

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Introduction

I've always liked the remote areas of my country. Arid and beautiful, and quiet. The property in this story is based upon a real one that I considered many years ago. My European girlfriend was staggered at how much land you could get for so cheap, with hundred year old stone buildings on them- all for less than the cost of a tiny garden plot where she lived.

She always asked, that if I do buy such a property, can she get a horse? I always replied, sure, I'd set the place up as a special little farm stay for tourist women that want to fuck a stallion and don't know how. She would then say, okay sure, as long as she can watch. She probably didn't know if I was joking or not. I wasn't...I've always dreamed of doing this.

So, here's the fictional story of my dream coming to fruition. Grace is an entirely made up person, as is Karen.

The Property

The region is my favourite in Australia. There are many small rural towns, or their nearby infrastructure, that have closed down over time due to losing their usefulness.

The ex school property that I have bought is one such. The nearby town simply stopped having families with children, and even the few that may exist just use remote online schooling or tutoring instead.

The stone buildings form a rectangle open at one end, with a small stable behind the open end. The stable was added by the previous owner of the property, who also began the process of turning some of the classrooms and admin rooms into living spaces. There are still three classrooms that are pretty much left untouched, even the blackboards are still there on the walls.

In the middle of the rectangle is an old tiled swimming pool, that currently has about a ton of dirt and rocks sitting in it. No water. Luckily the property is still attached to the nearby town water, though there is also a bore.

The area immediately behind the front office, and the teachers room, is a large, raised wooden decking- approximately 1 meter high. This will prove very useful for what we have planned.

I've been here six months now. That time has been used primarily in setting up the basics. I took all the solar panels off my old house roof, tripled the number with some new panels and had battery banks brought in. One thing this area doesn't lack, is sun. Every day, all year...sun. I don't trust the wonky line of old power poles that stretch from the closest town to my property, hence the wish to make it off grid in that respect.

I've also set up some new shaded cloth covering across the central rectangular yard between the buildings. The sun is quite strong here all year.

Grace

Over the previous six months I'd been in contact, by email, with a woman known as "The Scarlet Woman". She is something of a fetish and BDSM leader in my previous area. I've known her for some time and knew that she would be the person to talk to if there was any hope of doing what I was thinking of. She publishes a local BDSM newsletter, is a professional dominatrix and just knows people.

I got an email from her with a woman's name (Grace) and details on how to contact her. The Scarlet Woman says that I should tell her about my special little "farm stay" idea.

I can see the dust trail from further up the long gravel driveway, way before her Porsche Cayenne comes into view. From our phone calls, I've already learnt something about her. She is wealthy, but to what extent I don't know. She talks in that high class English way that ladies of elite society are expected to in the UK. Except when the topic of conversation is about something erotic in nature. Then she has a vulgar mouth that would make a sailor cringe. Hearing vulgar filth coming from her mouth on the phone, in that high society upper class English accent is...rather arousing. It sounds like the Queen of England (RIP Lizzie) doing vulgar phone sex sessions. Especially from a 55 year old woman, which is how old Grace is.

Oh yeah, and she fucks horses. A lot. She has migrated to the colonies, as many wealthy English do when they get older. Back home, she had a special arrangement with a horse owner for her sexual activities. Now that she has settled here, she is looking for something permanent with a horse of her own, where she can stay and be fucked for as long as she likes. Basically she is interested in making my little piece of arid paradise her perverted holiday home.

She gets out of her car, and I get my first look at her. I'm standing there with my mouth open like an idiot. I was expecting some wrinkled, flabby old crone- her being 55 and all. She is not wrinkled, she looks every bit the high class lady of society. She is about 5'8...so neither overly tall or short. She has that mature full body healthy look that I like, wide hips, thick and strong thighs and narrows nicely at the waist. Every part of her body curves. She has no straight lines. Her hair is silvery blonde. Everything is highlighted by the simple, full length, body hugging dress she is wearing. I'm reminded of one of my favourite, full figured, porn stars- Katja Kassin. Drop her into your search engine to get a picture of what Grace looks like, at least body shape. Almost.

My eye's keep returning to the same thing, and I'm not exactly the worlds biggest breast appreciation guy either. Don't get me wrong, I like a beautiful pair of breasts, but I've always liked the hips, waist, butt and thighs...that classic strong 'child bearing' look when it come to female beauty. But, holy mother of god, I've never seen anything like what Grace has stacked up top. I soon learn that Grace is either telepathic and can hear my thoughts, or in this case, just knows well enough how a guy thinks. She gives her huge chest a good grasp with both hands and gives them a good bounce before talking.

"You like my big tits, do you you?"

Hearing it in her high class accent instantly gives me an erection.

I confirm that I think they're beautiful. She goes on.

"They're the best money can buy, you know...I've always had big tits. So when they started sagging I decided not to just firm them up, but go all the way, pump them up a bit further. A lot further. I love them, but they can be a real bitch to carry around all the time, they're heavy"

I'm just standing there nodding. I'd love to help her carry them.

"Well, go on, give me the tour then"

I start to give her the tour, whilst filling her in on the all important parts. Most important of all, privacy. No one ever comes here by accident. She can do whatever she wants, right out in the open. Plenty of space to expand with the unused buildings. Room for at least two horses with the current stable.

Halfway through the tour she stops. We are almost finished going through the old class rooms. She is getting warm. She explains that she loves the warm weather, but she hasn't been here long enough to get used to it yet. So she slips her dress off the shoulders and steps out of it. She drops into the nearby chair to remove the dress from around her ankles. She doesn't have to remove her underwear, she doesn't have any on.

Her legs are spread open in a most unladylike manner. I try not to look, but can't help it. Her cunt is a big pink gash, the lips are gaped apart slightly and showing plenty of the insides. It looks like she's taken a hundred stallions, one after the other. I like it. Like I said, this woman can always read my mind, it seems.

"What do you think of my old busted up cunt, honey? I've been exclusively fucking stallions for 15 years now, and occasionally fucking them for even longer. Once a woman goes stallion, there's no going back"

I tell her the truth. I think her busted cunt is beautiful. I love a woman that gets the most out of her holes for her own enjoyment. Again, hearing her talk so vulgarly in that accent of hers, is getting me massively aroused. I'm wondering how often she was taking the stallions before moving here. She reads my mind again.

"Once I found a little place for my special needs, back in the UK, I was originally trying to get a stallion into me once per month. Over the years, that became once a week. Then, sometimes, over the months right before moving over here, I was going for twice a week. I can't get enough now, I'm hopelessly addicted. I don't care what they do to my cunt any more, they can rip it apart as long as it feels great when its happening"

I do some quick and simple maths...oh my fucking god...this woman has taken stallion cocks hundreds of times.

"That's right honey, I see the penny has dropped...I stopped keeping count after 200. Now you know why my cunt is so busted"

Anyway, she gets up out of the chair and removes her bra...which I assume has titanium reinforced straps.

"Sweaty tits aren't fun, honey!"

We move on to the outside tour.

"I've always wanted to live in a place where I can just walk around like this...letting everything hang out. Fucking English weather, not to mention all the peasants that can see you everywhere that you go"

I think she joking about the peasants. Maybe. We do the outside tour. Through the tour, she has been entering notes onto her tablet. Things she wants to do. She points out the little pool.

"We need to get that back in action as a priority. It's fucking hot here! It will be great to cool off a stallion's ripped through me. That raised wooden decking is just perfect for what I need to do...just a little work to bring it back to new condition"

With the tour over, Grace drops onto one of the two reclining deck chairs that are my only outside furniture right now. She open her legs to allow the breeze to cool her and notices me admiring her cunt again.

"Oh honey, you really do love my busted cunt hole, don't you? You weren't just being polite!"

I reconfirm that I love her hole and what she's done to it, or what the stallions have done to it to be more accurate. She smiles and spreads her legs open further for me, whilst she turns the subject to business.

"Okay honey, you were right. This place is perfect and I want to use it. If the terms and conditions that we discussed are to your liking still, then just tell me know and I'll immediately get things in motion"

I tell her that every thing is good on my end. Grace will be paying to do some renovations- all the things that she has been taking notes on during the tour. The property is still owned by me though. So, our agreed rent for her will simply come out of what she has spent on the property until such time as everything is squared off.

Once given the all clear to proceed, Grace dials a number on her phone and puts it on speaker.

"Hello Karen? It's Grace. Yes everything has gone splendidly, I'm sending the money we agreed upon to your account. How soon can you deliver? That soon? Wonderful, three days is perfect...I can't wait"

Grace's new stallion is one the way. We spend the next two days getting some things in order for our new arrival. Food for the horse, and other items, are delivered from the local region.

Thane

There he is at last. Thane is his name. Apparently, he has a reputation of being an alpha male and has a bit of a temper. And a very large cock. Just what Grace is after. I don't know how much he cost, but he's in for a great time soon.

Grace waits just long enough for the dust trail to fade away, signifying that the truck that delivered Thane is well onto the main road and going home. Immediately she gets out of her dress again, leaving it forgotten in the dirt. She goes over to Thane, who looks to be a bit cranky after his trip. Grace cannot wait any longer, its been months since she's been rammed by a stallion and she's going out of her mind with lust. Like a cocaine addict going through withdrawals.

Grace walks around Thane twice, then slips underneath and starts working shamelessly on Thane's cock with her hands. Soon enough his cock is out and hanging, still semi-flaccid, under him. It's very large.

"Oh baby. Oh god would you look at that. It's beautiful...its bigger than anything I've taken before...way bigger. Look how thick he is. He's magnificent, I knew I had to have him as soon as saw him"

Grace is literally drooling, she has saliva dripping from her open mouth. The shaft of Thane's cock looks to be over 4 inches across...and who knows how large the head will flare...could easily be 6 inches. I realise that she intends to take him right away and she looks to me for help. We lead him over to the raised decking and tether him loosely whilst we do the rest of the preparations. I go and roll the mounting apparatus into place next to Thane. This apparatus is something Grace has arrived at through trial and error over the years. A safe and easy way to allow mounting with relative safety. It is simply a thick foam rubber sheet, the sort used to make cheap and simple cushions or bedding. This is rolled into a large cylinder and inserted into a large canvas tube made to hold the shape permanently. When rolled under the horse, it's firm enough to hold Grace's weight draped over it,

with her feet still on the ground and her big tits hanging over the front. At the same time the cylinder is soft enough so that the horse won't crush her against it, if it drops its full weight onto her when slamming into her. She can also quickly get out in an emergency. It is just the right height to drape Grace over it and still give enough clearance under the stallion for it to drive into her- especially when it has its front hooves up on the raised decking.

Grace reclines back into the deck chair nearby, spreads her legs and tells me to do my thing. I slip on a pair of latex gloves and grab the bottle of lubricant that I mixed up. On our little holiday farm here, the agreement is that I'm responsible for readying the ladies for the stallions. It's a terrible job, but someone has to do it. I'm not into emotes when I write, but if I was then that last sentence would have a smiley face on the end of it! This is my dream job.

I dumps some lubricant into her gaping pussy and start massaging around the edges of her cunt hole to stretch it out larger. Then I work four fingers all the way inside and massage her deeper. Eventually, I push my hand in and start working on her all the way to her cervix. Finally I clench my fist and start giving full depth thrusts. She has a very deep cunt, I suppose she has to. Grace seems to enjoy my preparation techniques. She's beginning to breath heavily.

"Honey...you're actually very good at this...oh...you're really good at this. You'll have to stop now...I don't want to orgasm before Thane even gets into me...i want him to do the honours"

I pull out of her and notice how the stretching I did to her hole is only slowly contracting. The pink walls of her vagina are clearly visible inside through the gaping lips of her hole, even more than usual.

It's time to see how Thane performs. We get him to step his front hooves onto the decking, slide the foam rubber mounting cylinder under and rest it against the decking so that it cannot roll forward. Grace gets underneath Thane and gets him started again with a hand job. When Thane is ready, she drapes herself over the mounting cylinder and makes sure her huge tits are over the front. She has left her bra on...she explains that this to prevent her tits form bouncing around violently and hitting herself in the face! What a problem to have.

I guide thane to her hole. It doesn't take long for him to take the hint as to what to do. He feels the hot entrance to Grace's cunt and gives a solid push. The second thrust has him pop inside and Grace screams.

"oh fuck...oh sweet Jesus...he's bigger than I thought...oh god that's fucking huge..."

Because of the wooden decking at the front, each of Thaness thrusts goes upwards at a 45 degree angle instead of horizontal, this allows him to get much more power into his thrusts using his back legs. For two minutes Thane drives her. Grace is deep enough from all of her years of horse fucking to be able to take half of Thaness cock. Each thrust brings a solid thud like a punch from a boxer, followed by a scream of pain and lust from Grace and finishing with some filthy comment in her upper class posh voice.

THUD! Scream *"oh fuck he's massive..."*

THUD! Scream *"oh god that hurt..."*

THUD! scream *"fuck...fuck...FUCK..."*

THUD! scream *"oh fuck that's good..."*

THUD! scream *"ahhh fuck he's tearing me up"*

After about a minute, tears are streaming down Grace's face, this fuck is brutal. Soon the power of Thane's thrusts are causing Grace's hips to bounce up into the air and she has to go up onto the tip of her toes with each thrust. Her bra is under immense strain as those huge breasts bounce with each thrust.

THUD! Scream CRACK! One of the shoulder straps on her bra snaps away under the strain, and one of her breasts flies loose and slaps her in the face. *"oh fuck...he's smashing my cunt up!"*

THUD! Scream...slap (as her freed breast hits her face again) *"fuck...fuck..."*

THUD! Scream...slap...CRACK (as the other shoulder strap breaks and the second breast is unleashed and the remains of her bra falls down around her waist) *"oh god...oh fuck...rip my cunt up!"*

Thane must be almost about to dump his seed, as he begins several savage upward thrusts, so powerful that he drives Grace's hips up and her feet come several inches off the ground before dropping back down.

THUD! Scream...slap *"fuck...fuck...FUCK...FUCK!"*

THUD! Scream...slap *"that's it! tear my cunt apart!"*

Finally, Thane stops. I see Grace's lower belly bulge as the stallion's head flares inside her. She lets out a long scream of pain as Thane begins pumping his load of semen into her. He just keeps pumping and pumping, his balls are full and he just seems to go on and on, his cock shaft pulsing as it unloads. Grace is thumping her mounting cylinder in pain and trying to roll forward to get the massive swollen head out of her cunt. But it's stuck too tightly inside her. Her eyes are bulged and starting to roll back.

Mercifully, Thane is finally finished and steps back and tries to release himself. His flared head is so tightly wedged into Grace's cunt that he pulls her backwards off the mounting roller and she collapses onto the ground as he pulls out. When I see the size of that flared cock head, I almost go weak at the knees myself. It's no wonder that she was screaming.

Thane wanders off. Grace tries to stand, but her legs are too wobbly. She tries a second time, gives up and crawls on hands and knees for a few meters. I get under her and help her up and support her over to the deck chair. She lays back, legs spread and just breathes deeply for a long time, tears streaming down her face. Finally she finds her voice somewhat.

"Oh honey...I underestimated just how big he really was...he's way bigger than anything I've taken...he's busted my cunt up pretty bad"

Grace lays limply for another 5 minutes before finally seeming to recover somewhat.

"God that was the most intense fuck I've ever had...it was fucking amazing...did you see him lifting me up by his cock in the end?"

I assure her that I saw it alright.

"Did you enjoy the show?"

I told her it was the most amazing thing I've ever seen, and that's the honest truth. In fact, I'm going to call her Amazing Grace from now on.

"My cunt hurts...I think he strained or tore every fucking muscle in my cunt with his huge flared cock head...that's why I was screaming my head off"

I ask her if I can help. She nods hopefully, so I get a new pair of gloves and begin gently massaging her cunt. Initially she grimaces in pain, but soon she relaxes and the massaging seems to be helping.

Later that evening, after dinner, Grace reclines back in the sofa that I have in the living area. She spreads her legs and I go back to massaging her cunt. Suddenly I get this picture in my head of sporting physiotherapists working on the hamstrings and calves of footballers during and after match. This makes me start laughing. Grace looks at me in surprise as I break the mood.

"What the fuck is so funny?"

I tell her about my vision and how I feel like some sporting physiotherapist. But, instead of working on sporting soft tissue injuries, I work on women that have strained or torn their vaginal muscles from having sexual intercourse with horses. She actually sees the funny side of that as well, and laughs.

"I bet you never, in your wildest dreams, saw yourself become a cunt physio, working on some woman's torn cunt muscles after fucking a huge stallion?"

Actually, I tell her that I have dreamed of this...this is me living the dream. She laughs out loud.

"You fucking sick pervert!"

I tell her that I'm not the one that just had my cunt ripped apart by a stallion that was clearly too big for her...and she enjoyed it. She just looks at me for a few seconds before grabbing my neck, pulling me forward and delivering the most passionate kiss on the mouth I've ever experienced. I think I've found true love.

Next morning, Grace has cooled down and is walking in short shuffling steps, she is very sore. I continue to administer my patented cunt physio sessions for a few days. It actually seems to work, or maybe it's just the positive vibes. On the third day, still a little sore, she takes Thane again. This time she manages to orgasm. She didn't orgasm the first time Thane fucked her, because it was too painful.

The next session happens after only a two day break and plenty of my special vaginal physio.

Today she took him twice. It's getting easier for her, her cunt is stretching more.

She plan is to take him as often as he wants her. Thane, for his part, has begun prodding around her ass whenever he wants her cunt...which turns out to be quite often.

By the end of the month Grace is taking Thane every day, sometimes twice if Thane is interested. Today was the last day of the month and Grace took Thane twice, he was in an aggressive mood today and rode her hard. Grace is reclined back waiting for the evening cunt massage, with her legs spread wide, exposing herself. I've realised that it arouses her exposing her busted cunt to me to look at, and having me comment on the state it's in. After what Thane did to her today, her vagina is almost prolapsed and the inner vaginal walls are pushing her lips open obscenely about 3 inches. It's just a huge gaping pink gash.

“How does my busted up cunt look today, honey?”

I tell her that it looks completely ruined and that I hope Thane smashes it up even more so that he can eventually fuck her as easily as a normal woman takes a man’s cock. I’m messing with her head, because I know what she loves to hear and what turns her on by now. Sure enough, it works. She arches her back, flicks her hand down to her clitoris and brings herself to orgasm.

“Oh yes, honey, that’s what I want as well”

Renovations

Grace has to take a one month break from her usual daily activities. She has organised for all of the renovations and work to be done this month. Because the location is too far for workers to drive here each day, they are all camping in one of the unused old classrooms. They are being well paid by Grace, enough to make the remote work worth it.

Soon the little pool is cleaned, re-tiled, re-sealed and back in action with a modern filtration system. The very important wooden decking has been renovated, sanded and re-coated. One of the classrooms has been renovated for future guests to stay in- we only plan to ever have one female guest, couple or group that plays together, at any one time. This is for obvious privacy reasons. No guest want to be seen by other guest at this sort of farm.

The other unused classroom has been setup for recreational use, with a Spa and other amenities. The classroom that the workers are staying in will just be used for general storage.

New, modern, split cycle air conditioners have been installed to all rooms. A BBQ area has been built near the small stable. The stable itself has been extended for future expansion, and should now be able to accommodate 4 horses. We also have some new and much more comfortable, and padded, reclining deck chairs for readying the ladies on.

The end result is impressive. From the front of the property, it still just looks like an old run down school with some hermit living in it. But walk inside and through to the outside central yard and everything is new, clean and modern.

By the end of the month, the workers are in good spirits, as they all leave. They came to enjoy working out here, and were well paid.

Grace, on the other hand, has been getting more and more cranky and irritable for every day that she hasn’t been able to get fucked by Thane. She had to spend most of the time in our own living quarters. If she walked outside anywhere near Thane, he would get excited and his cock would drop...which could make some things a little too obvious to the workers. Also she has had to wear actual clothing all the time.

It’s been hard for her.

I expect tomorrow to be full of some of that angry, frustrated sex. And I expect things to be get under way early.

Back in the Saddle

Things do get underway early. Thane is back in Grace’s saddle by 7.30AM. Grace is making up for lost time, driving herself back in desperation onto Thane’s cock and screaming for him to rip her open. Thane responds by driving her so hard that her toes are being lifted 12 inches into the air as

she braced herself over the mounting cylinder. Then she throws her weight back to meet the next thrust and be lifted into the air by her cunt again. Thane's cock is sliding in around 4 inches deeper than I've ever seen him go before, he's driving over half his cock into her now.

Afterwards I immediately set about massaging her cunt to get her ready for more. I know there's going to more today. Grace is out of control after being forced to take a month off.

Grace takes Thane two more times throughout the day. It's the first time ever for her to take a stallion more than twice in a day. In the evening I work on her vagina like usual and she is laying there almost comatose, sore, worn out and totally satisfied with her day.

By the middle of the month, the deep hard thrusts delivered by Thane that used to bring screams of discomfort from Grace, now bring deep animal like grunts of satisfaction instead. The big flared head that used to make her scream in pain when Thane unleashed his seed into her, now makes her writhe and groan in lust as it bulges her belly up to her navel. Thane is forcing Grace's body and mind to accept him over time.

About this time, Grace finally broaches the subject of our next upgrade for our little public service that we're building here. We need one more thing before we start accepting women for holiday stays. Grace fill me in on the details.

"We need another stallion, I have a couple of suitable prospects in mind. Same place I got Thane. I'm sending you there to inspect the prospects and I'll trust you to select a good one. I've got a letter explaining exactly what I need for the woman that breeds the horses as well, including my offer of payment"

Basically we need a smaller horse than Thane. By smaller we mean its cock. As Grace said:

"If we let Thane run through some unprepared first timer, he'll tear her apart- quite literally. Also, some ladies are going to want something different"

Upon seeing my blank look at that, she goes on in more detail.

"I mean some women, are going to want to take the stallion up their arse, I'm guessing probably around one in five are going to want to try it. Thane would kill them if he thrust in all the way up some woman's shit hole. We need a stallion with a head that doesn't flare so large for anal depth players. Different breeds of horses have different shaped cocks"

I find myself wondering if Grace has ever taken the stallions anally. Grace does that mind reading thing again.

"You're probably wondering to yourself if I ever take them up my arse? Pervert!"

She got me again.

"Yes I went through a phase in the early days. I stopped because, as you may have noticed...I tend to lose control and let the stallion give me everything, I lose all reason. Imagine Thane fucking my arse, all the way up to my tits...you pervert, you are imagining it! Anyway, he'd kill me...are you even listening to me? Hello?!"

I snap out of my day dream and apologise, I tell her that I was still imagining Thane pounding up her arse all the way to her tits. I was then imagining her arse busted up like her cunt.

"And you'd love that, wouldn't you, honey!"

I tell her that I would love to see that. Anyway, I have her ready for Thane again, and Thane is as ready as ever.

Sherman

It was a very long day drive to get to the horse farm, it is about 800km away. Luckily I got to use Grace's Porsche instead of my own POS. Living the dream.

Anyway, the woman that runs the breeding farm is called Karen. She is 50 years old, so was named Karen long before the name became a meme. She is a slender, strong looking woman, used to working outside on a farm for much of her life.

I give her Grace's letter and watch as as her face goes pink as she reads it. Karen asks me to follow her into one of the stables. We stop before a young, healthy looking black stallion and tells me that she recommends this boy for what Grace has in mind. Her face goes bright red as she says this. It's very clear that she knows what Grace has in mind.

Before me stands Sherman. That's right, he's named after the tank which was named after the US Civil War General, who fucked up quite a few people himself. When you have a large horse breeding farm, over the years you start running out of names. Currently this breeding farm is running through the names of tanks. Can't wait until they start using names of guns, I'm going to ask Grace to buy either AK47 or MG42. Anyway, after walking around Sherman a few times, and getting my foot trodden on by him several times more, Karen squats under him. She starts to work his cock out of its sheath, I can tell that she does this a lot. Soon Sherman's huge cock is hanging down at a 45 degree angle to the ground. It's very big, but not as large as Thane. I actually got around to measuring Thane, just for scientific purposes, and he is 4.5 inches across at the shaft just behind the head, 5 inches across at the sheath. The head swells to massive 6 inches inside Grace when it flares...so it's not surprising what he has done to her cunt over the past few months.

Karen gives me Sherman's dimensions. He is 24 inches long to the sheath, his shaft is 3.5 inches thick behind the head and the head flares out to just a fraction over 4 inches when its swollen. So smaller than Thane...but huge for most women that aren't Grace. He appears to be exactly what Grace had in mind, so I give her a call to get the go ahead. I send a photo of his cock to her phone. I get the thumbs up, and Grace sets about making arrangements for payment.

I stay at the farm for the night, so I can drive back tomorrow. After dinner Karen asks me to sit and chat. Soon, she has had a few wines and her tongue has loosened and I can see she has something on her mind that she wants to ask. One more wine later and she finally gets the courage.

"How often does Grace...you know...ride with my boy Thane?"

I tell her that it's become daily, sometimes more. She gasps loudly and covers her mouth with her hand. I think she almost had an orgasm.

"Oh god, that often...I thought it would be like...once a month or something...is she...I mean has she...has Thane...damaged her...how can she take something that big...so often...does she enjoy it?"

I give her a detailed account of events so far. Thane was a lot bigger than Grace expected. Yes, Thane has stretched Grace permanently to accommodate him. Initially it was painful for her, but now she is adapting to him and enjoying him a lot.

Karen is breathing heavily. I tell her that Grace probably wouldn't mind if she wanted to visit us for a stay, so she can watch for herself. I'll ask her for you. I send Grace a text message. Karen gives up entirely at this point, drops her hand to her crotch and brings herself to an orgasm. After she calms down, I tell her of Grace's theory that all women that grow up around, or work with horses, dream of being fucked by them.

"Well...no of course not!...okay...yes...I've always wanted it, but too many people around here...I work their cocks with my hands...sometimes... I've sucked them off until they cum in my mouth...but never... you know...been fucked by them"

My phone buzzes. It's Grace returning my text message. I tell Karen that Grace would love to have her as our first guest stay. Karen says that she can take maybe a week away from the farm and let the helpers run it for a few days. She hasn't had a holiday for years. I'm not sure how she will still feel about this tomorrow, when she wakes up totally sober...we'll wait and see.

Sherman Breaks In A Karen

By the time I get back, Grace and Karen have already been talking by phone. Everything is arranged. Sherman is being delivered in 5 days and Karen is driving here behind the delivery truck. She is coming under the pretence of helping us set up our little horse farm here, lending us her experience. Of course it's actually going to be Grace lending Karen her experience.

In the meantime, Grace has not taken Thane for almost 3 full days, whilst I was away. I made her promise not to take him when I'm away, for safety reasons, in case she were to be badly injured and needing help.

Just like what happened after the renovations were done, Grace makes up for lost time. Desperately throwing herself back onto Thane's cock, rather than just letting him drive her himself. I marvel at how easily Thane is now sliding into her. Over a few short months I've witnessed her go from screaming in pain with each thrust, to animal groans of pained lust, to her current groans and moans of pleasure. The big flared head makes her writhe in pleasure as it bulges her belly when fully swollen.

When working on her vagina afterwards I tell her how she's almost there. Another solid month and Thane will have busted her cunt so badly that she will be taking Thane like any other woman takes their pathetic little boyfriend or husband's cock. I know that she loves me talking about her busted hole like this, what the stallions do to her body really turns her on.

Karen has arrived, along with Sherman. As soon as the truck makes its way back to the main road, Grace gets her dress back off. Like always she reclines back into a deck chair and spreads her legs to display her gaping gash to me. Karen cries out loudly and claps her hand over her mouth, her eyes are bulging.

"Oh fuck...oh my god...her cunt is just hanging open...it's broken...Thane has ripped her open...he really was too big for her"

Grace continues to recline calmly, sipping her drink, as I lubricate and prepare her for Thane. She explains to Karen that I'm the cunt physio, I prepare her for sessions and then work on her again afterwards to bring her back into shape for more.

Soon Grace is bent over her mounting apparatus and taking Thane deep. Karen is watching with her eyes bulged and trying to look everywhere at once. As mentioned already, Thane has now busted Grace up quite badly over the past months and is now able to slide in and out of her like she was

made for him. In just one minute Thane has made her orgasm already. Karen follows right after her, just from watching. Thane starts ramming into Grace hard enough to lift her toes off the ground and Karen squeals, squeezes her own cunt and has another orgasm. When Thane starts to pump his semen into Grace, she has her second orgasm which has her eyes rolling back in her head, right on the edge of passing out.

Afterwards, after 30 minutes of recovery. Grace asks Karen if she's ready for Sherman. Karen nods, she's lost her voice after watching Grace and Thane couple together. Grace turns serious for a minute whilst she addresses Karen.

"Before you start taking Sherman, know that once you go stallion, there's no going back. You're brain and body won't let you. Take a good look at my cunt and see where it can end up once you totally lose control and give yourself over to stallions without limits. Maybe you'll be happy to just take a small one occasionally, but you live and work around stallions...you won't be able to stop thinking about it once they've been in you. So, do you still want to be fucked by Sherman?"

Karen is nodding mutely, but very enthusiastically. So I get her to lie back on one of our other deck chairs and have her spread her legs. I get a new pair of latex gloves, the bottle of lubricant, and go to work. It's been a long time since I've worked on a cunt that hasn't already been smashed to hell and back like Grace. I spend a lot more time working around Karen's tighter opening to loosen it up for Sherman, then move in deeper and massage her vulva and continue to loosen her muscles. She's very tight, she's going to find taking Sherman...intense. Karen is also very deep, not surprising for a relatively tall and slender woman. After a lot of work, I fold my thumb in and enter her with the full hand. Karen has an orgasm again. After her vaginal muscles stop clenching around my hand, I get back to massaging her and trying to push the top of her vagina back up to stretch her. Finally, I pull out, dump some more lubricant into her and push back in and pump her with a clenched fist. I declare her to be as ready as she will ever be.

We take Karen over to the edge of the decking to get her ready for mounting. Sherman is new to this, so we don't know how he will initially react. He's young and frisky though, and takes to fucking Karen with enthusiasm. The feeling is reciprocated in full by Karen. The air is soon full of Karen's screams of lust and pain. Sherman is a different lover compared to Thane. Thane delivers long powerful, measured thrusts into his woman- he fucks Grace like he's trying to disembowel her with each thrust, which is what she loves. Sherman is young and full of energy and rams his cock into Karen with much more rapid thrusts, like his trying to tenderise and a piece of meat. In a way, he is.

Karen is taking it well for her first stallion fuck, she is taking more than half of Sherman's cock- probably around 14 inches. She orgasms and then shortly after Sherman starts pumping his semen into her. Karen screams in both pain and lust as she grinds on the throbbing cock splitting her cunt wide open. Whilst I prefer my women with solid curves, the great thing about slender built women like Karen is you can see a big cock inside them. I look at Karen's belly swelling beautifully from the swollen flared cock head pushing right up against her cervix. I can actually see her belly pulsing gently in time to Sherman's cock throbbing and pumping his load in. And holy fuck, Sherman can pump out one immense load of semen. He just keeps pumping, Karen is almost comatose as he just keeps unloading. Soon enough a stream of semen is squirting out between Karen's cunt walls and Sherman's cock.

Finally, Sherman is spent and pulls himself free with a noise like pulling a cork from a bottle and Karen cramps up and sprays a stream of horse semen out behind her. She cramps again and sprays another stream. Then another.

We help Karen up, one of us under each arm and walk her back to a deck chair and lay her down.

Karen's eyes are glazed, like she's only here in body, her mind is way off somewhere in lust land. Grace leans over her and kisses her on the mouth passionately.

"Congratulations honey, there's no going back now, you're hooked. Welcome to the worlds greatest club"

I work on both women that evening, getting their cunts back into shape for the next day. Karen is very quiet, almost in a dreamlike state, with a stare that is a million miles away. The only indication that she's with us is a gentle rocking of her hips as I work between her legs.

Next morning, Karen is ready to go. If she had any doubts or reservations from yesterday, then she has worked through them in her head overnight and is eager for more in the morning. As I'm pulling on the latex gloves to get her ready, Karen starts to say something...then turns bright red...she tries again and stops. Grace speaks up when she sees this.

"I think or Karen wants to ask if she can take Sherman up her arse"

Karen nods, but looks confused. I explain that Grace can read peoples most perverted thoughts, it's her secret superpower. Well, that and being able to take and enjoy stallion cocks so large that no woman should be able to take. Karen finally finds her voice and makes her relieved confession.

"I really like it up the arse...I prefer it...there...I've said it. I've always been crazy about it"

I take Karen to the bathroom where we have a medical silicone enema bag and give her a deep clean. Usually, a shallow rectal cleaning is best for most anal play, but for a stallion you need a deep colon clean for obvious reasons- they go deep.

Back outside, I recline the deck chair to lay fully flat and lay Karen face down with her legs spread and dropping down to each side. I get some cloth airframe tape and use strips of it to tape and pull her buttocks wide apart for me to work on her anus. I begin with externally massaging her anus with my fingers to get Karen to relax herself back there. I notice that her hole, though tightly closed, has large fissures or stretch marks all around it. This signifies a woman that often stretches her arse to a heavy level. The way her anus quickly relaxes and opens, just confirms it even more. Grace notices this too, from where she's watching with drink in hand, her legs spread wide like usual so we can view her busted cunt.

"I think our shy little Karen is rather capable and experienced back there!"

Karen admits that she has some toys at home...and some of them are very large...she even has a full sized silicone horse cock. She likes it so big that the stretching hurts her. Whenever she fantasises about taking her horses over the years, it's always anally. All of a sudden she lets her mouth run away and tells us how she masturbates to the thought of her stallions fucking her arse so hard and deep that they leave her broken like Grace's cunt. Karen then suddenly stops and goes red in the face again, ashamed what she just confessed to us.

By now I have a finger in her arse and start circling it around slowly to loosen her. Making the circle wider and wider. Then two finger and then three. Then I start working slowly on massaging my way around her anus, working hard on the sphincter muscles. She is responding very quickly and opening up very nicely. The next step is pushing my fingers in further for a deeper massage. Soon enough, I fold my thumb in and begin to gently work my entire hand around her loosed arse hole. Karen pushes her butt up and rotates her hips and sucks my entire hand inside her arse with a deeply satisfied groan. Further proof that she is already experienced and very capable around the back.

I set about working on her deeper. I find the right depth and massage her womb from behind- something that some women can find almost unbearably pleasant. After a few more minutes I start working on the inner group of muscles deeper up that mark the divide between the lower rectum into the deeper colon area. Karen is starting hump her arse up and down as a reflex action. Soon enough I have the deeper sphincter muscles loose enough to push my fingers through. This is necessary, as she is taking a stallion after all, it will be trying to ram its cock as deep as it can get, so Karen needs to be prepared.

With another groan, Karen pushes her hips up and I slide through the tighter region of her pelvic area and into the wide open spaces of her deep colon. Karen come to life.

"Oh yeah...deeper baby...deeper...that's it...get right up there...come on...deeper!"

She keeps pushing her butt up and seems to know, from experience, what she is feeling. So I let her guide me in. Suddenly my arm slides an entire 6 inches deeper and her anus is almost to my elbow.

"Oh god...that's good! Oh fuck...oh fuck...deeper!"

I don't think that I can get deeper. I pull out and put a load more lubricant into her arse. Push my hand in, clench my fist and start to really work to get her ready for Sherman. I look at Grace and tell her she's ready.

We quickly get Karen ready for mounting over the large foam mounting cylinder. We pull off the tape holding her arse cheeks apart and guide Sherman inside.

It takes only two thrusts for Sherman to ram himself all the way home. He cannot quite get his entire cock inside, but he is about 6 inches up past Karen's navel- something we can clearly see due to Karen's slender build. Karen is almost delirious in her lust and her reserved quiet nature has taken a vacation.

"oh yeah...oh god that fucking deep...fuck me deep...fuck yes...fuck me all the way up to my tits!"

Not that Karen has much in the way of tits (she's like the Anti-Grace in that respect), but yes, he is pretty much up to the bottom of her tits. Karen orgasms powerfully.

"Deeper! Harder! fuck me up you beast!"

Finally Sherman rams home as deep as he can and we all go quiet as we know what's coming. Karen starts convulsing as Sherman's cock head flares and swells deep inside her. This is why we got a horse with more modest measurements than Thane for this type of coupling. The slender build of Karen means that we can see the cock pulsing and pumping inside her belly. Sherman shoots his semen out with such force that we can hear it shooting into her guts! It makes a muffled squirting noise like a hose being turned on and off. Sherman pulls out and leaves Karen draped motionless over the mounting cylinder. She has passed out.

Later that evening, I work on both ladies, Grace, the same as usual, with Karen face down so that I can work on her anal passage.

Next morning, after cooling down, Karen is very sore from the pounding she took and how deep she took it, so we convince her to take a rest today. She takes Sherman up her arse two more times before she has to go back to her own farm. We promise, in future to let her know when we have vacancies or cancellations, so that she can come back for more.

Open for Business

We're now ready for the first tourist stays. We have been in contact with the Scarlet Woman to begin letting likely candidates know about us. Our service is very cheap, no more than just a regular hotel stay. This is part of Grace's purpose for wanting to set this up. She was able to realise her perverted dreams because she is wealthy enough to make things happen and buy the sort of privacy needed back in England. She wants just any woman to be able to experience a stallion like her. We expect it to be a slow start, we can only rely on adult industry figures like The Scarlet Woman and word of mouth from happy customers. We cannot just put an advertisement in the news paper.

Anyway, we have already received word from the Scarlet Woman, she has found our first paying guest. Herself. She plans to try the place out for herself before she will begin sending out word through her networks. We may update our diaries from time to time when we have notable experiences here. So stay tuned.