

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Immediately after our wedding, my new hubby, my uncle Dicky, began my pony training. Mum stayed to keep house and take care of him, knowing it'd take a few weeks for Dicky to get me show trained. The ranch looked beautiful, far better than when I'd arrived last March. Elbow grease and fresh paint covered the farmhouse, barn, and outbuilding. Dicky became a new man, ready to start our new life together eagerly. Mum had undergone his watchful training as a young girl, and I was so excited to be coached under his nationally recognized hands. Mum's sister, Uncle Dickys's deceased wife, won many first-place awards and was a national grand champion. Dickys stallions had held the national grand stallion awards as well. But after my aunt's passing, he'd lost his passion for the sport and the business. Now that I'd come to his farm, became lovers, and been brought into his stables, his enthusiasm had returned.

Mum had brought her old pony equipment out of storage, and Dicky had been fitting me with custom silver accessories and hardware from his blacksmithing shop. We rose early, and Mum and Dicky had breakfast together while I took what would be my last shower for the next few weeks of training. In the future, I'd be under Dickys care and training. Mum came up, and I sat naked as she put my boots on. They were odd-looking and even more uncomfortable than they looked. The four-inch heel made for a sixty-degree rise, making me seem to almost walk on my toes. The heavy horseshoe attached to each boot toe made it impossible to walk unless I carefully lifted each foot straight up, then brought it down to rest before I picked up my other shooed foot. This was training me to be a show pony, what I'd dreamed about for years, ever since Mum had told me of her youth and her training under Dicky and her sister's ranch.

We hugged, and I said I loved her excitedly, knowing it'd be my last words for a while. I'd not be talking during my training. She gave me one last kiss before putting the customized bit in my mouth, pulled the noseband and browband up my face, and pulled the crown piece over to the back of my head. She tightened the halter's check piece and throat latch, leaving my reigns dangling. I bent from the waist, and she deftly lubed and fingered my hole, then began sliding my custom molded dildo butt plug into place. I teared up and fought my mouth bit, but she kept sliding it into me and adding lube till the thick cone-shaped plug finally plopped into place. She walked me to the full-length mirror to see my long horse tail firmly in place.

It was jet black, like my hair. Well, my mane, now that I was in training. Dicky came in, and together they walked me out of the house. The clip-clop of my heavy boots sounded loud on the farmhouse floors and the porch. Mum kept her hand on my rump as Dicky led me to the stables. I was winded, and my legs ached before we got far. I shook my head, and Dicky stopped, rubbed my nose, and between my breasts to my belly. Mum felt my legs and said my legs were already tightening. Dicky said he'd rub them down good when we got to the stables. Big Dipper, our young Colt, came prancing up to greet us. His sperm count was still rising but still too low to sell on the sperm market. That didn't keep him from enjoying the every other day masturbations I'd been giving him. Mum pushed him away, scolding him. He'd have to start seeing me as another pony instead of a human caregiver.

Dicky chuckled. Don't worry, boy, you'll still get stroked off regularly while Lady's being trained. That would be my pony name. I wiggled my butt to shake my tail, trying to rid my leg of a fly. It took a few shakes before I flicked it away. Walking in the thigh-high horseshoed boots made my calves ache and tighten, but Dicky stopped several times and even raised each leg and rubbed them. Don't worry, my Lady girl; your muscles will get used to it soon. I was so excited when Dicky opened my stall door and led me inside. This was my new room during training. Mum went to the other ponies stalls to fill their feeding and water pails, and Dicky tied my bridle to a lock ring. He had me hold my hands out and put my custom hooked gloves on.

Inside was a steel bar that I wrapped my fingers around to make a fist. A horseshoe was at the end of the glove instead of finger slots. I'd not be allowed to use my hands during training and would always stay bent with my front shoes touching the ground. He laced both long gloves up my wrist to my elbows. He ran his hand over my back and said I looked beautiful. He took a curry brush and began rubbing me down. The thick bristles felt good on my body. My cock dripped a few drops as he brushed my hanging breasts and nipples. Mum filled my food pail with lettuce, carrot bits, broccoli, and cauliflower mix, then my water trough. Dicky gave each of my calves and thighs a good rub down, then patted my rump, and they left.

I heard Mum and Dicky's voices and giggles fade away. Then I was alone. The other ponies were all out in the pastures, grazing, enjoying the beautiful spring day. My bit didn't keep me from chewing or swallowing, so I dipped my head occasionally and learned how to eat and drink straight from the troughs without my hands. Putting more weight on my front arms and bending my legs eased my calf tightening. I realized now that my arms were now my front legs. Other than occasional flies and snacking, the stable was lonely. I knew Mum would take care of Dicky's sexual needs. Mine would remain unanswered. As my cock began to ache, I realized my concerns about my pending castration were needless. Although my hrt treatments had diminished my male desires, being bred regularly by Dicky and our stable of pony studs had brought my testosterone up.

But now, feeling the long combination dildo butt plug in place, my long black tail running down my back legs, and the constant ache from my cock diminishing the pleasure of my penetration, I began to want the castration. Mum came up to give me my injections. She didn't remove my bit. She brushed my hair out, trimmed my hair evenly on both sides and cut my bangs to eyebrow level. She raised my head and smiled. Now you have the look of a real pony. She scratched my forehead, kissed me, filled my water trough, and left. My pony cut was only a trim. Nothing major. It hung past my shoulders and still was long enough to shoo the flies away when I shook my head. Mum loved that I'd learned to lower my rump, as a level back was necessary for a blanket, saddle, and rider. But that would be weeks away. She'd loosened my reigns enough for me to move backward and forward in my stall so I could flex my legs. I could step back till my rump hit the stall door, then take three or four steps forward till my nose touched the rear wall.

I'd smelled Dicky's cologne on her blue jean coat, and it made my cock ache and drip with desire. I had my first pony pee, wetting my straw but not getting any on my front gloved hooves. Mum had sewn fancy white horse hair, matching my hind boots. I felt quite beautiful and hoped my husband, my owner, would think so. The day drug on, and I practiced my Tennessee walking horse steps as I moved back and forth in my stall. A barn cat watched me for a while, then jumped on my back, circled and laid down, made biscuits, and purred. Although very light, he was my first rider. I giggled, realizing why Mum liked our house cat at home to do the same each night as she lay on her bed. I stayed still, enjoying his biscuit-making, ignoring the occasional fly that landed on me. I fell asleep standing. The barn doors being pulled open awakened me. My barn cat had left. I stomped my hooves excitedly, hearing the ponies and Dicky enter. Dicky popped his head in and reached over the half door of my stall to pat my rump, then got busy moving our stud ponies into each of their stalls. He called out to me, Little Lady, you must have peed; the boys are smelling you, acting up a bit.

I knew he didn't expect an answer, but I blew a raspberry and snorted, making him laugh heartily. I shook my head, making my rigging jingle a little. I heard him hook up our six studs and their slurping as they watered, teeth grinding on their grain and oats. I heard him brushing them, and my cock ached so badly, wanting his attention. He finally got done and then came into my stall. He rubbed me down, whispering what a good pony I was and how beautiful I looked. He grabbed my tail by the base and pushed my butt plug in and out lightly, sending the dildo into me just enough to begin my orgasm. I sprayed cum onto my straw, and he didn't stop till I was emptied. He left, and I heard him moving hay bales and tack around. He returned to take my bridal off, then put a halter

and lead line on me. He put a ball gag in my mouth quickly to keep me from talking to ensure my stable mates would stop associating me as human. He played with my hanging breasts and nipples, pulling and tweaking them playfully till my cock was hard, and again moved to my rump to push and pull on my butt plug till I orgasmed again. He left me to finish his chores, then returned and made me cum intensely once again.

Afterward, he took a wet leather thong and tied off my ball sack tightly. I knew as it dried, the leather would choke off circulation to my balls, and then they'd be left to rot off, or he'd clip them off. Without them, my little cock would be left and become just a urine tube mostly. Although not gelded, my shaft would be temporarily glued to my skin during pony shows so it wouldn't dangle. He put a horse blanket on my back, patted my rump, said goodnight, and left. My first night alone was painful and long. The leather cord pinched off the blood flow, burning my crotch worse and worse. High stepping and moving back and forth made my ball sack sway, sending firey jolts inside me. I stood as still as possible but never fell asleep. Flies swarmed my crotch by morning. Mum applied a stinky cream that deadened the pain and kept the flies off. She told me Dicky was like a stallion last night; he'd been so excited that my pony transitioning had begun. She left to let my stable mates out to pasture, then returned to put my bridle and bit back in place.

I listened intently to her every word as she worked, already hungry for human contact, even without conversation. She put a saddle blanket and saddle on me, surprising me. My training schedule was already being moved up due to my good conduct the day before. I was thrilled as she tightened the saddle girth straps around my waist and across my belly. I planned to be saddle-ready in a week, not two days. Dicky came to check on me at three a.m. I nuzzled his crotch, smelling Mum's bum through his levis. Lady, you holding up under that saddle weight? I nodded my head vigorously. He fed me a sugar cube, bent and ran his hands down my legs, and added another wet rawhide tie to my ball sack. This one was tighter.

I shook my head and stomped to let him know it hurt, but he patted my rump and told me sorry, Lady, but the tighter it is, the faster it'd be over. I nodded my head, mad at myself for complaining. He coated my sack with jelly and turned a fan on to help keep the flies away from my testicles, already drawn to my decaying sack. I dozed off at dawn, feeling exhausted by the weight of the saddle and lack of sleep from my burning, throbbing crotch. Mum came, took me out to the small corral by the barn, then took care of the six stallions, leading each over to smell and rub my nose with theirs before leading them to the pasture gate and letting them go. Each stayed near the gate, gazing at me, intrigued by their new stable mate. Dicky's great grandfather had been the first horse breeder to see that sperm counts and reproductive success increased by keeping a stud serviced regularly by masturbation and cheap breeders.

Dicky's grandfather began using his wife as a breeding mare, and the potency of the stud's sperm counts skyrocketed. His stallion's sperm became highly sought after after their foals began winning shows nationwide. It was Dicky's father that began an underground pony club to showcase and encourage using willing humans as breeding bitches. Now Dicky and I were trying to encourage using trans males, like myself, as breeding stock. I leaned against the corral fence in the shade of the barn and dozed off. Dicky came and woke me, took me to the show ring, and put me in a slow walk in a circle, using his long wand to tap my front legs to raise them higher. I began to sweat and breathe hard and falter in my stride, but he clucked and flicked his long wand on my thighs and rump and encouraged me to keep going.

All six stallions came to watch over the pasture fence. I realized Dicky was getting them curious as well as get their libido up. It made me try harder. Ducky finally ended my session and led me behind the barn out of sight before tying my lead to a post, grabbing my tail, and pulling till the wide butt plug plopped out, and I felt the long dildo sliding out. He came up to my head, rubbing my neck and

under my halter as I emptied my bowels. Good girl, Lady. Good girl. He brought me a bucket of water to sip and a garden hose to wash me down. He removed my saddle and blanket and soaped and rinsed me off. He removed my bridal bit and raised me to stand upright, and he kissed me and told me I was doing so good.

I begged him to fuck me, and I returned to my four-legged equine stance as he moved behind me and fucked me hard and fast till he was exploding into me. He cleaned my dildo plug, and I braced my legs as he pressed it back into me. He put my bit on my mouth, put my halter back on, then led me to a small corral and tied me off. He cleaned and mucked the stalls, put out fresh straw, filled our water and food troughs, and brought me a carrot as he returned to the farmhouse. It was getting dusky before he returned to bring in the stallions. He tied me inside the stable before going to the pasture to bring in the stallions. Each stopped to smell my rump, bump me, give a nicker, or whinnied; then he'd take them to their stall.

When he took my bridal off and tied me off with a halter, he patted my back softly and told me he would let me out in the pasture the next day after my workout. I was so thrilled. I munched my vegetables and slumped water, then fell asleep, exhausted but happy. Mum and Dicky returned around seven, but I heard from my stall that they were masturbating the studs to get seven samples before taking each out to pasture. Mum finally came for me and told me that they were getting semen orders early this year, so that's why my transitioning was being fast-tracked. She brushed my mane, tail, and hairy hooves, then bit and bridle. It surprised me when she mounted me, pulled on my reigns, and backed me out of the stall.

She used light foot pressure from the stirrups to guide me and pressure from my bridle bit to slow or stop me, just as I'd been taught so long ago when Dicky first put me on my first pony rides on hers and my aunt's back. I was so proud as I high-stepped toward Dicky at the gate of the show ring. All six studs were looking at us from the pasture fence. Mum put me in a circular walk and then slowed my pace to a slow trot. I tried to be perfect in my presentation. I felt her soft hand pats me on my rump as she pulled on my bit to stop in front of Dicky. He stroked my face and kissed my forehead. Lady, Lady, that was so good! Are you ready to graze with your buddies? I snorted and nodded. Mum got off, and I watched as they kissed. Dicky led me inside the barn, removed my saddle, blanket, and bridle, and put my halter on. Mum pulled my tail, extracted my butt plug, and I felt the enema hose being inserted, then the water solution filling my insides.

Dicky walked me outside for a few minutes, had me purge my bowels, then took me back to Mum to repeat the process. Finally, Mum clipped on a false tail above my freshly cleaned hole and adjusted it to stand upright, signaling my readiness that a sexual advance would be well received. That's why human ponies were better than their equine counterparts. The mare was moody, seldom in the right temperament to be bred, and quite picky when choosing a mate. Mares could kick and, bite and injure a valuable stallion. Mum referred to human breeder stock as barn whores and stable sluts. I felt like a queen as Dicky led me to the pasture gate, reminding me to lower my head and graze like a regular pony, not to talk, stay on all fours, and just have a good time. He pulled my halter off and slapped my rump, and I bolted through the gate. The Big Dipper looked up and whinnied, and the other five looked up from grazing. I spread my front legs, lowered my head to the tall grass, and bit off a few blades, then slowly walked and grazed, knowing they were watching. I glanced back and saw Mum and Dicky sitting on a wagon watching, too.

Satan, the bold black Arabian, came to me first, nosed my shoulder, brushed up one side of me, then the other, and moved behind me. I was scared because I'd never been bred without being in a breeding stall. I knew he outweighed me by four hundred pounds. I flinched as he bit my rump, but since I didn't kick or try to flee, he let go, and I felt him begin to step forward, a leg on each side of my hips, then step forward up over my back. He didn't need to rear up, as my back was still below

his belly. I felt his sheath center my hole, then braced myself as he pushed his furry sheath hard and speared into me. Oh, it felt so good. Satan was an angel as he began breeding me, coating my insides with his thick, creamy semen for at least ten minutes.

He nuzzled me when he was done, and I waited till his cock was sheathed before I stepped forward to extricate myself from his embrace. I turned, we rubbed noses, and I rubbed my ears on his forehead. His pink cock dripped cum to the ground as he sauntered off. I looked towards the barn, and Dicky and Mum were clapping and smiling, but I couldn't hear them. I began to graze again, found a fallen apple under a tree, and was chewing a bite as Texas up. Texas was a roan with a white blotch on his forehead shaped like Texas. He was heavier than Satan but smaller in the cock department. He approached hesitantly, almost looking embarrassed. I gave a whiny and pranced sideways, letting him know I was in the mood, and soon he was mounting me. I had cum pouring down my legs after he was through. Again, I looked toward the barn and saw Mum bent over the wagon, giving Dicky oral.

Dicky waved, and I whinnied as loud as I could. I continued enjoying the apple in the shade, then went toward the big galvanized water trough for a drink. I purged my bowels as I walked. Buster came to drink while I was drinking. I saw his pink oozing cock hanging from his sheath. Buster had sired six best-in shows over the last few years. His sperm brought ten thousand bucks per insemination. As I moved away from the trough, he followed me and pushed me to the shade of a few oak trees. I was disappointed that we were out of view of Dicky and Mum, but this is where he wanted me. To give the older stud his due, he put every inch of his long sheath and every inch of his cock in me and bred me for thirty minutes. My legs were shaking by the time he was through. He stood quietly beside me until I took a few unsteady steps, then stayed beside me until I returned to the water trough.

I saw Dicky and Mum both wave and pump their fists. I nodded vigorously and turned my rump to show them my dripping hole, not that they could see it that far away. But my meaning was clear. Buster had bred me, too. Three down, three to go. I walked along the fence line and decided to rest in a field of sweet grass with many tiny blue flowers. The sun felt so good and dried my wet inner thighs. Danny Boy bred me in the field of buttercup. He was the smallest in height, putting his front legs on my back to scoot into position. His hooves scraped me a little, but he was gentle in his lovemaking. Mum came and took a picture, but I didn't notice her. Danny Boy was a pinto, and he brought five thousand per successful insemination, but his sperm count was low, something we hoped would rise with my help. My legs began to ache, so I lay on my side after he moaned off.

I rolled on my back playfully and gave myself a good back rub before I got up. Big Dipper was next, breeding me once, then returned to breed me again for good measure. He was mostly black, with white dots on his sides that looked like the constellations in the sky and hung like a horse, thus his name, Big Dipper. Again, my legs ached, but I decided to find my missing lover, Oh Henry. He was a rare appaloosa, a pony Dicky had paid high dollars for in a Kansas auction. His sire, Henry, had sired over eighty trophy winners. Like Danny Boy, his sperm counts were low, even discouraging. I found him in some woods, chewing bark on poplar trees. Aw! No wonder you're numbers are low! I went to him and tried nuzzling him away, but he refused to budge. I turned, planted my front hooves, and kicked my hind hooves into his belly. He grunted and jogged out of the poplar thicket.

After that, he moved wearily away from me each time I approached him. Finally, I gave up. I returned to the poplar thicket, ripped a large piece of bark off with my teeth, and carried it to the pond I saw him slowly heading towards. I sat it down at the water's edge and sipped until he came up. I waited until he drank, picked the bark up, neighed to get his attention, and began chewing it. I quickly began gagging and throwing up, then took another bite and threw up again. I had his full attention. I stomped the bark into the wet soil with my front hooves until it was buried. I lowered my

head and drank, then wandered off. It took about thirty minutes, but he came to me, nuzzling my head first, gave a low whinny, and followed me, grazing on the tall, sweet grass. I led us back toward the poplar, then stopped and began bucking, shaking my head, and looking at the poplar trees.

I looked at him, and he nodded. I went to him and nuzzled him gently. He pooped gas many times as we grazed, and I'd nod and nuzzle him. He understood. After he felt better, he bred me, filling me long after his semen began running down my thighs. We got in the pond up to our bellies and splashed each other with our heads; then, we walked back toward the barn together. He kept burping and pooting, and I'd nicker at him, meaning told ya so. Our shoulders bumped as we made our way to the pasture gate. He bred me again as we waited for Dicky or Mum to let us go to the stable. It was well after dusk before they came, and my six lovers and I were getting hungry. We needed no guiding to our stalls, and I dove into my vegetable trough.

I heard my stable mates crunching away at their feed troughs. Mum came in to put my blanket, saddle, and halter back on. She showed me my new butt plug dildo she had swapped out. Its cone was much larger but had a slimmer neck. She knew I'd be much bigger after being bred all day. The dildo was thicker as well. It felt good when I backed into my stall door. I suddenly remembered my ball sack, lowered my head to look under my body, and saw my ball sack and rawhide tourniquet were gone. Only my little dangling penis remained. Cum oozed from the slit of my cockhead. Good. Mum had said I'd still cum, just not as much and not in explosive loads. Somewhere out in the pasture laid my castrated ball sack. I'd have to retrace my steps to try and locate it. Mum said she'd make me a necklace with them. I continued munching, thinking of the day's encounters in the pasture. Each of my lovers had been surprisingly gentle.

I heard them snorting and making noises and wondered if they were comparing notes on me. I gave a little neigh, and they grew quiet. Aw, they were discussing me. I gave my water through a light knock and began noisily slurping water, and I think Buster started chatting it up again. I wanted to be each of their friends, not just their bitch. I fell asleep thinking of how good each of their cocks felt, spreading me, pressing into me, then feeling their sturdy, long, hard pink cocks going even deeper to seed me. Oh, how I'd love to be able to become impregnated. Mum had wanted the same, but even having her pussy used for breeding. I awoke to my mouth being forced open and my ball cock being forcefully shoved into my mouth. My Mum tied in quickly, cursing under her breath, and then I felt her quirk striking my rump viciously. I moved sideways away from her lashing, not understanding.

She seemed to hesitate before lashing me again, then dropped her whip. She started crying. Oh, baby, I'm so sorry. She stroked my neck and started hugging me. I smelled liquor on her breath, her tears on my neck. I'm so sorry, she whispered. My butt cheeks burned, and my stable mates were snorting and kicking their stall boards furiously. Mum whispered into my ear, you were mumbling and talking in your sleep, honey. I just.. lost it. I shook my head up and down, letting her know I understood. But my lovers didn't. I snorted and tried to neigh past my ball gag to let them know I was okay. Mum kept petting me softly, talking softly, apologizing. My lovers quieted. She stumbled away, closed my stall door, and stumbled down the aisle and out the door. She had on a sexy dress and her best cowgirl boots, so she and Dicky had gone to a bar or dance hall in town or had a party at the farmhouse. My rump continued to sting, but the reaction from the stallions had made my heart soar. They cared for me. I wasn't just a breeder bitch.

A pasture whore. I wet my lips in my water bucket, snorted, then settled my legs to fall asleep. Mum said I'd been talking in my sleep, which would have set my relationship with the stallions back if they'd begun thinking of me as human, not that they were stupid. I was Gina, dressed as a mare pony, but I'd made myself more like them and made myself more appealing to them. I wasn't just being put into the breeding swing for each to fuck. I was living with them, giving myself to them

whenever they wanted. I heard each give a light raspberry with their lips, and I duplicated their good night, and the light timer turned the lights off, leaving us with just the moonlight through the windows. My dreams were all about the boys and the stallions, though. Dicky came in the morning. Again he put the stallions out, then returned to me in my stall. He opened my stall door and came around to my head to take my ball gag out. I stood, and the French kissed me. Then he had me bend back over. He pulled and pushed on my tail till my butt plug popped out.

I felt cool horse cum slide down my thighs. I twisted around and saw him bending over to examine my love hole. Your pussy hole looks good and tight honey. I got slightly worried after your mum said you'd been bred by all six. But you've closed up well. He unbuckled his belt as he was talking, pulled his jeans down, and moved closer to push his cockhead to my love hole. You're good and tight. He pressed till my love hole spread open, then he began fucking me hard and fast. Your mums are cooking breakfast, so I gotta hurry, honey. He slammed in and out of me, swelling up. His twelve inches didn't compare to the ponies, but I loved feeling his cock sliding in and out. It felt better than being bred by the studs in that regard. As he pounded away, I began to picture myself under a stud, moving my love hole back and forth on a big pony cock.

Not just planting my feet and standing like a statue. Maybe my pony lover would enjoy that. Dicky exploded into me, grunting and slamming into my hole till he was empty. He pulled out, and I twisted my head to see him zipping and buckling up. He put my false tail on me, and I now had my come n fuck me tail flag on. He led me behind the barn. He let my halter loose, and I stood upright. We French kissed again, and I stuck my tongue hungrily down his throat. Gina, Gina, my sweet, gentle Lady. I giggled. He hugged me to him. His hand moved to my butt cheeks; then his fingers explored my love hole. Oh, you're still so good and tight. I giggled. Yes, I'm still tight. Good! Six times, Gina, that's! Amazing. I beamed up at him with pride. Oh, Danny Boy and Oh Henry bred me twice, I admitted. No way! Eight breedings! Oh, honey, you've saved us so much money by buying broodmares!

He patted my rump, making my lashes sting. He began hosing me, soaping and rinsing me from my head to my hooves. Your mum said you'd got your socks dirty in the pond. Now, stay clean today. I have some important buyers coming to visit. He put a halter bit in my mouth, put a lead rope back on me, tightened up my fake tail cinches, gave me a cheek kiss, yanked my lead, and led me around the barn, telling me about some rich oil men coming by helicopter to see his operation, his stallions, and his little breeding mare. Me? I managed to get up with my bit in my mouth. He stopped, and he turned. Don't be afraid, honey. I've been corresponding with these shrieks for years. They have a harem of wives. They're interested in using human-breeding mares. He pulled on my lead and began whistling. He put me in the pasture and closed the gate. I watched him go back down the dirt road to the ranch house, then turned to look for my buddies.

I didn't see any, so I trotted to the rise and looked in every direction. Then I saw them grazing in the far corner near the woods. I snorted and began trotting toward them. They had their heads up, watching me. I began to get self-conscious. I shook my head, letting my mane shake out in the breeze. Did that look sexy to them? My boobs swayed as I moved. Are my breasts sexy to horses? Probably not. Dicky hadn't even been interested in them. I got close, and they came to greet me. Each gave my nose a nuzzle, then slid their body down my side. After all six had given me a nuzzle, I saw Buster had picked up a mouthful of wildflowers, and he brought them to me, laying them at my hooves. I rubbed noses with him. Then Satan brought a mouthful of sweet grass and laid them at my hooves.

I gave him a head nuzzle. Then came Texas with a honeysuckle Vine loaded with flowers. Then Danny Boy had more flowers. Big Dipper laid a pine cone down, excitedly prancing, so proud-looking. I walked between them, rubbing myself against each one, overcome with joy. I was part of

their family. We moved to a good grazing area, and I nibbled sweet grass and wheat buds. Texas came over to lick the lashes on my rump softly, gave me a little jostle, and then wandered off. I followed him, and we rubbed heads and bumped our shoulders together as we grazed. We made love under an apple tree filled with blossoms. I think he enjoyed me rocking back and forth onto his hairy sheath as his cock extended deep into me and coated me with his love seed. After, we nuzzled forever. Then he gave a final head butt and wheeled away, trotting off, his tail high, his huge empty ball sack and long cock swinging between his legs. I blew a raspberry, and he gave me a nickel in return. The Big Dipper came bounding up, and we had fun kicking apples on the ground around a bit, but I could tell he was horny as his pink cock was way out. He moved behind me and began licking my love hole. I shivered. It felt so good. My cock began to shoot as his tongue licked into me.

He nipped my rump on the side without lash marks, then mounted me. He began to make low grunting noises, talking to me, I thought, as I began humping back into him, pushing his hairy sheath into me till I felt his balls on my thighs. He bred me twice as long as yesterday before he withdrew and came to stand beside me and nuzzle my neck and face as he made guttural noises from his throat. I made noises as best I could, and he nodded, seeming to understand. I was thirsty, so I went to the water trough and sipped some water after he left. Satan moved beside me and slashed water on me with his nose. I dipped my head into the water, splashed him back, and trotted away. He playfully bumped my hips till I stopped. He led me to a big stump, put his front hooves on it, and then raised it. His thick black cock and balls hung between his legs, and he nodded his head up and down at me. I moved to his side, lowered my head, went to my elbows, and scooted under him.

I took his hairy shaft in my mouth and began bobbing my head. I gagged several times before getting it down my throat. I felt his cock extending and began tasting his thick creamy love cream as he began seeding me. I'd never taken an equine cock down my throat. Only licked cum off their extended pink as they waited to be removed from their breeding station. I almost panicked as he moved his hind legs, thinking he was going to crush me, but he was just getting comfortable as he filled my belly with his thick creamy cum. His inner cock finally receded, and I slid my mouth back off his sheath. I cleaned his sheath and licked his balls before I scooted from under his leaning body. I burped, and cum ran down my chin. He licked it off and licked my face and neck clean, making a low guttural noise. I nodded and blew a raspberry with my lips. I was surprised when he pushed me to the stump.

I put my front hooves on the stump and raised. His long nose rubbed my butt cheeks, and his long tongue licked up and down my butt crack, then pushed at my love hole. I spread my legs, and his nose blew warmly as he began to tongue fuck me. I snorted and whinnied in pleasure, and my small little cock stiffened and shot out my orgasm. My front legs gave out my orgasm was so intense. Satan snorted and moved back, then licked my cheeks and hole clean before moving away. He waited till I got back on my hooves, then looked at me shyly as if asking if it'd felt good. Did he do ok? I rubbed my body against him, repeatedly pushing my face along his neck, nodding. He walked me to the water trough, and we sipped water together. We heard Danny Boy making sharp shilling whinnies, and Satan spun away and began sprinting away. I tried to trot fast after him.

Danny Boy was stumbling between Satan and Buster when I got in sight. Texas was leading them. Big Dipper and OH Henry were kicking and pounding their hooves into the ground furiously thirty or forty yards behind them. I ran past them and saw the big copperhead and her babies being trampled. Danny Boy fell onto his front knees, leaned over slowly, and landed with a thump on his side. I could hear his labored breathing. Tears ran down my face. Copperheads were deadly. Baby copperhead even more so. I had to stay calm. I looked up at the five worried boys, anxiously looking down at Danny Boy and me, and made my mind up. I released my grip on the bar inside my front hooked glove boots, put them under my armpits, hugged them, and pulled them off. I grabbed his

swelling right lock, moving his hair till I found the fang mark, then lowered my head, wrapped my lips over the puncture marks, and began sucking and spitting out blood and, hopefully, venom.

I held Danny Boy's leg, and he kicked the other. It's ok, Danny Boy, it's gonna be ok. Just be still. I looked up. Hold him, guys. I heard them moving closer as I began to suck and spit. I moved to another swelling spot and began sucking the punctures. Over and over. I found another, tinier. A baby copperhead had got him. I began sucking on it and felt nauseous. I threw up, mostly some of Satan's cum, then began pressing the wound. Puss and blood poured out of the two little pinpoint fang marks. I sucked and spit sucked and spit.

Finally, only blood was in my spittle. I sat back, taking in deep breaths. Danny Boy tried to get up, but I grabbed his front legs. Stay down, Danny Boy. You need to be still. I rubbed his chest. His wheezing was less, but his chest was still pounding. I knew he needed anti-venom. I looked up. All five had a hoof pressed down on Danny Boy. I need a ride to the barn. There's medicine for snake bites in the vet kit. Oh, Henry moved back. OK, OH, Henry. I stood upright, ran to him, grabbed his mane, and pulled myself onto his broad back. He took off, and I gripped his sides with my legs. He ran full bore all the way, up and down the hilly pasture, and didn't slow till he pulled up to the gate to the barn. I hopped off and tried to run in my hoof boots, but it was like running in high heels with weighted steel bottoms. I had no choice. I was crying in pain by the time I reached the barn.

I grabbed the red first aid kit on the wall and began running back. My legs began cramping. I was limping by the time I made it to the fence. I climbed over, and Henry stood beside the top rail, waiting right where I could climb onto his back. As soon as I gripped his mane, he took off. I held the kit by its handle tightly. Suddenly, I thought, what if the anti-venom wasn't in the kit? Panic set in. I began crying. If they weren't, Danny Boy would probably die. I prayed and told myself to stay calm. Danny Boy didn't need to see me crying and panicking. I needed to be brave be calm. I was ready when we returned to the four boys huddled over their fallen buddy. I hopped off, still praying, and opened the kit. I emptied it all in the grass beside Danny Boy. I thanked the Big Kahuna above as two anti-venom shots rolled out beside gauze, bandages, ointment tubes, and other first aid supplies. I put my head on Danny Boy's chest. His heart was racing. His breathing was shallow, and his chest was heaving. I took one of the wrapped packages, tore it open, and held the needle as I ran my hand over his neck till I found a vein. It's alright, Danny Boy. This will sting, but it's medicine. Be still.

I put the needle into his neck, felt it penetrate the vein, and then pressed the plunger, sending the anti-venom into his blood system. I didn't know how much to give. I read the clear packaging. It started with one injection for an adult or child. I grabbed the other wrapped injection, tore off the sanitary wrapper, and found his vein again. You're doing so good, baby, I cooed softly. Just one more little sting? OK? I poked it through his hide, found the vein, felt the needle penetrate the vein, and then pushed the plunger. He kicked his hind legs.

Steady boy, steady honey. I looked up. Hold him steady, boys. The tube emptied, and I pulled it out. You did so well, Danny Boy. I laid my head on his neck, listening to his breathing and also to feel his heartbeat. It'd slowed. His breathing became less labored. I stroked him softly. You're doing good, my brave boy. That's my big hero. I kept talking to him, stroking him. Boys, he's gonna be ok. Now Danny Boy, you lie still, ok? He snorted and nodded. You can let him go, guys. They took their hoof off and backed off, staring down at us.

I rubbed my legs with my free hand, feeling the knots from my leg cramps. They ached, but rubbing them seemed to help. I felt a wet nose on my thigh and saw Texas rubbing it. I reached and patted his head. Now look who's doing the doctor in. Thank you. Satan came over and started rubbing my other leg. Thank you, too, Satan. I lay there with my head on Danny Boy's neck, slowly stroking him as my two big brothers massaged my legs. My brothers? I giggled. Or my lovers? They were both. I

realized we were a big family. They were the big brothers I'd wished I had all my life. Danby Boy's breathing became steady, and his heart slowed. A male equine's heart was like their cocks, three to four times the size of their human counterparts. I remained to let him rest and enjoyed his closeness and smell. My legs felt great from the message Texas and Satan were giving me.

I let them off the hook, telling them I was ok as I reached behind to scratch between their ears. I sat up, telling Danny Boy to be still. I found an antiseptic wash, opened sterile pads, and cleaned his wounds and his injection sites. I wrapped the wounds with gauze. Then I laid down on his neck, suddenly exhausted. I listened to his chest. Boys, he's gonna be just fine. You all did so well keeping him calm. You all take a break and get some water. Me and Danny Boys are just gonna lay here for a bit to let this medicine do its job. They stood still, looking down at us. Go on now. I patted Danny Boy's chest. He's gonna be fine. They began grunting, nodding. Henry stood in place as the others moved away towards the water trough.

Oh, you're gonna stay, Henry? He nodded and snorted. I blew a raspberry and hugged Danny Boy's neck. His steady breathing made me relax. His warm body against my breasts and belly felt so good. Henry moved to shade us with his body. You're so thoughtful, Henry. I've ruined it with you guys. He cocked his head. I mean, I had to take my front hooves off. He nodded. See, I wasn't supposed to do that. Dicky and Mum wanted me to stay, you know, looking and acting like a pony. Like you guys. He cocked his head. Sound silly? He nodded. Well, it sounds silly. But, see, you guys need a mare to, you know, play around with. You understand? He shook his head. Um. Well, let me put it this way. You guys are studs. Not having a girl pony around to breed, you kinda lose some. I giggled.. zing? You know, to your breeding. He cocked his head. Oh, I mean, let's see. OK. Flat out, your sperm loses its strength. Do you know how we fill those tunes with your sperm? He nodded. Well, those get sent to other farms and put into mares. To make baby ponies.

He nodded. Well, Dicky.. and his daddy, and his granddaddy, and great granddaddy..they all figured out that the more you..you stallions.. your sperm makes more babies when you guys are. You know. Having sex.. breeding.. regularly. Understand? He nodded. OK. But you've known a few brood mares, right? He nodded. They were kinda mean? Kinda moody? He nodded. I giggled. Well, Dicky's great granddaddy regularly let his stallions breed his wife and daughter. They didn't bite, kick, say no. Right? He kinda shrugged. I giggled. Well, you wouldn't know. But the girls, they made better brooding mares. And his stallion's seed.. their cum.. began to get strong, really potent. They started making babies more often. He nodded. Well, see, Dicky thought, hey! Even better, instead of breeding me in the barn on the breeder's bench, why not put me out to pasture with you guys? Let you enjoy me, you know, whenever you want. I held up one of my boot hooves. And, even better, get dressed up like a pony, maybe make you guys..um.. more playful.

More..um..in the mood. Kinda silly, huh? He nodded. Well, I guess Dicky and Mum are gonna be pissed. Taking off my hand hooves, standing up, riding you. Everything they didn't want me to do, I did. But I had to do it. I turned and rubbed Danny's neck. He was snoring. Danny Boy was in trouble. I sighed. But they won't understand. Mum will probably get that whip out and give me some good lashes. I felt something on my shoulder. I turned, and Henry was holding one of my hoof gloves in his mouth. I looked up at him. What do you mean, Henry? Put them on? He neither and nodded. Could you not tell? He nodded. I giggled. But..I looked at Danny's bandages. They'll see the bandages. He shook his head, dropped my hoof glove, and delicately pulled at a gauze end. Oh! Take it off? He nodded. But the medicine, the shots. He shook his head. He stepped away, stomped the grass, and then made a hole. Hide it? He nodded. I sat up, thinking about it. Well, even better. I could get the first aid kit back together and put it back in the barn.

I looked at Danny Boy. His bite wounds will still be swollen. Dicky won't miss that. He'll clean them well, put more antibiotics and bandage them back up. Henry nodded. I looked at the mess I'd made.

Well, I better get started. I stood and hugged Henry's neck. Could you let me know if you are mad at me? For acting stupid? Dressing like a pony? He shook his head. I giggled. Thanks, Henry. Um, could you? Like, could you set it right with the guys? He kinda shrugged. Oh. Should I? He nodded. I understand. It's better if I talk to each one. He nodded his head vigorously. I patted him, kissed his nose, and then began putting the first aid supplies back in the kit. Henry kept kicking the dirt, making a hole. I threw the trash in it, then covered it up. I stood. I'll wait until Danny Boy wakes up before returning to the barn. He shook his head. He neither at the four others, and they came trotting over.

He began grunting and nodding, and they all started nodding at him. He picked up the kit with his teeth and handed it to me. The guys moved to surround Danny Boy. Thanks guys. I grabbed Henry's mane, pulled myself up, and began to trot towards the distant barn. I saw Dickys truck was still gone, thankfully. To be safe, I had Henry take me the longer way, staying in the low dips out of view of the farmhouse. I climbed the rail behind the barn and returned the first aid kit. I'd need to let Dicky know I saw copperhead and hint to make sure there was anti-venom in the kit. I returned the way I sneaked in and found Oh Henry patiently waiting on me. His beautiful eyes met mine as I climbed the rail. He lowered his head to my breasts and licked each nipple with his tongue. I giggled. I thought you boys never gave my breasts a second thought.

He blew a raspberry on a nipple, tickling me and making me laugh. Oh, Henry, you're just horny. He nodded. Well, let's find a nice place then. I walked upright beside him, hiding behind him, just in case Dicky or Mum came home. Henry? Does it bother you? Me walking like this? He shrugged his shoulders. OK. Well then, answer me this. I skipped ahead of him. Does my butt look sexier walking like this? I bent over, pretending to be in all four of my horseshoe boots. Or sexier like this? I stopped and let him catch up. Be honest. He nodded.

Which way? He shrugged his big shoulders. Standing on two or four legs? He shrugged again. But... you do think I'm.. nice.. to look at? He nodded energetically. I giggled. Do you.. think I'm sexy? He again nodded energetically. I nodded in the direction of the other boys. And the others? He nodded. I giggled. Do you guys, you know, like me being here, in the stable, in the pasture? He nodded. I clapped my hands, delighted. He bumped into my shoulder, and I followed along as he took me to the creek. He stopped and dipped his head. Here? He nodded. I sat on the grass, letting my hoof boots dangle to the nearly dry creek bed. He went down into the creek bed and stood before me. His nose lifted my right boot upward. Raise my legs? He nodded.

I raised my legs, and his nose dipped to my cock, and his tongue licked my shaft over and over. I laid back, holding my legs up and apart, and he began licking my love hole. I began oozing cum. Oh, Henry, that feels so good. He shook his nose between my butt cheeks. I finally stopped cumming. Fuck me, Luke, this Henry. Can you? He immediately reared up, and his hooves landed on either side of me, and I felt his spear into me. I hugged his sides with my hoof boots. His thick hairy shaft slid in deep, and I gasped as he began humping, just like a human. I moaned as he went deeper and deeper. When his balls began slapping into my backside, I felt his pink cock begin to extend. I felt his thick cream begin to coat my insides.

That's it, Henry, I moaned. Fuck me. Fuck me. I looked down between our bellies to see his furry sheath slide in and out of my raised love hole. Being bred doggy, I'd never seen such a beautiful sight. My cock began shooting. Oh, Henry. Henry. Yes. Yes. Dont stop. Don't stop. Between my breasts, my belly seemed to rise and fall as he moved in and out. It's wonderful, Henry. So wonderful. I.. I.. I awoke looking up at worried eyes. Oh, Henry was licking my face. My legs dangled from the creek bed. He was no longer in me. I giggled. I reached up and hugged his face. Oh, Henry! That was wonderful! He nodded and moved backward till he could drop his front legs down to the creek floor. I sat up on my elbows and looked at him. Did you think this up? He blew a

raspberry. Yeah, I bet. I'm glad you did, though. That was incredible. He nodded enthusiastically.

I slid myself back on the grass and stood as he found a low spot to come up from the creek bed. He came to me and nuzzled my neck. I hugged him. Henry, you're a lover, boy. He nodded, licking my ear. We better get back, though. We walked side by side, bumping shoulders, him pushing his nose to nuzzle me, me rubbing his neck and shoulder. Danny Boy was up, grazing. His four caretakers are close by. I giggled with glee and ran to him. Danny Boy! Are you ok? How are you feeling? He kept nodding. I bent to feel his legs. They aren't hot. That's good. I pushed an ear to his chest and listened to his lungs and heartbeat. You're not wheezing. Can you breathe normally? He nodded. Could you let me know if you are sure? He nodded. Your heart sounds good. He nodded. I saw you nibbling. You don't feel nauseated? Sick? He shook his head. Are you thirsty? He nodded quickly.

Cmon, let's get some water. I was so thrilled. I listened to his chest after he'd drank some. Still normal, Danny Boy. I hugged him and rubbed his neck. Danny Boy, you sure had us scared. He nodded. It wasn't your fault, though. We know that. He nodded. Now let me know if you start feeling bad, ok? He nodded. I bent to drink, and Buster stood beside me and leaned his shoulder on mine. When I was done, he raised me, too. He turned me and pushed lightly, then guided me over to a boulder. He nodded, nudging my shoulder, and I leaned over, putting my hands on the top of the boulder. He moved behind me, nudging between my legs. I giggled. I twisted my head around to him. Am I under arrest, Buster? He shook his head. I'm not? Then why. He raised and put his hooves beside my hands. I felt his chest on my back and his cock pressed to my butt hole.

His big balls swung to slap my cock. His cock pressed me open, and he took a step forward, burying his cock into me. He rocked forward and back as his inner pink cock began to extend. His chest and belly hair felt good on my back as he slowly rocked backward and forward. This is like fucking, I whispered. He nodded. My cock began releasing cum. I began to return his thrusting, pushing into his thrusts. He let out grunts and whinnys, and I heard the boys neighing. I turned my head, and all five were watching. Buster fucked me for at least an hour. My belly felt so bloated by the time he quit and moved off me. I fell forward, exhausted. Then I felt a nose on my butt, and I turned to see Danny Boy. Oh, Danny Boy. Not in your condition, sweetie pie. He stood back and lowered his head. Oh, baby, I'm scared you might overdo it. His big eyes looked sad. Poor baby.

I got up and hugged him. I saw his pink cock sticking from his sheath. He nuzzled me, snorting. I know, I know. He licked my neck gently. Drops of sperm dripped from his cock. Maybe... he nodded, not even waiting to hear my suggestion. Now tell me if your heart starts racing. OK? He snorted. Promise me? I moved under him, scooting between his rear hooves, and licked his extended pink cock. He shuffled his rear legs. Now, be still. Don't step on me. I returned to picking his shaft, his sheath, then his ball sack. I cupped his balls with one hand, his sheath with the other, and took the tip of his cock into my mouth. I swirled my tongue around it, swallowing his creamy seed.

I pumped his sheath, feeling his cock extending, and then he was in my throat. I began bobbing my head, stroking harder and heard him grunting and making guttural noises. I heard the boys stomping their hooves. Danny Boy filled me as I massaged his ball sack and mouth fucked his cock. My belly seemed to feel bloated. I ran my hand on my belly, feeling my cum. His hooves moved, and he neither, so I stopped and slowly moved my mouth away till his sheath, and then his cock slipped out from my lips. I quickly scooted out from under him, only to have all five boys begin to move forward. I laid back, moaning, rubbing my belly. I began crying. I'm sorry, boys. Please. Please no. I didn't expect them to stop. Boys at school never did.

But they stopped. Between tears, I sat up on my elbows. Each one had their head drooping but nodding. Each came over, gave my face a lick, then walked away a little. I laid back again, knowing they loved me. Danny Boy lowered himself beside me, and I curled into his chest with my head on his

front leg. He felt so warm. I fell asleep.

The End