

READBEAST

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My parents had been killed in an automobile accident in New York City, leaving me, their only child, Hannah, all alone. I knew I couldn't afford to live alone and was despondent about my future. At my mom's funeral, her younger sister and her husband comforted me and hoped I would deal with my grief. Natalie and her husband Ron were in their forties, well off, and offered to take me in, which I greatly appreciated. They lived on a five thousand-acre cattle and horse ranch outside Bosman, Montana. At first, I was apprehensive; I had been a city girl my whole life and knew nothing about the ranching life. But having no other options, I graciously accepted. After the funeral, with the help of our family attorney, I managed to get all the loose ends tied up and was ready to move.

As I boarded the plane to Bosman, my entire existence was packed in three suitcases, and I wondered what my future would hold. Upon landing, I was met by my aunt and a tall, handsome cowboy.

"Hi Hannah, how was your flight?" Natalie asked, hugging me.

"It was fine, Aunt Natalie," I smiled at the pair.

"Hannah, this is our ranch foreman, Brett," Natalie offered.

"Hello," I said, shaking his rough, strong hand.

"The pleasure is all mine, " he said in a southern drawl, tipping his cowboy hat to me.

We gathered my luggage and walked to the parking lot, and to my surprise, Natalie jumped into the middle of the bench seat next to Brett. On the drive home, I noticed Brett resting his hand on Natalie's inner thigh, and she gently pushed it away. I thought it terribly inappropriate for Brett to do to a married woman and his boss's wife. We arrived at the sprawling ranch. It was truly magnificent. The twelve thousand square foot house replicated a famous hunting lodge.

My room had a bedroom and a sitting room with a large television and a full bathroom, and the bedroom boasted a king-sized canopy bed. On either side of the bed were two double French doors leading to a large deck wrapped around the second story and a breathtaking view of the mountains. I spent the rest of the day unpacking and setting up my room. I was called for dinner at six pm to a large dining room and a table set for four people. My aunt and uncle joined me, and to my surprise, Brett.

"How do you like your room, Hannah?" My uncle asked as the staff brought out our salads.

"Oh, it's beautiful, uncle," I replied, thankful.

"That's Good. Your room is next door to ours, so if you get scared, you know where to find us," my uncle laughed.

"Thank you, uncle," I replied.

"Hannah, if there is anything you need, the staff will take care of it for you; don't be afraid to ask," my aunt said.

"I want to thank both of you for all you're doing for me, and I want to pull my weight around the ranch, so I expect to have chores to do every day," I told them.

"That's not necessary, Hannah. I have twenty people who live and work on the ranch to do those things," my uncle replied.

"Uncle, if I'm going to live here, I'm going to contribute," I demanded.

"Haha, all right, Hannah. If you insist, I'll have Brett make up a list of chores for you to do," my uncle agreed.

"Yeah, I've got chores she can handle, for sure," Brett said with a shit-eating grin.

My aunt gave Brett the death stare, and I wondered how much I could trust Brett.

"Great, it's settled; I'll start tomorrow morning," I said, proud of myself.

"Alright, Miss Hannah. Meet me on the front porch at nine a.m., and I'll walk you through your duties.

"Great," I replied.

After a wonderful dinner, we gathered on the front porch, my aunt and I drinking wine, Brett and my uncle having a cigar and scotch, the men talking cattle and horses, and my aunt and I talking about ranch life. I had a fantastic night's sleep, and after breakfast, I dressed for my first day of work. I wore some worn-out jean shorts and a white tube top that showed off my tall, lean frame and my firm but not too big breasts. I put on my gym shoes, sat on the front porch, and waited for Brett.

"Well, good morning, Miss Hannah, don't you look the sight," Brett said, eyeing me up.

"Thank you," I said, blushing slightly.

"Miss Hannah, we need to get you in some better shoes. A rattler will bite right through those," Brett told me.

"Rattlers, you mean like in snakes?" I said, alarmed.

"Yes, ma'am. Let's see if we can find you some cowboy boots and a good pair of gloves," Brett recommended.

Brett walked me to the tack room and found a pair of gloves for me.

"What size shoe do you wear," He asked.

"A size seven," I replied.

After searching for a bit, he returned with a pair of black and red cowboy boots.

"Try these on," He ordered.

I sat on a box and pulled the boots on. They were a bit big, but they fit OK.

"How do I look?" I asked about me in the boots.

"Darling, you look like a walking felony," Brett answered, smiling from ear to ear.

I blushed and bowed my head.

"Come on, I'll give you a tour of the ranch," Brett said.

He handed me a cowboy hat, and we were on our way, first to the two rings where the cowboys were breaking horses and the other where they were separating cattle. My arrival set off a continuing round of wolf whistles and howls from the men.

"Don't pay them no mind, their just horny cowboys," Brett told me.

I looked at the men through the dust clouds as they stopped and scoped me out. Bret led me to the two horse barns, and I was surprised by their beauty. The first barn held twenty horses, the second ten ponies, and the cowboy's horses. We walked past horses in the aisle as four Hispanic men cleaned out their stalls, the men looking at me and smiling while speaking Spanish. I saw Brett laughing as they spoke.

"What are they saying? Are they talking about me?" I asked Brett.

"Don't worry, miss, they're just admiring your beauty," Brett told me.

I stopped at one of the horses in the aisle, petted, and talked to him.

"Are you a good boy, huh are you," I asked the horse.

I stepped around the horse and gasped.

"Oh my God," I covered my mouth.

Between the horse's legs was a two-foot rock-hard cock jerking in the air.

"I think he likes you, Miss Hannah," Brett said, laughing.

"Oh, God, it's enormous," I said, panicked.

"He can probably smell your cunt. Horses have an acute sense of smell," Brett said matter-of-factly.

"Excuse me!" I said, offended by his rude and inappropriate comment.

"Miss Hannah, you're not in New York anymore, don't get offended by words, or you'll be pissed off all day long," Brett lectured me.

"That was uncalled for," I replied, still offended.

"Are you on the rag?" Brett again crossed the line.

"What? How dare you," I said, stunned by his rudeness.

"The horses can smell you when you're on the rag," Brett continued.

"That, sir, is none of your business," I said as I angrily crossed my arms.

"OK, but if that happens to every stallion you meet today, you know why," Brett alerted me.

Next, Brett took me to the men's bunkhouse, a long building with two gathering areas at each end and bunks on either side of a wide aisle. It smelled like sweat, cigarettes, and stale beer. Each bunk had a headboard and a place for personal items, and at the foot of the bunk was a trunk where they

kept their clothes.

“So, Miss Hannah, I’m going to leave you with the men cleaning the stalls, and they’ll show you how to feed and water the horses,” Brett announced.

We walked back to the first horse barn, and Brett spoke to the men in Spanish as they undressed me with their eyes. As Brett spoke, the men made gestures and laughed. I couldn’t determine what it meant, but I assumed it was demeaning.

“OK, are you ready to start?” Brett asked.

“Yeah,” I said, disgusted.

With that, Brett patted my butt cheek and walked out as I jumped in anger.

“Don’t do that,” I screamed.

I turned to the four Hispanic men, and all four of them smiled at me; one of them pointed to me and lifted his shirt. I assume wanting me to show them my tits.

“No,” I shouted.

Another one pointed at me and pretended to unbutton his pants and pull his zipper down, and pretended to wiggle out of his pants.

“No,” I said again.

One of them grabbed my breast, and I slapped him soundly.

“How dare you,” I screamed.

The men laughed, split up, and returned to cleaning the stalls as one man stayed behind and showed me how to feed and water the horses. He watched as I followed his instructions, and every time I bent down, he grabbed my butt.

“Stop it, or I’ll tell my uncle,” I screamed.

But he continued to grab my butt and breasts as I worked.

“Stop it, stop it,” I cried over and over.

The assault went on as I worked. The man would show me a horse with an erection and motion for me to suck it.

“Stop, go away,” I cried.

Eventually, he cornered me in a stall, pulled my top up, and played with my breasts.

“Stop, stop,” I pleaded, running from the barn in tears.

I fixed my top and walked to the other barn. I had fed a few horses and had the process down. I fed the ponies and left food and water in the cowboys’ horses’ stalls. There was one pony that caught my eye. He was white and had brown spots on him. He also had the most beautiful cock I’d ever seen. It was eighteen inches long, pink with tan spots on it. I couldn’t take my eyes off it as I fed him, and to

my shame, I touched it. I felt it as I brushed his belly. I worked feeding the horses in the second barn and returned to the first barn to finish my job. The men were gone, much to my relief, and I finished quickly.

I returned to the house, not knowing if I should tell my uncle about the men. They were his employees, and I was a guest. If I disrupted his business, he may send me away. I went to my room and showered, putting on a nice yellow sun dress for dinner before sitting on the porch.

"How did it go today, Miss Hannah," Brett asked, startling me.

"Your men are pigs. They tried to take my clothes off, and they felt me up all day," I replied angrily.

"Yeah, they don't get any pussy out here. Sorry, I'll talk to them in the morning," he said, rubbing his chin.

"I don't care what they don't get if they touch me again; I'll speak to my uncle about it," I put him on notice.

"You can do that, but he'll tell me to handle it. You'll just cause trouble for him," Brett alerted me.

"Tell them to keep their hands to themselves," I demanded.

Brett walked up to me and lifted the hem of my skirt, exposing my bald bare pussy.

"Oh my God, how dare you," I screamed.

"Yeah, I figured you for a non-underwear type. The shaved pussy is a nice touch, though," He laughed.

Brett laughed and walked away as I wondered if I had made the right choice coming here. I heard the dinner bell and went to the dining hall, ignoring Brett.

"How was your day, sweetie?" my aunt asked.

"Well, the Hispanics in the barn don't speak English, so it was difficult to make them understand things," I said, not trying to throw anyone under the bus on the first day.

"No, they speak English, Hannah; I wouldn't hire anyone we couldn't communicate with," my uncle stated clearly.

I shot Brett a death stare as he ate his salad.

"Do you like your chores, Hannah?" my uncle asked.

"Oh, yes, the horses are magnificent," I replied.

"Yeah, I think Hannah has the tools to take good care of them," Brett offered as my aunt shot him a death stare.

"That's good, Brett. I have to go to Bosman for the next two days for a cattleman's meeting, so keep the wheels on the wagon," my uncle offered.

My aunt turned white as a ghost when my uncle said that, and Brett had a smile on his face. I wondered what was going on with my aunt and Brett. Later that night, I heard my aunt and uncle

arguing about him leaving for two days. She begged him to take her with him, but he said no because I had just arrived and didn't want me to be alone. My uncle left before dawn, and my aunt didn't leave her room; I thought I heard her crying when I was getting dressed for work. I went to breakfast. It was just Brett and I.

"Did you speak to the men today?" I asked him.

"I did. They said they didn't do anything to you that you didn't ask them to do," he said casually.

"That's bullshit, and you know it, you knew they spoke English and didn't tell me, and I didn't ask for anything," I said, steamed.

"Woo, you're a feisty little filly, right?" He asked, laughing.

I rose from my chair, left the dining room, and walked to the barn. I still wore my short shorts but had a crop top on. I walked into the barn and saw the four men working, and they stopped when they saw me.

"I know you can speak English; my uncle told me so, and if you touch me today, he'll fire you," I threatened.

"No, he won't, little bitch, he can't find anyone to do this shitty job," One of them told me.

I worked for a few hours before two of them cornered me in an empty stall.

"Take your clothes off bitch, or we'll do it for you; you're going to fuck us today," One of them told me.

"No, I'm not. Leave me alone," I said forcefully.

"Take them off bitch," He demanded again as they closed in on me.

"No, get away from me, you scum," I screamed.

That infuriated them; one grabbed me around the neck as I tried to punch him. The other man went for my shorts, getting them unbuttoned before I started kicking at him. The man holding me got my zipper down, and the other man knelt and pulled my shorts down to my ankles. Their eyes lit up when they saw my bald, tight camel toe.

"We're going to fuck you, good missy," The man told me as he took off my shorts.

"Get off me, stop it," I screamed.

After they had my shorts off, they went for my t-shirt, pulling it up over my head, holding my arms over my head, and ripping it off me. I stood before them naked, breathing heavily as they began to strip out of their clothes. I looked in the corner of the stall and saw a shovel; I grabbed it and swung, hitting one man in the head and driving him to the ground. The other man put up his hands, and I swung at him, smashing his arm. He cried out in pain, and I hit him in the head. I continued to beat them until they didn't move. I grabbed my clothes and ran to the far end of the barn before dressing and running back to my room.

I opened my doors to the deck and lay on my bed, trying to regain my composure. I could feel my heart beating as I tried to calm myself down. I eventually calmed down, and with my uncle gone for two days, I thought I'd tell my aunt. I kicked off my boots, walked onto the balcony, and walked

toward their bedroom. I stopped when I heard what I thought was a slap.

“Ow, stop it, Brett,” my aunt said.

Again, I heard slap, slap, slap, slap, and then my aunt crying. I crept slowly to their wide-open bedroom door, and my jaw dropped when I saw my aunt on her bed naked with Brett and three ranch hands on her bed.

“What are you going to do today, Natalie?” Bret asked, slapping her ass four or five times.

My aunt was on her knees, her face on the mattress, and Bret was between her legs.

“I’m going to fuck you guys like a filthy whore,” she said, sobbing.

“And how many cowboys do you want to fuck today? Natalie,” Brett slapped her ass again.

“Ahh, all of you, I’ll fuck all twenty of you,” She sobbed uncontrollably.

“Good, that’s my little slut; I’ll send for the boys after you finish with us,” Brett told her.

I watched as Brett shoved his cock in my aunt as a man presented his hard cock to her mouth, she sucked it in, and her head bobbed up and down.

“Um, um, um, my aunt moaned as she took cock at both ends. Pop, pop, pop, I heard Brett’s belly slapping her ass as he fucked her. But why would she do this? From all I could see, Natalie was in love with my uncle; why would she agree to fuck all of the cowboys? Some of them were really old. Brett was pounding my aunt’s poor pussy, and she moaned as she sucked the cock in her mouth. When the man came, he sprayed his cum in her hair and on her face, but my aunt didn’t react to it. The next man jumped on the bed, and she started to suck his cock

“OH, oh, fuck,” Brett cried as he pulled his cock from Natlie’s pussy and shot rope after rope of cum on her back. Brett jumped off the bed and dressed while the next man took his place between my aunt’s legs and began to fuck her.

“I’ll be back; I’ll go tell the boys. Natalie has agreed to fuck all of them today and tomorrow,” he told the men.

I returned to my room and hid so Brett wouldn’t see me. My mind raced, trying to decide what to do. I couldn’t stop my aunt from pulling a twenty-man train without my uncle. I remembered my dad’s prized position, which he taught me to use as I grew up, his Walther PPK nine-millimeter pistol. I went to the drawer, stashed it in, pulled it out, and loaded it. I put on the holster and slipped the gun inside. A large group of men walked past my door and into my aunt’s room. The next time I looked, she had a man in each of her three holes fucking her, and plenty of men waiting a turn at her.

As much as I hated to, I left her with the men and went back to the barn to finish my work, prepared to shoot any man who tried to attack me. I walked into the barn, and only two Hispanics were working.

“Hey, you fucked Manual and Estaban up good. They had to go to the hospital. Are you fucking crazy, girl?” one of them said.

“If you fuckers try that again, you’ll go to the fucking morgue,” I told them, pulling out my pistol.

The men backed away, and I finished feeding the horses in the barn before going to the second barn.

As I worked, cowboys loaded their horses into their stalls. I was in a pony stall where they couldn't see me, and I heard one man tell another.

"Brett going to make her suck and fuck his horse tonight,"

"Yeah, she'll be lucky if it's not a half dozen horses," another man laughed.

I gasped at the thought of my aunt with an animal, especially a horse; their cocks were enormous. When all the men were gone, I finished my work feeding the animals. I returned to my room, the balcony being clear of men. I kicked off my boots and crept to her bedroom door. She was straddling a man on her knees with his cock in her pussy and another man behind her with his cock in her ass as she sucked off another man. Her body rocked back and forth as the men fucked her silly. Half a dozen men were waiting in the bedroom when I returned to my room. I had an hour before dinner, so I decided to shower but locked my doors first.

Natalie was a no-show at dinner. Brett told the staff she had a headache and would come down later for a snack.

"How was your day, Miss Hannah," Brett asked like he didn't know.

"Well, today they stripped me and were going to fuck me till I bet them senseless with a shovel. Then I went and got my gun and told them the next guy to touch me I'd kill," So a pretty normal day.

"Oh, Miss Hannah, they just want some pussy; they won't hurt you," Brett said as he ate.

"So, I should give them some pussy, you think?" I asked as if he thought it was a possibility."

"Yeah, I think that would make the problem disappear, and you might like it," Brett said, sipping his beer.

"Oh, OK, I'll think about it; after all, there are only four of them," I said casually as I ate.

Brett stopped and looked at me.

I think that's a wise choice, Miss Hannah; I know they'll appreciate it," he said, smiling at me.

I finished my dinner and went to my room, the balcony was clear, so I crept to my aunt's door and saw the four Hispanic men taking turns on my aunt, who was covered in cum. I was sitting on my bed when I saw Brett walk by my balcony doors. It was just before dusk. I crept to my door and listened.

"Get in the shower slut, you need to fuck our special guests tonight. Brett told her.

"No, Brett, please, I fucked all of the men, don't make me fuck your horse, please, not in front of the men," she begged.

"Get in the shower bitch," Brett ordered.

I could hear her crying as she walked away from the bedroom. I was dressed and ready to go when Brett led my naked aunt past my balcony doors. I got up and quietly followed them as they made their way to the pony barn. When I reached the barn doors, I could see they were at the far end, just outside the doors. I scooted down the back of the barn and, reaching the end, crawled into the old covered cook wagon and made my way to the front. I was out of sight and had a great view of what would happen. A few men carried a metal rack out of the barn and set it by the campfire they had

blazing. My aunt was kneeling in the dirt with many men standing around her.

And then Brett led out his horse, a tall, two-year-old solid stallion who was quite agitated. It was as if the horse knew he was going to get to fuck my aunt. My aunt's head was bowed when the giant horse stopped in front of her.

"OK, Triumph wants a blowjob Natalie," Brett said as the men cheered.

My aunt lifted her arm, and her hand took ahold of the horse's sheath and rubbed it. The huge horses pranced on all fours as Natalie pulled the horse's cock from the sheath and stroked it as it rose up into the air. Natalie pulled the horse's cock toward her, and it came into the light.

"Ah!" I gasped, covering my mouth.

Triumph's cock was over two feet long and thicker than my aunt's arm. My aunt pulled it from under the horse and wrapped her lips around the giant cock, and began stroking its shaft with both hands. She pumped the horse's cock into her mouth as the men roared their approval. It was so erotic watching my aunt suck the horse's cock. My hand unbuttoned my shorts and unzipped them, sliding them down to my ankles. I began to rub my tingling pussy pretending it was me sucking the giant cock. I thought back to the white pony with the pink and grey cock, and I licked my lips, imagining what it would be like to have it in my mouth, sucking it.

"Swallow it all, Natalie, or you'll be sucking horse cock till morning," Brett told her angrily.

I could see something dripping from her chin as his hands stroked the huge horse cock, her hands looking so small wrapped halfway around it. The men watched quietly; the only sound was Natalie's soft moans. Then the horse nickered and stomped his back hoof, and Natalie's head jerked back. Horse cum squirted from the corners of her mouth as she fought to swallow the massive load being delivered by the horse. My finger was working my clit now; I was growing flush as my aunt milked the last of the cum from the horse. Brett grabbed and pulled her to her feet, leading her to the metal rack.

"No, God, no, don't make me fuck him, please; he's way too big," my aunt screamed in vain.

Brett and two other men secured her in the rack, her upper body bent over, her ass in the air, and her legs spread eagle, her well fucked honey hole ripe for the taking.

"No, Brett, no, I'll fuck all of you again, but not Triumph, please, I'm begging you," she wailed as the horse was led up to the rack, his long hard cock dangling between his legs.

I gasped when the horse reared up, and his front legs flopped over the padded bar on the top. A metal cage kept Natalie's body away from the horse. Brett grabbed the horse's cock and lined it up in Natalie's pussy, and the horse lurched forward.

"Ahh, ahh, no, no," Natalie screamed as the horse cock rammed into her too-small cunt.

The horse lurched again, and twelve inches of his cock disappeared in Natalie's pussy.

"Ahh, ahh, ahh, "she cried in pain as the horses fucked her.

When the horse lurched forward, it would lift Natalie off her feet, and she was suspended on the massive horse's cock. My hand was covered in my pussy juices as I watched my aunt being fucked, and I knew I wanted it too. The horse stopped, and Natalie screamed as the horse shot cum into her

cervix like a firehose. The horse dismounted, and when he pulled his cock out of my aunt cum poured out of her in buckets. I came hard; I tried to stifle my moans of pleasure as my body shook. Natalie was taken from the rack and tossed over Triumph's back as the men broke up the party.

Two men carried my aunt back to her room, throwing her on the bed, and when I knew the coast was clear, I snuck back into my room. I was wildly horny after watching my aunt and Triumph, and I thought of the white pony and his beautiful cock. I decided to pay the pony a late-night visit and waited till I thought everyone would be asleep. I crept to the tack room, grabbed a battery-powered lantern, and quietly walked to the pony barn. As I opened the door, it creaked loudly, and I stopped. I opened it a bit farther, causing another loud creak. I looked around and didn't see or hear anyone, so I pulled it again and gained entry to the barn. It was quiet inside, so I turned on the light. I was alarmed at how bright it was. I thought I couldn't turn back now, and I walked down the row of stalls until I saw the white pony. I set the lantern down in the aisle and opened the stall gate.

"Hey, buddy, do you want to play with me a little?" I asked the horse.

I put on his halter, brought him out of his stall, and put him in cross-ties. Then I went looking for a pillow or mat I could kneel on. I found a rubber mat, put it down by his rear hocks, and then stripped out of my shorts and t-shirt. I rubbed my tits on his back, his coarse hair making my nipples stand at attention. I rubbed my pussy on his hind quarter, making me gasp as my pussy lips were opened on his hairy leg. I knelt by his belly and began to brush him. I touched his sheath, then grabbed it and stroked it, and the head of his cock popped out. I grabbed ahold of it and gently pulled it, and it slid out of its cover. I sat back on my heels as I held eighteen inches of horse cock in my hand.

"Oh my God, Hannah, what will you do?" I asked myself.

I was mesmerized by the horse's cock, and it was so beautiful that I pulled it toward me as I stroked it. I felt it getting harder and harder. I brought it to my lips and kissed the round tip of it, making the pony jump.

"Easy boy, I hope you like this," I said.

I opened my mouth and took the pony's cock into my mouth, and bobbed my head up and down on it. I was not experienced at all sucking cock, so that it would be a learning experience for both of us. As I stroked his cock, I worked six inches of it in my mouth.

"Umm, um, I moaned as he began to leak juice from the tip of his cock.

I swallowed the bitter offering, which filled my sinuses with a potent smell. The hair on the back of my neck stood on end as I became increasingly aroused. I sucked and sucked the cock urging it to fill my mouth with its cum.

"Well, I thought it would take more than a week to catch you doing this," A voice said.

I jumped and spit the cock out of my mouth and tried to stand up, but Brett put his hand on my shoulder and held me in place. I was stunned. Brett stood there with his phone recording me sucking a horse's cock.

"I need to go," I said, crying.

"No, miss, you can't leave him like that. Go ahead and finish what you started," Brett said calmly.

"No, I really need to go now," I continued.

"I said suck that horse's cock, now!" Brett replied forcefully.

As I cried, I grabbed the pony's cock and returned it to my mouth, and began to suck and stroke it as Brett recorded the event for posterity. The horse started leaking in my mouth, and I swallowed it as I sucked it.

"His first cum will be thin and white, and then he'll give you a thick load, swallow every drop of it," Brett ordered.

It didn't take much longer, and the horse cock exploded into my throat, gagging me momentarily, cum squirting from my cheeks as my mouth became overloaded with cum. The cum splashed on my tits and dripped off my nipples. Brett smiled as he filmed it. I recovered and swallowed and swallowed as the pony's balls emptied. I stroked his cock till he stopped and then flopped back on my butt, wiping my mouth with my arm, the front of me covered in horse cum.

"Not bad for your first time. You'll get better, though, the more you suck them," Brad said

"There won't be a next time," I told him as I stood up and grabbed my shorts and shirt.

"Oh, Miss Hannah, you'll be doing this a lot from now on," Bret replied, laughing.

I stood up and went to put my shorts on.

"Nope, not yet; take the pony from the cross ties and follow me, and you won't need clothes," Brett said as he filmed my naked body.

"Why, where are we going," I asked as I released the pony from the cross-ties.

"To finish the job you started," Brett said.

I followed him to the end of the barn, into a large tack room, and turned on the lights. On the ceiling were spotlights that focused on the far wall, where there was a smaller version of the rack Natalie was on earlier and a movie camera pointed at the rack.

"Put the horse in cross-ties and get over here," Brett ordered.

Bret was adjusting some bars on the bottom when I approached.

"All right, step up here, one foot here and the other over there," He ordered.

I spread my legs apart wide and placed my feet on the bars, and Brett secured them with leather straps.

"Now lay over this pad and grab the hand bars," He instructed.

I bent over and grabbed the bars, and Brett secured my waist and hands with thick leather restraints. Then he pushed a lever, and the rack swung back and forth. Brett tilted the rack up so my pussy was sticking straight out and not covered by the rack.

"Wait, wait, what are you doing here," I said, concerned.

"Getting your cunt ready for a foot and a half of horse cock," He replied calmly.

I struggled to try and get out of the contraption while I could feel my pussy getting wet in

preparation.

“Let me out, let me out. I’m telling my uncle,” I screamed.

“Yeah, when he sees this tape and one of you blowing one of his horses, he’ll ship you out of here faster than you can say, Bobs, your uncle,” Brett laughed.

“No, he won’t. You watch and see,” I screamed.

“Your pussy is mine now, just like your aunts; if I tell your uncle how his little wife fucks everything with a dick on this ranch, he’ll send both of your packing,” Brett laid down the law.

I couldn’t let my uncle find out about my aunt, and it would kill him if he knew.

I watched as Brett led the pony to the rack, his cock long and hard but luckily not as thick as Triumph’s cock. The rack jiggled and creaked as the pony reared up and mounted it. Brett let the pony get comfortable, and he slid the horse’s cock between my legs. I was shaking like a leaf and jumped when the pony’s cock settled into the folds of my pussy. Once his cock felt my flesh, he lunged forward and dove his cock into my tight snatch.

“Oh, oh, oh, fuck,” I cried, and my pussy was stretched out quickly.

The pony lunged again, and another half-foot of hard cock drove up inside me, as I squirmed to get comfortable,

“Oh, God, it’s so big,” I wailed, and the pony shoved more meat into me.

My body jerked uncontrollably as the pony fucked my helpless cunt.

“Stop, make it stop,” I cried as my legs gave out and I hung from my wrists.

I was delirious as the massive cock pounded my pussy. I was sweating, and I could see the outline of the horse’s cock in my stomach as it fucked me, going in and out.

“Oh, oh, yeah, fuck,” I screamed as I began to feel an orgasm on the horizon.

The rack rocked violently under the weight of the pony, and my pussy was taking the pounding of its young life.

“Umm, um, oh, fuck yes,” I cried out as my body went limp and an enormous orgasm washed over me.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck,” I moaned as my body jerked, impaled on the pony’s cock.

The pony lunged once more, and I felt the pressure in my belly as his cock shot his steamy sperm into my belly.

Oh yeah,” I moaned as cum continued to be pumped up in the inner reaches of my twat.

The pony dis-mounted, and Brett put him back in cross-ties and untied me from the rack; I fell to the floor as cum poured out of my cunt.

“Put the pony back in its stall, clean up your mess here, and turn out all the lights. And I will see you at breakfast tomorrow,” Brett ordered as he left the tack room.

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