the old groundskeeper, and thanked him before turning and walking up the path toward the lush, fenced-in square where Blackie grazed and wandered when he was outside. The gently rising path was deserted; the ranch had fewer visitors than in days past, when agrarian and rural activities had been a bigger part of American life. Now, Skylar supposed, the children who had once clamored to feed the foals and ride the horses were at home, playing on their smartphones.

When she arrived at the wooden, three-rail fence and saw Blackie standing and grazing idly in his meadow, she looked around. As on the path, it was deserted. Beyond, in an adjacent enclosure that ran all the way out toward the edge of the property, Skylar saw the other horses that Sheb had mentioned; the new ungelded males. One was grey, two were chestnut brown, and they stared idly back at her as she took them in. Majestic, powerful creatures - but not as striking as her Blackie.

Blackie was *special* .

She saw that her favored stallion was already trotting over to greet her, and her heart started to flutter as she reached into her handbag for the shiny apple she'd brought. How similar it was to how she'd felt about the boys she'd crushed on when she was younger, the way her blood was pumping and her face flushed. She watched the stallion's dark muscle move as he trotted her way and felt more attracted to him as she'd ever been to any human. A majestic, powerful physical presence... but without the *ugliness* .

"Hey, boy," she said, softly, as Blackie stuck his mighty head over the rail fence and let her pet his muzzle "Hey, boy. I've got something for you." She fed him the apple and she leaned her head against the side of his, sighing contentedly. Images of Reggie's braying, jackass face, mouth open in the middle of some vicious taunt, floated to mind. Then Yvonne's catty, vicious mean girl stare. Humans. They had nothing she wanted.

Sparing one last look around and seeing no one, Skylar pulled off her halter top, letting her breasts fall free, placing the garment carefully on the ground next to the fence. The gentle breeze made her nipples perk up, blushing and pink. She removed the tie from her hair and let it flow free over her shoulders, shaking her head to free it. Then, her hands went to her skirt, unfastening it and letting it fall, leaving only her panties. Shortly, she stepped out of these and also pushed off her runners, then her socks.

She embraced Blackie, draping her arms around his neck and leaning, feeling carefree at last now that they were together and she was free from the trappings of human civilization. "Blackie," she cooed. "You're the only boyfriend I need." She shuddered with pleasure as the horse's hot breath poured over her chest, and then she guided the beast's mouth to her pert and perfect teenage breasts, gasping with deeper ecstasy as Blackie nibbled and snuffled against them with his powerful mouth. Moaning, Skylar aided her partner, supporting one breast with her hand and aiming it against Blackie's mouth, pushing it against him, letting him lick it and lightly bite until she was nearly swooning with pleasure, then repeating with the opposite breast.

"Nnngh... fuck... you're so much better than any man!" she exclaimed, loving the liberating sound of her own voice. There were many things she needed, but one overrode all others. Normally she wouldn't be able to get onto Blackie without a saddle and stirrup (these were in the barn) but the fence-rails provided enough of a boost. She swung her shapely cheerleader leg over Blackie's back and settled in, leaning forward and, in lieu of reins, clutching her hands to his shoulders.

Blackie began to slowly move, and the sight of Skylar's beautiful young body clinging to him as he trotted evenly and gently in a circle would have been enough to make any skulking eavesdropper blow in his pants. Her pale, perfect skin was the perfect contrast to his black coat, and it made it easy to see the way her perfect, cheer-sculpted butt globes bounced and jiggled with his every hoofbeat, and the puffy pinkness of her slit that was revealed between as she leaned forward. Her hair trailed majestically behind, laying against the muscles of her slender, graceful back, and her breasts, pressed against Blackie's back, squeezed and compressed and bounced in all manner of enticing ways.

She clamped her thighs around his barrel belly and let the jostling of the ride thrum her clitoris like a tuning fork, moaning out, clutching at Blackie with her fingernails. Just from this ride, she was feeling things beyond what she'd ever felt with Reggie, and she knew from her previous encounters that it was only the tip of the iceberg. *God, I'm becoming a horse's woman*, she thought. And on the heels of that: *Good. Good. I don't care.*

She clung to him and ground her young pussy against his back desperately, not loosening her athletic thighs and her clutching arms until she'd cum twice. She whispered for Blackie to take her back to the fence, and as if the two of them shared a special bond, the horse obeyed her command, and she carefully stepped down on the inside of the fence, taking a deep breath, her heart pounding. "Oh my god," she moaned, hand to her chest. "You're amazing, Blackie." The insides of her thighs were soaked with her own wetness, she could feel the lips of her pussy sliding slick and ready against each other. And beneath the stallion's barrel chest, as before, was that ever-present male organ, surpassing in size and virility. She could smell it; the musky scent of that leathery, dark-colored cock made her nose tingle.

Skylar dropped to her knees. Blackie was coming out of his sheath and growing, extending before her eyes to a size that put human males to complete shame. She could not resist measuring the heavy meat against her arm, pressing the big, spongy cock-knob to her shoulder. It was both thicker *and* longer. And near the base, just as much a part of her forbidden lust, those two big, hanging testicles were looming, so heavy and full of breeding power that the scrotal skin was stretched down by their volume.

"I have a baby inside me, Blackie," Skylar said, softly, knee-walking further underneath. "I need... someone to provide for me. So the baby can grow up big and strong." The words were out of her mouth before she could really consider what they meant. She had been 99% sure that she was going to get an abortion... but here, naked in the meadow with Blackie, it was like being in a dream world. Reggie seemed to take a perverse pride in knocking her up, as if he'd be the world's greatest father, but the idea of having to go to him for support made her sick. No, what the child needed wasn't Reggie. But maybe, with Blackie... it would be okay.

She stared at those big, heavy horse nuts, then pushed her face toward them and buried her nose between, inhaling deep and moaning at the brutal, animalistic musk that tore at her olfactories. All the Axe Body Spray in the world couldn't help someone like Reggie duplicate. Fuck, it smelled *amazing*, having those big, churning horse balls all over her face, feeling Blackie's sweat smear into her pores, feeling his musk sizzle in her brain! She extended her tongue and started to lick and worship those big balls like they were fertility idols. She could almost hear them - churning, bubbling, making more and more ultra-virile horse sperm, all for her! She pressed the flat of her tongue against them, moaning, drooling on them, making out with them worshipfully and desperately while Blackie's enormous prong lilted over her back like a shoulder-fired missile.

When she stopped to catch her breath, she was panting, squatting lewdly beneath him, arcs of spittle connecting her lips and those spit-shined nuts. Her grey eyes were desperate. "Feed me," she begged. "I need it. The baby needs it." She reached up to grip Blackie's shaft and maneuver it close to her mouth. "I'll drink every drop!"

*I'd rather chug horse sperm than have you buy me fried pickles, Reggie, she thought, viciously. I don't need you, because your baby is going to be nourished on 100% jizz from my horse boyfriend!*

"I hope you're really backed up, Blackie," she moaned, eyes transfixed on the fat pisshole of that monstrous, spongy cockflange. "I'll drink it all, no matter how thick it is!" She pressed her lips against the cocktip and began to milk with her hands, massaging Blackie's shaft as she posed lewdly with thighs splayed and breasts hanging down, her hair wild. In her youth, animalistic nakedness and lust, Skylar had achieved a kind of beauty that transcended human. She would have looked right at home wearing a crown of blossoms and prancing amidst the Dionysian debaucheries of the nymphs and fauns of legend, having sex with gods and monsters.

Her cheeks hollowed out and her lips pursed as she suckled. Blackie's cock twitched and spurted a fat worm of thick, gooey cum onto her tongue, coiling around and piling on it until it was buried. Skylar moaned with pleasure, her face delirious with happiness at the fresh, virile treat. It tastes so strong, and even in the moistness of her mouth, didn't break apart at all! She reached into her mouth and pulled it out in a big, thick strand of goo, gazing at it as if hypnotized. "Nnngh!" she moaned. "It's so fucking thick!" She lowered it into her mouth and started to suck and fellate the cum-worm, blowing lusty breaths out of her nose. Fuck, it smelled so strong, and tasted even stronger! She could imagine the big, virile sperms just wriggling in it, looking for eggs to fertilize. No, not just fertilize. To tear to shreds with pure, nasty breeding power! Her other hand found her pussy at this mental image, and she began to finger herself, drawing lewd and wet sounds from her needy slit.

She chewed the cum, marveling at how long she had to masticate it before it finally broke apart and mixed with her saliva... and then, when she swallowed, her hand followed the passage from her gulping throat, down her breasts, and to her belly, where it hovered over the gentle curve of the unborn baby.

*I love horse cum , she realized. I just want to drink it until I'm fit to burst!*

She gave her sixteen-year-old throat to the stallion willingly, not caring at the way his girth made her jaw creak, only opening as wide as she could and gagging her face down that thick, long shaft time and again, doing it until her eyes watered and her nose ran. Sounds that once would have mortified her as slutty and nasty echoed from her body and she welcomed them as symbols of her devotion. She no longer cared what anyone thought of her, let alone that bitch Yvonne, or Reggie. Hell, in that moment, she wanted them to know.

*I wish you were here, Reggie. Watching me take Blackie's huge horse cock all the way down my throat! Then you could see how a real stud handles his girl!* She reached out and cupped Blackie's big balls, barely able to reach them at the shallowest point of her oral. She kneaded, rubbed, and groped them, gurgling with pleasure around his cock. The heat and weight of them drove her wild, and she moaned out desperately as her throat was stretched and she felt those nuts twitch and seem to swell... she could see them in her mind's eye, throbbing in that musky sack, *churning* out wad after wad of the thick, gooey *horse cream* that she craved!

She needed to drink.

Blackie's hooves skittered and pranced a little as he reached orgasm with his cock halfway down Skylar's sucking, slurping young throat, the bulging medial ring pressing up against her stretched lips. A great sound of spraying, spurting ejaculation could be heard as his mighty testicle drew up close to the base of his monstrous fuckmeat... and Skylar's fingering and breast-kneading reached a finger pitch. It was like her entire throat became an erogenous zone - the very act of feeling those hose-blasts of cum slopping into her belly was erotic to her in extreme. She felt herself nourishing herself from the penis of horse boyfriend, feeding herself and her baby, knowing that those fat, clumpy wads of sperm would be turned into nutrients in her cum-hungry belly. She felt more comfortable in her lewd stripper squat beneath Blackie's barrel belly than she ever had on Reggie's arm.

Her orgasm came easily and explosively as her fingers became a blur. Cock cream burst from her nostrils and over her lower lip and down her chin in a spray, and she couldn't take her eyes off the way Blackie's nuts were bulging and throbbing as the beast filled her guts! It was such a huge load, and so thick... she could feel her belly growing gravid and heavy with *pure horse nut* !

It seemed like an eternity that she squatted there, throat-locked around that monstrous, bestial cock, accepting all it had to give. She stumbled back on the grass only after Blackie's issue had completely ceased, falling to her back, looking up at that half-hard prick and those big, leathery balls, rubbing her hands down over her belly and finding it swollen with sperm. God, she had swallowed so much!

*The baby that came out of your needle-dick is going to grow big and strong from all these super-thick horse loads , Reggie, she thought, viciously. What do you think of that? Blackie's big fat sperms are going to do more to raise this child than you ever could!* She imagined herself striding up to him with an enormous cum-gut after draining Blackie's balls, stifling a thick, bubbling sperm-burp, and telling him his services as a provider would not be needed. A delicious fantasy. But while it was easy for her to hate Reggie, her feelings about the baby were still muddled. Of course a horse couldn't really be a father... could it?

It was a crazy thought.

Her hands went to the swollen curve of her midsection, now twice the size it had been. She felt her stomach rebel and then, heaving, she vomited an arcing rocket of thick, greyish-white sperm, all over her own belly. The warmth and gooey thickness of it (god, it had barely broken down, even in her stomach... what a virile sperm load!) turned her on, and it was with a twisted sort of pride that she rubbed the spew all over her slightly-diminished belly, anointing her pregnancy with it, marking herself.

"I love your cum, Blackie," she whispered. She closed her eyes and fantasized again, about Reggie walking up to her, trying to reconcile, asking for a second chance... only for her to lean over and unleash a massive eruption of cum vomit from her mouth until it was piled inches high on the floor.

*Unngh... Reggie...*

*As you can see...*

*My new boyfriend...*

*Is... already giving me all I can handle!*

"I want more," she croaked to herself. "I want more, Blackie... is it okay?" She turned her head to the side and saw three onlookers at the fence that separated Blackie's pen from the larger meadow bordering the edge of the property. Not men (Sheb seemed to have kept his promise to keep visitors away, if any had even arrived to begin with) but horses. The three new, ungelded males, grey and two chestnut browns, watching her with eyes that seemed speculative and fierce. And hanging down past their hocks, those big fat horse cocks and big, sweaty, musky balls...

"My baby needs cum," she moaned to herself, barely audible over the wind. Blackie stepped away, leaving her looking up at a sky that was starting to turn dark with the approaching sunset, the first stars visible. She stood, knees shaking, her teenage body still absolutely perfect in spite of her ordeal, belly, forearms and hands greased up with cum like lotion. Her cute feet were slightly darkened with meadow dirt, her hair wild and windblown. Blackie put his muzzle to her lower back and nudged her toward the fence.

"Oh, Blackie!" she moaned, turning to press her lips against his soft coat. "I knew you wouldn't be jealous!" She pressed her mouth against his prickly muzzle, and when he extended his tongue, she took the rubbery, driving organ into her mouth, fellating it like a cock, bobbing her face back and forth and drinking the hot saliva that poured down her throat, groaning with ecstasy as she made out lewdly with her horse boyfriend. Blackie's tongue was so long and thick and powerful that she could suck it, deep-throat it, tasting his earthy, intoxicating mouth eagerly until finally, gasping, she parted from him.

Then, she walked, pert buttocks bouncing with each step, toward the larger field, and the row of horses there, lifting one leg and placing it carefully on the top beam to hoist herself over the fence, unabashedly showing off her pussy with its soft, sparse brown pubic hair. They were on her before she could even set a foot down on the other side, plying her with their fat tongues and low-slung heads as she still had her leg lifted. Strong animals, necks extended as if feeding, lapping at her pussy and driving their powerful, thick appendages into her defenseless teen pussy, tasting her. She reached back, lifting her buttock, spreading herself obscenely in a way she never could have imagined doing for Reggie, or any other human man.

The three stallions took turns munching her twat, making her cum again and again with the rough

attentions of their lips and tongues. Within five minutes, she was rabid for them, after ten, she could no longer contain herself. Blackie came to the fence, watching, as she cried out with pleasure and dropped to her knees, positioning herself behind or underneath the horses as they stood. Gently, sinfully, she bid them turn around and stand facing away at the equidistant points of a triangle, so she could tend to their hanging cocks and fat balls.

"Oh, fuck!" she cooed, overwhelmed by the sheer amount of hanging horse dick. She inhaled the musky scent and swooned as three sets of powerful stallion haunches surrounded her. "I'll take care of all of your amazing cocks!" Skylar felt disconnected from who she had previously been, and was operating as a free spirit, naked with the grass between her toes and every erogenous zone on her body on fire with need. She reached between the legs of the nearest stallion and took hold of its cock, her dainty hand unable to completely encircle the veinous, mottled shaft. She leaned forward and started sucking on the horse's testicles while milking it downward, passing out this loving treatment for as long as she could go without suffocating, then switching to the next horse to repeat the task.

"You're all so full!" she moaned, feeling the bubbling, percolating sperm sacks seem to boil and sputter against her mouth as she pursed her lips and hollowed her cheeks, sucking the, licking them, drooling all over them, milking those shafts to full hardness. She drew in gleeful breaths as she saw big, gooey wads begin to leak from their pissholes, drawn forth by her downward strokes. "And it's so thick!" Nothing could hide the glee in her voice, yet she couldn't help but add a caveat in her own mind - *but not as thick as Blackie*.

The three horses together represented an overwhelming sexual experience, but taken on his own, Blackie was still the biggest, the strongest, his cock the largest and his semen the thickest. She realized with guilty, sinful pleasure that she could tell Blackie was bigger by the way those churning nuts felt in her mouth, the way her jaw creaked a little extra when she tried to wrap her lips around one of Blackie's cum-factories.

*I'm becoming a horse-whore*, she realized, her mind racing. *I know my horse boyfriend's dick just by the feel of it when I suck!* She looked up at the wooden rail fence and saw Blackie watching her as she tended to the others. She felt a need to impress the beast, to do the nastiest things in front of him to prove her willingness, things she would have never done for Reggie.

"I'm going to drink every drop, Blackie," she moaned. "I'll show you... what a good mother... I am!" She punctuated these words by kissing first one leaking, spongy cock flange, then the second, then the third. Next, she placed herself between two of the stallions as they stood side to side, pulling in one cock with each hand, opening her mouth, aiming the turgid members at her tongue and teeth and the throat beyond. Balancing on the balls of her feet, thighs lewdly spread, her young pussy exposed, Skylar was jacking two enormous horse cocks - each one nearly a foot-and-a-half long and as thick as her arm. The gossip-mongers circling the cheerleading team like flies would have been scandalized to find one of the school's more popular beauties in such a position, but Skylar no longer gave Yvonne and her ilk any mind. She wanted *cum*. She wanted thick, nasty beast loads, pumped into her mouth!

"Come on," she breathed. "My baby needs *sperm*. My baby needs your *horse seed* to grow up big and strong!" She shuddered, shutting her eyes, feeling her tummy tingle and her pussy quiver at the extremity of it all. "Take a look, Reggie! I'm going to be covered in cum from *animals*! They're so much better than you are!" She pushed the spongy, pulsating heads together and pressed her tongue tip into those heavy pissholes, feeling the thick cum curds leaking out, knowing there was so much more to come, wanting to drink every drop. Her hands pressed together harshly, trying to stuff both knobs into her mouth, each one the size of a large breakfast muffin.

She pressed the dickmeat to her mouth in stereo, and her eyes rolled back with utter bliss as she felt the urethra on each cock tremble and twin hose-blasts of creamy, whitish-yellow horse sperm erupt onto her tongue, instantly burying it and filling her mouth, with the excess slopping over the sides and down her cheeks, dripping on her breasts. She tried to seal her mouth over both cocks at once, desperately, but they were just too large, and so she drank from one while the other marked her, blasting her teenage face, neck, and tits as she gulped loudly and lewdly. She switched between them as she could. She made sounds of deep, needful hunger and she swallowed, and swallowed, and swallowed, letting her mouth full and then gulping the pudding-thick mess again and again, letting the fat sperm ropes spray directly into her yawning mouth and down the back of her throat, sometimes taking two blasts at once. Her throat swelled and receded around the heavy mouthfuls again and again as she swallowed, losing count of the number of times, only knowing she had to *keep going*, the spray would *drown her*, there was so much cum in these big stallion cocks!

The third stallion, the grey, was still waiting for his turn, and scrambled on knee and foot in the forest of legs and big, shadow-casting torsos to attend to him, pulling his cock toward her as well and pursing her lips over the musky, leaking pisshole to milk his first spurts as well, trying to keep the two others within arm's reach. They milled around slightly, making her feel lost in the middle of a stampede. Eventually she just lay flat on her back and reached up with her agile feet to milk the hanging, throbbing penis of the grey as it stomped and snuffled above her, her arched and toed rubbing the beast's shaft and balls and always milking down toward her face, her cum-smeared mouth, still begging for more. The cum spurted over a short distance, plastering her mouth, her chin, her neck, and her upper body. Skylar gasped and spread it all over herself, oiling her pert breasts in it, twisting her nipples, pushing the fattest sperm wads up toward her mouth and swallowing them down.

When it was done, every inch of her upper body was painted in the whitish-grey issue of the horses. Her nostrils were blowing minute sperm bubbles, and a river of cum had settled between her breasts. Sticky strands criss-crossed her face and stuck in her hair, elongating and elasticizing as her eyelids opened and closed. Rivers of cream ran down from her mouth, over her cheeks to pool around her head. She was covered from head to toe, staring up at the stars, and felt more free, and more fulfilled, than she ever had in her life.

"You boys are... so amazing," she breathed, and the lust and love in her voice would have been obvious to any eavesdropper. How much horse sperm had she swallowed? Three liters? Four? Her stomach felt absolutely stuffed... but she knew, looking at the big, hanging balls on the receding penises of her partners, that they would be ready to go again in a very short time, if needed. What *studs*. She thought of Reggie and his tiny-by-comparison dick, and his rolling over and falling asleep five minutes after a few thrusts of unsatisfying lovemaking, and then looked over to where Blackie was standing by the rail fence, and laughed. The comparison was so ludicrous, it was a joke.

She laughed at the night sky for a while, a free spirit, a dryad in the meadow. It was forty-five more minutes before she gathered herself and returned to her car... and by then, the sun had nearly fallen below the horizon.

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"So you've kindled."

Skylar heard Sheb say the words as she was making her way out to the parking lot of Stoneburrow Farms, just before he crossed the threshold that demarcated the property. The stars were out early in the highest third of the sky; and in the dimming evening light she had missed Sheb, who was sitting in a weathered lawn chair on the small bluff that overlooked the downslope meadows and the



lot.

She wasn't sure how to react. After tending to the horses, she had donned her clothing and arranged herself as best she could; washing her face and upper body with the water flow from Blackie's barn so that the coating of semen she'd acquired wouldn't be obvious. She had not passed within twenty feet of Sheb, hadn't even *seen* him (the lawn chair with its weathered coffee can to hold cigarette butts, was facing away from the path), and yet he had called out to her.

Now, he rose and stood silhouetted against the tangerine horizon, a bottle of beer in one hand, a cigarette in the other, overalls draped on his wiry body. He must have seen the uncertain look on Skylar's face, because he held up a conciliatory hand. "Now, don't worry none. I've seen a lot of things, missy. And I've never yet felt the need to spread other people's business around town. Doubt anyone would listen, anyway - not to an old crank like me."

Skylar gulped, the intoxicating taste of horse sperm in her mouth. God, she had swallowed so *much* of it. Had her belly really grown that much? Had Sheb seen? "Mister Dealie," she started, but immediately slowed down, unsure of how to finish. Not sure how to tell or how much to tell. He gestured for her to join him on the small bluff, and she approached, seeing that his expression was gentle and not stern. They stood together in the shade of a large tree and looked at the night sky.

"Look up at the sky, kiddo," Sheb said. "What do you see?"

Skylar shook her head at the strange question. "The sunset. Clouds."

"Above that. Look higher."

"Stars?"

"You bet," Sheb said, and tilted back a swig of beer. "I heard a lot of stories as a child, starin' up at these same stars. Stories from the old days, mind you - the slave days."

Skylar put a hand to her mouth. "Oh! Well, I wouldn't know anything about that, Mister Dealie-" Talking about something like slavery with a black person made Skylar a bit nervous - the subject was always treated with gravity at her school during social studies, yet there were only a few African-American students, none of whom were her close friends.

He laughed. "I should think not, heavens to betsy!" His laugh diffused a lot of the tension, and Skylar found herself smiling. "But a lot of girls even in those days found themselves in a little trouble, and they used to look up at these same stars. You know the constellations?"

Skylar blushed a little. "Not really. I've heard of a few, like Big Dipper, and Orion's Belt-"

Sheb nodded. "Good, good. People used to know the stars a lot better, child. Stars used to guide 'em when they were in the woods, wandering at night with bloodhounds on their heels. Runnin' north without a pot to piss in. So they knew the constellations real well, almost like family. And even with the sun just goin' down, on a clear night like this you can see a lot." He pointed to the night sky. "You see that one there? Like a horse rearin' up?"

Skylar squinted, but couldn't really make heads or tails of the arrangement of brighter stars. She shook her head. Mr. Dealie always had a way of making her feel like a little girl, learning at the foot of her grandfather or something. "I can't really make it out."

He held out his hand, standing beside her and pointing, tracing the shape with this finger, and then

she did see it – twelve stars, forming a hind leg, a boxy middle, a foreleg, and a head. “That right there is *Centaurus* . Named after the race of people who were half man, half horse.”

Skylar’s eyes went wide. “Oh!” she exclaimed. “W-well, that’s... very interesting, Mister Dealie, but... I really think I should be going. It’s getting late, and my mother will wonder where I’ve been!” She was suddenly very aware of what she’d been doing with Blackie these last weeks. When she was with the stallion, any shame and guilt seemed to melt away, she reveled in their time together.

Sheb held up his hand again. “Now, don’t get nervous. Just listen to the story I got to tell you,” he said, gently. “Ain’t I always been a friend to you, when you’ve come by here? Passed a kind word?”

“Yes,” Skylar said, cautiously. “You have.”

He sat down and looked at her earnestly. “Alright then. I’m telling you... back in the slave days, when a girl like you would get in trouble – you know the trouble I mean, when a boy takes what he likes and isn’t thinkin’ or maybe he’s just mean?”

Skylar thought of Reggie and her face fell into a scowl. “Yes,” she said. “I know.”

“Well back in those days, that was happening all the time. And those girls were smart – like you. Smart and tough, like you, and they knew if they took that trouble all the way to conclusion, it wasn’t going to be no happy bundle of joy. Because that white boy that just took what he wanted without thinkin’, darn sure didn’t want that child. And that mistress of that plantation, that wife or that white girl, sure didn’t want that child born, and she would be cruel to that girl, and to that child, and make life impossible.”

Skylar found herself enthralled by the story, which Sheb told with a sort of strange authenticity that wasn’t in her history books. She could certainly relate to the situation; having been victimized by Reggie, and already being teased and mistreated by both him and his slutty new girlfriend.

“So these girls, they took herbs that would turn the thing out, or if they had to, they would injure theyselves. Nasty business, breaks my heart to think about, but these girls were determined as they were afraid. And some of ‘em, they would look up to this same night sky, the Southern Sky, cause that’s the only place you can see all of Centaurus, mind, and they would ask for a little help. And in those days, missie, you know horses wasn’t just on a ranch or one of those show-pony carriages you see around town. Horses was everywhere, part of everyday life. Pullin’ wagons and carryin’ overseers around with their rifles.”

“Yes,” Skylar said, and she could see it in her mind’s eye. The beautiful but stricken young black girl, staring up at the sky with plaintive eyes, cradling her belly. Feeling sick about the young white son of the plantation owner, who had taken her without thought or care to the consequences. Knowing that if something wasn’t done about it, the mistress would see and know that her husband or son was dipping his wick in a forbidden barrel, and she would call for a whipping, or worse. Just like how it had been with her and Reggie. And instead of the pouch of herbs, or the metal wire, look toward a meadow where horses had been given to graze and seeing a muscled, strong specimen who was gentler, kinder, better in all respects than her prior partner-

“So I ain’t judgin’ you,” Sheb said. “For lookin’ up into that sky and seein’ somethin’ you like. Even if you didn’t know you was doin’ it. That big boy in that barn, he sure helped you out, didn’t he? Made you feel good?”

Skylar blushed deeply. “I... yes.” She took a deep breath. “Yes. Blackie is... he’s really special. Horses are... sometimes, I think, horses are better than people.”

Sheb chuckled. "Sho' nuff, I think the very same," he said. "And even though I heard this story a bunch of times, I never thought I would see it happen. Guess it goes to prove, people don't change - even across the centuries." And now, he looked directly at her belly, at that slightly visible raised curve, dispelling any uncertainty that he *knew*. "So, now you're gonna need my help."

Skylar blushed so deeply this time that her cheeks were like roses for a moment, and put a hand to her face, averting eye contact. "Oh! I... well, to tell you the truth... I'm not sure what I'm going to do yet. With the baby, I mean. When I came here today, I thought I knew, but... now I'm not so sure." She brushed off the front of her skirt, straightening it. "But, *you* don't have to get involved."

Sheb raised an eyebrow. "Well heck," he said. "You see the big picture but you missed the most important detail." He reached out a hand to her stomach and rubbed it while Skylar clenched her fists with nervous embarrassment. "This *ain't* no baby. Not human, anyway."

Skylar's eyes went wide. "What!?" she gasped.

Sheb looked at her gravely and earnestly. "This here is a foal! That big boy up there has gone and made you his mare!"

Seconds later, he was diving forward to catch her. Like a belle in the stories of yesteryear, Skylar had fainted dead away.

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Part Three - Life Of Skylar

Scenes from the life of Skylar Keen, in the weeks and months after the revelation at Stoneburrow Farms.

Skylar obsessively looking in the mirror, pulling her blouses and dresses up to examine her tummy; examining herself in profile, looking for evidence of her condition. Every day, sometimes multiple times a day, her belly full of ice-water nerves, a mix of dread and strange, surreal excitement.

Skylar's parents returning momentarily from their vacation house abroad, staying for a weekend before departing again. Skylar first hinting, then outright telling them of her troubles - without revealing the child's true author. Her father being enraged, calling her a 'little whore' and telling her that she should know better than to be running around with boys. Skylar crying. Her mother's face unreadable, restrained from comforting her by her father's tirade. Her father rolling up his sleeves and saying he wanted to 'get his hands' on the boy responsible. Skylar telling him it was 'okay', and that she would take care of it herself - and the baby, too.

Taking stock afterward, knees drawn up, sitting on her bed. Crying at first, then wiping her nose and her eyes hardening into defiance. Feeling stronger than she ever had, not knowing why or how. Looking in the mirror and seeing an amber light in her own eyes that was almost saintly... and then looking out the window and seeing Centaurus in the southern sky.

Skylar walking down the hall at school, unashamed at her beginning-to-show colt bump, and hearing whispers about how she had changed her hair, changed her style of dress. Floating like a faerie queen, focused on her memories of Blackie, ignoring the stares and comments. Seeing Yvonne, Reggie's jealousy-trap squeeze, in the hall. Yvonne making snide remarks about her being knocked up, really digging to make her cry, to humiliate her in front of the whole school... and Skylar walking right past, ignoring her.

In history class, seeing frescos and murals featuring faeries, centaurs, dryads and nature goddesses. Their wild hair, sharp features, and beautiful bodies. Reaching out to touch the page with her hand, feeling a kinship. The next day, deciding to wear her long hair unstraightened and wild, with a decorative barrette that looked like a crown of vines. A yellow sun-dress. Sandals. Receiving more stares from the boys. Checking in the bathroom mirror and realizing the dress made her tits and ass look bigger, and finding she didn't care. Blackie was *big*. Size was good.

Returning to Stoneburrow Farms, learning that the seasons were changing and the schedule had picked up for riding lessons and farm tours. Sheb warning her that it would be harder to visit 'her big boy'. Skylar understanding but also feeling disappointed. Watching other people ride Blackie around, feeling a strange sort of jealousy. Being alarmed by it at first - a girl jealous of people riding her horse? - but then embracing it. Blackie was *her* horse. Even if nobody knew it. Feeling a throb in her womb that seemed tailor-made to remind her of that fact.

Skylar ordering a horse-shaped dildo online, her hand trembling as she clicked "Confirm purchase". It was the largest one they had. Big, black, textured, with a massive flanged head that looked like it would never fit in a teenage girl's tight pussy. Waiting with impatience while it was delivered in 'discreet' packaging. Nearly breaking a fingernail tearing the cardboard apart and immediately retreating to her room to use it. Crying out and biting her lip as she pulled the monster girth as hard into her body as she could, splitting her wispy-haired cunt mount and feeling herself stretch and accept the equine shaft. Cumming hard. Withdrawing and bringing the tip to her mouth, instinctively... wishing that she could drink semen until she was heavy with it. Mewling with hunger, rubbing her thighs together, and thinking about Blackie.

Skylar, using the horse dildo first each evening, then each evening and each morning. Seeing her baby bump develop into a gentle curve. Feeling fertile, useful, glowing. Seeing her complexion become as flawless as it had ever been, her breasts larger, her hair wilder and more beautiful. And the constant reminder of her pregnant belly, providing thrill after thrill.

And then, going to see Sheb Dealie, 'Old Sheb', first asking and then begging him to get in to see Blackie. Sheb observing her growing belly and telling her that she needed a checkup. Skylar being worried about taking the pregnancy to a real doctor, for obvious reasons. Sheb shaking his head and leading her to an equipment shed containing an *Ensonica* equine ultrasound machine.

Skylar beheld the device, which was a battered old laptop-like input device connected to a sturdy white cord and scanner. Sheb gestured for her to lay down on a bale of hay. "Ain't got no fancy office," he said. "Ain't no gynecologist, neither. But I've been using this on mares since Moses wore short pants."

And Skylar lay down, looking at her own belly with its gentle hemispheric curve, and nodded peacefully. "That's alright," she said. "I'm kinda like a mare, aren't I?" The very idea excited her. She was a mare - Blackie's mare!

"Sho' nuff." Sheb approached with the cabled device and Skylar raised her dress without any hesitation or modesty. Her cotton panties hugged her young pussy deliciously, showing the line between her plump labia. Her belly curved and pressed softly against the waistband. Skylar was no longer ashamed of her condition, and the old black man showed no signs of titillation in any case. He produced a gooey white conducting gel and spread it on her belly, leaving it glistening. Skylar giggled at the ticklish feeling... and it was not lost on her that the gel had a consistency and appearance that wasn't too far from Blackie's thick, virile semen!

She let out a little gasp as Sheb pressed the scanner to her belly and held it steady. It would take a

moment, he said to get a clear picture. Skylar closed her eyes. The gel was a little cold, and the scanning pad even colder, but she could endure. The shed was sun-sticky with beams coming in from two different windows; there had been motes of pollen and dust in the air. She smelled the country air and imagined herself riding with Blackie through a meadow of tall flowers, her wild hair behind her, wearing a white cotton dress, flowing, like a toga, like those pictures of Demeter. In her fantasy, her eyes were amber and the tips of her ears pointed.

And after her ride, she lay down with Blackie in the meadow and let him mount her. Fucking her for hours, flooding her with semen again and again.

"Steady girl," Sheb whispered, hand on her shoulder. "Not long now. This ain't exactly a common thing. I didn't expect to be doin' this, so... bear with me. This is like a legend come to life, you know? Even an old hand like me don't know *what* to expect." He moved the large flat surface at the end of the armored cord along her gel-smeared belly, and then his breath hissed suddenly. "Ah! There he is! Big as billy-be-damned!"

Skylar felt a surge of excitement. She had felt that she was pregnant with a colt, but she had never actually seen it. She had realized it was possible that all of her fantasies were just fantasies - escapism - brought out by the situation with Reggie. She had wanted to be rid of him, and her mind and body had filled in the blanks. But now, her eyes shifted to the weathered monitor, and she saw *something* - a hard-to-interpret shape inside what could only be the shell of her belly, rendered in cloudy grey and black.

"You see?" Sheb prompted, his white eyebrows raising. He was in his usual outfit of coveralls and a flannel shirt. He reached out an arm and pointed to the screen. "All curled up there. Four legs. And - hell!" He leaned over and peered at the screen. "This boy's got a heck of a basket on him already!"

Skylar followed his hand as Sheb traced along the ultrasound image in a banana shape. "Sheath and pecker, right here!" he explained. "You got yourself a boy, Miss Skylar - and heck of a boy, too! Usually don't see nothing like this until they come of age. But I guess when it comes to a girl carrying for a stallion, the book goes out the window!" He was transfixed by the screen, so he didn't see Skylar's face flush with excitement.

She really was pregnant with a horse! A perfect, beautiful colt... and what was more, even at only three or four months, it already had a bigger cock than her ex-boyfriend Reggie! Her body shuddered as she imagined Reggie's sperm - the sperm he had shot inside her without permission - being washed away but pure stallion breeding power! She imagined his crooked swimmers futilely trying to penetrate one of her eggs, only to be overwhelmed, replaced, stomped out of existence by a tidal wave of big-dick stallion cum!

This time, she couldn't stop herself from giving a shudder. Sheb noticed and removed the ultrasound pad. "You feeling a need, girl?" he asked.

She blushed and turned away. "Mister Dealie... I'm fine... it's just that, not being able to see Blackie-"

"I know. Busy season has got us all in an uproar. And it's only going to get worse. Blackie is going for a ride soon. Upstate."

Skylar sat up from her hay bale, her dress falling back down over her belly. Her buttocks, buoyant and pert and perfect as one would expect on teen girl, smooshed under her enticingly as she rose. "Wait! What do you mean, Blackie is leaving?"

Sheb looked regretful. "We send these big boys up to a few shows a year. Hostler's Association Charity fair. Some others. He'll be back... but for now, if you've got a powerful itch, you'll have to take care of it y'ownself."

Skylar closed her eyes, thinking about her horse dildo. It was something... but not nearly enough! She needed Blackie's cock, yes - but she also needed what was in his big, leathery, hanging balls. All of that hot, lumpy stallion cream that it had been her joy to drink and lick and smear over her body like lotion! She emerged from such sessions cleansed, at peace, and tingling with pleasure. To forgo them, with so much stress at home and at school, her only escape...

She put a hand to her mouth, stifling a short sob. Sheb immediately approached. "Now, now, girl. I know you got a powerful need inside you. A miracle ain't a thing to take lightly - so if your body is telling you to do a thing, it's best to take heed."

Skylar met his gaze with something like shame, wiping her eyes to mask her flustered state. She had started to learn how to avoid becoming flustered by Reggie and Yvonne's remarks, but Sheb, who she actually liked, was a different matter. Something about admitting her needs to him made her feel scandalized, like she was getting horny in front of her grandfather, or something. "It's not like that, Mister Dealie-" she started to say, but it *was* . And they both knew it.

"Look here," Sheb said, moving to stand next to her. From the front pocket of his coveralls he produced a battered notebook and a grease pencil, writing on it. "I won't pretend to know this will do the trick for sure - but... you remember that story I told you about the slave girls?" He held out a torn piece of paper in one weathered hand. Skylar took it and looked. It was a phone number.

"What's this?" she sniffled, staring at it.

"My nephew and his friends. Those slave girls who got done wrong by the white masters back in the day... even when they was in the way, they found their comfort where they could. And if the old story has come this far, maybe we might could follow it a little further down the road?" He paused. "It'd be real, at least. And they're good boys."

Skylar blinked, realizing what he had in mind. "Do they... I mean... without knowing my situation - they'll still-"

Sheb smiled and stifled a laugh. "Girl like you? I don't believe they'll need much encouragin'!"

"What are you trying to prove?"

Skylar held her ground when Reggie approached her outside the school, in the narrow path between the main buildings. He was alone, with no sign of Yvonne or any of his sycophants; she had endured enough of his nonsense to know that this was because, whatever he was planning, he didn't want an audience. He was wearing the latest in what Skylar considered to be high-school douchebag gear - skinny jeans, athletic jacket, gold chain - and his facial hair had somehow become even more obnoxious. Since he'd started dating Yvonne, her fashion sense had rubbed off on him, and not for the better.

"Leave me alone, Reggie," Skylar said, quietly, and kept walking. There was nobody else in the path; Skylar always waited a few minutes before walking home, precisely to avoid him. Today, he had waited for her. She expected to feel alarmed and vulnerable and was relieved when none of those feelings came. Instead, she felt serene. It was as if the baby in her belly was giving her strength. And

knowing – now being absolutely sure – that it was a *special* miracle, and not the sordid result of an over-eager boy and some condom sabotage.

“I’m Skylar, the big, strong, independent woman, I can raise a kid by myself,” he snarked, imitating her voice viciously. “Who are you kidding? You think they’re gonna give you some courage award? That you’re going to give a Ted Talk about being a single mom or some shit?” He laughed unbearably at his own joke, a classic Reggie trademark. “I know you. When we dated you couldn’t even decide what food to order without taking twenty minutes. You don’t even know what you want.”

“We’re not dating anymore,” Skylar said. She continued to walk, wondering what she would do if he grabbed her wrist. Would she scream? Strike him? Rip her arm away? But instead, he walked ahead of her and hovered in front, walking sideways while he talked.

“You think I don’t know what you’re doing? Trying to make me look like a punk? A deadbeat? People whispering about me dogging you and not wanting this kid?”

You are a punk, and a deadbeat too, Skylar thought. She said nothing.

“Just take care of it,” Reggie blurted, and this time he did stop, blocking the path, leaning on the building with his arm forming a barrier so she couldn’t pass. With his other hand he reached into the pocket of his jacket and pulled some money.

Skylar’s face filled with anger. “Take care of it?!” she spat, slapping the money from his hand. 20’s, 10’s, and 5’s. Not even close to enough, even if it had been what she had in mind. “Look how far along I am! I couldn’t if I wanted to, which I don’t!” She gritted her teeth, and couldn’t resist adding one more coda as she pushed past him and started to move again, shuffling along in her babydoll blouse and soft sweater, her yoga pants, giving the soft curve of her midsection plenty of breathing room. “You fucking asshole!”

“You better stop punking me!” he called after her, picking up his money. “See what happens if you don’t!” And then, absurdly: “I know you loved this dick, bitch! Just changing your mind after the fact! Typical woman!”

Skylar’s face flushed, but she didn’t give him the satisfaction of replying. She was sure that this unsatisfactory outcome would only spur Reggie on to spreading more rumors, telling more lies, and gassing up Yvonne to be even more unbearable. As she turned the corner and walked along the shaded path in front of the school, she felt rage where previously would have been sobbing confusion. She was sick of Reggie. Everything about him. And... she needed release.

“Blackie,” she whispered to herself, rubbing a hand over her belly. “Why do you have to be gone for so long?” Her mind flashed to the enormous horse dildo in her bedroom. Human cocks had already started to feel so insufficient compared to the size and girth of a stallion – and as for human males and their personalities, there were too many Reggies in the world. But plastic things lacked a certain vitality, a certain realness. The pulsing of veins and blood and *life* that she longed to feel against her skin.

She paused a moment and held her handbag against her thighs, leaning back against a tree and then reaching in, fishing out her cellphone... and the handwritten number that Sheb had left her. Blackie was out of reach... but hadn’t Sheb told her that he knew she had a powerful itch... and a way to scratch it?

Painstakingly, she programmed the number into her phone, keeping an eye out for Reggie. She did eventually see him as she completed her task, at the far, far distant other end of the building, pulling

out of the student parking area. He met Yvonne at the curb and they exchanged words. *Probably telling her all about how he laid down the law with me*, she thought. *And then they'll plan the next mean thing to do to me.*

She felt a viciousness rise in her, nothing like the old Skylar Keen. Being dogged, being assaulted - these things had hardened her. But there was something else too. A change that any psychologist would be hard-pressed to explain.

Hair of ivy, crown of brambles, cape of blossoms. Fauns and dryads in a ring. And her, in her own mind, at the center. She looked down at her own wrist, feeling a tingling, and for a moment, Skylar was so sure she felt tendrils of vine entwining over her palm, she almost hallucinated it.

She dialed. The phone picked up on the third ring - and she realized she still remembered the voice, from the car ride all those months ago:

"Yo, who 'dis?"

"Kevon?" Skylar asked.

"Yeah. Who 'dis?"

"Kevon with an 'O'," Skylar said, growing more confident.

She watched Reggie let Yvonne into his car and drive away. As they passed in front of her, the question of whether they had noticed Skylar was answered, as Yvonne leaned all the way across Reggie's lap in the driver's seat to yell: "Knocked up biiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitch!" The car sped away, tires squealing.

"Listen, Kevon," Skylar said. "I'm a teenage high school girl and I want three big, fat, hanging black dicks in my bedroom tonight." It wasn't a come on from shy, meek Skylar Keen. It was a quest, given by a free spirit.

Kevon answered the only way his excited young libido would allow.

Skylar sat on the edge of her bed in barely-there panties and a barely-there bra - her most sheer underwear. They were a little tight with the recent changes in her body, but that only enhanced their appearance. The leg holes, the waist, and the cups of her bra all seemed to struggle with the bounty of her teenage body, rather than just mutely adorning it. Her hair, which she had combed out long and brown and shining, fell down nearly all the way to her waist. It seemed to refuse to straighten completely, keeping some of the dryad wildness that had so bedeviled her curling iron those last months.

"So," she said. Gazing back at her, mutely, were three young black men who had been full of joking swagger on approach to the house... but were saying less and less after meeting Skylar again and following her up to her room. "This is awkward, I know-"

"Ain't no thing, shorty," Kevon said. He was still the money of the group. Egyptian cotton undershirt. Gold chain. Gold watch. Designer jeans and sneaks. Ice earring in one ear beside a fade that had been shaped up by a good barber. Still, his eyes told the story that it very much was *a thing*. All four of them were young - three late teen boys and a high school girl, really - and that meant getting more than a little flustered.

"So, listen," Skylar said. She nibbled her bottom lip as she looked at their crotches. She could see the big, folded lengths of meat inside their sweats and their jeans. Mario was head to toe in a wool tracksuit; his cock seemed to be as wide and girthy as his barrel-shaped body. Lil' Shake was thin, with his expressive smile and the occasional spastic twitch – but most notably, judging from what was bulging out the front of his basketball shorts, he he wasn't all that " *Lil'* ".

And she spoke more plainly and more confidently than she ever had before. "My ex-boyfriend, he's... the worst. He's been tormenting me for months."

"He's dogging you, huh?" Kevon offered, shaking his head. "Shameful shit."

"He's... a lot worse than that, even," Skylar agreed. She didn't feel the need to clarify the exact nature of her pregnancy, or Reggie's transgressions. Reggie still thought the baby was his, so it would be best for her three guests to think the same. "So I want you to fuck me. All three of you. I won't lie – this is kinda just... something I need. To deal with him. So, if you're okay with that... we're good."

Kevon looked at his friends and they all nodded at each other. "We straight," he said. "No hangups, no misunderstandings. You're being straight with it, shorty. I respect that."

All three of them started to approach, and Skylar, looking as comely and heated as she ever had in her young life, ran a seductive finger around her navel, pursing her lips, inviting them to do anything they wanted. "Oh, and one more thing."

"Damn, anything for you!" Mario joked, staring at her tits.

Skylar smiled wickedly. The three boys, had they listened to their Uncle Sheb's stories, would have recognized something older than old behind her eyes. "Let's film it," she purred. "Let's really go *wild*."

Wild indeed.

She worked quickly to relieve all three of the young men of their pants. Kevon was built like an athlete, cut and muscled. She took his jeans down, leaving him in boxer-briefs that provided convenient access to a coal-black, ten inch cock that looked as large as her petite forearm. Mario, wide and powerful, had only seven inches – but they were brutally, hole-stretchingly thick. Skylar thought about her equine dildo and smiled. She had plenty of practice with such cocks. And as for Lil' Shake, who started out as the impromptu cameraman, his polka-dot boxers had a button fly that snapped open to let an astounding twelve inches of meat free – slightly less girthy than Kevon's, but still a serious pussy-punisher... complete with a pair of hanging, glistening, swinging black balls!

Shake framed her face in the recording and Skylar looked up at him while stroking both Kevon and Mario's cocks just inches from her face. "Hello, Reggie," she said, and the contempt in her voice was clear. "Since you're not man enough to fulfill my needs in any way, I've got a few guys here who want to help me out!" She purred and smeared her lips on Kevon's uncircumcised cocktip. "Fuck! It was always so easy to fit your tiny dick in my mouth, Reggie – even when you begged me pathetically for oral sex, I didn't mind because I could swallow your whole cock and your worthless balls, and barely feel a thing!"

She leaned over and licked around the tip of Mario's monstrously fat cock, then nuzzled her cheek against Kevon's meat and let it flop on her face, the shaft running from chin to hairline, moaning a hot breath into the underside. "Look how amazing these cocks are... they make you look like such a premature-ejaculating *bitch* ." She was gaining momentum, saying all the things she had thought

about during her time with Blackie, when she had physically felt Reggie's memory get forced out of her body by superior maleness. Now, it was easy to express that memory in her own voice.

What had she said?

Erase him.

"Oh, fuck!" she gasped, and opened her mouth as Kevon's hands guided her mouth onto his long, heavy pipe. She took it like a pro, making him exclaim in surprise - damn, she takin' my whole shit! - and within seconds, her spit-flecked mouth was bubbling around his cockbase and her pink, agile tongue was licking up and down the furrow between his big, black balls.

"Damn, guess you didn't have enough for her huh, white boy?" Lil' Shake laughed, moving around to get a better angle... and, more importantly to him, insert his own half-hard, amazingly long cock into the proceedings. Thus, the blowbang proceeded from top-down view. At first, Skylar controlled the action herself, taking every inch of Kevon's meat into the back of her throat, staying there, sputtering flecks of bubbly spit all over his dick, then withdrawing until the glistening strands of saliva snapped, turning her head to the side to take Mario's jaw-creaking member. They expected that it might just be too girthy for her pretty young mouth... but Skylar was voracious. Her eyes were full of lust, making sinful contact with her suitors, almost begging them to use her as they wished. She choked herself willingly on his prong, more spit sliding down her chin. Her lips were totally stretched in a tight seal, but that didn't stop her from giving enthusiastic, sloppy, gagging, choking, cock-devouring head!

When Lil' Shake's turn came, the cellphone cam started to do just that - to *shake*. Skylar, mouth wet with spit, took hold of his amazingly long cock right at the base and looked up, directly into the camera. "You'll never get head from me again, Reggie!" she seethed. She had wild strands of hair pinned to her forehead and cheek from the stray spit of her cocksucking. "Just knowing I swallowed some of your watery limp dick cum is gross." Her eyes shifted, no longer addressing the camera, but its horny holder. "Wash his garbage cum out of my mouth," she purred. "I want to drink a *real man*'s sperm if this baby is going to grow up big and strong!"

And before Lil' Shake could say "*gad daaamn this bitch is lit!*" at her utterly lewd dirty talk - during, actually - she parted her lips, took his foot long meat between the pert and floating shapes that so many teenage boys had longed to kiss, and then, sinking forward steadily, made inch after glistening black inch disappear. A noticeable bulge appeared in her throat as his prick tip burrowed down. Skylar didn't stop until her gorgeous mouth and nose were mashed flat in Shake's pubic hair, and with his entire length buried in her throat, she reached out and took Kevon and Mario by their hands, placing them in her hair. She wanted them to take control, to fuck her with the implacable, bestial ferocity of stallions.

Schlllurrrp. Shake's withdrew his long cock as a burst of saliva splattered out and Skylar coughed. "Yes," she croaked, wiping her mouth. "Smear those fat cocks on my face and fuck my throat! You're so much bigger than my ex!" She turned over on the bed, showing off her bouncing tits and her round belly, leaning her head off the edge and encouraging Kevin, Mario and Shake to squat lewdly over her exposed mouth and pump their big, hooked, throbbing cocks up her throat. And, as she gagged and sucked and slurped and groped their powerful, dark-skinned buttocks, they did.

Kevon was first, digging his pipe into her windpipe with the sound of a gardening tool shifting wet earth. His big balls blasted into the bridge of Skylar's nose as he facefucked her for several minutes, making a mess... before hiltng himself and twitching once, twice, three times, four. There was a spurting, spraying sound as heavy ropes of sperm fired directly from his prick slit and into her

stomach.

Mario was next, before Skylar could even begin to clear the cum from her mouth. Instead, his cock stretched her overflowing lips and forced an outpouring of cream down her cheeks and forehead. Mario wore Skylar's throat out for several minutes more, with Shake filming - and getting quite impatient as his big-boned friend grunted and cored out Skylar's throat with his fire hydrant of a cock. Amazingly, no matter how the girth seemed to make her jaw creak, Skylar was able to absorb every bit of punishment, even with her youth and relative (they assumed) inexperience.

"Damn it, K, I gotta get in this!" Shake blurted, and handed the phone to a recovering Kevon, brandishing his long thin dick over the waistband of his polka-dot boxers. He bumped against Mario's side seconds later, trying to angle his dick in. "C'mon, big man! You can't hog this all to yourself!"

"What? Man, wait your fuckin' turn!" Mario complained, his pace slowing. But Shake seemed insistent, and in their jostling, Mario's cock fell from her mouth.

"Nnnngh," Skylar moaned, and looked up at the camera. "N-no... I want it. I want both at once!" she insisted, her voice thick with sperm, spit, and lust. "You hear me, Reggie, you bitch? You could barely get me to blow you - I hated sucking your tiny micropenis!" She spat cum out of her mouth to show her distaste. "But this is how I treat *real men* . *Real cocks* . I'll let two black guys *wear out* my fucking throat, and I'll *love* it, Reggie! You *bitch* !"

Even Kevon was impressed by her viciousness. "Damn," he said to himself, keeping the phone cam on her face, and then deciding to get into the act. "You heard that, white boy? Your girl knows what she wants!" And right on cue, Mario and Shake pressed their spongy, leaking cocktips against Skylar's upturned mouth, both at once. At first it was an impossible fit, but she licked, moaned, and encouraged as they started to make headway. Eventually, unable to do it hip to hip, Shake had to hop up on the bed and shove his cock straight down and then forward... while Mario penetrated from his original position. Double-decker cocks, black, burnished with sweat, squeezing against each other and stretching Skylar's throat and mouth.

Both of their cocks were pressing hotly against each other, but in the nasty, hot throes of stretching out Skylar's throat and hearing her gag, they didn't care. It was an act of oral copulation that no normal teenage girl ever could have achieved, not just fucking but a *revel* . One expected to see platters of grapes and hear the notes of Dionysian flutes; that at any moment the roof would peel away and reveal they were under the stars in a far-away meadow.

Skylar was frantically fingering herself as the two cocks sawed against each other in her throat. This was what she'd needed. It wasn't quite her stallion, but it was feral, and vicious, and so, so big and thick. It was making her body yield and bend and change the way Blackie had! And she was so hungry for cum. So, so, so hungry! As if her unborn colt needed nutrients! Her back arched with orgasm as she ran her hands over her horse-impregnated belly. She squirted extravagantly - something else she had never done with Reggie - and both Shake and Mario emptied their balls into her throat, spraying each other with their loads and not caring, making the overflow slop back out of Skylar's mouth and over their shafts and balls, painting her face a chunky off-white.

She gasped through the cream, blowing bubbles, breathing hard. Her hands clutched at her pussy and breasts, wringing every last of pleasure she could out of what had been a firecracker orgasm. "Oh... fuck..." she moaned. "They shot so much sperm into my stomach... the baby is going to grow up big and strong from all this cum, Reggie."

She wiped her face and then looked at her trio of 'assistants' with undimmed lust. "I need more," she said. "I need to get fucked in my pussy and ass." She scrambled up and presented herself. Her panties were soaked through in the crotch; she easily tugged them aside to reveal her young, blushing, perfect quim. The apple-plumpness of her butt cheeks was on full display, equal parts bouncy and firm. Skylar wasn't shy about showing her asshole as well, letting her cheeks separate and clap together with subtle movements of her hips as she braced in doggystyle position. Lewdest of all, the soft curve of her baby bump, and her getting-bigger-by-the-day tits, were both hanging down. "Two in every hole," she purred. "Or three. Anything to make me forget I was dating such a dickless loser!"

"Hold up!" Shake said, gesturing from the other side of the bed. Soon, he was peering under the bed, rummaging - and making Skylar red-faced with embarrassment. She knew what he had found, and what had prompted the exclamation. It could only be one thing.

The equine dildo. Big, black, textured - and proof of her needy desire for an animal's size. Looking at it, and then looking back at Skylar, it was impossible to figure out how such a monster, two-foot stallion schlong could fit anywhere inside her body - especially with a bun in the oven. Just the idea of that pure size, that overwhelming monster cock... in the context of her teen body it was so *nasty* !

And yet, she was burning for it.

"Damn, she wants it, too!" Shake exclaimed, and tossed the horse dildo on the bed. Kevon moved in with the camera to frame her holding it, draped over one arm like a huge, rubbery pet, treasured by its owner. The three men laughed together, not cruelly but with excitement about what a freak Skylar had turned out to be in the bedroom.

"It's because my body was so sick of your tiny cock, Reggie," Skylar explained, to the camera. She sluttily moved to kiss and lick the flanged head of the horse dildo. "After barely feeling you for all those months, I just needed something that would stir me up like a real cock should!" She looked devilish for a moment, planting one more kiss on the dildo. "And... I barely ever let you do anal, right? Well, now I shove this whole huge thing up my ass every night! I treat a lifeless dildo with more respect than I ever did you!"

Everyone in the room laughed and high-fived as she talked shit, even Skylar chuckled at their enthusiasm. The boys clearly understood their part to play in the fantasy and were leaning into their roles. Skylar blew a cum bubble at the camera, let it pop in her face, and then said with smoldering eyes. "Watch this," she purred. "Watch and jerk your tiny dick while three black men stretch open all my holes and cum inside as much as they want!"

"Fuck yeah!" Kevon said. "Gonna give that baby dimples!" All three were ready to go again; they rubbed their hardening cocks against Skylar's belly, and she moaned with arousal before pulling Mario down to the mattress and gesturing for him to lay on his back. He was, after all, the sturdiest of the three. As soon as he was in place - making the bed springs squeak with his size, fat cock jutting up like a missile - Skylar swung a limber leg over his belly and poised her wet, quivering pussy up against his knob. Her lubed up teen labia were compressing and rubbing and mopping his prick knob as she moved.

"Put two in my pussy!" Skylar gasped, sinking down onto Mario with a sound that was almost like wet meat being torn deliciously from the bone. She gasped with pleasure as her pussy lips were stretched wide. Kevon handed off the phone to Shake and positioned himself behind, aiming his long, curved, thick cock against her penetrated poon and pressing in, using his body weight to force the issue. They all groaned out in unison at the tightness and pressure and oh-so-perfect grip her

young pussy put on cocks.

For Skylar, it wasn't Blackie, but it was the closest thing. It was alive, it was moving, it was thick (two cocks stacked double-decker in her pussy certainly fit that bill), and just as importantly, it wasn't Reggie. It was safe. She trusted Sheb, and the old caretaker had told her that his nephews could be trusted. So far, they seemed like normal, horny young guys. No Reggie meanness. No Reggie gaslighting. No Reggie bullshit. And the combination of that, and the way they were making her feel... well...

"Fuck me!" she cried, and threw back her head as the boys began to prod away at her pussy. "Fuck me with those big fucking cocks!" And she did all she could to hold her body steady as they inserted as far as the position would allow, hooking into her cunt with two big, fat, fleshy shafts and stirring her up. Sometimes their thrusts alternated, creating an amazing friction, and sometimes they worked in unison. Meanwhile, Lil' Shake (who seemed to be enjoying his role as emcee of an unexpected cuckolding video) made sure to capture all the best angles. The way Skylar's bubbly teen butt bounced with each thrust. The way her perfect tits angled straight down, dragging against Mario's wide chest, glistening with sweat. The way her wild brown hair flew.

"Damn," Shake snarked, holding the phone up and over top to get a bird's eye view of Skylar being plowed. "'Sup Reggie!" he cackled. "Yo' ex don't want to have nothing to do with your bum ass, but yo' kid is sayin' hello to a couple of big black dicks right now! Kid'll be able to pick those dicks out of a lineup, ya know what I'm sayin'? Baby probably wakin' up right now, wondering what all the noise is about, with a couple big ass dicks knockin' on the door!"

Skylar heard these comments and felt shuddered with pleasure. Sure, it wasn't Reggie's child, but Reggie thought it was - and Shake's taunting would surely enrage him. She hadn't intended to film anything at first - the suggested had just come to her - and she certainly didn't intend to actually show anyone the footage. Still, in the middle of the entire hurricane of flesh and lust, it seemed plausible to take revenge in such an outlandish way. That, and the enormous stallion dildo, laying crosswise on the sheets, looked more enticing than ever. With a wavering hand she reached to grab it, and compulsively started licking the tip, posting it upright next to Mario's shoulder.

"Damn - she can't get enough!" Shake commented, and then walked around on the bed to film Skylar making her jaw creak with the brutal dildo even as she was savaged by two huge penises, pistoning in her cunt. She had a look in her eye that was both hungry and serene, a look that said she was doing exactly what she wanted to do and would rather be sucking cock and being double-fucked than *anything* else. And in her mind, that was close to the truth. She was with Blackie. Blackie and the other stallions. She could feel the thunder of his muscles between her thighs and taste the musk of his sweaty, unwashed stallion cock in her mouth.

In her predicament, she was only able to get six inches of the thick stallion dildo into her mouth before a lack of leverage and strength made it impossible to go further. "Shove it down my throat!" she begged Shake, looking into the camera. "Choke me with it. I want to feel it in my stomach!" And the part of her that wasn't present still remembered the feeling of a massive, spurting horse-flange, pumping out a creamy geyser of sperm deep in her body, making her feel full and bloated and used and bred, sating her cum thirst!

At first Shake looked doubtful. That monster horse dildo... down Skylar's pretty, slender little throat? But then he remembered how she had swallowed all of their cocks, even two at once, taking every inch of meat like a woman obsessed. He wrapped one of his long-fingered hands around the dildo and held it steady, pressing it against her lips while filing with the other.

Mario and Kevon were plowing deep into Skylar's throat with deeper and deeper strokes as they got used to the position and rhythm of the three bodies. Pre-cum and the lube from her creamy young cunt was slathered all over their shafts, dripping from one rod to the other, but if the boys had any objections about rubbing against each other while scraping out her pussy, they didn't show it. Shake pressed the dildo further and further down Skylar's throat; the fat, flanged head made a bulging shape in her throat as it passed down her neck and burrowed deeper. Spit and drool and cum ran from her nostrils and the corners of her mouth, her eyes were read with exertion, but still she wanted more!

Reggie's stupid pencil dick... Reggie's worthless watery cum... I want to be stretched open and filled up, I want every sensation I ever had when I was with him, to be burned out of my body and replaced! I want to be gaped so big he couldn't even touch the sides!

"Damn, I don't want to choke you to death!" Shake commented, as Skylar's intense eyes begged him to plow more and more and more of the massive equine sexy toy down her throat. Mario and Kevon were cumming in her pussy, causing an explosion of semen to splatter their shafts, balls, even the insides of their sweat-soaked thighs. And yet, even with her creampieing cunt overflowing with nut, they continued to stab their cocks into her, making the lewdest squelching noises, making her stretched-open teen pussy slurp and schlorp and suck at their shafts, displacing huge, sloppy waterfalls of nut as they slid back in.

The toy bottomed out in Skylar's mouth, her jaw was stretched wide around the girthy base, with drool running from her bottom lip and tears in her eyes. At her insistence, Shake started to fuck the dildo in and out of her throat, impaling her throat deep with each stroke and withdrawing it all the way, with fat strands of spit and throat-slime clinging to the shaft like suspension cables. She heaved, she gagged, she reveled in the sounds of sexual extremity made by her core-fucked throat and her double-stuffed pussy. It was the sound she'd heard in the meadow, and the stable. It was the sound of a stallion fuck! And as she closed her eyes and ventured into that magical place inside her, her image of Blackie was so vivid that it was almost like her big, special boy was fucking her, mouth and pussy.

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnghllll!" Skylar groaned. Kevon and Mario came for a second time - they had been sawing away at her slit for nearly ten minutes; every exposed area of skin was splattered with sweat and cum. Shake shoved his long, thin cock into her mouth alongside the jaw-busting toy, wanting to get his rocks off, and Skylar barely noticed as her jaw clicked and her throat was abraded by a huge length of black cock alongside the huge equine prong. Shake's buttocks clenched, boxers around his knees with their polka dots, and Skylar's body was wracked with an orgasm that tore through her like a fireball. Her awareness of Shake and Kevon and Mario faded completely. To her, there were stallions fucking her, throat and pussy, and the baby in her belly was growing strong because of the vigorous energies they were delivering into her body!

Spluuurrrrggt! A huge, sloppy creampie blasted out of her cunt for the third time, soaking the sheets and the big, black balls of her two studs. Shake cried out and dumped what seemed like a gallon of cum into her stomach - twin jets shot out of her nostrils and splattered the top of his shaft, and the horse dildo. For a moment, Skylar was held in limbo - back arched, arms limp, breasts, quivering in gravity-defying teenage perfection, and the soft curve of her pregnant belly telling a tale both fertile and tawdry. She stayed in this position, cumming and groaning and gasping, for what seemed like eternity - and then the whole thing collapsed. Shake's knees buckled, Skylar slumped down onto Mario's chest, Kevon's muscled body came down on top of her, sandwiching her.

"Fuuuuuuck," Shake moaned.

"Holy... fuckin... goddamn!" Kevon gasped. His long, fat cock slid out of Skylar's pussy with a wet noise, and a waterfall of semen poured out over Mario's dick and balls... which also shortly dislodged. Kevon rolled to the side, allowing Skylar to roll off and lay on her back, staring up at the light fixture above her bed.

She opened her eyes and it occurred to her that she had seen the same light fixture many times before, with Reggie on top of her. Staring up, waiting for him to be finished, ignoring his requests for anal, getting ready to fake an orgasm in order to get him to *hurry up and finish*. Three young black men had just fucked her brains out in the very same spot!

Skylar smiled and brought her hands to her belly. Her pussy was throbbing and her throat and jaw were aching – just as they had been after her first encounter with Blackie. Looking around, she found the phone – it was still recording. She brought it to her face and blew the camera a cum-covered kiss. "How do you like that?" she taunted, then lowered the camera so it would have a good view of her pussy. She was stretched and gaping; with a huge creampie leaking out to soak the sheets.

"You'd never even touch the sides, Reggie," she purred. "You couldn't get the job done so I had to find some real men to blow my back out and stir up my guts! They fucking own me in a way you never could!" She gasped with pleasure at the freedom, the feeling of being able to say whatever she wanted to Reggie, after all his mistreatment and teasing. She looked around to the others and gestured for them to surround her. "Come on, boys," she said, breathily. "There's one more thing..."

She propped herself up on her elbows and poised the camera against a pillow, filming her belly and her creampie'd, throbbing pussy mound. "Jerk off on me," she begged. "Baptize this baby. Do it right in front of him!"

And thus, the last image on the video was like something out of interracial porn, with a vulnerable young pregnant teen, presenting her belly to three big, black penises. Fat prongs attached to powerful nubian bodies that rose up and disappeared out of frame at the waist. Skylar watched those big pricks getting milked by the frantic boys... they had already cum very hard, and repeatedly, so it took a while. But far from being impatient, she looked on with hungry anticipation. She had a feeling inside her – her body needed semen the same way it needed air. Her body, and her baby. God, she *needed* it!

"Do it!" she seethed viciously. "Nut on my fucking belly! I want him to see it... I want him to see me get marked by a bunch of *hung guys* who broke my pussy in half when he could barely make me feel a thing!" She rubbed her clit, and her arousal was contagious, as Kevon, Mario and Shake jacked big, clumpy ropes of white semen all over her belly, marking in strands and fat wads of cum. Skylar made a cooing noise and rubbed the mess into her skin, making it glisten, before submissively kissing and tongue-fucking the asshole of each cock in turn.

Only after that, did she reach out and shut off the recording. Everything was silent for a moment, and then everyone seemed to exhale.

"Damn," Kevon said, grinning. "I never thought I'd hear some of that stuff come out of your mouth! I thought you were Little Miss Innocent!"

Skylar couldn't help but blush and laugh. "Oh my god," she said. "I know... I just... I won't actually show anyone that video," she clarified. Her mind took stock of some of the things she had said in the heat of the moment. "I didn't upset you guys, did I?" And her cuteness and earnestness would have immediately disarmed them, if they hadn't already grown fond of her for her welcome invitation of

sex and her lack of inhibition.

"Nah shorty," Kevon said. "We straight." And he tipped her a wink before collecting his undershirt and slipping on his watch.

"I think we all had fun," Mario added, and they all laughed together. "Maybe we can do this again!"

Skylar leaned back and let her breathing slow. Thinking about Blackie, who was coming back to Stoneburrow Farms in a little more than a week.

"I don't know," Skylar said, closing her eyes and smiling as visions of meadows filled her head. As fun as this encounter had been - it couldn't compare. "A friend is coming back into town. So this might have to be a one time thing." She was still imagining it as they dressed and said their goodbyes, leaving her clutching her cellphone... and wondering if she had really meant what she said about never showing the video to anyone.

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## **Part Four - The Fey**

Skylar sat on the edge of the fountain in her backyard as she reflected on how things had changed in the last three months. The fountain - one of those big, stone, circular things with an angel statue in the middle - had been her mother's idea. Their expensive home was rather modern, and Laura Keen, flush with cash but believing the place to be in arrears when it came to 'class', arranged for the installation herself. It had taken a crew of four men and the addition of all sorts of piping, water tanks, and stonework, and Skylar thought the result was snooty - more appropriate for the gardens of a castle than the grounds of an otherwise contemporary mansion.

Now, it sat empty of water and with dry leaves blowing around the statue in the middle, and Skylar sat on the bench-like stone circle of the outer rim, listening to the wind blow. Summer was turning to autumn and there was a slight chill in the air that she found pleasant. The sun, still warm, shone down and seemed to warm her hair from brown to auburn.

*She* was not empty. On the contrary, Skylar Keen was very full indeed. Though it had only been a few months since her fateful encounter with Blackie, and the subsequent revelation that she was carrying a very unique (and impossible!) child, she didn't look like she was a few months pregnant. No, her belly was full, round, and seemed to radiate fertility beneath her lace dress. Her breasts were larger. Her skin was pale and glowing. And the physical changes were, somehow, the least of it.

She thought about her wild encounter with Old Sheb's nephew and his friends. It occurred to her only after the fact how uncharacteristic it had been. A sex party with three guys, on video? Taunting her ex-boyfriend? The 'old Skylar' would have died of embarrassment. She considered that perhaps Reggie's callousness had stripped her innocence away, that she was a harder person now because of it. But she didn't think that was the entire story. Searching her feelings for an explanation, Skylar found... she just didn't care as much about what Reggie thought. Reggie, or anyone else. She felt more comfortable and more attuned with the feelings of a noble animal like Blackie, than humans. Whatever part of her might have felt guilty about taunting Reggie with some big, black cock sex was simply... gone. And that wasn't all.

She looked down at the stone of the fountain, near her left hand. A silkworm was inching along, its body thrumming importantly. As Skylar watched, it started to slowly and rhythmically wiggle up her

finger nail. She lifted it up, held her finger before her face, and watched with amusement. The simple toil of a part of nature was so much more... admirable... than the ugliness of human beings, scrabbling to get ahead.

Skylar was bare underneath her sheer, lace, high-hemmed maternity dress. Her confidence in this daring look was in line with the overall change in her attitude – she no longer cared what anyone thought. She wore a hemp circlet with flowers in the band, and with her increasingly wild hair, she brought across the aesthetic that had once been popular with free love hippies in the 1970's... though without any dirty lack of sophistication. Indeed, Skylar's hair had been giving her no end of trouble. Brushing it had become an adventure, it was so apt to tangle. No shampoo or conditioner seemed to make any difference. Some days, she just threw her hands up and let it run wild, though the length had nearly reached the small of her back. It had been just past her shoulders only a few months prior, which seemed impossible.

The wind blew leaves past her bare feet. She found she liked being barefoot more and more, it felt *good* to have grass or dirt against her shapely toes. More and more, clothing felt like an obstruction. She had taken to riding Blackie in the nude, feeling his powerful body move between her thighs; this invariably brought her to orgasm after orgasm. She had arranged with Sheb to visit Stoneburrow at the best times for nude riding, when the remote pastures were free of visitors.

And then, after the riding is done, she would...

"Nngh..." Skylar moaned, and rubbed her thighs together. Just thinking about Blackie was enough to get her going. She had started to hunger for him in a way that no teenage girl could really understand; compared to this need, their infatuations with the Biebers or Timberlakes of the world seemed silly. She rubbed her hands firmly over the round curve of her belly, loving the size of it, the utterly impregnated nature of her own body. She loved being a vessel for something so strong! Carrying Blackie's foal now seemed like a sacred duty.

Skylar heard Sheb's voice as her fingers wandered to her moist, smooth cunt. "You're different, missus," he'd said, a week prior, after seeing her step out of an Uber with flowers in her barrette and her tangled, bronze hair flowing behind her in the midday sun. "You've gone a little wild."

"Have I?" she'd asked, and for the first time she noticed how the old black man was keeping his distance, as if by approaching he'd be taking his chances against a radiance too hot to touch.

"Girl, you're positively on fire," Sheb confirmed. "I can tell you're not for me or mine no more. Not that you ever was for old me... you know what I mean... but now..."

Sheb had seemed to search for words then, and Skylar looked at him steadily. She could sense the distance that he'd referred to. Only a few weeks prior she'd been a blushing, confused girl around him, unsure of what was going on or her place in it.

"You're like *Diana*," he finished. He hadn't explained further, but he hadn't *had* to explain. Skylar knew what he meant, even before she looked up *Diana* and saw a huntress with a bow, and wild hair – the Hellenistic goddess of nature and childbirth. She contemplated that, under the stars, leaning against the fence in Blackie's meadow, letting him eat apples out of her hand. There, gazing up at the constellations and with a fresh load of Blackie's sperm bubbling in her belly, she felt more at home in her nakedness and pregnancy and star-lit horse-rut than she ever had in her empty house, or at school with the other girls, or with Reggie. Those places were filled with people and things she no longer wanted. Even her parents, those world-travelers who spent more time on cruise ships or Spanish beaches than they did at home, had started to fade in their urgency.

Skylar had cum very hard that night, servicing Blackie, and that feeling returned with a vengeance as she sat on the fountain's edge. Her fingers found the puffy lips of her sex and plunged inside, curving in and up to the spot she knew it felt best, remembering how Blackie had made her feel when he'd erased Reggie's taint from her womanhood. Her mind swirled with the images - that fat *horse pipe*, those enormous, hanging equine *nuts*, so overwhelming in size and smell, oh, how she loved to squat underneath Blackie and run her tongue in the furrow his musky balls after a long, sweaty meadow run, feeding her unborn foal with the stallion's pure *maleness*.

It didn't take long before her climax took her, and her pelvis surged forward, lifting her belly, thrusting it out as she spread her thighs. She threw her head back, hair cascading about her shoulders. Only the firm planting on her off-hand on the fountain edge stopped her from tumbling backward into the dry interior. "Ooh, Blackie!" she purred. "I'll give birth to a healthy baby for you!" It was not the first time she'd uttered those words; the idea of being a broodmare excited her more and more as the weeks passed.

After a suitable period of very satisfying shuddering and gasping, Skylar simply sat motionless, catching her breath, while the breeze caressed her vulnerable body, whipping the lace of her dress against her flushed bosom and thighs. She was changing - not just because she was 'in the way', but seemingly expanding beyond the shape of a teenage girl and into a more matronly, adult woman.

She eventually rose with only the chattering of larks and the banging of woodpeckers for applause, walking back into the house in a dreamlike state. She was thirsty - very thirsty, and it wasn't water that would quench her need. In the kitchen, there was a water bottle that was filled with semen she'd milked from Blackie... and as she stepped inside and slid the rear door shut behind her, Skylar yearned to feel the thickness and fullness of the white gooey stallion cum as it slid down her throat.

She did not notice what was left behind - a coiling tangle of thin, almost imperceptible ivy sprouting from cracks in the stone at the fountain's edge. Almost in the shape of a handprint, where she had braced herself. And across this imprint, the silkworm continued to crawl with sweet, sunlit slowness.

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School had changed for Skylar too. Shortly after she'd started to show her pregnancy, she'd been a nervous wreck about it, sure that every pair of eyes was on her. She'd even considered taking the year off. Now, though, she walked proudly through the halls, and the gazes of the judgmental seemed to slip off like droplets of rain. She couldn't precisely explain why... she only knew that carrying Blackie's foal felt like an honor, not any sort of curse. And if these strange beings (strange beings?) couldn't understand the beauty of it, the fulfillment of it... it only proved how dull they were, how tethered to ugly, unimportant things.

Reggie, of course, was the ugliest of them all. He and his new girl Yvonne, who had made a point of trying to ostracize Skylar during cheer practice. Her 'condition', it was said, wouldn't allow her to do much in terms of jumps, twirls of choreography. The bleached-blonde never missed a chance to make a cruel remark, and Reggie used Yvonne's presence at the after-school cheer practices as an excuse to show up in his car, ostensibly to 'pick Yvonne up' and try to make her feel uncomfortable as well.

Skylar was unphased. She was a new Skylar. Detached. And despite her swollen belly, she was more beautiful than ever - a fact that made Yvonne green to the gills with jealousy. She didn't give her rival the satisfaction of becoming upset, only performing as best she could (she couldn't do much jumping or spinning, but she could still twirl her pompoms and make suggestions for routines) and taking occasional sips from her ever-present water bottle.

Even in a limited state, Skylar's cheerleading was a sight to behold. Her pregnancy-thickened teen ass was the perfect combination of gravity-defying pertness and bubbly thickness – and dark panties made the pale curve of her butt stand out in perfectly complexioned, milky whiteness. Her hair flew in majestic bronze waves that Yvonne's dye job could only hope to match. Her breasts, swollen as they were, seemed to drop and rebound enticingly with the slightest movements. She was *glowing*. And her regal, uncaring attitude only added to that image... while Yvonne's constant complaining and cruel remarks about Skylar's weight and likely due date only made the blonde seem petty.

Reggie, who tended to park himself in the bleachers while they drilled a short distance away on the field, looking at his phone and occasionally glancing up to ogle the women or share an air-smooch with Yvonne (no doubt intended to make Skylar feel abandoned and jealous), couldn't help but notice it too. It was almost comical, and predictable for someone as selfish and grasping as her ex-boyfriend. Reggie treated her poorly when they were together, acting kind only as a manipulation. The times she hadn't wanted to have sex with him, or got tired of him showing her off like a trophy to his buddies, he'd gotten sulky and resentful. And if she'd wanted his help with something, or his time? Forget it. He'd rather be off screwing around.

But now? Her voluptuous, pregnant teen body was attracting his wandering eye again, despite the acrimony between them! Skylar could sense his eyes on her, and the dark comedy didn't end there. Yvonne, a social creature conditioned to react to the smallest hint of infidelity or scandal, was watching even more closely. Seeing Reggie's eyes follow Skylar's breasts or bottom around the practice field, her face darkened like a thundercloud. And on this day, she decided she could take no more of the humiliation. After all, if *she* could see Reggie's eyes wandering, then the other cheerleaders might detect it as well, and that wouldn't do. That wouldn't do at all. Skylar could have told Yvonne that she considered Reggie to be lower than whale shit and wouldn't ever be involved with him again in a million years, but it wouldn't have mattered. Yvonne's vanity was matched only by her jealousy. And near the end of practice, it came to a boil.

"What are you even doing out here?" Yvonne snarled, gesturing with her long-nailed hands. "You think you're gonna prove you're some big, bad single mom?"

Skylar ignored her, bending over to pick up her water bottle. The leg holes of her athletic shorts drew up high and exposed the white crescents of her bottom – no doubt, Reggie was getting an eyeful. One of the other girls tried to pull Yvonne away, saying 'let it go, Eevie', but it didn't work. Yvonne's face was red; she was in full blonde, blue-eyed bitch mode.

"We're going to be a laughingstock, with some big pregnant cow bouncing around on the sidelines!" Yvonne said. "It's *selfish* of her, taking attention away from the rest of us! She should just go home and wait to pop out her kid, and leave this to the rest of us who aren't fucking whores!" There was a gasp as her words came out – this was more overt than most of her prior combative remarks. The girls gathered around, and Reggie, sensing that something was up between his ex-girlfriend and his current one, started to come down from the bleachers.

Skylar stood straight and took a swig from her water bottle, clamping her lips around the spout and *squeezing* the contents into her mouth. It was something much thicker, much heavier, and much more satisfying than water. Indeed, in the weeks leading up to this confrontation, it had become her favorite drink. Thick, virile, pungent, off-white *horse semen*, milked straight from Blackie's enormous cock!

"Why don't you just shut up, Yvonne?" Skylar retorted, and her voice was flat and disaffected. If Yvonne had expected to send her running and crying to the locker rooms with mean remarks about her pregnancy, it hadn't worked. The old Skylar – the Skylar who agonized over outfits in the

morning so as not to be teased, who felt butterflies in her stomach about talking to anyone – was gone. In her place was a fearless teenage girl who was carrying a huge baby bump... and not backing down from anyone.

“You’re only staying on the team to spite me!” Yvonne squawked. “Because Reggie would rather be with me!” She clenched her teeth. “And that’s not even Reggie’s baby you’re carrying, you skank! I know at least a half-dozen guys you’ve sucked off and fucked! You’re the biggest whore in the fucking school! So why don’t you just go have a fucking abortion?”

More gasps. It was laughable for Yvonne, who was well-known to be the sluttiest girl in school, to accuse Skylar of being a slut. Her statement about the half-dozen guys was pure fiction, of course – and probably taken from her own experience – but she was right about the baby not being Reggie’s... though of course, she didn’t know it.

Skylar walked forward, ready to go nose to nose with Yvonne. She felt a queer sense of serenity as she did it. There was no flushing of her face, no nerves. She felt utterly and totally at peace, as if she was surrounded by a shield. It took five strides to bring them into close proximity. And as she approached, Reggie, with eyes totally alight with interest at what would happen, moved within a few steps as well.

Skylar felt the sun on her skin so acutely it made the fine hairs on her arm stand up. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and then stared Yvonne down. “You’re a mean, ugly girl,” she decreed.

“Ugly!” Yvonne spat, then flicked her long blonde hair side to side. “Ask any guy in the school and they’ll say I’m way hotter than you, you fat pig!” She gestured with a thumb to the surrounding girls. “The rest of the team is too polite to say it, but they all want you to leave, Skylar. Leave the team, leave the school. You’re sad to look at – just a knocked-up, sad girl that no one wants!”

The words were harsh, but Skylar knew there was no truth to them... and she didn’t need to agonize over it under the covers of her bed, bursting into tears on the hour, to figure that out. She simply knew. Yvonne’s words were just wind, and the other girls, whatever they thought, were just as inconsequential. For the first time, she felt a separation from every other person on the field, and indeed, every other human. As Yvonne talked and gestured and tried to hurt her with words, the wind from her mouth could have been the whistling of a breeze through a damp hollow, it was *that* ineffectual. *That* meaningless.

There was a sudden scent of Axe body spray, and a shadow fell over her right side. Reggie. Of course. His ego was such that he had to insinuate himself. “Alright, just chill,” he said. Yet his eyes were alight to the idea that something *might* happen. The ‘just chill’ was nothing but plausible deniability.

Yvonne, however, had no chill. “I’m tired of her shaking her ass in your face!” she blurted, and the whispering gossip mongers in the surrounding semi-circle murmured among themselves again. Their eyes were wide, taking in every detail, storing it away for further discussion. And Yvonne wasn’t done. “Don’t you get it, bitch?” she continued. “He’s with me now! You lose! So why don’t you go wait at home to have your ugly-ass kid?”

Skylar raised her water bottle again, tilting it back as she drank. Letting Reggie see the graceful shape of her neck and shoulders. She had no interest in him at all, but rather than retreat from the situation entirely, she felt entitled to do what she pleased. It was like there was a suit of armor around her mind, put there by Blackie. Skylar felt the warm, thick liquid pour into her mouth from the water bottle, swished it around, and gulped it. It was thick as jelly, and every fiber of her being

seemed to tingle with its consumption. One thing was for sure – in spite of Yvonne’s jealousy, Reggie was eyeing her up. Her breasts, her ass, her wild hair that seemed to look better – more natural – when slightly messy.

Skylar didn’t respond to Yvonne’s taunts. Instead, she did something she could scarcely explain, but that felt right, in the tense moment. She reached out sideways and pulled Reggie by his V-neck tee, yanking him into an embrace... and pressing her mouth against his! Yvonne’s eyes bugged out of her head.

*Do you still want me, Reggie? Why don’t you have a taste of a superior male, an alpha stud who surpasses you in every way!* Her mouth still had plenty of horse cum in it, but if Reggie noticed the odd and pungent taste, he seemed too stunned to mention it. She forced her tongue into his mouth in a vicious, dominating kiss that was unlike any other she’d given him when they were dating.

If Reggie had simply pushed her away, the gesture would have been ineffective... but Skylar knew that her ex-boyfriend wasn’t the sort of man to stick up for Yvonne or any other woman. He was too enamored with the idea of girls fighting over him, and being a big shot. So he responded in his limited way, with no idea that the musky taste in her mouth was the issue of the stallion that had stomped his sperm completely flat and erased his baby with pure, rampaging maleness.

Skylar, who had despised Reggie and been disgusted by him in the weeks following his ‘accident’ when he came inside her without care or permission, found that she simply no longer cared about him one way or another. Kissing him was like kissing some lumbering, harmless animal that by virtue of its base selfishness and mean spirit was more pitiful than threatening.

*My boyfriend’s sperm fucked yours in the ass, Skylar thought. Have a taste of the cum that wiped your genes off the map, you bitch! I bet if your bleached-blonde bitch girlfriend got one look at Blackie, she’d drop you like a bad habit and start sucking his superior horse cock!*

The kiss seemed to last for ten seconds, but really only lasted two or three, before Yvonne squawked like a harpy and clenched her manicured fingers into claws. “YOU BITCH!” she roared, and extended her hands, looking to scoop Skylar’s eyes out with her talons and rake her face to ribbons. Skylar could almost see a pair of feathered wings on her back, a beak on her face, and smell the scent of carrion! Such images seemed to come to her mind with startling clarity now. Yet, she felt no fear. She broke the kiss and moved out of the way, and Yvonne lunged after her.

Only with the threat of physical violence imminent did the other cheerleaders get involved, restraining Yvonne and standing between the two girls, with Reggie wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and looking utterly dumbfounded. “I’ll fucking kill you!” Yvonne screamed, and the sound was piercing enough to echo across the entire practice field.

One of the girls closest to Skylar turned to her with what seemed like genuine concern. “Are you okay, Sky?” she asked. “You’ve not been acting like yourself.”

By which she meant meek, mousy, trampled on by men, a girl with absentee parents and no idea of her destiny or her place in life. A girl who, by virtue of being beautiful and attractive, had bounced around as a sort of social cypher, filling empty space, setting her calender not by her own needs and wants but by the desire of boyfriends, or clubs, or whatever might offset her nervousness and that persistent feeling of not belonging.

That girl was gone.

“We can’t have fighting at practice,” someone said. “Maybe, it would be best if one of you-”

Skylar spoke up. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll leave. I don't think I'm interested in cheering anymore, anyway."

And with that, she turned, gathered her things, and walked off of the field. She didn't look back, even when Yvonne was calling after her, saying she was a *slut* and a *whore*, and saying *yeah you better run, bitch*. She knew without turning around that Reggie was watching her go with something like awe, wondering where that confident kiss had come from, when he'd spent the prior few months trying to destroy her self-esteem. Skylar smiled as she moved. The sun on her bare arms and shoulders seemed to energize her, like a battery. By the time she crossed the track and moved into the school building, Yvonne and the other girls were distant memories. And by the time she arrived, they were little more than ghosts.

She did not know that the next morning, the groundskeeper checked the lawnmower for damaged blades, after seeing a spot in the infield where the grass was sprouting up twice as high, in roughly ovoid patches about one stride apart. Almost like footprints.

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Skylar had only one thing on her mind when she returned home. It was in a package nearly thirty inches long by ten wide - long and narrow. A package with markings that were intentionally very discreet. The start of autumn was a very popular time at Stoneburrow, with dozens of people taking riding lessons in the cool, pleasant weather. This meant she couldn't get in to see Blackie until very late at night, and only if Sheb was available to let her onto the grounds.

This wasn't nearly enough for Skylar, not anymore. So she had gone to a certain website and made a certain order. The expensive specialty item was made of medical grade silicone, alternating between black and mottled pink through a length of nearly eighteen inches. (She had looked for larger, but this model, the Stallion XL, was the longest and girthiest on offer.) The flared head was 3.6 inches in diameter, which was just as wide as the medial ring. A port at the bottom allowed for the attachment of a 'cum tube' at the wide base. Sitting cross legged on the ground, wiggling her bare toes, Skylar set about the unpacking of this new device with an almost solemn reverence. It could never equal blackie - Blackie's shaft was longer by a good six inches, not to mention thicker and much, much muskier - but it would do in a pinch. And increasingly over the prior weeks, Skylar had felt an inch in her loins and womb that her all-too-infrequent stable visits could scarcely scratch!

And as for the cum to fill this beast? She had ample reserves, and the big, thick syringe to deliver it. With the dildo standing monolithic in the center of the living room, she moved to the refrigerator and opened the door.

There they stood. More than two-dozen milk bottles, filled to the brim with lumpy, off-white liquid that ranged from learily white to the slightest tint of yellow. They had been marked with dates in black Sharpie - August 14th, August 17th, and so on - and in spite of the caps being screwed on tight, the pungent scent of jizz blew out of the fridge and wafted over Skylar, causing her to moan with pleasure as she inhaled. What a musky, impregnating, womb-conquering *cum stink!* She let herself bask in her collection. There was almost no actual food left in the fridge, which was just as well, because Skylar had switched off the cooling elements. Blackie's seed, she found, was best kept at room temperature.

Skylar's mouth twitched and she nibbled her bottom lip, licking across it. Fuck, that horse cum was so intense, it was like her nose was getting pregnant just from smelling it! Her satisfied mewling noise was cut off by a sharp impact in her abdomen... her unborn child was giving her a serious kicking. She gasped anew, feeling her pussy moisten to soaking almost instantly. The foal in her



belly seemed to know just when to kick, and far from being a discomfort, pleasure seemed to radiate any time the walls of her womb were abraded by his movements. There was no doubt this strange and destined pregnancy had little care for the typical rules of human childbirth... or animal husbandry, for that matter. Skylar didn't think too much about it. She only knew it felt... amazing.

"Fuck," she moaned. "This stud in my belly is... acting up!" There was no doubt in her mind that the foal was male, she could feel it in her bones. And as it grew more active and her belly swelled, her hunger for horse cum had increased in equal measure. This kicking, she knew, was a signal. "I have to drink more," she whispered, reaching out into the fridge. "So you'll grow up big and strong!"

The dildo was forgotten for the moment, Skylar's thirst was more urgent. She reached out and moved the milk bottles around on the shelf, searching for the oldest, the thickest, the nastiest bottle of horse cum. Settling on one she'd milked from Blackie's cock nearly six weeks before, she pulled it carefully from the back of the shelf and cooed at the chunky thickness of the contents and the yellowish, grayish color. It was so *heavy* - a full bottle of Blackie's pure, fermented maleness! She pressed it to her cheek and then licked sluttily up the slide of the glass. Worshiping it. Showing her respect to it before sliding the corner of the bottle in the naked furrow of her cunt, spreading her lips, letting the glass move in her furrow and grind her clit. Wearing only a floral silk housecoat that billowed as freely as her hair, she against looked wild, a faerie spreading her wings. And her subservience and love for Blackie's semen was such that she would have felled each individual sperm if she could, sucking their flagella and thanking each one for snuffing out Reggie's worthless DNA!

She could take no more. She raised it to her face and twisted the cap off, letting it fall with a clatter. She had barely opened her mouth when the brutal scent sent her into a knee-knocked, shuddering moan. She sank down, thighs on calves, gasping with pleasure as the cum-scent ripped through her olfactories and permeated her brain. She'd never smelled such a mind-erasing, musky fuck stench! It smelled like the inside of a dick tube that had been blasting sperm non-stop. It smelled like a pair of musky, oily horse balls had been packing sperm so clumped and tight that it had become more solid than liquid!

"Nggghhh!" Skylar groaned, and she felt wetness in her thighs as her baby kicked and she squirted helplessly all over the floor. Blackie's cum was such a concentrated stud-cream that her needy pussy was orgasming just from the smell. She had heard Sheb talk about the scent of an in-season mare, and how horses would go wild if they smelled it. She could only imagine this was close to the same thing! She tilted the bottle up and opened her pretty teenage mouth. Instantly, the thick horse semen began to pour in. It was either swallow or drown, and she swallowed again, and again, and again, her shapely throat bulging with each indecent gulping sound.

*Glug. Gluck. Glug.* There was *so much*, and it was *so thick*! Like swallowing down a column of honey. She could feel the fat clumps of sperm sliding down her throat, and imagined that the warm tingle was the fat-headed swimmers butting furiously against her insides, trying to impregnate everything they came into contact with; she had no doubt that if it were possible, her *stomach* would be pregnant! (And indeed, considering her current state, it didn't seem as farfetched as before!) More than anything, it felt like sustenance for the body, mind and soul. She loved being Blackie's *cum tank*. She loved being his *sperm chugger*, his *breeding bitch*, his hungry little *semen sack*! Her entire belly seemed to fill with warmth, and the unborn life in her curving, swollen baby gut responded with more kicks that were like pleasure bombs. She felt an unspeakable pressure on her cervix and dropped the empty milk bottle to the ground as she cried out with a firestorm orgasm and clutched her hands between her legs. Any pain her condition might have caused was trampled by the supernova of pleasure; it was like the pregnancy was sealed with a button that, when pushed, caused ecstasy to radiate through her entire body.

It was minutes before she had recovered enough to move, but she wasn't satisfied despite the volume of hot horse cum she'd swallowed. If anything, drinking Blackie's seed had only deepened her desire. She selected a second bottle, rising to her feet on unsteady ankles, and made her way back to the living room. On the way, she doffed her robe, now walking totally nude, feeling her flawless teen ass bounce and her tits jiggle with each step. Her strewn clothing, first the cheerleader outfit and then the robe, formed signposts from the living room to the fridge, a piece strewn every ten feet. She felt better in her nakedness - riding Blackie under the moonlight, totally bare, feeling him pounding between her thighs, was how she liked it best. Sheb had told her more than once that riding without a saddle was dangerous, that it was easy to fall, and even the slightest mistake could result in injury - but she trusted Blackie, and so far, he had never let her down.

Once in the living room, Skylar settled onto the floor and set about the task of drawing the sperm from the bottle into the large plastic syringe. As she was doing so, marveling at the thickness of it and the pressure it took to pull the plunger, biting her lip with need, she also noticed that she had a new text message... and also the vague shape of the associated photo - a dark-haired young man staring directly forward with a smile that made him look like something of a douchebag.

Reggie. After their breakup, and several weeks of harassment, he'd stopped texting her... until now. This was the first one in more than two months.

The big, thick syringe was full. Skylar reached out to check her phone. The message was short and to the point:

*what did you kiss me for are you nuts*

Fair enough. But of course, Reggie hadn't been able to leave well enough alone, following up with:

*you really are obsessed with me, huh*

*first you won't get rid of my kid and now you want to get back together*

*i knew you wanted this dick*

Skylar rolled her eyes. There it was - the Reggie she knew. The one who made everything first and foremost about himself. She noted that he had, of course, left the door open for her to tearfully admit that she wanted him and invite him over for a booty call. The boy really had no shame. She felt a twinge of anger at his boorishness and shut her eyes. Previously, a contentious text message would have been enough to bother her for days and send her into fits of nervous uncertainty. But... not anymore. Her hand moved to the thick, towering horse dildo.

In her mind's eye, Reggie's braying text message was only the buzzing of a common rabble. She didn't know why she thought of it in those terms; only that it seemed to fit. And from her ivy-draped throne she could safely ignore it. In the bounds of her imagination she was waited on by the fey, and held court with Oberon and Titania, luxuriating in the hollow of a blossom, amidst pelting rivers and contentious fogs. The ivy trailed gently up her forearms and weaved her a dress, upon her head it conspired to twine into a crown. Sheb's nephew and his friends were present, and they doted on her; serving up delicacies of fruit and honey. They played pan flutes and had satyr horns. Their bestial penises hung enormous, their ballsacks nearly the the knee, so heavy with sperm. And in the position of honor, beside her at the feasting table, was Blackie - in the form of a centaur. Muscled, handsome, his skin a slate black. His penis sporting an ornate, golden cock ring at the medial bulge, and hanging nearly to the floor. Twenty-four inches at least, probably more, and easily thicker than her arm. She extended her hand and he offered his huge one; his 'human' features just as handsome as his equine ones. Compared to this, Reggie was nothing more than background noise; mortal

pestilence.

All of this came to her mind in seconds, and it was so vivid it startled her. In the adventurous bounds of her own mind seemed to exist a fey kingdom where she ruled, sustaining her body with the thickest sperm, being fucked by the biggest, muskiest, most bestial animal dicks! Skylar let out a moan, she knew what she had to do. With the sperm syringe attached, locked and loaded, she took a bow-legged stance over the jutting, massive dildo.

In doing so, the coffee table, and her phone, were just within reach, and a devilish impulse overtook her. The old Skylar would never have dared, but this was the version of herself that had so impulsively filmed her encounter with Kevon, Mario and Lil' Shake. That video had never actually been sent to Reggie - though she knew it would certainly have had the intended vengeful effect, and more. Now, whatever checks and balances had prevented her before seemed more distant. She had nothing to fear from him; she was not Skylar Keen. She was, in some way, Diana. A queen on a throne of ivy.

Reaching out, feeling that fat horse-flange rubbing her pussy lips as she squatted on the tip, her pregnant belly hanging in glorious roundness, Skylar grabbed her phone and thumbed at the keypad, then aimed it between her legs and took a photo. And miracle of miracles, though it usually took her ten tries to get a selfie she liked, this image was framed perfectly. Her vulnerable, young, pregnant pussy... about to be brutally penetrated by a massive horse prong!

*Say goodbye to your baby , faggot* , she texted, and then sent the text and photo. Of course, she had no intention of causing any harm to the noble life inside her - but Reggie didn't know that. The selfish moron still thought the baby was his - even while publicly denying it. Well, he was about to learn exactly what she thought of his genetic material!

The reply came almost instantly, and Skylar saw with satisfaction that Reggie's response had almost as many exclamation marks as letters. Something inside his bruised and infected ego, he'd had pride in his reproductive handiwork. Pressing her luck, she Facetimed him, her eyes alight with nymph-like mischief and vengeance. She would not have recognized herself to see the wild, copper hair framing her face, and the freckles that seemed to dance below her eyes and on the bridge of her nose.

Reggie picked up. "What the fuck are you doing, you fucking whore?" he yelled into the phone. "Are you crazy?!"

"Your garbage baby isn't worth shit!" Skylar spat back, and for the first time, she felt the freedom and power that came with simple vengeance. "So your hopes for being a father... are about to say hello to some fat horse cock!" She aimed the phone at her pussy, showing the way that flanged fucktool was poised to rip her pussy open. "Fuck, it's so big... it makes you look like a worm, Reggie. An insect!"

"I'll call the cops!" came the reply. It sounded like his voice was breaking.

"Nnngh... fuck!" Skylar moaned. She set the phone up on the coffee table so he could see every detail in a more comprehensive view. Reggie had a front-row seat to her tight, preggo pussy getting absolutely *mauled* by a monster dildo! "Watch this!" she taunted. "Take a good look!"

"You're crazy, you whore! You're crazy!" His voice was cracking even more. She was absolutely sure that he had been looking forward to her having his child, so that he could use it as a constant link between the two of them, an excuse to barge and butt into her life until the end of time. Showing up to be a 'father' whenever the occasion suited him, using her as just another vector to feed his ego.

He had been planning it – maybe even looking forward to it. And now? Now... he was about to see a twenty-inch horse dick spear into her baby sack!

Skylar dropped her hips and groaned as the equine flange was swallowed by her stretching, straining pussy; her wetness was enough to fit it inside after a couple of seconds of effort. A wet *schlorp* sound accompanied the sordid sight. Her hands were on her knees, she was squatting like a bow-legged animal, her eyes rolling back in pleasure, her juices running down her thighs. “Fuuuuuck!” she groaned. “Horse dick feels so fucking good in my pussy! It’s scraping out all the trash you left behind... your sperm is so fucking worthless that this child was probably going to be born developmentally disabled anyway... it’s time for the baby to say hello to a real fucking cock!”

She began to lift and drop her hips, letting Reggie feel the wet, crunchy, stretchy sound of her pussy gripping down on that fuckpole with the tightness of a latex glove. “It’s... messing me up!” she groaned. “I want you to see... that your ex-girlfriend would rather get ruined by nasty animal dick than... accept your subhuman DNA into her body!” Her face was straining, blushing, as she moaned out, over and over again, in time with lifting and dropping her hips. The sounds of stretching, of her body being reshaped by pure, animalistic size, were beyond obscene. Soon her puffy labia were stretched wide around the medial ring of the dildo, letting it slip inside.

“The tip is right up against my cervix!” she announced, then winced as the unborn life kicked inside her belly.. “Ooh, I think the baby wants to say ‘hi’ to some horse cock, don’t you?”

“Wait, n-no, wait wait wait, you’re crazy, what the fuck, you fucking crazy whore!” Reggie blubbered. On the phone screen, his face danced back and forth as he held it with unsteady hands – his eyes were great wide voids of astonishment and fear.

Extending her hand, Skylar reached and lifted the large syringe that contained the payload of cum, wagging it in his direction. “I’ve got some nice, backed-up horse cum here. The perfect thing to wash your dirt out of me! It’s so much thicker and more virile than the pimple-squirt that leaks out of your micropenis! So why don’t you sit there and jerk off while a real cock erases you from existence!”

She dropped her hips more viciously and then every muscle shuddered and trembled as her wet pussy slid down the thickening length, stretching wide. It felt so good – such a reminder of the way Blackie felt – that she couldn’t help but cum enthusiastically and loudly. The sheer pressure from the thick horse penis forced her urine out of her bladder and caused her to squirt massively, spraying a haze of clear liquid all over her phone. To Reggie’s point of view, it was like she was squirting all over his face! The tip of the cock bumped against her cervix, and instead of discomfort, a hard obstruction that would protect the baby, her transformed womb instead provided a hot, suctioning ring that seemed more than happy to fellate that big dildo as if it were a mouth. She knew from her biology textbooks that this shouldn’t have been the case, but it was true nonetheless – her colt-laden womb seemed to want as much of that horse dick as it could get, and the thick protrusion was on the verge of nudging inside to bump up against her unborn fetus!

Her hand scrabbled to grab the syringe, she dropped her shapely hips mightily and depressed the plunger as hard as she could. A mind-shattering orgasm tore through her body, and her cervix seemed to be the center of it – it was as if pure pleasure was emanating from her womb, as if every cell in her reproductive system had been transformed into an erogenous zone. In that instant she knew that she would never suffer the pain of childbirth – Blackie’s blessing was that her colt-stuffed belly would give her nothing but pleasure until she brought the noble, life-changing beast to term!

Of course, Reggie didn’t know that; and could only watch as what he believed to be his unborn child

was jostled by a womb-pounding length of horse cock! Skylar felt her cervix dilate and just knew that the tip of the dildo was poking inside – it wasn't quite long enough to reach much further, but this would be more than enough for her purposes. "Watch me... get pumped full of... horse cum!" she groaned, and pressed the syringe as hard as she could. There was a bubbly spurting sound as the pressure of her hand forced the laden cylinder of sperm to erupt from the tip of the dildo and directly into her belly!

"Take a look, bitch! You dickless, cucked piece of shit!" she moaned. These were not her words; not precisely. They seemed to come to her tongue effortlessly, from a place and a mind long-practiced in speaking about mortals in terms of inferiority, and superior males in terms of dominating those inferiors. She had never said or thought something so dirty in her life; not until she met Blackie. Now the words were floating to the surface, baubles newly exposed by the lowered waterline of the prior strange months. "Your kid is having a nice baptism of nasty, thick-as-fuck horse cum! Nnngh! Horses are so much better... they have bigger dicks and fuck so much better than you! I'd rather have... a foal... than a human baby!"

She had vocalized an idea that had been on the tip of her tongue, many times. She looked over at the phone and saw that Reggie had disconnected from the call; she knew in her mind, just *knew*, that his tiny dick had been hard in his pants while he watched her swollen belly flutter from the big fat spray of horse jizz being blasted inside. And her colt was kicking – but Skylar knew that it wasn't out of distress. No, her big boy was going to grow up big and strong because of the injection of pure stallion seed that he was receiving. She saw this as vividly as she'd seen Reggie's dick hardening in his pants, as vividly as the fey court in her mind's eye.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!" she cried out. Sperm blew back out of the ultra-tight seal her teen pussy made on the cunt-wrecking sex toy, sliding down the sides and splattering on the floor. She lost her balance and tilted over, rolling onto her back, clutching at the big silicone fuckspike that was buried in her box, almost hugging it, loving its thickness and length and the sense of fullness she felt. God, horse dick really *was* the best!

She lost count of her orgasms. She stayed on her back, belly bulging up, round white buttocks pressed against the hardwood, shapely thighs splayed, until at last her pussy stopped spasming with climax. Then, slowly, carefully, enjoying every second of the length sliding against her inner walls on the way out, she let the dildo work its way out of her channel.

*Pbthththttht* ! "Nnngh!" Skylar grunted. The nasty sound of semen pouring back out of her pussy followed closely after the pop of the flange emerging from her cunt. She stared at the ceiling, breathing slowly, a smile coming to her face. Her hair extended in a curled, wild fan behind her head, a carpet of flowers on the hardwood. On the ceiling, she watched as a spider spun a web in the corner where two beams met. She would have previously peeped and been alarmed by such a thing... but the spiders and inchworms of the world now seemed much less alien than the emotions of ex-boyfriends and cheerleaders and... people in general.

Skylar knew that perhaps there would be fallout from what she had just done – Reggie might try to get her in trouble, thinking she'd truly tried to inflict damage – but she found it impossible to care. She was thinking about thrones of ivy, and constellations... and riding a black stallion through a hollow strewn with filigree brambles and vines that seemed alive, the tips dancing with the fireflies in a fey salute.

Her arms went to her belly and hugged across it. "Blackie," she breathed. Oh, how she longed to see him again. That happy thought seemed to put a cap on her self-gratification, and she slowly and painstakingly rose to her feet from the floor – not a simple task for any heavily pregnant woman.

She was returning to the kitchen for a snack – pantry, not fridge, this time, she'd had such a craving for nuts and seeds, and there were some raisin clusters somewhere – when it happened.

She felt a great, splashing wetness descending from her private parts. So great that it splashed between her feet. Skylar cried out and clutched a hand to her belly. She felt something – a shift. It was not precisely pain, but it did signal that the time had come. “Oh, god,” she panted. Her water had broken. Her craving for a massive, womb-busting horse dick had been a symptom, not the cause. Her colt was ready to be out of there!

“Shit, shit, shit!” she hissed, and shuffled along to the phone in the kitchen. She picked it up and swore, realizing the number she needed was in her cellphone, which was still in the living room. Still gingerly, she turned and waddled in that direction. Meanwhile, her baby felt like it was kicking up a serious fuss.

She called Sheb Dealie. Old Sheb. he had promised to help her when the time came. For a moment, the old Skylar returned. Blushing, uncertain, nervous, and in a panic. The phone rang once, twice, three times. Four times. “C'mon, c'mon!” Skylar whispered. “Be there!” She wished it to be true, desperately. She had done her part, she thought, now she just needed a little help to bring it through!

And the last second before she gave up, on the eighth or ninth ring, there was a click as Sheb picked up. “Yallo?” he said, sounding sleepy.

“Mister Dealie!” Skylar cried out. “It's coming! My water just broke!”

“Hot damn, girl!” was the reply. “You don't believe in wasting time, do you?”

“It's not too soon, is it?” Skylar asked, desperately. “I felt a craving, and I did what I thought I should do... what Blackie wanted me to do... but-”

“Calm down,” Sheb chided. “You couldn't hurt it none. Not if you followed your heart.” His voice was gentle, reassuring. “I bet you can feel it in your bones, like I can. That we're all of us stuck in the middle of it – you the most. This is a miracle, and you can't ruin an honest-to-god miracle.” He gave a chuckle. “You got in the way by followin' your heart, and you can't get out of it so easy.”

Skylar let out a breath. Sheb was right. It was all destined, somehow.

The old man chuckled as he breathing slowed and she calmed down. “Okay now? You just sit tight and I'll send my nephew to pick you up and take you to Stoneburrow. Where are you at?”

Skylar gave the address. Once the call was over, she moved to the couch, pulled a blanket over her lower body, and waited.

Blackie would be there. And this was going to be a very special childbirth, she just knew it.

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Part Five - Mother Of Beasts

They took her to Stoneburrow – it was the only place. The place where it all began. Sheb arrived with his nephew and his friends, all piled into the old man's equipment-festooned groundskeeping truck. Kevon helped her into the front seat, and Sheb did the driving, with the three others – Kevon,

the big man Mario, and Lil' Shake, riding in the bed. And though Sheb was fond of saying he was 'old as dust', he still floored it all the out of the city and into the hills.

Skylar was close to panic – she had been almost serene for the prior week, marking changes in her physique and personality with an uncharacteristic but welcome calm – but the strange feeling of impending childbirth brought anxiety with it. She felt very vulnerable, a simple human faced with an unprecedented, bestial complication. It felt like presence inside her – big, full of life – would simply explode out of her and fall onto the floor mats. She leaned against the ragged upholstery of Sheb's passenger seat and clutched the cushion until her knuckles were white.

"It's coming out!" she cried. "Mr. Dealie! It's coming out!"

"It ain't coming out," he reassured her, hunched over the steering wheel. "It ain't yet. That big boy has to turn first, and that's what you're feeling! So just hold on, child, and I'll get you to where you need to be!"

"Are you sure?" she asked him, and the absurdity of the question became quickly apparent, such that Sheb laughed good-naturedly, and she, amazingly, found herself able to join him.

"Girl, when it comes to something like this, there ain't no instruction manual!" the old man replied. "Just gotta hold on to your ass and trust in the stars!"

That was how they left it as they sped up the hillside, to the closed-down place where all the visitors had gone home for the day. Stoneburrow Farms. The place where Blackie was waiting. Skylar closed her eyes and found that with thoughts of her horse, and his huge penis, she could regain her former calm. There was a world where she could frolic in a meadow all day, kissing and sucking her horse's hanging meat, riding him naked, servicing him and being serviced by him. And in this green and lush place, where ivy coiled around the fenceposts and all that was man-made was consumed by the earth, the pain of childbirth would feel like nothing more than a pinprick.

In this calmness, she didn't notice the headlights of the car trailing them – a souped up Chevrolet Camaro with a large spoiler on the rear that she instantly would have recognized.

After all, Reggie had probably cared more about his car than he had her.

When they arrived at the gates to the property, they all piled out. Skylar was experiencing regular pangs from within, and they made her gait uncertain on the dirt. Sheb and the others sprang to work to help her along, all except Kevon, who stumbled to his knees as he disembarked the truck bed, unable to walk. Breathing hard on his hands and knees, the black teenager waved for them to continue on without him.

"Come on, boy!" Sheb called. But Kevon only waved again. There was no time to argue. Sheb would go to retrieve Blackie, and the two other boys would move Skylar to the barn. She was doffing the scarce nightgown they'd wrapped her in, clothing only seemed like an encumbrance to the natural. And as the cloth fell away, it revealed her body as it had become in the late stages of her strange and life-changing pregnancy.

Her copper hair was wild, falling down her pale and perfect back like twining ivy. Her belly was massive, yet sexual in its perfect, heavy curve. Her breasts were so loaded with milk that they rivaled basketballs. She even kicked off her sandals, for one could sense there was no earthly impediment rude enough to poke or prod at her bare sole.

Together they moved as a host, hands in her shoulders and boosting under her armpits, keeping her steady. The moon was huge in the sky as they hustled along the dirt path that bisected the grazing areas, tracks and meadows, heading toward the barn. Once there, the boys dutifully lifted the wooden crossbar and entered. The welcome scent of hay and feed and animal sweat filled Skylar's nostrils, and she let out a sigh. A large hay bale had been set front and center, the perfect place to recline, as if it had all been prophesied. The stalls were empty of other animals. Tonight, only Blackie would do.

"C'mon, lay down here," Mario said. He was in a black dress shirt and slacks and look like he'd just been called home from a wedding; a diamond stud was gleaming in his ear. And as he guided Skylar, who was grateful for his help, they exchanged a glance. She saw that his eyes were no longer their previous deep brown, but a dazzling green, like the hide of a dragonfly. Not just pupils and irises but sclera too.

This is part of it, she realized. This is all part of it. There was a glow in those green eyes that was full of the fey magic she'd seen in her dreams, in which she'd driven her chariot across the sky on a road of shining thistle. And those bumps on either side of Mario's head?

Horns.

The baby kicked at her belly and Skylar moaned out in pleasure. The biblical God had cursed the children of Adam to feel pain when giving birth, but Skylar was beholden to no such curse. She was part of her own constellation, a pantheon of fertility unto herself. She felt pressure, she felt the weight and volume of her unborn baby... and also a matronly, sexual ecstasy that was beyond words. Her womb was absolutely throbbing with pleasure! The tight ring of her cervix was a nexus of it, a lit fuse waiting to explode.

She thought back to her false orgasms with Reggie, those many months of feigned satisfaction. Now she knew what real pleasure was!

"It feels... really good!" she gasped, reclining on the hay bale and spreading her legs. Her pussy was soaked with the arousal that was being generated from within. "I can feel him! My baby!" She ran her hands over her girth and purred. "Oh, fuck... I can feel his *cock* !" More than that, she could sense it. Her unborn child, Blackie's foal, would be unusual even beyond sliding from the womb of a human woman. Just as the gods of the myths had been born fully formed, conjured from the essence of their forebears, there was something very mystical and ancient at play.

She slid her hand down and fingered her clit. The foal pulsed in her baby sack, and pleasure radiated through her again. She tossed her hair back and cried out. "F-fuck..." she moaned. "Blackie... I need you. Where are you?"

Even in the extremity of her pregnancy, she wanted horse dick more than anything. She needed her knocked-up teen pussy to be impaled by it. She needed her insides to caress it and wrap around it, she needed to be marked by it. She needed Blackie's enormous, unwashed, three-foot-long stallion cock to widen her birth canal and render her ready to become a broodmare. Just as she hadn't worried about what damage the huge dildo could do, she wouldn't worry now. It was destined, it was preordained. Blackie's cock had been her savior, it would not harm her now. And she was *on fire* with horniness.

"I need Blackie's huge cock," she groaned to Mario and Lil' Shake, who were watching over her. Each one held her hands, which reached down and rubbed at their crotches. Skylar was in such a state of birthing-induced rut that even those relatively smaller endowments wouldn't be refused.

"Hold on," Mario urged her. "Wait for Uncle Sheb." Skylar pouted and purred at his refusal, and continued rubbing the big, black dick satcheled in his slacks. But before her hunger overtook her completely, she saw a figure appear in the doorway of the barn, holding the reins of a big horse. It was Sheb... and behind him, the towering, muscled black breeding stallion who had changed her life forever. Blackie's coat was gleaming like a panther and his mane was long and wild. He looked absolutely majestic. And beneath his hocks, dangling nearly to the floor, was his enormous cock... now thirty-six inches and as thick around as Skylar's calf muscle.

Sheb pointed to the periphery of the barn. "Don't just stand there, ya' 'idyits! Get that mounting bar over her! This big stud is gonna set this all in motion!" His nephews at first looked confused but then sprang into action, dragging over a metal crossbar for Blackie to throw his forelegs over in the act of fucking Skylar's pregnant pussy. While this was being done, Skylar held out her hands to Blackie, beckoning him in an adoring voice.

"Blackie! Come here!"

The beast instantly obeyed her command, the first of many who would in the years and eons to come. He trotted forward and stood over her, his sweat-soaked balls and fat shaft sliding against her body. Her pregnant belly was marked with his scent, and thick globs of horse-sperm leaked all over her enormous tits. Blackie craned his head down and extended his tongue, and Skylar pressed upward to meet him, cupping his cheek and sucking on that long, spit-slick oral muscle, happily drinking as much saliva as she could. She, and her baby, would need nourishment.

She let that tongue throat-fuck her, sucking and choking on it lewdly, drinking her fill, all while massaging Blackie's enormous shaft with both hands. She took the leaking cum and spread it ritualistically over her belly and tits, loving the nose-burning scent of his virile horse sperm, wanting to be saturated by it, wanting her baby to be born with that smell heavy in the air.

She pressed her breasts upward and together, presenting them to her bestial beau, wanting him to feed at her bounty like an animal at a trough. The milk was all for Blackie, Black and his foal, and Skylar groaned with pleasure as the stallion clamped his teeth down on her nipple and started to suck, draining great pulls of milk from her ducts, making the sensitive channels burn with the flowing liquid abrading the insides. It was a feeling like nothing else, and the horse's teeth, while forceful, stopped short of genuine discomfort. She was getting her fat teenage tits sucked out by a horse, and she fucking *loved* it!

"Suck me out, Blackie," she breathed, rubbing his neck. "Suck me out and turn all that milk into more cum! After this baby is born... I'll need to be knocked up again, and again! My tits are nothing but big, fat foal-feeders!" There was no trace of shyness or hesitation in her words. In this world, outside of the strictures of society and normal human behavior, she could give voice to the fantasies that had played in her mind those last months.

Blackie's penis was hardening, and now extended all the way over her belly and between her tits. He was beginning to grow restless. As he moved and released her breast, the swollen, flanged head of his cock bumped against her face and she leaned forward to smell it, groaning at the cum-wafting, animal stink. Skylar shoved her tits together and squirted milk all over the shaft, lubricating it, all while extending her tongue and burying it in Blackie's huge pisshole, digging out thick globs of semen.

"Whoa, boy! Not yet!" Sheb cried, trying to calm the beast. The cross bar was about to be put into position. His eye were intense and shining with purpose; his old groundskeeping role had never promised a place of such import - to counsel and guide a young woman who had surpassed the

known and ventured into places untread by most mortals. The old tales, the slave stories passed down through superstitious generations and kept alive by a chosen few elders, had contained more truth than anyone would have guessed. And as Sheb put a reassuring hand on the randy stallion, and gestured to his nephews where to move the crossbar, his eyebrows sprouted wild and white, his beard appeared longer and knotted at the chin.

Soon, they would all bear witness to the most inhuman, bestial act of sex anyone could conceive.

The Chevy crept to the front gate with headlights off and only the slow sound of crackling gravel to announce its approach. Reggie was vindictive, cruel and not smart, but he was clever, and there was enough light from the large and looming moon to navigate the dirt road. Peering over the wheel, he identified Sheb's truck at the gate, still running, tail lights still on... with a figure slumped against the right rear tire.

"Who the fuck is that?" he muttered to Yvonne. Her eyes were alight with his mischief, she was ever his accomplice in his teasing and bullying, and in his outright aggressions. She had her phone at the ready, and it was her job to record the depravities that Reggie was sure were occurring at Stoneburrow Farms.

Skylar had enraged him, had humiliated him, had made sport of him. He had vengeance on his mind. Reggie was about to finish high school and take his first steps into the larger world, and he wasn't going to let some bitch ruin his reputation from the jump. No, it was he who was going to do the ruining. He had decided.

Everyone on the internet was going to see what a horse-fucking slut Skylar Keen was. Everyone in town was going to know. Everyone in the whole fucking world! And if the result was a breakdown - a girl fucking horses had to be close to the edge - and some time in an institution for Skylar, or in jail, he was certainly fine with that. He would be shut of her for good.

"Careful, babe," Yvonne warned him. "It could be one of those nigger friends of hers." Yvonne had been gleefully spreading rumors around school that Skylar spent most of her time choking on huge amounts of black cock.

Reggie would be careful. He'd stopped in his garage to pick up a knife with a six-inch blade, in case anyone gave him shit for skulking around the property. One flash of that and it'd send that old black groundskeeper running, that was for sure. He shut off the engine of the Camaro and approached the truck, silently as he could.

As he rounded the side he got a better view of the person slumped against the wheel. Kevon. He was in a seated position, fumbling with his stylish white running shoes. Rocking back and forth slightly.

"Oh shit," Yvonne whispered in his ear. "He's totally lit! I mean... he's fucked up!"

Kevon certainly did look drunk or high. The way he was struggling to pull his shoes off, the way he couldn't seem to walk. His eyes were shut and his head was leaned back against the truck's side panel. In one hand he held something they couldn't quite identify. A flask, or maybe a drug pipe. Reggie took a quick look around and decided to pass him by. But a voice followed him as he moved.

"I wouldn't go up there," Kevon said. His voice had a serene, metamorphic quality.

A drug trip for sure , Reggie thought. Heavy. The world should know that Skylar is hanging out with

people like this.

"Shit, he's fucked up," Yvonne giggled. Reggie saw his warning as proof that Skylar was up to no good in the barn beyond the entrance.

"Did you bring a girl up here?" he asked. "To have a little horse party?"

Kevon said nothing in reply to the question. In the dim light, it was hard to make out his face. He only repeated: "Better stay away, homie. What's happening... it's beyond you."

Reggie snarled. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

Yvonne pulled at his arm, bringing his attention back to the task at hand. "He's high as fuuuuck," she purred. "Come on, we can catch her in the act!" After a moment, Reggie turned with her, and they left Kevon where he sat. Yvonne, as they departed, asked what the thing had been in Kevon's hand. It was, she said, the most *ghetto-ass drug pipe* she'd ever seen. Reggie agreed.

In their headstrong ignorance, neither one of them identified the pipe-like object for what it really was - a pan flute.

Skylar was ready.

Her plump, pregnant pussy was absolutely soaked, her juices streaming down her pale thighs, as she looked up at her looming sexual destiny with pure and unfiltered lust. She had been ready for Blackie since the start, since the first time seeing him galloping majestically in his meadow with that thick, long penis bouncing beneath his powerful haunches. Blackie had first been the antidote to Reggie, and now, stood above all humans in her esteem, to the extent that she could never again fathom feeling anything for a human male. Human boys, with their smooth hides and their insufficient, short penises, lacked majesty. They lacked the pure maleness that seemed to emanate from Blackie's huge, leaking, sweat-soaked horse cock... and those heavy, sloshing balls that seemed to hang enormous with semen in their leathery sack.

Her pregnant teen pussy, shaved bald and ready for a conquerer, was needy for *thirty-six inches of horse dick*.

Blackie threw his forelegs up over the crossbar with a metallic ringing. His breath snuffled and heaved in powerful waves. He, too, was ready, and his cock was as big and hard as Skylar had ever seen it. It was constantly leaking chunky, virile horse sperm from the tip in grayish-white globs, cum she eagerly spread on her breasts and belly, or swallowed as she kissed and worshiped his tip, which still bobbed above her reclining form. With two hands, she took Blackie's shaft and directed the tip to her mouth once again, having to pull it down to do so, feeling the turgid length resist her. She pressed this fat pisshole and throbbing flange against her face, rubbing her features against it, letting it leak all over her nose, cheeks, and forehead.

She pursed her lips around it and elongated her mouth in a sordid, perverse suck-face, slurping the cum from Blackie's urethra in a loud and indecent sound, filling her mouth with it, holding the tip steady with two hands. She loved how she could feel the thick, chunky virility of it on her tongue and against her teeth, the way she had to chew to swallow, and the overpowering, bestial musk that made her head swim - it was so much more strong-smelling than any human. She could have stayed in that position all day, letting Blackie's prong slide on her bulging belly, nourishing herself from the tip of his cock, swallowing again and again, but another part of her was even more in need of

attention, and the stallion was becoming harder and harder to control as he fixated on it.

There would be no more foreplay. Blackie shambled back awkwardly, positioning himself, looking in silhouette like a chess piece as the head of his penis slid down the hill of her gut and settled on target. The spongy head rubbed over her blushing mound and Skylar cried out as pleasure ripped through her like a firecracker. The obscenity of that huge horse penis and her teenage, pregnant pussy... it only turned her on more. She wanted to be stretched out, she wanted to be claimed by Blackie's cock. She wanted to become his mare for all time.

Sheb, Mario and Lil' Shake gathered around; the lanterns on the barn posts lit the scene along with moonlight that beamed in through barn windows. They cast long shadows, and in the moment one could imagine the scene as a sort of ritual. The bale of hay was an altar, the splintered wooden boards that comprised the barn were a circle of standing stones. Something ancient and primordial was stirring, and such an energy radiated from Skylar and her stallion that they could scarcely watch without shielding their eyes.

"Fuck me," Skylar begged the horse. "Fuck my womb with your huge cock... and bring your child into this world!"

Blackie thrust. Skylar cried out. All present watched the obscenity as her tight pussy was blasted inward by a brutal, nasty horse cock that was the width of two fists pressed together. Her pink, blushing pudenda at first seemed to be forced inside with it, as if she would be turned outside-in... but then with a moan, more inches slid inside, and her labia were spread wide by the horse's tremendous girth.

"Shit, unc... it's impossible, isn't it?" Mario said to Sheb, his voice strained. It looked like Blackie's massive cock was going to spear up through Skylar's belly and emerge from her ribcage. "The size of that thing-"

"Hush now, boy! Just watch!"

They did. They did more than watch - they steadied Skylar as she reached out for their forearms, bracing herself against Blackie's increasingly powerful thrusts. Her pussy accepted her stud as it had the first time, remembering how he'd opened her up and made her his. The slick, tight walls of her birth canal began to massage his prick as the first six inches spread her wide, creaming all over him while she moaned out with overwhelmed, cock-struck pleasure.

"It's so big... I can feel it... making me a mare! It feels so good... becoming a horse's bitch!" Skylar sputtered, barely able to catch her wind. Blackie pushed forward again and the entire hay bale nearly moved. Sheb and the others braced her, and another four or five inches of vein-choked, brutally thick equine cock burrowed into her guts. It seemed the head must surely be stirring her womb now, but not quite - it had only just pressed up against it. And that pressure was enough to make Skylar's toes curl and her fingers clench.

"Aaaaaaaah! Yes! More! More horse dick!" she wailed. There was an electricity in the air, she felt indestructible, able to take any penetration no matter how obscene the size difference between her young body and her powerful stallion. "Stir me up, Blackie! Our baby needs to see that big cock!" spurts of milk burst from her tits and slid down the sides of her pale complexioned body. Skylar felt the spongy, flanged head of Blackie's meat pressing against the ring of her cervix, and felt a rush of pleasure - as the whole area had been, by some magic, turned into an erogenous zone. Again, that queer serenity returned. She should have been scared of such an impalement, and what it meant for the health of her child... but she wasn't.

In her mind unfolded the myths and stories she'd read as a girl, endlessly fascinated by the strangeness of the language and events. Aphrodite, born from the blood of the titan Uranus, married his sister and gave birth to six children. Hera, born fully formed from the head of Zeus after he was tricked into swallowing his newborn children. Wondrous, cosmic couplings in a dozen different forms. Lately, she had seen them more and more in her dreams. And when she'd masturbated furiously to the thought of Blackie ramming a massive horse dick straight into her womb, fucking her while her unborn foal was still tucked inside... it had not just been an obscene and twisted fantasy, but a *prophecy*.

A prophecy that would now come to pass. Blackie was bucking his hips, grinding his massive cockhead against her entrance, making it dilate. The feeling of her womb being forced open by horse cock made Skylar's eyelids flutter and her entire body hitch in spasms of pleasure. There was some pain... but it was overwhelmed by the greater feeling of fullness, or fertility, or being conquered and reshaped by a massive, unyielding horse cock!

Skylar arched her back. Her fat tits bounced and her hair cascaded down as she cried out, and the fleshy O-ring of her cervix was stretched and battered open by Blackie's cock. As it pressed further, the thick medial ring disappeared through the stretched lips of her cunt, rubbing against her insides. The head slid into her occupied womb, turning the entrance to her baby sack into just another massaging, cock-milking orifice. Her cervix began to suck and milk the horse's thrusting prick as it explored her, sliding firmly up into her guts to nestle deep alongside the unborn foal.

The surface of her belly fluttered with the sexual rummaging inside. The foal was not being damaged; Blackie's cock had slid in beside it with almost destined neatness. It was constantly leaking sperm, turning Skylar's swollen belly into a soup of ejaculate and unborn life, lubricating and stretching the passage through which the young stallion would eventually emerge... and rechristening the teenage girl's insides as horse property, despite any temporary occupants. Skylar cried out and orgasmed helplessly as Blackie planted his reproductive flag, churning up her throbbing foal-sack and with thrusts that went ever deeper, until the beast's fat, sloshing balls were pounding against her ass-cheeks and pre-cum was pouring down the front of the bale.

"Yes!" Skylar wailed. "Make me a birthing bitch! A mother of stallions, for all time! I just want to get my womb fucked while I drop foals out of my stretched-open cunt! Keep going, Blackie! Fuck me balls-deep until I'm forced to give birth! Pry your foal out of me and make room for more!" Her words were lurid with fetishistic fertility. In her mind, she saw the pantheons of yesteryear emerging from the primordium of superstition, and a new quill to the page, perhaps beside the centaur or the faun or the great white stag, telling of a common girl who birthed hung, randy horses with huge cocks, as steadily and permanently as Sisyphus was set to push that boulder.

It was what she wanted. Something Reggie could never have given her. She sensed he was close, closer than anyone guessed. She wanted him to see. She wanted his tiny cock to grow hard at the sight of Blackie's spurting, three-foot fuckpipe digging a foal out of her belly.

"It's... so deep!" she purred, her body wracked with a shuddering wombgasm. "I'm getting my pregnant cunt messed up by a beast, a fucking animal, and it feels so fucking good to have my unborn child ejaculated on by a real stud!" There was no restraint in her words. It was a revel. The physiological details were madness for any sane human, but just right for the fireside shaking of medicine sticks, the mutterings of tribes long extinct. One could almost hear their chanting.

The Goddess Skylar, bred by the black beast, and from her belly, on his issue, slid the demigod Adlai, born fully formed, and ready to lay with his mother.

The last sliver of Skylar's humanity flew from her body as she felt the first powerful, chunky spurts of stallion cum painting the walls of her womb, spraying up her oviducts, saturating her most sacred and fertile places. She could feel the volume of the fat wads of it, she knew that Blackie's massive, backed-up load was stuffed to the brim with reeking, musky swimmers that would rape and destroy and dominate every competing shred of other hopeful suitors.

Even with the huffing of the animal and the ruckus of her rioting flesh, the sound of the spurting, creamy cum blasts could be heard deep in her overstuffed baby sack. *Splrrrrrg, splllrrrrrt, splrrrrrg*. Wet and bubbly and punctuated by a gout of semen splattering back out of the tight seal her stretched opening made around Blackie's thick pipe. And Skylar didn't just cry out in orgasm, she *screamed*. The pleasure, like the time and place, was transcendent. Beyond anything she could have experienced as a confused young girl. Thirty-six inches of nasty, cum-pumping horse cock... jammed into her womb, alongside her unborn child. It was too much. It felt so good, her human senses seemed inadequate to the task of letting it through.

She was aware of nothing else but the orgasm. The looming faces of Sheb and the others faded away. It was minutes before she felt anything but radiating pleasure from her big, round belly. Eventually she became dimly aware of voices, of the absence of Blackie's cock in her pussy, as the beast pulled out and was guided to the side... and of contractions that forced fat swells of creampie out of her horse-stretched cunt.

"You hold steady now, girl!" Sheb cried out. "This baby is comin'!" She looked up and saw his eyebrows were longer, his beard wild. He was more Gandalf than groundskeeper, but unmistakable as the same man. Skylar put her hands to her belly as she felt the foal shift inside her. "Ah!" she cried. "F-fuck! It's... turning! It's... coming!"

Adlai. That would be the name of this firstborn. She knew that. And more than that, she knew that her orgasms were not yet done. For the movement and passage of the cum-covered life inside her was scraping out her womb walls, teasing her cervix, making her vaginal canal burn with ecstasy. She was going to have a nasty, bestial, *birthgasm*. She was going to drop that foal while cumming her brains out, so soon after nearly passing out from the pleasure of Blackie's womb-fuck.

The old Skylar would never have survived it. But those were the days in the past. The days of Reggie, who she now sensed was skulking around in some way she couldn't explain. She felt his presence in her realm as surely as one might detect an ant scurrying across their forearm... and she wasn't concerned. Nothing could stop the perfection of this moment... and the unequalled pleasure of that big foal starting to slide out of her horse-fucked cunt.

"Oh... god... it's... coming out!" she gasped. Her breasts erupted with milk as she groped them, the bulging flesh overspilling her hands. The lips of her pussy dilated as something dark emerged - pushing a wave of semen in front of it - the muzzle of a horse with a black coat. She Skylar pushed as she cried out in pleasure. The muzzled emerged further, then the forelock, then the ears and the neck. Skylar's eyelids fluttered as an orgasm tore through her. The body of her foal, even tapered with limbs folded close to the ribcage, was thicker even than Blackie's monstrous cock. "Fuuuuuuuuuck!"

Her young, fertile cunt was blown open wide as the newborn foal slid out of her on a wave of gooey, lubricating semen. First the forelegs with one wailing, spasming push... then the loins, rump, and rear legs. The babe tumbled out, trailing something behind it - but it was not an umbilical cord or amniotic sac - those concerns of human reproduction had been left behind in the realm of her origin. It was a thick, flaccid horse penis, partially emerged from its sheath, following the foal down to the matted straw of the barn floor, ejaculating as it went.

Though small in size, her foal Adlai had been born with a huge, arm-thick sixteen inches of cock... and a fat pair of balls as well. Skylar became aware of this only later, after recovering from yet another life-changing, soul-wracking orgasm - one that touched the depths of her rearranged insides. Her stretched labia, cock-widened cervix and tingling womb walls were buzzing with pleasure, functioning as one big clitoris. She had been forever changed into a vessel for endless, debauched birth fucks.

Horses with huge cocks. They would pour forth from her womb like rain from the clouds. Everyone present knew it - and even the uninvited guests, who Skylar knew were skulking via a sixth sense that had emerged by degrees since she'd arrived - must have realized that they were witnessing the impossible.

Skylar Keen had become the Mother of Beasts.

Reggie and Yvonne could not believe what they were seeing.

At first, upon arriving to peek into the open door of the barn, they had been filled with cruel glee at what was inside. All of their bestial suspicions about Skylar were proven true; a few seconds of filming would be enough to permanently destroy the young girl's reputation and probably have her thrown in jail. She was actually fucking a horse! Yvonne had nearly dropped her phone in haste, she was so excited to begin filming.

They soon realized it was a very large horse. And, despite her taunting message to Reggie, Skylar was still heavily pregnant. As the participants were moved into position, they quickly realized that there was no way the baby would survive... and probably not Skylar either. The massive horse cock was big enough to reach from her cunt to her throat.

There would be blood. There would be trauma. They were seeing a demented girl about to commit suicide. The two exchanged glances. They were cruel bullies but they had keen senses of self-preservation; they might get in trouble with the law if it was discovered they were present during such an event.

"She won't do it," Reggie muttered. It seemed the only sensible explanation. For all he knew, Skylar was taking more photos to taunt him with.

Except she *did* do it. And they watched her do it, peering out of the darkness and into the lit-up barn, concealed. Skylar was being fucked by the horse, and she seemed to be loving it. Yvonne tried to start filming with her phone... only to have the device first flicker, then brick up entirely. Her hushed burst of profanity nearly gave them away. They first fiddled with it, then gave up... for the events unfolding demanded their attention. Skylar was taking every inch of that horse cock.

It was grotesque. Bestial. The size difference. Making out with a sweaty animal. Rubbing his semen on her belly. Letting him suck from her overloaded tits. Then opening her legs to be violated by him. And then, when it seemed she would give birth, after the beast had filled her with semen, they expected a dead and broken infant to pour out... only to see the healthy emergence of a young foal.

A foal with a huge, unnatural penis. It had a bigger cock in utero than he had as a young adult. Three times as big. Flaccid.

Reggie's eyes danced in their sockets. It was not his baby. It hadn't been. And more than that... it was impossible. It was just... fucking... impossible. All his life, his lack of empathy for others had

insulated him from true fear; he had an animal's instinct in that regard. That protection fell away as he watched Skylar coo and beckon her just born foal, which walked to her on unsteady, thin legs. She gave it to suck on one swollen, milk-loaded tit that seemed the size of a bowling ball. Shortly, the adult stallion lowered its head and started to suck on the other. Skylar moaned out and orgasmed again, squirting cum out of her cunt as she was sucked dry by two horses.

Reggie and Yvonne had a perfect angle to see the caping, cum-leaking cavern of her cunt. The yawning o-ring of her cervix was twitching and open like a mouth as semen flowed out. From the back of her womb, horse sperm flowed out of her oviducts in twin streams. She was the most horse-fucked whore in the world... and she *loved* it.

"Let's go," Reggie said to Yvonne, shortly. All the bluster and snake bravado had gone from his voice. It was now trembling. "Let's get the fuck out of here." He didn't want to see anymore, he didn't want to learn why Skylar had been able to take thirty-six inches of brutal, womb-wrecking horse dick. He didn't want to know why she'd given birth to an animal. There were secrets afoot that frightened him in ways he'd never felt. And Yvonne must have felt the same... for she was ready to turn in unison with him and depart...

...until a massive hand fell on both of their shoulders.

Yvonne gasped. Reggie grunted and tried to spin. But the powerful grip kept him in place. He turned his head and saw the face of the young black man he'd seen earlier, leaning against the tire of Sheb's pickup. Except he was much bigger. Taller. His skin was not totally black - not "African-American" black, but as dark and gleaming as carved ebony wood. His eyes were brilliant, glowing green. And from his forehead protruded two horn-like bumps. Satyr horns.

"Where do you think you're going?" said Kevon. His voice was deeper and seemed to grumble like a tipping, uprooted oak. He lifted Reggie by the neck, closing his huge fist around it. Reggie's knife fell useless to the ground. Yvonne screamed. She tried to run but was captured at once by the towering figure's other arm. He was bare chested, his clothes were only the tatters of what they'd seen earlier.

"You've come into her realm uninvited," Kevin said. He smelled like moss and bog and the insect-covered ground of petrified forests. "So now, you may not leave." He threw Reggie to the ground with bone-rattling force, dazing him, and then stood over him.

Reggie saw, and understood. The reason why this muscled figure had been struggling with his Nikes earlier, and seemingly unable to walk.

It was because he had been changing.

His feet had been replaced by the cloven hooves.

"N-no!" he stuttered. Kevon bent down and retrieved him. And from within the barn, Skylar held court, and beckoned her champion inside. She still had one huge stallion nursing from one swollen breast, and her newborn foal, cock hanging nearly to the floor, nursing from the other side.

"Bring them," she said.

Reggie bellowed in negation. Yvonne screamed. They shook their heads in negation. But they had no power. It was a place beyond reality, where the satyrs and fauns and faeries held sway, and all wills were bent to the copulation of beasts.

Woozy, Reggie passed out. Yvonne fainted. And they were dragged inside to pay for their trespasses.

When Reggie came to, he registered something different about the barn. It had been weathered gray boards and hay, with brown crossbeams. Now, it was *greener*. Through half-lidded eyes he could see that the matted straw had been replaced by mossy grass and vines; these traveled up all the walls and around the windows, which now displayed a strange and alien sky with what seemed like a trillion stars... and a moon looming larger and closer than any earthly moon.

His nose was filled with the scents of peat, like cut grass... and sex. Semen and sweat. He came to realize he was restrained. Ivy had twined around his wrists and seemed as unbreakable as steel. Where Skylar had reclined on a hay bale, there was now an altar of stone, around which blossoms and brambles crept. It was on this altar that he found himself trapped... flat on his back. With Yvonne on top of him, restrained in a sixty-nine position. They had both been stripped of their clothes - his flaccid, fear-shrunken penis was close to her face, and her pink slit perched mere inches from his chin. He could smell her overdone perfume and tanning oil. And her pussy.

Skylar and the rest surrounded the altar. Skylar, who had been naked, now wore a clinging bodysuit of ivy, so like a second skin that Reggie could see the cleft of her sex through the coverage. It cradled her breasts as well but did nothing to reduce their huge size... or the protruding mounds of her ass. A tiara of thorns was around her head, but it did not cut or puncture her perfect, pale skin. Her hair was copper fire. In spite of himself, Reggie found his cock getting hard. By some strange method, Skylar had achieved beauty surpassing any woman he'd ever seen.

In her hand she wielded a long staff, six-foot high, that had probably been a hoe or a rake just moments before. Now, it was the final piece of her regalia. And the creatures of her court, who had once been human, were of the same changing and transformed ilk - Kevon was the satyr, pan flute around his neck. Mario, a hulking forest guardian with the antlers of a stag and a pelt as dark as night. And Lil' Shake, the smallest, was buzzing around on a pair of insectoid faerie wings that moved with the speed of a hummingbird. The old man, now with a vine-knotted beard long enough to reach the ground, acted as Skylar's chancellor and wise man.

A fey court, to the learned. To Reggie, whose idea of fantasy began and ended with the rapiest episodes of Game of Thrones, it was madness.

Utter madness.

"L-let me go," he croaked. "Let me go and... and I won't tell anyone anything. You'll never see me again. I fucking swear. Please."

He craned his neck around to see Skylar as he begged and bargained. Her unsympathetic eyes were filled with his doom. Seeing her expression, Reggie came to understand the sort of god that might wipe out everyone on earth with a flood, or kill all the firstborn of Egypt, even if he couldn't articulate those words. The old Skylar had been easy to manipulate, vulnerable... and human.

Not anymore. His tricks, his bullying, his bargaining... it was all for nothing. The panic rose in his chest as Skylar walked around him in a circle... stopping near his lower body, where his penis was laying pathetically on his pubis, next to the cheek of a hysterically-frightened Yvonne.

"It really is small isn't it?" Skylar mused, and she reached out to touch him, putting his penis between her thumb and forefinger. "Too small to be of any use." She looked at him and then seemed to think to herself for a moment, perplexed. "I don't even remember your name." And one could see

she wasn't lying - she had departed from her old life. The stallion stud that had plowed and planted her womb had erased not only Reggie's seed, but his name.

But she remembered her dislike for him. Her eyes told him that much.

"I will give her a gift, then." Skylar beckoned, and the great beast, Blackie, made his presence known. His mane was flowing and his nostrils snorting. His mammoth cock bounced beneath him, nearly dragging on the grass. He trotted around the altar, letting them have a glimpse of his majesty, and those hanging, swaying balls, that fat length of horsemeat. When he came to rest, he was positioned at Reggie's head... where Yvonne's tanned, teenage pussy was waiting. She shrieked and struggled, but the vines around her wrists and ankles held fast.

"No! No! Please. Please," she babbled. "I don't even care about Reggie, he made me come here... please, I never meant to offend you, I never meant to do anything! I'm sorry! I'll... I'll do anything you want!"

Skylar's mouth curled up into a smile. "Would you say that Reggie is a worthless worm with a tiny dick?" she asked, poking Yvonne with her staff. "And you never cared for him anyway?"

"Y-yes!" Yvonne cried out. Her blue eyes had gone wide as saucers and her bleached hair was matted with her fearful sweat. She craned her neck to look behind at the pawing, horny beast that was looking hungrily at her young cunt. "He's... he's a faggot with a tiny dick! It's fucking pathetic, he cums way too early, too! Please, he's a fucking cocksucking cuck bitch, alright?"

"Yvonne, you fucking whore!" Reggie cried out. They struggled pathetically against each other, two rabid badgers who had bitten off more than they could chew in their last and most regretful round of bullying.

"Please... just let me go!" Yvonne repeated. "You can fuck him up the ass, or kill him, or whatever you plan to do... just-"

"You stupid cumdump!" Reggie roared.

Skylar shook her head sadly. This was the ugliness that she'd seen all her life. But no more. She had nothing in her heart for such creatures but contempt. "You will get to see this woman pleased as you never could," she told Reggie. She waved her staff. Twining Ivy extended down from the ceiling in two sturdy loops - the perfect height for Blackie to throw his forelegs over... and commence to fucking.

Yvonne's tight, round ass jiggled as she tried to squirm away. It was no use. The vines seemed to react to her every move, keeping her in place. Blackie reared up and got into position. She cried out one last time, and above his face, Reggie saw Blackie's massive, three-foot cock, brutally erect, throbbing and vein-choked, and ready to absolutely destroy Yvonne's pussy. The stallion's massive, sloshing ballsack swayed near his face, splattering him with sweat.

"Watch," Skylar told him, stooping to speak into his ear. "For this is the only pleasure you will be allowed for the rest of your pitiful existence."

"No!" Yvonne cried. "No! No no no nooooooooooooo... auuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuggghhhh!"

Spittle flew from her mouth as Blackie lunged forward and his enormous, flanged fuckknob shredded Yvonne's teen cunt and burrowed inside, permanently rendering her previously tight pussy a horse-fucked whore hole. The stallion didn't hesitate to shove the first twelve inches of obscenely thick

meat all the way up against her womb... but he would not stop there. He pressed further and his leaking equine cunt-wrecker pounded directly into Yvonne's womb, stretching it like a condom around those thick, sweaty, reeking inches. Her eyes crossed, and then rolled back. And then Blackie began to churn up her guts, slamming his ballsack into Reggie's face with every stroke.

Skylar taunted Reggie as his face was pummeled by Blackie's swollen, leathery testicles. "Do you hear that?" she whispered. "That sound of churning guts? Of stretching cunt? Your woman's pussy is a horse-stretched sewer now. Your pathetic worm dick won't even touch the sides of her ripped-open cunt. You'll live the rest of your life knowing that your mate was rendered infertile by a thirty-six-inch god cock that makes your tiny dicklet look like the penis of an infant. Her horse-raped eggs will never conceive with your worthless, unworthy sperm... no matter how many watery spurts you piss into her banged-out cock cavern. She's a stallion sex sleeve. A breeding mare. You could probably stick your head up inside her and smell the stench of backed-up, thick horse loads."

Yvonne gurgled and drooled as her limp body was ragdolled on top of Reggie. There were meaty noises of her guts shifting, being reshaped, her petite form repurposed as a horse-sleeve. As Blackie drove balls deep, there was a clacking sound as her hips were shifted dislocated. Her pubic bone creaked. She grunted and moaned like an animal, her guts stretched with cock, such that Reggie could feel the movement of the stallion's penis as it pounded deep in her body, the bulge rubbing against his naked chest and belly.

Skylar smiled with satisfaction. "My beautiful foal," she beckoned, calling Adlai to her side. The colt, despite having only just been born, seemed sprightly. "Fuck her rude and noisesome throat." The foal trotted around to the head of the altar, where Yvonne's near-catatonic mouth was slack and waiting for his hardening, sixteen-inch equine penis. She gagged and heaved like a pig as the spongy, leaking head slid into her mouth and was quickly thrust down her throat. Adlai's legs were still relatively thin and unsteady, but the young horse made up for it with enthusiasm, and was quickly meeting his father thrust for thrust, such that their cocktips were meeting in Yvonne's middle, rubbing against each other through the stretched membranes of her stomach and womb.

Reggie's nose was full of horse nut-stink, the alpha stallion scent of his physical and sexual superior was being forced into his face with each pummeling stroke. It was impossible to have any dignity in such a situation; he could not see clearly, could only gasp for breath in the shadow of those huge, sloshing nuts, and hear Yvonne's groaning, gurgling cries of mindless distress.

She had been his girl, sure, and eager to satisfy him in a way that Skylar hadn't been, but now a massive horse was crushing jittering, brainless orgasms out of her like juice from an orange. And that same Skylar, now changes, was in his ear.

"I place this curse on you," she said, and the anachronism in her voice, the ancient and deific way of speaking, was becoming clearer with every passing moment. "That for the rest of your pathetic life, the two of you will be lovers... but your pathetic penis will only be able to get hard if you see your partner get fucked in front of you... by the most hung and cunt-ruining cocks that your realm can produce. Your impotent bitch-clit will dribble a few drops of worm piss only when you see a gallon of sperm slide out of your beloved's cavernous, blown-out cock sewer."

Reggie groaned out through gritted teeth as he felt Yvonne puke up a gout of horse pre-cum from around the monster foal-dick that was reaming her all the way to her stomach. It splattered hotly on his penis, and sure enough, the result was an unwilling erection; yet for all its hardness his penis seemed to have withdrawn, his balls shriveled up, and what had once been a respectable length now felt withered down to a nub.

Skylar walked around to the other side of the altar, and Reggie saw, in his scant moments that weren't obfuscated by Blackie's testicles, that vines had wrapped around her faceful ankles and feet in an arrangement mimicking stiletto heels. The back of her bodysuit was a verdant ivy thong, her perfect bubble cheeks were teenage perfection, now bouncing with every step. Even in the midst of his torment he wanted her utterly... and gasped when she extended her hand and he felt her fingers close around his now-tiny penis.

"It really is pathetic," Skylar mused. "And she will tell you so, every day, for all the days of your life. That will be your burden, and your curse, for dishonoring me. That your lover will be a horse-fucked whore, taking daily gangbangs of men and animals in her ripped-open cunt box. She will be unable to orgasm unless her cunt is pulled apart and her cervix fisted, double-penetrated or horse-fucked. And she will tell you every time how inadequate you are."

She started to use her thumb and forefinger to stroke Reggie, looking down with utter disgust, as if he were a pestilence. "And if you somehow manage to impregnate her sow pussy with this tiny thing, your emasculation and torment will not end, for she will be disgusted to be impregnated with your worm-seed, as I was, and seek any remedy." Reggie gritted his teeth and moaned again as Yvonne jittered and flopped on top of him like a fish. She was barely conscious, and yet it was obvious her body was being ripped and wracked with brutal horsegasms that would forever outclass and erase whatever fond memories she might have had of sex with him.

The beasts were breathing and moving with increased urgency. It was clear they were approaching their own climaxes. "If you conceive a child, it will be aborted by a horse's massive cock," Skylar decreed. "It will be drowned in semen. And you will be forced to watch as your worthless legacy is eradicated by stallion after stallion, raping your chosen lover's horse-enslaved cunt!"

Reggie felt Yvonne have the biggest orgasm yet on top of him. Her body was wracked with spasms and she gurgled and choked around Adlai's penis. In that moment he realized that even with her hips dislocated and every hole stretched, she *loved* what those horses were doing to her. She would, he knew, gladly be captured and raped again if it meant getting her young, high-school bitch cunt shredded by thirty-six inches of stallion meat.

His emasculation was utterly complete... and it had come at the hands of a goddess.

Reggie went limp and sputtered out a final moan as the horses hilted themselves in Yvonne. He felt their huge cocks rubbing against his abdomen *through* her skin. There were sloppy, spurting noises as both animals emptied their balls deep into Yvonne's body, filling her to the brim in seconds with thick, ropery blasts of horse nut. The overflow poured out onto Reggie's face and all over his cock. He orgasmed pathetically in Skylar's fingers, one or two drops of clear, infertile semen dribbling out... and yet, it was the most intense orgasm of his life.

Skylar looked at her stained fingers with disgust - her nails had grown to be a long, brilliant dragonfly green - and wiped them in the mess of Adlai's superior semen, obliterating Reggie's last, pathetic gasp of genetic material. Considering how things had turned out, he counted himself lucky to have been touched by her, one last time.

Goddess, he thought, as his vision blurred to an emerald cloud.

Skylar Keen, Sheb Dealie, and the three nephews, Kevon, Mario and Lil' Shake (real name - Melvin Clarence Clark III), were all reported missing in the following weeks. Tears were shed. The news reported on the strange circumstances. Skylar's mother, who conveniently omitted her relative

absenteeism during Skylar's period of difficulty, gave a tearful interview to the local news.

Reggie and Yvonne were questioned. Skylar had, after all, been pregnant with Reggie's child. The bulls sweated Reggie hard. He had, they said, all the reason in the world to want Skylar Keen to disappear.

"She embarrassed you," they told him, in an interrogation room. "That's why you did it, isn't it, Reggie? You wanted that child, and she wanted to get rid of it. Is that why you did it, Reggie?"

Reggie said nothing. No defiance, no quips, no comebacks. Not even an "I'm innocent". In fact, he didn't say much of anything anymore - during interrogations or otherwise. The brash attitude was gone, replaced by an almost serene acceptance of his new place. Try as the cops might, beyond a few circumstantial details, they could find nothing to tie him to the disappearance. There was no murder weapon, no body. Eventually, as the months and years passed and no new developments arose, interest in him, and in the case, faded away. It now exists as one of many cold case files, likely never to be reopened, besides hundreds of other missing persons.

Reggie and Yvonne stayed together after high school, drawn to each other in a strange way. They could not quite remember what happened that fateful night, but they knew they were not linked to each other, and could fulfill each other in some unique and unspoken way. The first time they had sex in the weeks after, Reggie could reach orgasm only by watching Yvonne ram her cunt down on the thick, phallic bedpost, all while she taunted him about the size of his penis and degradingly stretched out her cunt.

Soon, they were arranging for gangs of men to come and fuck her, jam huge dildos in her holes, and even jam their fists all the way into her womb. And after that, an arrangement with a farmer, who accepted money for access to his horses. It was in this last configuration that they felt most comfortable... and in the night after one of Yvonne's horse-fucks, the dreams that came were green and bestial and inexplicable. He always saw Skylar in such dreams, and woke up with his thighs sticky.

Skylar had ascended. And in her new realm she was queen, and the horses, satyrs and stag guardians were her attendants. She fucked them all, but most of all Blackie, first of his line, and Adlai, the second. Adlai grew quickly into a massive stallion, just like Skylar, and as the Mother of Beasts her appetites were mythic, in her castle of vines and flowers she engaged her mate and child in double-penetrations, sandwiched between their barrel bellies as they lay on their sides, pounding three feet of unwashed, sweaty horse cock up her cunt and ass. She made out with them, nursed them with her huge tits, sucked their balls, and even happily teased their musky, puffy anuses with her tongue, receiving gallons of cum before the night was over, and producing a new foal... only to start the revel again and repeat the ritual anew.

Soon, the meadows full of thick graze were full of horses, and across the world of Earth, which was adjacent to Skylar's domain, a choice few mortal women were given the chance to visit and mate with them, always in their dreams at first, and then, if they were of the proper mettle, as new dwellers of the kingdom of beasts. Skylar always chose to avail these blessings on girls who were as she had been - shy, confused, and ill-treated by the cruel and callous human race.

A horse, Skylar knew, was the antidote to such things. And many a nubile teen girl would discover a powerful sexuality while in congress with one of her many equine sons. In time, these stories and common dreams would be shared online, always anonymously, and so the image of a voluptuous young nature goddess, flanked by horses with huge penises, appearing to sexually-frustrated young women, began to become part of underground folklore.

But that wasn't the biggest change. The biggest change was the star. A new, third magnitude point of light in the sky, easily found by following Polaris, and forming with some nearby stars the rough shape of a horse and rider. Astronomers had little explanation for the sudden appearance; some posited that the distant light had been blocked by stellar phenomena that wasn't yet understood, and only now was beaming to earth.

It was beneath this star that Skylar's mother, Pamela Keen, retired to bed one evening after having a blowout fight with Skylar's father. Their marriage had been strained before, the constant travel and adventure had been nothing but a patch over the leak of affection between them, and Skylar's disappearance had caused that point of strain to snap. She was wrapped in a sheer nightgown, and one could see where Skylar had gotten her beauty, for Pamela Keen was a MILF of the highest order; trading in her daughter's slender frame for one that was thicker and more explosive in breast and thigh.

She had just about decided to give up men - those conniving, manipulating louts - yet that would mean giving up sex. Resigned to a lot of dildo shopping in the future, she closed her eyes as her thick buttocks settled in against the silk sheets and her enhanced, bowling-ball tits laid atop each other in fat spheres. Her hair, bleached and straightened to a golden curtain, washed over her pillows.

She and her husband no longer slept in the same room. Which was just as well.

That night, Pamela Keen had quite a unique dream. One that caused her to toss, and turn, and do quite a bit more than that, in the ephemeral spaces between lucidity and sleep.

Come here, mother.

Skylar?

After her eyes opened, Pamela lay in bed, her lions aching, her nipples burning, her MILF pussy absolutely soaked.

She stayed there for a very long time.