

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Michelle drove down the long dirt road until she reached the unassuming looking farm house. She parked her car in front and turned off the engine, then gave herself a few minutes to just sit and gather her thoughts. Her eyes moved to the barn next to the house where she assumed the horses were stabled. She'd been waiting for this day for many months now, and it was finally here.

Ever since she was a little girl, Michelle had been something of a horse girl. At least in theory. She'd never owned a horse and had only been around one a couple times very briefly. However, she'd been *obsessed* with horses for as long as she could remember. It was her primary special interest, and she'd spent countless hours reading about horses, watching horse videos, reading horse forums, etc. Her friends would often ask her to stop talking about horses because it seemed to be the only thing she ever talked about. She couldn't help it, she'd fallen in love with horses years ago and that love affair had never ended, even though she had no real world experience with the main focus of her obsession.

That was all about to change. Now that she was nineteen years old and had been studying horses for what felt like her whole life, she'd finally gotten fed up with only reading about them and had made up her mind to actually start *working* with horses. Her parents had always been supportive of her interest and they'd been happy to buy her books and videos on the subject every Christmas and birthday, but they weren't rich and couldn't hope to afford an actual horse for her, let alone horse riding lessons or anything of the like. Michelle loved her parents very much and she knew they'd done as much as they could to help foster her intense interest, but she also knew that if she was going to make her dreams a reality she would have to take the initiative to do it on her own.

So, as soon as she turned sixteen she got a job at the local grocery store. She worked as many hours as they would give her, and saved every penny she could. At 19 years old, after three years of working hard, she'd saved up enough money that she could actually start funding her special interest in earnest. But where to begin? She still couldn't afford her own horse, and even if she could, where would she keep it? Plus, she wanted to test the waters a little before diving in headfirst. Despite her extensive knowledge of horses, she was palpably aware of her lack of real world experience, and didn't want to jump into the deep end right from the start.

To that end, she started looking at local help wanted ads to see if anyone needed an intern or apprentice to help with their horses. She'd found that most of the ads wanted people who already had real world experience, which immediately disqualified her. After searching for a few weeks though, she finally found what sounded like the perfect opportunity for her! The ad was short and sweet, reading only "Rancher in search of knowledgeable amateur to help with stallion breeding. Can't afford to pay, but you'll earn valuable experience." This was her shot! If she could build up some experience, she could use that to build momentum and eventually get a job doing what she loved! She quickly called the ranch and spoke with the kindly old gentleman who owned it. He was very down-to-earth and easy to talk to, and in no time she had a date and time to show up at his ranch and help out.

Now that the day had finally come, she had butterflies in her stomach. This was the moment she'd been waiting for her whole life. That meant she put a lot of pressure on herself to get this right. She took a few deep breaths to steady her nerves, then looked at her reflection in the rear view mirror.

"You've got this!" she told herself, being her own hype girl. "You know everything there is to know about horses. This will be easy as pie! Just take it slow, do it right, and show that rancher you've got what it takes!"

She pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose and smiled at herself in the mirror. Yeah, she was gonna crush this!

Satisfied that she was ready, she stepped out of her car and walked toward the house, holding her head up high. The early autumn sun shone down on her as she walked, her outfit reflecting the cool weather as well as the duties she would be tasked with today. She had her long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail to keep it off her neck and out of her face, as well as a tall pair of riding boots to keep her footing on the stable floors. She was also wearing a stretchy form-fitting dark blue top with short sleeves that hugged her slim waist, as well as her anything-but-slim breasts. She'd actually had a little trouble squeezing into that top with how large her tits were, but she wanted to make a good impression and show that she knew how to dress for the job. This was the type of clothing *real* horse girls wore and she wasn't going to let something as trivial as her big, bouncy, natural G cup breasts get in the way of that! Below her tight top she was wearing equally form-fitting riding pants that hugged her curves like a second skin. She'd had almost equal difficulty stuffing her wide hips, thick thighs, and big fat ass into those pants as she'd had fitting her big heavy milkers into her top. Her riding pants clung to her skin so tightly that they left very little to the imagination when it came to her shapely teen form, including her puffy pussy mound that looked like it was gobbling up the crotch of her pants almost as much as her huge ass was doing to the rear of them. She didn't think anything of it though. After all, this was what the professionals wore. She wasn't gonna show up to her first opportunity looking like she didn't even know how to dress! She was determined to prove she had what it took to tend to the rancher's stud, and dressing for the role was an important part of that. She walked up the few wooden stairs to the house's front porch, each confident step making her thighs, ass, and tits jiggle profusely, then knocked on the front door.

"Just a minute!" she heard a man call from inside. A moment later he opened the door and gave her a friendly smile. The old rancher looked to be in his seventies, the wrinkles in his leathered face telling the story of a man who'd worked out in the sun his whole life, but had been smiling most of that time, judging by the laugh lines around his eyes and the wrinkles around his mouth. "Well hello there, missy! I'm Ernest. You must be Michelle. We talked on the phone." He extended his hand and when Michelle clasped it with her own she felt how rough and calloused it was. This guy was the real deal! A real live rancher who had been doing this his whole life. She knew she'd made the right choice coming here!

"Yes, sir!" she said, making sure to give him a firm handshake. "Thank you so much for this opportunity!"

Ernest chuckled, then released her hand and stepped out onto the porch. Michelle stepped aside to give him room, and he shut the front door behind him and headed down the porch stairs with her following close behind. "No need'ta thank me, darlin'. Thank *you* for doing this for me." At the bottom of the stairs he turned toward the barn and began walking that way. Michelle fell into step beside him, her big heavy tits bouncing along with her gait. "I used'ta have some help with my horses when my daughters lived with me here on the farm, but they've long since moved away and started their own families. I ain't got much to my name, so I can't afford'ta hire nobody. I have'ta rely on the help of apprentices like yerself. So I appreciate it!"

"Well I'm happy to help, Ernest! It's hard to find a job working with horses without experience, so this is exactly what I need. I'm glad it's mutually beneficial!"

"Sure is, darlin'. Sometimes the stars align, don't they?"

They reached the barn and Ernest opened the wide wooden doors, motioning for her to step inside. She nodded and entered, looking around as her eyes adjusted to the dim interior. The old

floorboards creaked as she stepped inside the barn and she sighed contentedly as she smelled the scent of hay mingled with the somewhat strong but inoffensive smell of what she assumed was the stallion just out of sight. She heard a brief whinny from him and her heart soared. This was going to be so amazing! As Ernest stepped inside and closed the barn door behind him, she looked around the barn, taking it all in. There were a couple bails of hay in one corner, and plenty of loose hay strewn about on the floor. At the far end of the barn on either side were a couple stalls with wooden gates, and she heard the soft clopping of hooves as a horse she couldn't see shifted around in one of them. Shafts of sunlight shone down through gaps between the wood slats of the barn walls and roof, giving the whole place the aura of a dream. For Michelle, that's exactly what it was: a literal dream come true. Just being in the barn made her feel happy.

Ernest started heading toward the far end of the barn and motioned for Michelle to follow, which she happily did. "Now I ain't got no mares to get my stud Jackson going, but that's alright. He's what ya might call a 'self starter', if ya know what I mean. So ya shouldn't have any trouble gettin' him'ta mount the AV. Actually, that's perfect for yer first time, 'cuz that just makes it easier for ya to milk out that first load."

Michelle's heart skipped a beat when the old man used such crude language, but then a moment later her eyes grew wide as she registered the full implication of what he was saying. She adjusted her glasses and cleared her throat. "The first... I'm sorry, the *first* load?" she asked tentatively, surprised to feel her nipples stiffening as she used the same crude word as Ernest.

"Mm-hmm, that's right. Jackson's the most productive stud we ever had, so don't worry if ya can't catch the first few loads. He'll give ya plenty of chances to collect more than enough, way more than enough."

Michelle's pulse quickened and the hairs on the back of her neck stood up. Since she'd first seen the help wanted ad she had felt excited and optimistic about this experience, but now for the first time she felt dual pangs of doubt and concern. Maybe the situation was too good to be true and now the other shoe was about to drop in the form of a horse that sounded like it had some type of... condition.

"Oh, I... I see," she responded meekly, her cheeks flushing slightly. They arrived at Jackson's stall and Ernest turned to face her.

"Alright, so this here's Jackson," Ernest said indicating the stall behind him, "and I got everythin' ya need to milk him all ready to go in the other stall," he continued, pointing to the stall opposite Jackson's. "I'll leave ya to it. Just holler if ya need anythin'."

He turned and took a couple steps towards the barn door. "Wait!" Michelle blurted out a little more loudly than she intended to, causing him to stop and turn to face her again. "Um, you're gonna let me do it all on my own? Don't you need to... supervise... or something?"

Ernest chuckled and made a dismissive gesture. "Ain't no need to supervise. I could tell from talkin' to ya on the phone that yer a smart girl. I think you can handle Jackson just fine." He patted her on the shoulder and smiled at her. "You got this, girly."

Michelle felt some of the tension leave her body and she smiled. "Thank you, Ernest."

"Sure thing, darlin'," he said, then he turned and walked out of the barn, leaving Michelle standing there looking at the door to Jackson's stall.

"Okay, first things first," she said to herself, then she went to the stall opposite Jackson's and

opened the door. It was obvious there hadn't been a horse kept there for a while. Instead, it looked like it was now used for storage. There were multiple different crates, lengths of rope, tools, and other items strewn about. Right in front, leaning against one of the crates, was a long cylindrical tube with a handle on it. Michelle recognized it right away: the AV, the artificial vagina. It was rigid on the outside with a soft squishy interior meant to simulate a mare's vagina. The perfect tool for extracting semen from a stud. This specific AV also had a rubbery balloon type bag on one end to collect the stud semen. Michelle felt her nipples tingle again as she thought about Jackson cumming into that collection bag, but then immediately blushed at the shameful thought and mentally pushed it away. She hefted the large AV and then headed back to Jackson's stall.

She opened the door to his stall and stepped inside, closing it behind her. In front of her was Jackson, a beautiful dark brown horse with big dark eyes that were calmly regarding her. Michelle just stood there in awe for a few moments as she took in the sight of him. He looked so regal, his black mane flowing down one side of his neck, his taut muscles flexing a little as he shifted his front hooves. The thing that struck her the most though was his musk. It was so strong now that she was right in front of him, and she was a little ashamed to find it was kind of turning her on. Again she tried to ignore those thoughts. She noticed something above her and looked up to see a bar suspended on two chains from the rafters. That was where Jackson's front hooves were supposed to go so she could extract his semen.

"Okay Jackson, time for you and me to get acquainted." She leaned the AV against the wall and approached Jackson, offering her hand for him to sniff, then she gently ran her hand down the length of his neck and the side of his torso. "Let's see what you're working with." She squatted down next to him and took a close look at his undercarriage. She gasped as she saw how *huge* his balls were. They hung low, enormous and gravid, one of them hanging slightly lower than the other. She watched in awe as beads of sweat rolled down his ballsack to drip onto the dusty stall floor. His cock sheath was puffy and glistened with sweat as well, but his penis was still hidden inside it.

While Michelle examined Jackson's equipment and contemplated how exactly she was going to get him erect, the horny horse turned his head and ogled at Michelle's huge fat ass jutting out behind her as she squatted next to him. He nickered and Michelle gasped again as she saw the flared head of his cock emerge from his sheath, making a soft squelching sound as it pushed out from his sweaty greasy schlong sleeve, followed by inch after inch of his mottled cock shaft.

"Oh my gosh! You really are a self-starter, aren't you Jackson? What's got you so flustered?"

Her curiosity got the best of her and she couldn't help leaning forward a little to get a closer look. This made her huge juicy rump jut out even more behind her and Jackson nickered again as more inches of horse cock meat pushed out of his sheath. Michelle marveled at the sheer *size* of his dick, and how every fat veiny inch of it was getting thicker and harder the longer she watched. That's when she was hit with a wave of his horse dick musk that wafted over her face in a palpably warm cloud. Her nostrils flared reflexively and she pulled in a big deep breath through her nose. A moan escaped her lips before she realized it was even coming as Jackson's sweaty horse cock stink flooded her nose. She'd never smelled such a potent musk in all her life. Now she realized that what she was smelling before was but a preview of the pure, raw, *powerful* aroma of Jackson's huge throbbing horse cock.

She started panting and her face flushed as she stared transfixed, still huffing more and more of his dick stink, while his cock grew ever longer and fatter, until finally it reached what appeared to be its full hardness. It slapped against his underside a couple times, then he whinnied and she moaned as she saw his huge nuts pull up inside his leathery ballsack, then lower again. Without realizing it, she'd moved a little closer, and now Jackson's fat pulsating member was only a few inches away

from her face. Not only was there an agonizingly tantalizing musk radiating off his enormous fuckpipe of a horse cock, but it was also putting off an insane amount of heat. As Michelle stared at his twitching throbbing monster cock, her glasses started fogging up from the intense humid heat radiating from it. Her mouth started watering and she swallowed hard, feeling her heart rate increase and her pussy start twitching.

“Okay, get ahold of yourself. It’s just a... a... penis. Just a... big... fat... *stinky* horse co-” She clapped a hand over her mouth to stop that word escaping from her lips. What the hell was wrong with her? She had a job to do, and here she was ogling this horse’s member like she was a lovestruck schoolgirl. She forced herself to scoot back, and then stood up next to Jackson, happy for the brief reprieve from being so close to his mesmerizing cock.

“Alright boy, looks like you’re ready to go. Can you hop up here for me?” She tapped the metal bar hanging above her and Jackson shook his head and snorted. Then he reared up and put his hooves over the bar, causing his insanely huge and engorged cock to bob up and down right in front of Michelle. She took a deep breath and tried to focus on the task at hand, then lifted the AV with both hands and got it in position right in front of the wide blunt head of Jackson’s cock. She pressed the soft entrance against his cock head, but his dick flexed and slid off it. She tried a couple more times with the same result before she realized she was going to have to take a more... direct approach.

Holding the AV with one hand and resting the bulk of its weight on her shoulder, she hesitantly reached forward with her other hand and grasped Jackson’s shaft a few inches below the wide ridge of his flared head, his cock so girthy that her fingers barely wrapped even halfway around it. She gasped as she felt how piping hot and rock hard his schlong was, then whimpered at the sensation of his sweat and cock grease smearing on her fingers. In response to her touch, Jackson whinnied and she felt his shaft flex in her hand, getting even fatter. While she tried to line up the AV with his penis again, his huge cock head engorged and suddenly gushed a powerful and voluminous jet of thick gooey horse sperm all over the entrance to the AV, the outer cylinder, and the stall door. Miraculously his premature eruption somehow missed her hand by mere inches. A new scent snaked up Michelle’s nostrils and she moaned even louder than before as her sinuses were filled with the raw pungent stink of horse jism. Something dangerous started to brew between her thick thighs and she bit her lip as she tried to contain it.

Michelle had always been a very well behaved girl, and had led a fairly sheltered life. She had only dated a couple boys, and had only ever gone as far as making out and some light petting, always clothed. However, in private she’d been incredibly horny ever since she’d hit puberty. To satiate her hidden urges, she’d developed a secret habit of masturbating in her room quite frequently. She quickly came to find that her pussy was extremely sensitive and that she was prone to squirting repeatedly from stimulating herself. Sometimes she’d even gush through her panties just by reading dirty stories online, even without touching herself. She’d done this enough to become quite familiar with those sensations: the way her pussy felt when she began to get turned on, how wet she got, and what it felt like to be on the verge of a powerful squirting orgasm.

That’s what she felt building in her pussy at that very moment, and she broke out in a cold sweat as she used all her strength to fight against it. She was better than this, *stronger* than this! Surely she wasn’t going to start squirting just from seeing and smelling Jackson’s raw horse cock and fat rope of pearly equine sperm. She wasn’t some feral slut! She had a job to do, and she intended to do it right.

“W-wow. Okay. You’re pretty eager, huh? Let’s get you inside this AV so you can let it all out, okay?”

Still grasping his shaft below his cock head, she brought the mouth of the AV in line with his wide

flared glans. His cock head pressed against the welcoming entrance and he bucked his hips forward, giving Michelle the perfect opportunity to slide the AV onto his cock in one smooth motion. Despite her lewd shameful thoughts, she found herself smiling proudly. She'd gotten him inside the AV just like a professional would! Things were back on track now and she refocused her mind on her goal. She grasped the AV with both hands and dug her heels into the dirt floor, preparing herself for the inevitable thrusting.

It came only a moment later. Jackson whinnied and started *ramming* his cock into the AV repeatedly with his full strength. He fucked it so hard in fact that Michelle started sliding back on the floor inch by inch, having to replant her feet every few seconds to stay in position. She started panting with exertion, but it wasn't lost on her that she was also panting because of the problem building in her panties. This horse wanted to *fuck*! He was pistoning into the AV with such force and so fucking deep that if it were a real mare she worried he might injure her! With her face right next to the junction of his enormous meaty schlong and the cock-abused AV, she could clearly hear the wet sticky squelching sounds as he fucked into the simulated horse pussy. He whinnied again and she saw his huge heavy balls pull up close to his cock, and his shaft flexed so hard it actually lifted the AV a few inches.

SSSHPPPLOOOORRRRRRTTTT!!

Suddenly he started ejaculating in huge pulsing blasts of sperm. Michelle looked over her shoulder and saw the semen collection bag on the end of the artificial vagina stretch outward each time he gushed a fresh spurt of his ball gravy into it. He was cumming with such force that each jet pushed her back on the floor a little, and she had to step forward each time to keep the AV on his flexing geysering penis. She knew that horses had large ejaculations, but he was shooting *much* more than she thought studs were supposed to. Apparently Ernest wasn't lying when he warned her about his output.

After the first dozen jets of horse cum into the collection bag it was huge and bloated like an overfilled waterballoon, the material stretched so thin that Michelle could clearly see the thick pearly mass of his multiple ejaculations sloshing around inside it. Fat clotted ropes of horse sperm swirled around in the more liquidy base, interspersed with plenty of obviously thicker nuggets that were more of a buttery off-white color than the rest of his load. She started to panic a little as she worried that the collection bag wouldn't be able to hold much more.

"Uh, Jackson? You gonna finish soon? You're about to pop that thing!"

The horny rutting horse responded by brutally fucking the AV even harder and pissing another gigantic and prolonged jet of his semen into the collection bag. Michelle heard the rubbery bag squeak a few times as it's bloated surface stretched further away from the end of the AV, until Jackson rammed his cock all the way inside it again and started pissing a fresh new gush of ball jelly inside it.

That was the last rope it could handle.

Michelle's eyes grew wide and she gasped as Jackson's geysering beam of sperm made the massively overburdened sperm balloon pop off the end of the AV and fly through the air, trailing thick cords of spunk behind it while simultaneously receiving the continuous geyser of Jackson's nut blast into its mouth like some kind of sperm-powered rocket. The bloated sack of horse jism slapped wetly against the stall door, making it rattle on its hinges, then it plopped down onto the dirt floor where it slowly oozed its contents in a thick gooey puddle. Jackson wasn't finished though, and his cock kept thrusting into the AV, kept flexing, and kept *gushing* more and more of his hot, thick, pungent horse

sperm. With no collection bag to catch it, the inch-thick ropes of stud ball jelly rocketed out the end of the AV to splatter all over the stall door, impacting it with such force that Michelle could actually hear the wood splintering a little.

This fucking horse nudded so fucking much and so fucking hard that he'd overloaded the semen collection bag, blasted it off the AV, and was still firing off salvos of horse jism hard enough to crack the goddamn wood of the stall door. That was it, Michelle couldn't take it anymore, she couldn't hold back. No amount of willpower could save her now. It was going to happen whether she liked it or not.

Still grasping the AV with both hands as Jackson rutted into it and fired off more fat ropes, Michelle let out her loudest moan yet, squeezed her thighs together in a last ditch effort to stop what was coming, then an instant later she started *gushing* into her panties. Her tongue hung out of her mouth and she groaned with shameful pleasure as she had an intense orgasm just from witnessing the raw breeding power of this insanely hung stud. She was cumming so hard that her pussy juice blasted through the stretchy fabric of her riding pants and splattered loudly onto the stall floor. The musky scent of her cunt juice wafted up to Jackson's nose and he sucked in a big breath of it, nodding his head and whinnying loudly as he drank in the aroma of a horny woman's pussy. This made him nut even harder, plastering the already cum-covered stall door with more and more of his thick gelatinous horse loads. Both of them were cumming together, feeding off each other's sexual energy, and Michelle lost herself in the sensation. The raw lustful power of the situation in which she found herself cleared her mind of all thoughts, leaving only raw sexual hunger as she gushed and gushed all over the floor, and Jackson nudded and nudded all over the stall door.

Finally, after a seemingly interminable time, Michelle's orgasm waned in time with Jackson's. He gave a few more eager thrusts into the thick cylinder designed to feel like a mare's cunt, spurting a fat rope of cum with each thrust into it, then finally he nickered and his cock slowly drooled sperm that oozed out the end of the AV. Michelle swallowed hard, then mustered her mental and physical strength, allowing her to slide the thoroughly fucked horse onahole off Jackson's massive cock. His big flared head popped out of the entrance and plenty of his sperm poured out after it, splattering onto the floor and mingling with Michelle's pussy juice. She took a couple wobbly steps and set the AV upright against the wall, Jackson's fat loads lazily oozing out of it and onto the floor. She turned back to assess the situation.

The stall door was plastered with innumerable, dense, pearly cords of his sperm, like long fat slugs clinging to the wood. The horse cum ropes sagged from their own weight, but didn't drop to the floor because they were so sticky they were adhered like glue. On the floor in front of the stall door the semen collection bag was still slowly emptying its contents into the dirt. Michelle knew as soon as the cum balloon detached from the AV that it was a useless sample because now it was contaminated with dirt and germs and who knew what else. There was no way she could salvage it. Which meant... she'd have to collect *another* sample.

She turned her gaze back to Jackson's member and moaned as she beheld it. His long fat schlong was still fully engorged, even after ejaculating so much, and the entire length of it was absolutely *slathered* with his thick gooey sperm. His ejaculate was so piping hot she could actually see steam rising off it. Every breath she took just pulled in more of the humid pungent stink of his jism, and her cunt twitched again in response. This horse was a stud unlike any other, and Michelle began to panic a little as she realized she was in over her head.

No! She wasn't. She could handle this! She was determined to do this right. Her whole life she'd been preparing for this moment, and she wasn't going to admit defeat that easily. She stood up straight and puffed up her chest, which made her enormous breasts jut out in front of her even

more.

"You won this round Jackson, but I'm not done yet!" She said to the horny horse, who still had his hooves hooked over the metal bar. "You stay there, I'll be right back."

She opened the sperm-blasted stall door, making sure to avoid touching his admittedly tantalizing cum, and hustled over to the opposite stall, her ass and tits jiggling as she did so. She ducked inside and looked around quickly, locating a box of semen collection bags next to where the AV had been resting. She grabbed them and hurried back to Jackson's stall, closing the door behind her again.

"Alright big boy, looks like we're gonna have to do this the hard way."

She opened the box and produced a fresh collection bag, then turned to face Jackson's gooey throbbing member. With her heart pounding she approached Jackson again and he nickered happily, his cock bobbing up and down in response. Standing right next to his stinky spermy cock, Michelle just stared dumbly at it for a few moments, trying to figure out how exactly she was going to do this. She hadn't intended to literally get her hands dirty, and she'd hoped that the dick grease she'd gotten on her fingers earlier would be the worst of it, but she saw no way around it now. A manual extraction was the only method left to her, and since she didn't have any gloves...

"You can do this," she told herself, then stepped forward and grasped his gooey shaft in the same place she'd grasped it before, just a few inches below the wide corona of his glans. This time however, instead of feeling just the oily sweaty sheath residue of his schlong on her hand, her fingers squished into the inch-thick layer of pearly, stinky, piping hot Jackson jism. "FFuuuuckkk!" she groaned without meaning to. His cock flexed in her hand and the head burped up a fat gout of clumpy sperm that lazily drooled from the tip and plopped onto the floor. Michelle's cunt threatened to gush again from feeling, seeing, and *smelling* the raw power of this stud's virility.

Again she steeled herself and focused on the task at hand. With her other hand she brought the semen collection bag up to Jackson's huge flared cock head, then squeezed the opening over the tip, moaning again as she felt how thick and spongey it was. When she pulled the mouth of the bag down over the flared ridge, Jackson nickered and his cock spurted a big fat pulse of sperm into the bag.

"That's it, big boy," she panted, holding the bag closed around the base of his flare with one hand while her other hand continued grasping his shaft. "You gonna give me another big sample? Try not to blast off the bag this time, okay? I really need to collect this, so be a good boy and don't shoot too hard, okay?"

Michelle began stroking Jackson's shaft, smearing his thick clotted sperm all over her fingers and palm, using it as lube to jack him off. He obviously enjoyed this as his cock flexed and burped up another big sputtering ejection of his ball sauce into the collection bag. Michelle had a brief moment where part of her realized she could just remove the bag right now and be done with all of this. After all, Jackson's ejaculations were so prolific that even two ropes from his cock would be more than enough for a sample. As quickly as this thought bubbled up, she tamped it down in her mind, explaining it away internally by thinking that it wasn't a *true* sample unless Jackson actually had an orgasm. Really, she was dimly but shamefully aware of the truth: she *needed* to see him nut again, regardless of whether she collected the sample.

She bit her lip as she started jacking him off a little faster, her dainty fingers now completely coated in the reeking mixture of his sperm and cock grease. The thick sludge made a wet gooey sound as she tugged him off, and she licked her lips as she drank in the shamefully appetizing aroma. Jackson bucked into her hand and fired off another jet of sperm into the balloon, bloating it further and

making it sag off the end of his huge cock head.

“Yeeeeessss, Jackson!” she hissed, “Just like that! Spurt that hot nut for me. You wanna blast off again, stud? You wanna fill another cum balloon while I jack you off?” Michelle’s cheeks flushed as she let such filthy words tumble out of her mouth, but she felt unable to control herself. Besides, she told herself, there was no one else here except her and Jackson, so really it didn’t matter what she said, right? As long as she collected the sample, it was okay to talk like this. In fact, it seemed to be helping somewhat, because Jackson’s cock responded to her lewd words by fattening even more in her grip. She looked back at his fat heavy nuts and saw they were pulling up close to his body again. His already enormous cock head flared even larger and his shaft flexed in her hand. With her thumb on the underside of that sperm-slathered schlong she felt his urethra bulge and she knew what was about to happen.

“Oooohh fuck yeah, stud! You gonna do it? You gonna nut for me? Come on, baby. Shoot that big load for me. Blast it all out. I know your big balls must be aching for release, so don’t hold in even a drop, okay?” She started jacking him off much faster now, her hand a blur as it pumped his gooey shaft, slinging plenty of his sperm everywhere as she did so. With her other hand she squeezed tightly around his meaty schlong just under the wide flare of his cock head. Jackson whinnied and bucked into her hands, then Michelle got her wish.

SSPPLLUUUURRRRRPPPTTTT!!

Jackson’s cock head gushed a huge powerful beam of sperm into the collection bag and Michelle cooed in response.

“Gooooood boy! Shoot it all out for me!”

SSSPLOOOORRRTTTTT!! BLOOORRPPPTTT!! SHPLUURT, SHPLURRT, SSHHPLLLLLOOOORRRR RPPPPTTTT!!

His cock bucked in her hands and fired off rope after thick gelatinous rope of ball jelly into the cum balloon. Michelle was panting with her face mere inches away from the flexing ejaculating horse cock. The sperm stink was so strong now she could actually *taste* it in the air, and it felt like it was rewiring her brain. Though she was dimly aware that this was solidly crossing the line, the pungent taste of horse jism in the air was too much to resist, and with Jackson still ejaculating into the collection bag she leaned forward and planted her plump full lips against the side of his spermy schlong and started slurping up his nasty cum and cock grease. The sensation made Jackson nut even harder as Michelle pulled in a big mouthful of the filthy sludge. Her eyes rolled back in her head as her tastebuds were assaulted by the overpowering flavor of horse cock sweat, grease, and sperm. His cum was as thick as pudding, and contained plenty of even thicker denser wads of nut jelly like gummy bears made of horse cum. Michelle had never even seen a boy cum, let alone tasted his load, and here she was getting her first mouthful of sperm from the filthy unwashed cock of an ejaculating stallion.

SSHPLLOORRRSSHHH!!

This time Michelle didn’t even try to squeeze her thighs together to stop it, she just freely gushed into her panties and through the crotch of her riding pants. Stuffing her face with the produce of this hung horse’s balls was enough to make her cum even harder than she had before, and with so much equine ball jelly bloating her cheeks and fucking up her brain she had no chance of resisting. The breeding power of this stud subsumed any higher moral precepts she may have had and plunged her into perverse hedonistic bliss.

She kept jacking off Jackson's flexing spurting cock as he inflated the collection bag more and more, while at the same time she planted more needy kisses on his stinky cum-slathered cock and pulled more of his jism and cock filth into her hungry mouth. The whole time her pussy was spasming and gushing, soaking her riding pants and the floor below in her musky juices. While Jackson kept nutting, she chewed and swallowed the first mouthful of his reeking sperm, then went back in for seconds, noisily slurping up more of the nasty stuff from his gooey cock shaft. She was so consumed with the act of gobbling up as much of his horse nut from his schlong as possible, she didn't even notice how overstuffed the collection bag was until it was too late.

Jackson whinnied as he fired off an especially powerful beam of cum into the overstuffed bag, causing it to pop off the end of his cock and slap against the stall door, only to plop down on top of the first overflowing cum sack moldering on the floor. Michelle moaned through a mouthful of horse sperm and turned to look at his now uncovered cock head just in time to see it piss a huge beam of cum against the stall door. Her pussy gushed even harder and she started jacking him off with both hands, no longer concerned about or even aware of the need to collect a sample. Her only concern now was making this godly stud nut as hard as he could.

"Furck yursh, burby!" she slurred through a mouthful of thick gooey Jackson jism. "Shurt thurt fucking lerd fer me!"

Jackson happily obliged, bucking into her stroking hands and shooting rope after rope of thick stinky sperm. Michelle turned her head and pushed her ear right up against the thick, flexing, sperm-slathered shaft of his cock and listened intently to the muffled sound of his cum rushing up through his urethra with each big gushing spurt. She could actually *hear* him ejaculating, and the gurgling sludgy sounds of his sperm gushing through his cock made it even clearer how goddamn *thick* his loads were, and how packed they were with the dense cum nuggets she was now chewing and gulping down. Michelle hadn't experienced falling in love yet, having only dated those couple boys and not getting too attached to either, but now she felt herself starting to fall for this horse and his incredible cock, balls, and cum loads. Was this what love was? Is this how it felt to fall in love? She wasn't sure, but she knew she wanted more of this feeling, whether it was love or something far more perverse.

After a few more big heavy jets of cum, Jackson's spurts became weaker and weaker, until finally she was squeezing his shaft and milking out the last fat ropes of his nut.

"Goddamn, baby," she panted, pulling her face away from his cock, a few thick gooey cords of his sperm stretching from the side of his mottled shaft to her previously pristine face. "I don't understand how you can fucking *nut* so much! God, your cock and balls are incredible!" Jackson nickered in response, and his still hard cock flexed to slap against his underside again. "Jesus! You're still hard! Are you... um... do you need another round, stud?" She asked him, blushing again.

Though she knew Jackson couldn't understand what she was saying, the horny horse seemed to have some kind of instinctual understanding of her words' meaning, of their *intention*. He lifted his front hooves off the metal bar and planted his feet on the floor again, forcing Michelle to squat down under him in order to not be crushed. Then he turned his body so his fat throbbing cock slapped against her face, smearing jism on her cheek and across her glasses.

"Uunnnhhh fuck! You want me to milk out more, Jackson? Is that what you're saying? You got more jelly in those big balls for me?" Jackson snorted and stomped his hoof a couple times. "Mmmmm, horny boy. Fuck, I can't believe how much your nuts produce! Your balls are so fucking *big* and so fucking *full*! I think they deserve to be... *worshiped*."

Michelle turned to look at the huge hanging orbs of his testicles and she moaned as she watched them rise slowly in his dark leathery sack, then lower again. That massive ballbag was the source of all the hot gooey sperm he'd been blasting for her. Those big nuts were the twin cum factories that were churning out more and more of his pungent swimmers. Michelle felt a rush of affection for his nuts, the type of affection she imagined other women might feel toward a man they loved. Unable to hold back, she crawled on the dirty floor toward his balls until her face was a couple inches away from the big hanging cum tanks. Then she leaned in and pressed her nostrils right against his leathery sack and sucked in a big deep breath through her nose.

"HHHNNHHHHH FUCK!" she moaned as she got a lungful of his ball musk. "Your nuts smell so fucking *good*, baby!" Jackson's balls raised and lowered again in response, dragging across her face as they did so. Michelle turned her head and planted her ear against one of his watermelon-sized balls and she let out a moan as she heard that fat nut gurgling as it brewed up more sperm jelly. "Fucking hell! I can fucking *hear* your nuts making more cum! You're like some kind of stud god!" To show her devotion to her newfound deity, she started planting wet needy kisses all over his huge bloated ballsack, sucking up plenty of his ball sweat with each kiss and happily drinking it down. "MMMMMMM, fuck! Even your nut sweat is delicious, baby. A pair of balls like these should never go unworshiped. I'm sorry you've been cooped up in here alone, Jackson. Let me show you how special you are, how deserving of love you are."

Michelle placed both hands on Jackson's massive hanging balls to hold those huge gravid sperm factories in place, then buried her face in the stretched out skin at the top of his sack, rubbing her face from side to side and smearing his ballsweat all over her features and her glasses. She pursed her lips and planted them against the leathery skin of his ballbag and slurped up more of the salty perspiration from his testicles. Then she began kissing his nuts again, kissing all over them, down the sides, on the bottom of his hanging balls, then up the back of his sack, losing herself in her acts of worship and leaving lipstick prints everywhere her hungry mouth had smooched her lover's cum tanks. Jackson's musk and cock and balls and cum had fried Michelle's brain and now all she could think to do was prove to him her fealty, her absolute surrender to his immense breeding power. Her kisses moved higher and higher up the back of his ball bag until she was kissing his taint, until finally her nose brushed against his bulging winking anus. She drew a big breath through her nose and let out a shuddering moan as she sucked in a huge lungful of his asshole musk.

Her eyes grew wide as she realized where her face now was. Yes, of course. It was only natural. Her studly god was a fucking musk factory, and it made sense that his divine aroma was generated not only by his big greasy cock and humongous sweaty balls, but also his fat, bulging, throbbing horse asshole. This musky hole *also* deserved to be worshiped, to be given the same kind of attention she'd been giving his dick and balls. Jackson apparently felt the same way because his big black sphincter was winking profusely in her face and he was nickering happily, like he was inviting her to dive in.

"Oooohh fuck, baby. Do you need this big horse daddy donut serviced, too? I'm so sorry for neglecting your asshole, Jackson. Please forgive me, my love."

With that she pushed her nose right into the center of his anus and sucked in a big deep breath. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she started cumming again, gushing through her riding pants once more. She planted her hands on his beefy buttocks and rooted her nose around in his winking leather donut, sucking in big desperate huffing breaths, drinking up as much of his asshole musk as she could. Once her sinuses were thoroughly basted in his horse hole scent, she started planting kisses all over that puffy pulsating ring just like she had on his ballbag, leaving more lipstick prints in the process. Jackson whinnied his approval and she moaned into his asshole and opened her mouth wide to kiss his hole even more fervently. Her tongue lapped up and down and around his musky sphincter, greedily slurping up his asshole sweat and gulping it down. Once she'd thoroughly

spitshined his anus, the tip of her tongue teased the puckered center of his asshole, then slowly pushed forward, squeezing inside it.

Jackson stomped his hoof and whinnied, and Michelle felt his asshole clench around her tongue a few times, making her moan into the musky ring. Encouraged by his response, she gripped his beefy ass harder and stuffed her entire tongue up his leather donut. He whinnied again and then pushed his ass back against her, making her bury her face even deeper into it. She swirled her tongue around inside his twitching asshole, lapping up as much of his ass sweat and musk as she could, wanting to prove to him that she was devoted to his pleasure by serving him as only a stud of his caliber should be served. To show how fully committed she was, she began plunging her tongue in and out of his asshole repeatedly, pushing it as deep as she could before withdrawing all but the tip of her tongue, then stuffing it back up his ass again. Jackson was now pushing his ass back against her tongue-fucking mouth in time with her oral thrusts, and this pleased Michelle to no end. She was in horse hole worshiping heaven and was so delighted that Jackson appeared to be enjoying her making out with his musky, sweaty, horse daddy asshole.

After a few minutes of snacking on his ass, Michelle heard a loud splattering sound that she realized was Jackson firing off a fresh jet of sperm. She pulled her tongue out of his sphincter, cords of saliva running from his winking leather donut to her mouth and face. She licked her lips and planted one last kiss on his big bulging anus.

"Sounds like you're ready to blast off again, aren't ya, stud?" She moved around to Jackson's side, then ducked under him, quickly assessing the situation. His enormous member was throbbing and engorged, and his blunt bloated glans was drooling and spurting jism in the lead up to his orgasm. She could tell he was right on the edge from her eating out his ass. "Let's drain those fat balls some more, baby. You don't gotta hold back, you can shoot as hard as you need to, okay? Here, let me milk it out."

Michelle squatted down on the dirty floor right in front of Jackson's bouncing cock, then she gripped that greasy spermy schlong with both hands and aimed it directly at her face. Using his gooey cock filth as lube, she started jacking him off with both hands, her sperm-slathered fingers making gooey wet squelching sounds with each squeezing stroke of his horse shaft. While she was jacking him off, she planted her lips around the little mouth of his protruding urethra and started sucking on it like a baby on a bottle. She was immediately rewarded for her efforts by a big fat jet of stinky hot horse sperm all in her mouth. She gulped it down quickly and continued suckling on his urethral protrusion and double-fisted jacking him off. She was determined to make Jackson blast another load as hard as he could, and she was doing an expert job of working toward her goal. In no time, Jackson's cock engorged even more, his massive pendulous balls rose up to the root of his cock, and then he began *blasting* jism in Michelle's mouth.

SSSPPLLOOOORRRRRRPPPTTTT!!

Michelle's cheeks bloated instantly, completely ballooned full of Jackson sperm. He was nutting so much and so hard that there was no way she could keep it all in her mouth or swallow fast enough to keep up with the incredible volume of his ejaculation, so plenty of his cum sprayed out from her pursed lips sealed around his urethral bulge on the tip of his glans. Michelle began gulping, desperate to swallow as much as possible, even if she couldn't get it all. Her eyes fluttered as her tongue was utterly submerged in the piping hot produce of Jackson's ballsack, the intense smell and flavor of horse sperm frying her brain and further transforming her into an absolutely debased horse slut. She gulped and gulped and gulped, while Jackson just kept gushing beam after hot salty pungent beam of his ball jelly into her suckling mouth.

At a certain point she started choking from trying to chug all that horse jizz, causing her lips to pop free from his urethra. As her mouth detached from the tip of his sperm-pissing cock, he began nutting all over her face and in her hair. Devoted and eager horse girl that she was, she didn't even skip a beat, but instead just kept right on jerking him off all over her face, letting her horse lover utterly bury her face under his fat clotted loads of stinky horse nut. Her glasses, her forehead, her nose, cheeks, lips, and hair were all plastered with more and more ropes of spurting equine semen and Michelle was in horse slut heaven. While he continued to ejaculate all over her face, she shuddered and moaned as she started squirting yet again, gushing through her riding pants and all over the dirt floor of the stall.

The intensity of her orgasm made her legs wobbly, and the force with which Jackson was hosing down her face with his jism made her teeter backward on her feet, then a moment later she fell onto the stall floor, sprawling on her back. The back of her head landed on something soft and squishy, breaking her fall, and as Michelle felt hot gooey horse sperm splattering all over the back of her neck and down her back, she realized her head had fallen onto the bloated sperm sacks Jackson had gushed full a few minutes earlier. If Jackson was concerned about her falling over like that, he didn't show it at all. Seemingly only concerned about his own orgasm, he just kept right on nutting all over Michelle, shooting his fat ropes of sperm jelly all over her laid out body, splattering on her thick thighs, soft belly, and enormous tits, as well as her already sperm-drenched face.

Michelle thought she might have died and gone to heaven. As she lay there on the floor, convulsing and squirting while Jackson used her entire prone body as his nut rag, Michelle realized she'd never been happier in her whole life.

Ernest walked into the barn and called out for Michelle. "Girly? You doin' alright in there?" When he didn't receive a response, he worried a little. Had he overestimated Michelle's abilities? Had she bitten off more than she could chew and maybe been hurt by Jackson? Was that why she wasn't responding? He hustled as fast as his elderly legs would allow, reaching Jackson's stall door and pulling it open. What he saw made him burst into mirthful laughter.

Laid out on the floor was the curvaceous teen girl, covered from head to toe in horse sperm, with Jackson standing over her, his semi-hard cock hanging out of his sheath and drooling sperm onto her.

"You alright down there, darlin'?" he asked, gently nudging the girl's shoulder with his foot.

Michelle removed her cum-blasted glasses so she could see Ernest standing above her and she blushed deeply, though he couldn't see it under all that horse sperm. "E-Ernest, I'm... I'm so sorry, I don't know what came over m-MMBLUURRGG!!" Michelle barfed up a huge gout of thick pearly Jackson jism all over her own face, neck, and tits, though her obviously swollen belly showed that she still had plenty of his semen packed inside her stomach, even after hurking up that much. She panted a few times, trying to catch her breath, then let out a loud prolonged burp that reeked of horse jism. "Oh god, you must hate me," she whined, covering her cum-covered face with her hands.

"Girly, I don't hate ya, and ya don't hav'ta apologize, alright? I knew as soon as I saw ya what kinda horse girl you are. I knew you'd get real friendly with Jackson. That's why I asked you to come help milk out his loads. I told ya, I ain't got no mares. Jackson's a stud, but I don't use him for breedin'. I just needed somebody to help drain his nuts cause they get so backed up. Only reason I wanted a sample was so I could send some to my daughters. It's been a long time since they got to gobble up his cum and I thought it might make a nice surprise gift for em'. So go on, girly. You can keep

milking Jackson as much as you want, alright? In fact, you wanna come by every week and help him unload his big heavy balls?"

"Oooohhhh fuck, Ernest!" Michelle moaned, squeezing her thick thighs together, utterly in disbelief at her luck. Not only was the old man not mad at her, he was actually *happy* that she'd tugged off Jackson's horse cock all over herself and into her stomach. This really was the perfect arrangement! "Y-yes, Ernest! I want to c-come back every week and m-milk Jackson's big f-fat c-cock FFUUUCCKKKK!!" Her sentence was cut short by another orgasm cascading through her whole body and making her convulse again as she gushed musky cunt juice through her riding pants, squirting all over the stall floor right in front of Ernest.

"That's a good girl," he said. "I'll leave ya to it. You just holler if ya need anything, but feel free to take your time. You can eat as much of his cum as you want, just make sure to save at least a gallon or so for my girls."

Michelle couldn't respond with words, she just writhed and moaned on the stall floor, gushing like a hopeless slut, while above her Jackson's cock began stiffening again. The smell of girl pussy was getting him hard again and his nuts were ready for more milking.

Ernest just chuckled and walked out, closing the stall door behind him. As he walked out of the barn he heard the unmistakable sounds of Michelle slobbering and sucking all over Jackson's huge flared cock head. He smiled to himself. Yep, he knew how to pick em', that was for sure. He looked forward to sending a fresh batch of Jackson jelly to his daughters, assuming Michelle didn't swallow it all herself.