

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Danny Boy jerked awake, startling me awake as well. I sat up as the low-flying helicopter appeared over a tree line heading towards the ranch house. It startled my other five pasture mates as well. Oh my gosh! It's Dicky with his guests! I forgot. Danny Boy had already got to his feet beside me. I got up, dusting myself off, and realized it was hopeless. My belly and inner thighs were caked in dried cum from my six lovers. They each were looking at me. Relax, guys, it's just another horse breeder Dicky invited over. He's not here to buy ponies, just to look you guys over before he buys your sperm. They seemed to relax. Texas came trotting up carrying my horseshoed gloves. Thank you, Tex.. you are so sweet. I sat them down in front of me, put my hands down into the deep sleeves, grasped the rod in glove, and raised them to inspect them.

The horse hair was dirty, probably stepped on during our mad rush to save Danny Boy after he'd been snake-bit. I sighed. Mums gonna be pissed. They began to snort and stomp the ground with their hooves. Oh no, boys, she won't lash me. I hope. They weren't too pleased with that answer. I'll be fine, boys. She was drunk, and I'd made her angry. It was.. my fault, I added lamely. Big Dipper came over and lightly nuzzled my neck. Oh, you're sweet, Dipper. I nuzzled him. Well, guys, let's greet our company. I descended on all fours and led them toward the barn and ranch house. I saw Dicky, my new husband, my mother, and two men in turbans standing away from the helicopter. They'd set the helicopter down on the lawn between the ranch house and pasture.

I saw Dicky point toward us, and I raised and lowered my head back. I mumbled, " ok, boys, give these dudes a good show. Step lively. No biting. No kicking. I turned my head back to them. Please, guys. For me. This is important. I giggled as they began high-stepping in unison, mimicking my gate. They spread out, equally distant, like marching soldiers in drill practice. You guys! Thank you! They did look great. All were national champions in one way or another in the pony world. They'd won many awards, trophies, and prize monies in the big arenas on the show circuits or in competitive circuit. Now they were studs. They are very successful students. Their sperm had inseminated hundreds of mares, and produced many award winners for years. That's why I was here.

For the past couple of years, their sperm count had dwindled, and horse buyers hated spending thousands on sperm without getting results. My job, actually my pleasure, was in hopefully raising their sperm count, making their sperm more potent. Dickys great grandfather had been the first to use his women as brood mares. Dickys grandfather, his father, and now Dickey had followed his breeding program. I was the first Trans female to be brought into the program. Dicky had also decided to keep me with the stallions full time. Instead of the just hooking me up to the breeding sling and being bred, his idea was to hopefully get their sperm counts raised by staying with them full-time, in the barn, in the pasture. He'd also made custom horseshoe boots for me to walk on all fours, hopefully to excite them. It sounded silly, and was silly. I'd talked to the studs about it. They weren't stupid.

They knew it was me, the stable girl that took care of them, madturbated them regularly. Walking like a horse and wearing fake horseshoes, and having a fake pony tail didnt fool them. But till I talked Dicky into letting me just be myself, I was stuck wearing them. The buttplug dildo and long tail while in the barn, or the fake raised tail I wore in the pasture I didn't mind. As we approached the fence rails closest to the helicopter, I looked back to check my pony tail to make sure it was centered and raised. Satan blew me a raspberry, and I almost giggled. I turned back to stop at the fence, and my six buddies, my brothers, my lovers, came up beside me. Dicky and Mum were in their best cowboy duds, boots, and cowboy hats. Mum looked sober, but nervous. She was a beautiful young woman. She'd had me when she was thirteen, the same age I was, making her twice my age.

My hubby Dicky was in his high thirties. He'd been married to my mother's older sister, my aunt.

She'd past away when I was a toddler. Her and mother had both been breeding mares, like I was now. Mum began apologizing. Please forgive their appearance, your highness. They've been out to pasture all day, as you can see. The young handsome man in a gold turban and white robes raised his hand. Of course. He stepped forward, and speaking low, slowly stoked Satan's nose. Then went down the line, doing the same to each of my brothers, keeping his voice calm and melodious. Then he came to me. He ran his fingers on my right cheek, then down my neck. You are a beauty, and to have such handsome company. You are truly blessed. I dipped my arms to curtsy. He gave my neck a soft pat, then stepped back. Him and his companion, an older man, talked in Arabic in hushed tones.

Then the older man turned to Dicky. The prince would like to see them in your corral for a closer look. Not a problem at all. He looked at me. Lady, could you bring them to the corral, please? I nodded. Before I turned away, the man added, and I would like to have your breeding mare examined, in a stable, if you don't mind. Dicky shrugged without looking at me. Sure. Anything you wish. I led my six stallions to the pasture gate leading to the corral, waited for mum to open it, then led them thru. I wanted to talk to them, but I couldn't in front of Dicky or mum. When Dicky opened the gate and put a halter and bit on me, they snorted and kicked up dirt, not happy at all. I looked back at them and snorted lightly. I'd be ok. The halter is not necessary, sir. Well, I try to treat Lady the same as the others. Part of my program. I see. Let us proceed. Dicky led me to the barn, then to my stall. The man followed carrying a big leather bag. You may leave us. Dicky tied my lead to a stall ring, patted my shoulder, then left.

We heard the big barn door roll shut. The man came around and took the bit and halter off me. I'm Dr Kepoli, the prince's veterinarian. Please, stand. I stood. May I take your..um.. hooves off? I nodded. You may speak. I smiled. Thank you doctor. He took my gloves off. I sat on my butt and unlocked my thigh high boots, then tugged till they both came off. He picked one up. My, these are quite heavy. When I stood, I giggled. Yes, they are. It feels funny standing flat footed. Why do you wear them? I shrugged. Dicky wants me to look more..equine. Dr Kepoli laughed. How do you feel about that? I lowered my head. Dicky is my husband. It doesn't matter what I say. He picked my chin up. Is he forcing you, child? Oh no. No. I've wanted to do this since I was a child. He nodded. Lady, what is your given name? Gina.

The prince is intrigued in this method of raising stallions, improving their sperm potency, and in using humans as breeding mares. I nodded. May I examine you? Yes. He put on gloves, and began running his hands over my head, then downward. As he cupped my breasts, he asked me about my hormone therapy, when I started treatments, what strength was I taking, my estrogen injections. He ran his hand on my belly. You seem swollen. I nodded. It's full of cum. He stopped. You give the horses oral as well? Yes, if they want me to, I will. He wrote notes as he went. He bent to examine my cock, now limp. As he held it up to examine my ball sack, I began to harden. You've been castrated. Yes, sir. It looks recent. Yes sir. They fell off yesterday. Do you still experience orgasms? Yes sir. Just different. How so. He masturbated me. I just seem to drip cum, not shoot it out. Like now. He glanced down at my leaking cockhead and hid cum filled glove. He blushed. I'm so sorry Gina. I giggled. That's OK.

He pulled his gloves off and threw them to the side. He ran his hands down my legs. Your thighs and calves are so muscular. I giggled. Those boots are heels. I walk on my toes all day. Why? I shrugged. Dicky says it makes my.. bottom.. look better.. more inviting. How do you feel? I shrugged. I'm getting used to them. The guys think it's silly. The guys? I nodded. They think me walking on all fours is silly, too. Who are these guys, Gina? The ponies, of course. You.. speak to them? Well, sure..not you're thinking. I just ask them questions, and they nod, or shake their head. Oh, oh, I see. You think they understand you? I know they do, Dr Kepoli. Fascinating. He wrote hurriedly on his clipboard. Do they.. speak? With neighs, for instance. Sure Doc. Whinny, nieghs, grunts, guttural

throat noises. And you understand them? I giggled. No, of course not. I understand their head movements, some snorts, raspberries, snickers. Raspberries? I giggled, and blew a loud raspberry. Fascinating!

What does that mean? I giggled. Um..Sure, silly. Yeah. Sure. Or, in certain conversation, it's a kiss, a way to say.. let's do it. You know.. I'm ready. He chuckled as he scribbled notes. Fascinating! I giggled. You say that a lot, doc. He smiled. You are fascinating, Gina. Your life with your ponies is, too. He laid his notes down. Now, I need to examine your.. posterior. I giggled as I turned around. His hands ran across my shoulders, down my back, then up and down my sides. Your waist is quite slim. I nodded. I've always been skinny. His hands moved to my hips. You're quite voluptuous, not skinny. I giggled. What's that mean? I knew. I just wanted him to tell me. Voluptuous, curvy. His hands moved up to my chest, then down my waist, then to my hips. Very attractive, Gina. Thank you, I whispered. His hands held my butt cheeks. Doc, I think my hips have widened, tell you the truth. Oh? Yes. I guess from being bred so often. The boys are quite heavy..and.. big. He held my hips.

Are you in any pain? Oh, no, not at all. May I examine your anus, Gina? I giggled. Sure. I bent over, spreading my legs. I turned to watch him putting on a long latex glove, then apply lubricant. I'll try to be gentle, Gina. I nodded, and turned. I felt one hand on my butt cheek as he put one finger to my sphincter. It went in, and reached around to loosely hold my penis. He added another finger. Um, doc, before you add more, I ought to tell you, I'm pretty full. Oh? Your sphincter is quite tight.. I was thinking you haven't been bred today. I giggled. Oh no doc, I've been bred four, no five times. He added another finger, and cum began to trickle out. Five times? Are you sure? Yes, I'm sure. He added a third, then a fourth. Any discomfort? No. I giggled. It feels good, though. He squeezed my cock. I moaned and cum poured from my cock. You're quite orgasmic.

I nodded, moaning yes as he jerked me off. I pushed back into his fingers. Deeper, doc, I whispered. His thumb spread me. I felt his knuckles spread me wider, then his hand was in. I'm adding lube, Gina. I nodded. He released my cock, and I felt him push in past his wrist. Any pain? No doc, I breathed. He began to push and pull his hand and wrist, then his forearm. Cum seeped out as he pumped in and out of me. Gina, just say stop when it hurts. I nodded. Don't stop doc. It feels good. So good. I began meeting his inward thrusts. My cock poured cum between my legs. After my flow ebbed, he stopped. Gina, I'm going to pull out now. OK. I stayed still, feeling his arm, then his wrist, then his fist exiting my love hole.

I felt cum pour down my thighs. Sorry, doc. I heard him pull his rubber glove off, then he held my butt cheeks apart. Amazing. I giggled. Yes, Dicky was worried after he found out I'd been bred eight times yesterday. Eight times? I giggled. Yes. But he bred..I mean..made love to me, and he said I was still very tight. Amazing. Truly amazing. Gina? Would you feel comfortable purging yourself for me? Into a bucket? I shrugged. Sure. I stood, and turned around. Do you want to watch me? If I could. Doc, I'm not exaggerating. He nodded. I'm sure you're not, but the prince will undoubtedly ask for proof. He handed me a pail, but he opened the stall door and walked away a bit as I squatted over it and began to flush my insides.

I knew he liked me, maybe attracted to me. He obviously loved animals, being a vet. Maybe that was why he seemed so nice. I got done, and stood. He was sandy tan, an Arabian, Syrian, middle eastern decent for sure. I called out, ok doc I'm done. As he came in, I saw his bulge under his hanging cloth garments. Doctor Kepoli, what's your first name? He made a slight bow, Christian. Oh, that's very nice. He smiled. I'm Muslim though. I giggled. That's still nice, too. Do you own ponies or horses. Oh no, Madam Gina, taking care of the Sultan and his prince's stables of ponies and horses is a full time job. So you live on their spread? Spread? He looked up. I'm unfamiliar with that term.

He was carefully pouring the creamy cum and poop thru a filter into a glass measuring cup outside

my stall. I leaned against the stall half door, watching him. Spread means ranch, land. Yes, I have my own offices, and I live mostly in a nice condominium on his main property. Mostly? Yes. I travel to his sons other regions, to their homes and ranches. How many horses do they have? The Sutan and Prince Maricone have around one hundred. His older sons have at two dozen each. Wow, that sounds like a full time chore. Oh, like you Gina, I find my time with the equine is exhilarating, exciting. Time seems to fly by. I nodded. I do have a cat, Hezba. I looked around. Our barn cat likes to sleep on my back in the stall.

He looked up. You stay in the stall at night. Yes. Why? I shrugged. My husband feels having me stay near the boys will increase their attachment to me, and increase their sperm counts. Do you agree? Well, I hope he's right. These six stallions are all we have. So getting high sperm counts, and higher impregnation rates will bring him, I mean us, more money. He stood and wrote his numbers on his notepad. How much? One and a half gallons. I nodded. No wonder I felt so heavy. I guess I have that much in my belly. He came over and felt my belly. You smell nice, Christian. He smiled. As do you. I shook my head. I smell like a cheap hooker in a flop house. He snorted, and began laughing, doubling over at my comparison. He slapped his knee. No, no, Gina. You smell like a fine young mare. I smelled under my armpit. I could use a shower.

Gina, I have something for you to take that will create nausea, cause you to vomit your stomach contents. I squinched my face. No thanks. Or.. do you need to measure that, too. No. I was just thinking of your bloating. Oh, that's ok. It'll run through my system tonight. Gina, do you feel comfortable living full time, day and night, as a pony? I shrugged. So far, so good. The boys.. the stallions.. they've treated me so well. They're.. aw, forget it. No, no, tell me. They are? I smiled. Christian, they're like the brothers I always wanted. The big family I always wished I was part of. I hung my head. Probably sounds silly. No, not at all. I'm an only child, and I look on the Sultans huge family in such awe and admiration. He took my hand and led me out of the stall. Where are we going, Doc? Call me Christian, Gina, please. I nodded. I'm taking you to your shower, Gina. You said you'd like to clean up. Oh! Thank you Christian. You're very sweet.

I led him to the back door. We don't have a shower, or grooming room, just this gardening hose. Oh. Does that bother you? No

I giggled, picked up the hose, and put the enema attachment lying on the shelf with the horse shampoo and soap, screwed it on, turned the water on, rubbed it clean, then put it between my legs to my hole, and began to fill my anal cavity. Christian stood watching me. I pulled the enema tip put, unscrewed it, and began spraying my body. Gina, do you groom the stallions? Sure. Not now though. Mum or Dicky took over doing that. You know. To keep my identity as a mare from the boys. He chuckled. Horses are smart. I nodded. Very smart. They know I'm not a mare. I'm not Lady. They think it's silly.

Gina, have you told your mother or Dicky that? No. Why not? I stopped lathering up. Doc. Christian. Sorry. Is this going in your notes? No. I'm just.. interested. I nodded. Well, it's like this. I know now I shouldn't have married him. Oh? I'm much happier being out here, with the boys. And..Go on Gina. I'm your friend. I won't say anything. Well, my mother, she's more Dickys age. She loves living in the ranch house with Dicky. Gina, are they intimate? I giggled. For sure. Mum used to say if her sister hadn't married Dicky, she would have. Does it bother you.. them having sex while you're out here? No. Does that sound cold? Uncaring? I dont mean it to be. Im just being realistic. No, not at all Gina. So.. You'd prefer being.. as you are? Yes. For now. When you begin taking hormone therapy? Oh jeez. I think i was five or six. I dont remember. Gina? When you dream, or think of the future, do you dream of yourself as a pony, or as a young, beautiful girl?

I giggled. I noticed he added young and beautiful. Both. Are you sure? Definitely. Gina, what if your husband sales one, or more of your stallion lovers? I looked at him. I'd be crushed. But.. I guess

that's part of being in this business. Yes, it is. Do you think of yourself as horseflesh? That you could be sold? I giggled. No. I'm married. How would you feel, if that happened? I turned off the hose, and began wringing my mane out. Um.. I'd be shocked.. no, I wouldn't. I'd be hurt. I shrugged. I'd get over it. Gina, one last question? Sure. I began rinsing off. Those marks on your bottom. Have you had a tetanus shot recently? No. I never have that I can remember. Well, you're getting one. I walked over to him, and he took my hand. I looked into his eyes. Kind, caring, and loving eyes. Like my pony lovers. I knew my cock was hard. Did he see my attraction? Was he attracted to me? He patted my arm, and we walked back to my stall.

He took a syringe and small vial, filled it, then he injected it in my butt cheek. He stabbed in with alcohol, then took out a cloth measuring tape. One last detail. Help me remember these? Sure. I raised my arms, and he quickly took all my body measurements. He measured everything, not just my breasts, waist, and hips. He wrote them down afterward. Your waist? Fifteen. But, remember, I'm bloated. He nodded. There, that's it. You can put your.. hooves back on. I sighed. You don't like them. Well, to be honest. They could be better. How so, Gina. I put all four on, then got on all fours. See. I have to lower my rear to keep a straight back. It's just.. uncomfortable. So.. you really need your front gloves..legs.. extended? Yes, that'd do it. He took his tape measure back out and made some more measurements of my rear legs and front arms. He had me take one front hoof glove off, and looked inside, then handed it back. I put it back on, and he grabbed his vet bag and notepad, then put my lead on, and I followed him out the barn door.

Dicky, mum, and the prince were out at the show ring. Dicky was putting Texas thru his trot, flicking his long whip behind Tex to break him into a gallop. I mumbled, I hate that whip. Any whip. Christian looked back at me. I wouldn't either, Gina. He tied me beside Buster on the far end away from the gate, then gave my cheek a soft rub to my cheek. It's been a pleasure, Gina. I blushed. Mine, too, Christian. Thank you. He moved away, running his hand along my back, then on my rump. Then he was gone. I stood watching from the rail as Christian stood with the young prince talking, and Dicky brought Texas to the hitching rail. Mum met Dicky and they waited till Christian and the prince finished their talk. They all walked toward the ranch house.

I realized my fake tail wasn't strapped in place. I told Buster I'd be back, and used my teeth to pull the loosely wrapped halter strap off the railing. I walked along the fence till I was around the barn, and went in the back door to my stall. I smelled Dr Kapoli's scent as I entered my stall. His cologne, his aromatic smoking tobacco on his beard, and even the detergent from his tunic. I let my pent up desire get ahold of me. I pulled my right front hoof glove off, and began to masturbate myself, breathing in his smell before it faded away. I closed my eyes, imaging him kissing me. Tears ran down my cheeks as I realized he'd be gone from my life probably forever. I stroked harder and faster, pushing that thought away, again fantasizing of him kissing me, pulling the straps of my elegant evening gown off. I never heard anyone till I heard a light cough. I froze, squeezing my cock hard, hoping it'd get soft.

Gina? Oh my gosh! I wiped my face with my hooked glove, turning my head slightly to look toward him. I cleared my throat. Yes? He stepped into the stall, and stood close behind me. Why are you crying? I sniffled. His hands held my waist. Oh, I smelled you. Your scent. I see. And that made you upset? I nodded. His left hand came around to cup my breast, and his right hand held my right hand, still holding my cock. I felt his hardness as he pulled me to him, and he began moving my hand holding my cock. But it excited you as well? My scent? I nodded. I dropped my hand to my side and he continued stroking me and his fingers rubbed over my nipple. I moaned, feeling my cum begin to flow into my cock. It poured out as he kissed my neck.

He didn't stop till I was emptied. My heart was racing so fast, and my breathing seemed so loud as he kept holding me. He took his left hand off my breast, then let my cock fall. I'm touched that you

feel this way Gina. I don't understand the tears. I twisted my neck to rub my cheek into his beard. Oh, I was being..dramatic. Sorry for myself. How so? He whisperer. I.. I began thinking I'd never see you again. It made me sad. He nodded. I understand. His hands were still on my hips. I was still pressed against him. I came back to..I felt that our parting was too fast, too.. impersonal. I came back to.. kiss you. He stepped back, turning me, and I closed my eyes as his lips met mine. I let him kiss me as he wanted, and his tongue swirled my mouth, then he pulled away. I opened my eyes to see him smiling sheepishly. I giggled. That was very nice Christian. He held my hand.

I shook my head. Oh, um, I came back to get my "in the mood" tail. He chuckled. Your what? I took it off the straw covered floor, shaking it. This. I put the strap around my waist, pulled it tight, and buckled it. I took two steps back and turned, showing him my raised tail. He smiled, but covered his mouth and raised his eyebrows. I giggled. It stays raised up, tells the boys I'm in the mood. Come and get me. He snickered behind his hand. Don't laugh. He nodded. Does it work? I shrugged. The guys think it's silly. But mum would be pissed if I wasn't wearing it. Her idea? I nodded. He offered his hand. I grabbed my right hoof glove, and took his hand. We returned thru the back door. He stood at the rail, suddenly seeming unsure. Gina.. I came back because.. I felt I betrayed your trust. Oh? He was looking down. Gina, I am a vet..Yes? But.. he nodded toward the helicopter and farmhouse. The prince. He's my brother. I am his brother. I nodded. OK. I don't understand why you seem guilty about that? Gina, I act like I am of common blood. Not a son of royal birth. Why? Because many people treat a person with means differently. Means? Yes. Wealth. I giggled. I already thought of you as being rich, Christian..wait, that is your name, isn't it. Yes, yes. How did you know I was rich? Jeez, Christian. Your a veterinarian! You work with horses and ponies all day! You love your work! Your family! Your cat Hezba. You live comfortably. What else..

I stopped. I put my head down. He raised my chin. He nodded. Wealth is not about money or possessions to you. I nodded. He gave my forehead a soft kiss. May you stay blessed, safe, and well, my child. Then he walked away. He never turned, or waved. He went to the Dicky and mum and briefly talked, then got on the helicopter, and it's turbins got louder, the blades became a blur, then it lifted up, and took off. I watched till it was out of sight. I leaned against Buster. Buster, he was a nice man. Buster nodded his head. I sighed, then got down on all fours and stared between the fence rails to await Dicky or mum to come put us back into the barn, or back out to pasture. I heard Busters belly rumble. We stayed there for hours, and I finally had enough of it. I pulled my gloved hooves off, sat and removed my hoof boots, unbundled my tail, and untied my brothers. They followed me into the barn and I began filling their water troughs, then their food troughs with oats. They were famished. I went to the little office and found a bag of stale cookies, and a bag of apples. I cleaned an old cup out and drank water. It felt nice to sit in a chair.

After much thought, I decided to not carry a big bucket around to wipe down each pony, but I'd take each one individually out to the hose to give them a good shampoo and wash. I refilled their water troughs and gave them each an apple, and then took the quick eater Danny Boy out first. His bandages were gone, and he nodded when I asked if he'd took them off before mum saw them. He loved his sponge bath and showering. Big Dipper was next, then Satan, then Oh Henry, then Texas and Buster. I was so tired, but I brushed and combed each of their manes and tails. I barely laid down in my stall and covered myself before mum came in. She was drunk, but a happy drunk. She briefly looked into my stall, slurred something about the prince's visit being a great reason to get drunk, then left. I laid there, perplexed. Had it not been a good visit, so that's why she was loaded? Or it had been a good visit, so that's why she was loaded. I decided to not worry about it and fell asleep. Before dawn, I went down to the ranch house. Dicky and mum were in our bed, both dead to the world.

I stood beside the bed, and saw mum had on my engagement ring. It didn't really surprise me. I quietly found a few good changes of working clothes, socks, and boots, and filled up a suitcase. I

packed all my medications, bath and grooming items, and a mirror, and added it to my suitcase. I carried it out onto the porch, then went in and got a transistor radio, a few hardback, then raided the kitchen pantry for carrots, apples, and anything the boys would eat. Celery, broccoli, sugar cubes. I loaded it all in Dickey's pickup, and had everything unloaded and in the stable and his truck back by sunrise. I felt better. I was going to live with the ponies, but as myself, not a make believe fake mare. I knew mum would be mad, and thought I'd be able to explain my decision to end this silly nonsense to Dicky. I'd still be their breeding companion. But I was totally wrong.

I'd never seen Dicky in such a rage. He stormed off, and began taking the stallions to pasture. I started cleaning their stalls, thinking he was just cooling off. After all six were in the pasture, he took the pitchfork from me, then grabbed my wrist and drug me to my stall. He pointed at my hooked gloves and boots and false tail and told me to strip. I continued to argue, and he took my bridle and forced the bit in my mouth, then buckled it tightly to my head. I heard the boys neighing, the steel gate being pushed. I began to fear they'd hurt themselves trying to get to us. I stopped fighting. Dicky quit ranting and cursing. He picked up my hoof gloves and boots and walked out. He came back shortly, and told me I was lucky. My mother said to use concrete. I looked at him, not understanding. Then he grabbed my right hand and shoved the glove on. I felt something sticky. Grab the bar as you normally do. I nodded. Then he shoved my left glove on. Then he picked my right calf up and shoved my right hoof boot, then the same to my left. Stand on all fours and start walking.

Hurry. Now. I walked between the stalls. Come back. He had my false tail in his hand, but he'd cut the leather belt off. He put it on my lower back, just above my butt crack, and I felt it stick. Be still. I stood on all fours silently, crying. Finally, he walked away. I stood up. He turned, looking enraged. Lady! I will whip you each time you stand till this experiment is complete. Do you understand? I nodded, shocked at his rage. I tried to speak. Silence! You will not speak. That's why the prince didn't sign our contract! Because you had to tell his damn vet the truth! My god how silly you are! I shook my head. What was he talking about. I'm putting you in the far pasture anytime we have visitors. He turned mumbling, and went into the office.

I crept around my stall door, and saw him bent over the desk. He was snorting coke. No wonder he was crazy. I eased back, and tried to pull my glove off. It wouldn't come off. I tried the other. It wouldn't budge. He'd filled them with glue. I sat onto my butt and began crying. Dicky came back and laughed at me. That's right, Lady. You'll stay in those horse shoes twenty-four seven. You aren't going to screw this up for us. Now stand up! I stood. On all fours! He slapped my butt as I bent over. Lady, that vet..your buddy..he told the prince you'd only been out here a few days. He said we hadn't ran any sperm tests! Lady! My gosh girl! You made me and your mother out to be liars! Jeez! We need that money! And You, you're not going to ruin it for us. I'm gonna watch those fucking ponies out there breed you. Every day! You'll be fed and watered each day, and given no special treatment. And Lady, if me or your mother think you're screwing this up, I'll glue that butt plug in your fuck hole and let you explode.

Then he lashed me with mums quirt. I fell forward in shock. My butt cheeks burned. Then he left, closing my stall door. I heard him yelling and cursing at the stallions as he walked past them. I couldn't stop shaking. I'd messed up. I'd told the truth to Christian, but Dicky and mum had been telling the prince a pack of lies. I remembered when mum got hooked on coke. She went thru money like a bank teller on a payday. I giggled at my own comparison. Then it hit me. We, me and my pony buddies, were in deep shit. Mum had sold anything not bolted down to get her next high. She'd stopped my hrt treatments. And she'd began tricking me out to her junkie friends in trade. At some point, they'd start selling off the ponies. I laid on my side and kept crying. No. No. I had to get us out of this. But how? I sat on my butt and closed my eyes to pray.

My heart quit racing, and my breathing slowed. Survive. We had to survive. One day at a time. His potency testing would start in three days. The boys sperm counts would hopefully be improved. They, Dicky and mum, would send the results out to the buyers. Orders would begin. Money would start coming in. Money transfers or certified checks, usually. Then they'd begin collecting sperm in long injection tubes, package and ship. Hopefully they would be sober enough to do some promoting, do advertising, build up hype, create excitement. Well, I had two front hooves now. I wouldn't be any part of that. All I could do was be a breeding mare. I got up on my knees and looked into my troughs. A few pieces of left over veggies, and quarter full of water. The boys troughs probably were the same. We'd suffer these next few weeks. I put hooves together and prayed, again. That's all I could do. Dicky and mum returned in the afternoon. Mum took me to the breeding station without saying a word.

She'd yanked my lead rope, making my head snap forward, and my bridle bit to pull across my jaw teeth. Her pupils were dilated, so she was high. I smelled whiskey, too. Drunk and high. Dicky brought my buddies in one by one. Each one were reluctant to mount me, but I blew a raspberry, and shook my tail, and they understood, raising their front hooves up onto their platform, and bred me. Dicky watched each one, then would guide them off me, take him out, and return with another. After the first three, my thighs were soaked in thick cum leaking from my hole. After Satan, the last, was led out, he didn't return. Mum had already left after only filling the water troughs. I hoped the boys were grazing well, because there probably wasn't going to be any oats or corn. I stayed in the breeding station. It was narrow, and my lead was tied to keep my neck held in place, high and fully extended.

Flies discovered my inner thighs and lashes, and crawled and stung me mercilessly. Dicky came back, and put my brothers into their stalls. Each tried to come toward me, but he'd yank their leads and hold his crop up, so they'd move on by. All except Danny Boy. He reared up, and began getting whipped. I whinnied, stomped my hind legs, and blew raspberries, and Danny Boy calmed down. Dicky came back and gave my rump a few lashes, cursed me for getting Danny Boy worked up. He left me there all night. I heard the guys grunting and making guttural noises most of the evening, then they got quiet. My neck ached, my throat burned from thirst, and my legs throbbed all night. The flies left me alone after dark, though. Mum let me out, and was mad that Dicky had left me in the breeding station all night. Dicky was hung over and sullen. They argued.

I found my troughs empty when mum put me in my stall. I hit them with my head, but she didn't notice. Then I heard Dicky fussing. Texas hadn't ate. Then he announced Satan hadn't ate. Neither had Buster. None of them had ate. Their water troughs were near full. Tears ran down my cheeks. They were rebelling the only way they knew how. Dicky led them to the pasture gate one by one. I heard him cursing them, trying to get them to get away from the gate. I pictured them standing there with their heads lying on the top rail, staring up towards the stable. He came back, mumbling and cursing under his breath. He threw a bucket of water into my trough, then left with mum. I heard mum trying to sweet talk the boys to go on and graze some.

I giggled, knowing they wouldn't. They were protesting. My big brothers loved me. They kept banging on the gate occasionally during the day, I think to let me know they were staying close. I found it hard swallowing with the oversized bit in my mouth, but I managed. Mum came up around noon, and seemed less sullen, humming as she cleaned out the stalls and filled their troughs with grain. I knew from past experiences with her she was on a high, everything was grand. She dumped what looked like left overs in my food trough, called me sweetie, then left. She had on a mini skirt and crop top, and rubber booties over ankle boots. I smelled her perfume. They were going out this evening, probably to score some more coke.

I knew I had to try and seize on her mood from her high. I banged my head into the stall, and began

biting on my bit. Sweetie, what is it? I bent my head to the food, grinding my teeth on the bit. Now, honey, you know we don't want you talking. I nodded, and hung my head, and sniffled. She began to leave, but then stopped. She came back, pulling on my bridle to raise my head. She whispered. Tell you what. I'll take your bit out if.. if.. you'll "talk" to these beasts. Tell them to start eating. I nodded. And.. and.. they better start grazing. These oats and grains are expensive. I kept nodding. She began to unclip the bit, then stopped. One more thing. She yanked my ear to her mouth. Make these beasts Starr behaving. No more kicking. No more banging on the gate.

No more nickering and neighing. I kept nodding. She hesitated. Now if you try and trick me, then.. then.. well, you'll regret the day I you were born. I nodded energetically. She undid one side of the bit. I opened my mouth, and she took it out, letting it dangle from the other side of the bridle. She watched me as I lowered my head and began eating the leftovers. She left, and I waited till I heard the stable door close before I spit it out. I waited awhile before standing to turn in my stall, and reached over the stall door with my gloved hoof and began trying to work the bar latch. It finally slid out and my door swung open. I ran to the one window, and watched till mum and Dicky left the house, went to a big shiny dually truck I'd not seen before, got in, and left. I waited awhile, making sure they weren't returning, maybe forgetting something. They'd not let the boys breed me this morning.

But then that might be because they were going to do potency tests tomorrow. Give the boys a day of rest to build up their sperm counts. I went to each of their stalls, letting them back out into the aisle. I nuzzled and kissed and rubbed on each. After each had gave me some kisses and nose rubs, I sat on a bale of hay, and told them everything that I knew, starting from the visit by the prince, and the vet. I told them I'd said too much to the vet, Christian, and it'd angered Dicky and mum. That's why I was being treated so bad. But I put the blame of their poor care and treatment on Dicky and mum. I told them about cocaine, coke, and how addicting it was. How users, like mum and Dicky, began to do stupid things to get more coke. They cared less about the persons, and ponies. Addicts became paranoid. That's why they thought I'd sabotaged their business. But I didnt mean to.

The vet, Christian, had just asked me questions about my care, about my health, and.. about our sexual activities. I didnt know Dicky and mum had been lying about our activities. Then I told them about how addicts became cruel. All they thought of was their next high. How to get money to buy the drugs. And I'd messed that up. I told them that their sperm was valuable, and Dicky and mum were sticking to the program by keeping me as their breeding mare. They all began nodding and grunting. I giggled. Then I told them I appreciated how they were protesting my mistreatment. But it had to stop. They had to quit kicking and biting at Dicky and mum. They had to start eating and drinking. I didn't want them getting sick. Now that both of them were getting high, we needed to eat when they fed us. There would be days when we'd be left unattended. Not fed or watered.

I told them I was scared for us. Addicts cared about two things. The drugs. And the money to get the drugs. I told them the sperm samples were important, and to please let them fill their test tubes and insemination tubes without fuss. Hopefully, they'd make Dicky and mum rich, and the pressure they were both feeling would lessen, and they'd stop using drugs to relieve their worries. Then life would return to normal. I looked at each of their faces. They knew I was lying. Not lying, but putting a pretty flower on a pile of poo. I sighed. Guys, we gotta hope for the best. Pray for the best. I hopped up and went to each one and hugged and kissed their noses, and rubbed their neck. My hopeful optimism was tested day after day, as Dicky and mum went through highs and lows of the coke. There would be straight days of good care, being fed, stalls cleaned, our own bodies washed and cleaned.

Then there'd be days of total neglect and abuse. The positive semin testing always brought great results, and made them both treat us better. They filled orders for semin daily. Hundreds of

thousands of dollars rolled in. But with all that money came more drugs. We lost weight, and all began getting sores from the unrelenting fly bites. I saw my reflection in the still water of the pond. I saw my ribs. My waist was so slim, it made me hips look huge. My brother's didn't mind, each breeding me at least once every day. I began eating all I could when in the pasture. Anything green. Then, one day, Dicky came and took me to my stall, and began taking my hooved gloves and shoes off. I was numb. I didn't want to leave my six brothers.

He stood in four buckets of some liquid that smelled horrible. Then he took the horse shoes off the gloves and boots, and began to cut the leather from my arms and legs. He extricated my hands, still wrapped around the steel bar, and had me soak them in a glue solvent. Then he worked on my legs. The leather was stuck to the bottom of my feet, so soaked them in the glue solvent. It took hours, and he rarely spoke, other than patting my rump and telling me I'd done good. He used the solvent on my fake horse tail and left me for an hour or more. When the glue was finally loosened and mostly dissolved, he took me to the outside hose and gave me soap, shampoo, and wash cloths. My fingers were almost useless from being glued to the steel bar in my hoof gloves, but I managed. He brought me a towel and robe, and told me to behave, to not argue with my mum, or him, or my next barn stay would be permanent.

I actually didn't take it as a bad thing. I loved being with my stallion brothers. It was Dicky and mum's lack of proper care that was insufferable. He told me, as we walked toward the ranch house, that I would begin caring for the ponies. My heart left with joy. Then he told me my mum had replaced me as his wife. He'd divorced me, for desertion. I could stay there with them in the rancher, but only if I did as I was told. I acted pouty, but I really didn't care at all. In fact, I was thrilled. Their drug use, abusive behavior, lack of concern, had ended any love I felt for them.

My six stallion lovers were all I needed, or wanted. It took me days to be able to write to my sheik vet Christian, telling him I needed him, I wanted to leave, but with my six stallions. I would undergo his surgery to transplant an equine uterus and womb, and birth his sons. He bought Dicky and mum out, ranch, stock, and... me. He brought the donor mare, his servants to care for my stallion lovers, and I had the transplant surgery the next day. It took weeks to recover, but after I was well, he took us all to his estate. When he removed his robes to show me his surgically transplanted horse cock, I knew I'd be happy forever. Our first time was beyond my wildest expectations. Being made love to by a man with a horse cock... every trans girl's dream.

The End