

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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I turned off the motorway (Freeway), and started the last twenty miles of my journey home through the twisty country lanes of Warwickshire. I was singing away to the car stereo without a care in the world, returning from a night of clubbing in Birmingham. This was the part of the journey that I liked the best, throwing my new BMW sports car through winding roads. It was about two in the morning, the roads were deserted and the sound of the engine was playing a tune to compete with the stereo. Suddenly my attention was drawn to the dashboard, where a red warning light had just come on.

I slowed down my pace and concentrated on the dash to understand what could be the matter with my new toy. Another light came on, this time flashing, and the needle on the temperature gauge was climbing into the hot. I didn't understand what was happening, but I knew it wasn't good.

Within minutes my headlights were starting to dim and the engine didn't appear to be revving properly. As my headlights got worse, I slowed to a crawl, when suddenly there was a loud whoosh sound, and clouds of steam appeared out of the sides of the bonnet (hood). The engine stalled, and turning the key to start it just killed the headlights completely, without the engine attempting to start.

I reached for my cell phone, but the batteries were flat. I plugged it into the car charger, but even this didn't bring it to life. I sat there thinking what now, and knowing there wasn't much chance of anyone coming past at this time in the morning. I thought to myself that I would walk to the nearest farm, it couldn't be more than three or four miles.

I was dressed in a short pleated skirt, tiny blouse that exposed my naked waist and I had on a pair of high heel shoes. Not really the right get-up for walking any distance, but I had no choice. It was a warm summer night, but there was no moon and heavy cloud cover, which made it pitch black. I got out of the car, locked it and started to walk.

I could hardly see the road at all; the night was eerily silent, apart from the click of my heels on the road. Oh I forgot to say who I am. My name is Virginia. I know what you're thinking. 'Virgin for short. But not for long'. Ha Ha. The number of times I've heard that one.

Anyway, as I said, "My name is Virginia, I'm a petite 5' 3," size 8, nineteen years old, and not to brag, but considered good looking. My parents are Lord & Lady Radelshome, and have a large country manor. I suppose most people would class me as a spoilt brat. At the age of eighteen I got married to my boyfriend, much to my parents' dismay, but instead of disinheriting me they bought us a big country house, me a new BMW, and my new husband was given a Jag.

I had been walking for about ten minutes when I heard a car in the distance behind me. I turned, and sure enough the headlights were visible, getting bigger and brighter by the second. I stood and waited, waving to make sure he saw me. The car stopped and the driver and a passenger got out.

"Is that your car back there in the middle of the road on a blind bend? We nearly crashed into it," said the first man.

"I'm sorry. But that's where it stopped, and I couldn't move it cos' the engines dead," I replied.

"Well my names Brian, and he's Bill, can we give you a lift? But first I recon we should go back and push your car off the road before it causes an accident," said the driver.

"Thank you. My names Virginia," I said, and waited for the usual smutty reply.

"That's a nice name. We haven't any spare seats in the car, we've got two mates in the back. I'm afraid the only way we can give you a lift is if you sit on my knee. Is that alright?" Said Bill the passenger.

"Yes I suppose so," I Said.

They both got in the car, and I carefully sat on Bill's knee and lifted my legs in, they closed the door, turned the car round and we were off. In the few second that it took to get back to my car Bill had questioned be on the sequence of events that had led up to my car stopping. He decided he knew what was wrong with it (a broken fan belt), and what's more he reckoned he could fix it.

I couldn't decide whether he was a genius, or a bullshitter! The first thing they did when they stopped at my car was all four men got out, and they pushed the car onto the grass verge. They stopped with the front wheels straddling a ditch that ran at the side of the road (it was dry), which Bill said would be handy to get under the car.

The bonnet was soon open and Bill's self-congratulating smile confirmed that he was right.

"Told you so," he said.

"Yeh. So you know what's wrong, what goods that? She ain't gon'a have a fan belt in her purse," said Brian.

"No," said Bill. "But I bet she's wearing tights (panty Hose)," and turning to me, "aren't you?"

"Well yes." I stammered, not understanding what that had got to do with my fan belt.

"See! All I've got to do is twist the tights to make a rope, stretch them round the pulleys, top up the water, and with a bit of help from the jump leads she'll be on her way," said Bill in a superior way.

The back seat passengers whose names I didn't know had returned to the car as soon as they had helped push my car off the road. The cars were facing each other, and they were using their headlights to give Bill enough light to check my car. Now the news that my tights were needed, made me more than a little nervous, but so far Bill had behaved like a gentleman, and he certainly seemed genuine.

"I'll go and get a blanket from our boot (trunk) so that I can get under your car, if you just nip round the back of your car and get your tights off," said Bill as he walked away.

I said nothing, but slowly made my way round to the back of my car, and kept watch around the outside of the car to make sure they weren't coming too close. My pants (panties) were on the outside of my tights, so I had to remove them both.

I pulled my tights out of my pants, and was just about to step back into them, when out of the darkness, "I'll need the pants as well, to make the joint," said Bill, who was standing directly behind me on the ditch side of the car.

Seeing him standing there, I nearly jumped out of my skin! Without thinking I handed over my pants and tights, which were still warm.

He just returned to the front of the car, got underneath, and started his repair. I walked slowly back to the front of my car, and stood to the side of the bonnet. Brian had already got back in his car.

"Do you think you can reach these two ends?" Came Bill's voice from underneath my car.

I looked down into the engine, and could see his hands holding two ends of my rolled up tights. One I could reach from where I was. But the other was on the other side of the engine.

"I can't reach both of them," I said.

"Come round to the front and lean into the engine bay, it's quite safe. The engine's cooled down, and there aren't any moving parts."

I moved round the front, held onto the top of the engine, and stretched a leg across the ditch. As I leaned forward into the engine bay I realised that I must be showing a lot of leg, and the rest. I tried not to think about it, and was glad the other men were all back in the car. I concentrated on taking hold of the tights, and threading them as instructed by Bill, as he was completing the job from below, shadows in the cars headlights alerted me to movement behind me.

Still fully bent over, I turned my head and glanced back to see the three men crouched down, just a couple of feet behind me. They were slightly to each side, making sure that they didn't obscure the light from the headlights, but still getting a perfect view of my cunt and arse. At this I started to struggle to stand upright, and get my leg back. One of the men sprang to his feet and gently put his hands on my bare waist, and lifted me back, saying, "There you are luv."

"Thanks," I said without thinking.

Bill crawled from under the car, started putting in water from his emergency bottle he'd collected from his boot, and then began to connect his jump leads. The other men had once again lost interest, and all got back in their car.

"Brum brum," said my BMW, as it burst into life.

I ran round to the open drivers door where bill was sitting, flung my arms around him, gave him a big kiss, "You're a bloody genius, you must let me pay you."

"Don't be silly I couldn't accept any money."

"Well there must be something I can do to repay you."

Bill started to blush, "I know what I would like." Pause. "Promise you won't be offended."

"I don't know what you're going to ask. But ask any way. I'm broad minded, I can always say no."

"While I was mending your car, all the others got a look at your cun... I mean crotch."

Now I started blushing. "Yes I know. But that was accidental. Do you mean you want me to let you have a look?"

"Well yes."

I know this sounds silly now, but I did feel I owed him some sort of reward, and as he'd said, his mates had already had a good look up my skirt, so I said, "Just a look? Promise no touching?"

"Yes just a look. Promise!"

"How do you want to do it?" I asked.

"If we go round the front you can lay on the blanket."

I didn't answer, but walked slowly round to the blanket in front of my car, and sat down. Bill had stopped my car engine and was soon kneeling in front of me. I lay back on the blanket; his hand took hold of my ankles and lifted my legs high and wide.

He moved slightly to one side, I suppose to let the light from his car headlights illuminate my crotch.

He leaned forward bringing his face to mine, and with his tongue licking his upper lip, asked, "Can I give you a wet kiss."

Now I thought he meant his tongue down my throat, and I thought well why not. So I said, "Yes of course."

As I started to lift myself up to give him a kiss, a pair of hands rested on my shoulders and returned me to the ground. My ankles were taken by a man either side, and Bill pressed his thumbs into my crotch spreading my cunt to take his probing tongue.

"What do you think you're doing," I shouted, as I started to struggle.

Brian, who was the man holding my shoulders said, "We all heard you say he could give you a wet kiss."

Still struggling, but having no effect, I said, "I thought he meant kissing my lips."

"He is kissing your lips. The lips of your cunt."

It gradually seemed pointless struggling, or complaining, and as I lay there I realised that I was starting to respond to his licking and probing. As the tongue lapped across my clit I would lift, and his tongue would push into my hole. I was helpless to the wants of my body, and realised I was thrashing up and down, as if I was enjoying it. After about five minutes, Bill stopped and sat up.

"Do you want that kiss on the mouth now?" He said.

I didn't speak; I just nodded to say yes. He leaned down towards me, and as his lips reached mine, I felt his prick entering my cunt. As he pressed his lips on mine, I felt him thrust the length of his prick right up inside me. My husband was the same age as me and his prick never stretched my cunt like this. He pounded away, and I responded, giving as good as I got. When he cum I was still building towards my climax, but he just stopped and pulled out.

I wanted more, and I lay there thrashing up and down. But I didn't need to wait long before the next man climbed aboard. I didn't care, and I had just got back into the rhythm, when he suddenly stopped, I looked up, and all heads were turned towards a car that had pulled up along side us.

The window wound down, a torch shone out and a man's voice said. "Is every thing alright?"

"Yes. Were just giving this posh bitch a good time," Brian said.

"Are you sure your ok luv, or do you want us to come and join in the party?"

I didn't want any more men, and I couldn't see them helping me even if I'd said I was being raped, so I just replied, "Were ok as we are. Thanks."

The car pulled off and my rider got back into action, we were soon both going strong. The harder he

pushed the more I took, and when this man shot his load, I exploded like a thing possessed. He got up and they all stood watching for at least a minute while I writhed about. As I calmed down the next man got stuck in and away we went again, this fuck was nice but uneventful, and when he'd finished I lay there waiting for the last man to take his turn.

They say last but not least, and this was certainly true about this man. I hadn't seen the size of any of their pricks, but as he pushed this great big lump of meat up my cunt, I knew this was Mr. Big. Boy did he get me going, I thought my first climax was good, but this man knew how to fuck.

He would thrust long and slow, and then take it out and rub my clit with the knob end, as I lifted he was back ramming like a piston. He repeated this cycle until he could tell I was at boiling point, and then he rammed a dozen violent strokes shooting his hot cum deep inside my eager cunt. My cunt was in spasms, and I was moaning and screaming for him to keep fucking. He lay still with his prick left inside me to soak, until I had calmed down, at which point his prick seemed to melt away and slip out.

I lay there still spread wide while they all shared a box of tissues to clean themselves down, they got dressed, and one of them gave me his hand to help me up. A couple of them started wiping around my legs, and cleaning me. I took some tissues from the box and said I could manage.

Bill said, "I'll tell you what Virginia; we didn't expect you to let us all fuck you like that. That was really good of you. You might be Virginia by name but you're sure no virgin."

They all started making comments, some really crude, most complementary about how well I fucked. I didn't respond, but continued cleaning myself.

The others all got back in the car and Bill explained that once he had started the engine, I was to drive in as high a gear as possible and not to let the rev counter go above 1500 RPM. He said they would follow to make sure I got home alright. He used his jump leads, and once again the engine came to life, with no warning lights on! My headlight worked, Bill got back in their car.

As soon as they reversed to turn round, in a mad impulse I thought I would speed off, so that they didn't get a chance to have second helpings. I ignored the instructions about 1500 RPM, and the BM was away like a scolded cat. That was the last I'll see of them I thought, should I rush to a police station to report my rape? Had I been raped? Had it all been my own fault?

The questions were rushing through my mind, but I didn't get chance to answer them before the first light came back on, I hadn't gone fifty yards. The same sequence repeated itself as it had done earlier, and I was soon at a standstill, waiting for the inevitable return of my rescuers. I had been stopped about one minute, when I saw their headlights coming. Why hadn't I taken my time? What a cunt (fool) I'd been and now probably my cunt was going to pay the price.

"What did you rev it like that for?" Snapped Bill angrily, "I told you not to put your foot down." I got out of the car, but I didn't reply.

Bill looked me up and down. "That blouse won't make a temporary belt," and taking hold of the hem of my skirt and stretching it, he said, "If you want to take that off I'll try and rip it into strips, it might work. But it's not worth me trying to make a repair if you're going to drive like a mad thing."

"Do you think it will do the job?" I said.

"I don't know, it depends how it rips, but it's all you've got, it's up to you."

“Ok. I’ll just go round the back of the car,” I removed my skirt and passed it over the roof of the car, he took it and started to rip. I removed my blouse, and wrapped it round my waist, tying it using the sleeves. It didn’t cover much, but it felt better than nothing at all.

“This isn’t going to be any good, its ripping all over the place. Were going to have to give you a lift back to the farm where we work,” he said as he tossed the shredded skirt into the car.

I followed him back to the car, where he started to remove his trousers.

“Oh no. Not again,” I said.

“Don’t flatter yourself, the only reason I’m taking them off is so you can sit on my knee without that cunt of yours dribbling all over my best trousers.” He folded his trousers, and got in.

I was undecided and stood there for about ten seconds, “It’s up to you. Ok then enjoy your walk,” said Bill as he closed the door. I dashed up to the car, and banged on the window.

He opened the window, “What now?”

“I’ll sit on your knee. Please give me a lift,” I pleaded.

We hadn’t been travelling more than two seconds, before Bill wrapped one arm around my waist, and lifted me up towards his body. His other hand must have been positioning his prick, because as he lowered me down, it slid right in. Now both hands were on my waist, lifting me up and down, I attempted a feeble struggle, but it was no use. Before long I was cooperating, and in no time he was cumming inside me. He had hardly finished moaning, when a voice from the back seat said, “pass her over then, if you’ve finished.”

Once again I tried to resist, but two men in the back pulling, and Bill lifting, I was soon in their clinches. I didn’t know which man had got me first, until I felt the size of the prick going up! It was Mr. Big (well I didn’t know his name, and he sure was big). He had pulled me towards him face to face, so I was kneeling.

I was soon sliding up and down without any encouragement; I was trying to copy the method that he had used on me earlier on. Lifting long and slow to use his full length and then lifting till it fell out. I would then rub my clit with his knob end, and then lift up and down quickly, so his prick rammed me like a piston. I repeated this cycle until I suddenly felt my cunt going into spasms, my legs couldn’t move. He then took over, grabbed my waist and lifted me up and down violently, ramming his prick right to the top, his hot cum shooting deep inside my eager cunt. I could see the next man was eager for his turn, but Mr. Big wanted to soak his prick, and he kept a firm grip on my waist, until he was ready.

“Ok luv, better let him have a go, we’ll be at the farm soon,” he said as he lifted me across. The next man manoeuvred me round so that I was facing the front of the car, and kept me standing, whilst he used his fingers on my cunt. He was poking my cunt, and then sliding his fingers around to my arse. As he got more of the sloppy fluid from my cunt and around my arse, he pushed his finger up. I protested, and tried to climb out of reach, when suddenly Mr. Big put his hand on my shoulder, “If you don’t stop making a fuss I’ll shove my prick up your arse, and then you’ll know you been fucked.”

I froze immediately, let him open my legs, and stood there while he probed my arse. After a minute, he put an arm around my belly, and pulled me down onto his prick. But this time it was going right up my arse, he was cumming almost as soon as he got up there, and he held me on his knee, his

prick still hard, while he used his hands on my tits. The car turned off the road, and went down a bumpy farm track, bouncing from side to side. We pulled up outside a big barn door. As they turned off the lights of the car the place was pitch black.

We all got out and I was led towards the big door of the barn.

“Will I be able to make a call from here?” I asked.

“No not yet. We want to introduce you to our families first. Then we’ll take you up to the farm house, and you can call from there,” said Brian.

“Now look here. You’ve all had what you wanted out of me, and if you let me make my phone call now I won’t go to the police. But if you start any more games with me I’m going to report you all for rape. I know I’m not far away from where I live now, so it won’t take the police long to find this place and then you’ll all be arrested,” I tried to sound as threatening as possible.

“Well when the police arrive, after tomorrow, we won’t be here. In fact we’ve never been here. We don’t even exist. You see we were all illegal immigrants, working on this farm, this was our last night, and the four of us went out to celebrate. Tomorrow we will be miles away, and the farmer will say that there never was anyone here.

And anyway there was that motorist who pulled up earlier; you didn’t look like you were struggling when he stopped to help. And I’m sure they will find him, and a lot of spunk back their on your car seat. You see you haven’t got much choice, have you. Now be a good girl, and come and meet our families.” He put his arm around me and walked me in to the barn.

As we entered a dim light was illuminated high up in the barn roof, I could see the rows of empty horse stalls, a ladder leading up to the hay loft, and hay bails everywhere. They led me to the ladder and pointed up. As I climbed someone was behind me, and his prick was out. Every hesitation was met with his prick catching up and probing for an entry.

I climbed as quickly as I could, and was soon on the loft floor. More lights were turned on and everyone started to awake. At first they were all complaining about being disturbed, until they caught sight of me. Blouse tied around my waist, tits hanging out of my bra, and shiny spunk covered legs. The ages ranged from a couple of lads about eighteen, to an old man who looked about ninety. I counted ten men in all, fourteen including my heroic rescuers!

They were soon brought up to speed on the fun that had been had at my expense, and the old man was asked if he wanted first go. He had a big smile, he nodded, sat on the floor, and remove his trousers and under pants. His prick stood to attention, and it wasn’t bad for size either.

“Come on Virginia, show them what you can do,” came brains voice.

I didn’t have any choice; I went over, climbed astride and slid it in. I tried to imagine I was showing-off at a party, as I have been known to do in the past before I was married. Once the hormones took over I was away and soon oblivious to the audience, and the age of my stud. I was just thinking he must be ready to cum by now, when I felt someone fingering my arse.

I realised they were going to try and mount me two at a time, and I started to get up. I was held from every angle by at least four men, and the second rider mounted. He pushed it up deep into my arse, and pumped away a great speed, cumming in less time than it takes to boil an egg. I was once again seized by many hands while he dismounted and another rider took his place.

Meanwhile the old man was still hard and had still not cum. As the man up my arse started to get into a rhythm, I realised that I was getting some sort of thrill out of this anal attack. I relaxed a little and went with the flow; I started to manoeuvre up and down getting an alternating pulse going between the two riders. The old man was now getting agitated and started cumming, this triggered my orgasm, and within seconds the other man was shooting up my arse.

The next hour I was fucked in all holes, by everyone there. Who had what hole, and who was the best fuck I don't know, it all became a blur. When the last man dismounted, I lay still waiting to see who was coming next, when I felt a tongue licking my cunt. I rose to my elbows to see a small dog lapping away at the fluid running out. I shooed him away with my hand, and was told, "Lay still. He only wants a lick."

I didn't like the thought, but I knew they would only hold me down if I resisted, so I lay back, closed my eyes and tried to imagine a party situation with a boyfriend licking my cunt. The dog licked away for about a couple of minutes, and then he climbed onto my belly. They knew I wouldn't lay still for this, and before I had chance to move I was grabbed from all angles.

I could feel the dogs little sharp pointed prick stabbing around in all directions; he didn't seem to know where to find what he wanted. I was almost starting to find this situation amusing, when it struck target. He wasted no time; he was in and out like crazy and swelling all the time.

By the time he had been fucking for a minute, his prick felt as big as most of the men's pricks' that I'd had up me so far. The men relaxed their grip, and I let the dog have his day. He shot his load, pulled out, and ran round like a mad thing squirting spunk as he went.

I was about to get up when I realised that there was a big man that I hadn't seen before standing watching.

"This is the farmer," said Bill.

"So you're Virginia." Pause. "I'm not used to following a dog, when I want to fuck a bitch, but in your case I think I'll make an exception. Come on open them legs up wide, I've got a pair of balls that are swelling and near to exploding."

I didn't speak, but did as I was told, this was another man who really knew how to fuck, and make it last. By the time we both came I was almost in love with him, but once the ecstasy had subsided, I was back to hating the raping bastard.

"Right!" I said, "Now I've got you all, you're spunk's deep inside me and when they DNA test it, I know where you live, and you're all going down for rape!"

"Get the silly bitch tied down astride those bales in that stall down there, and I'll be back," the farmer snapped. They did as they were told, manhandled me back down the ladder and across to one of the empty stalls where I was tied down. They positioned me laid on my belly on a couple of hay bales, tied my hands and feet to the bottom planks either side of the stall.

The farmer returned with a Great Dane, who recognised the female form in this position. This was obvious, because as soon as he saw me his weapon slid from its sheath, and he bounded around behind me and mounted. Not for him an aimless stabbing, the second thrust met its mark, and up he went, boy was he big and rapidly getting bigger. He was banging away, and the farmer was videoing the whole event.

Now I know I was tied, and being raped, but the old hormones, and my silly cunt don't understand

this situation. The juices started, and I was once again getting into the swing. I couldn't stop myself, no matter how much I tried. His prick was long and fat, but as he thrust harder there appeared to be some sort of bulge in the base of his prick.

As I've said I've done some wild things in my younger partying days, and this reminded me of a competition I had with another girl at a party. We lay on the floor, removed our knickers, and tried to see who could get a wine bottle up their cunts the furthest. Getting the neck in was easy, but by competitor, who was a single mother, managed to get the body of the bottle up about two inches.

I lost that competition, but my cunt has been well used since then, and this swollen lump in the dog's dick was making my cunt stretch, I didn't scream, even though it was hurting. Then I was aware that the lump was like a ball, and it had entered my cunt, and was resting securely inside. The dog's thrusts no longer took his prick in and out, but his prick was swelling and contracting with each thrust.

I was now being helped off the bales, and was no longer tied. I couldn't drop to the floor, as I was stuck on his prick. I had to stand legs and arms stretched, under this massive dog. He walked me round the barn pumping all the time, and the farmer filming. Nobody was holding me, but I couldn't escape! Then the dog shot his load, and like the little dog started running round excited, but I was still on his prick.

Then he dismounted, and was facing the other way, but I was still firmly attached. He was still eager to run round, dragging me backwards, to everyone's amusement. All the time I could feel the spunk still squirting into my cunt. After a few minutes the farmer said, "Ok. Lets calm him down, and get her back in the stalls." Someone grabbed the dog, and put a bowl of dog food down in front of him.

Just like a man once he's had a fuck, food is his next love. He calmed down instantly, and within seconds the swelling subsided, and I was led back to the stalls, where I was re-tied. What next I thought, I didn't have long to wait.

"Clip. Clop."

I could recognise the sound of horse hooves, and they were coming into the barn! No I thought. They wouldn't. I could now feel the hot breath on my back. They were going to get the horse to ride me! I'd often ridden horses in the past but I never thought the rolls would be reversed. He was brought alongside, and moved sideways so that he was above me.

The farmer came around to my head knelt down and said quietly, "If I let him mount you while you're tied, he will ram you till you black out. If you promise to be a good girl and give us a good show, I'll get you untied. We'll tether the horse back so you can control how much you take, but I'll expect you to have at least ten inches up inside you."

I didn't reply.

He paused for about ten seconds, then, "ok. If that's the way you want it. Push his knob end in lads."

"No stop. I'll give you a show," I shrieked.

Within seconds I was released, and standing by the horse.

I was asked if I was scared of horses, I said I'd been riding them for years. I was told to put on some clothes that had been brought, and I was soon dressed like a school girl. My small build allowed me to carry off the illusion. I mounted the horse as instructed, and thought about making an escape.

They must have read my thoughts, and they pointed out that there was a rope on one of the horse's hooves, out of camera shot, but still effective as a restraint. I rode the horse out into the yard, and returned with the cameras running; I dismounted, walked the horse to the stall, and tethered him.

As this was to be a silent video they were able to instruct me what was wanted every step of the way. I was told that it was going to be used for blackmail purposes, to make sure I didn't cry rape. They realised I was rich, and would not like my circle of friends to see me fucking a horse of my own free will.

I reached down and rubbed the sheath that I knew contained a sleeping giant. The giant awoke, slowly at first, and as the pink flesh appeared, I leaned under and used my tongue. The more I wet its length, the longer it got, I stretched my mouth over its flowery end, and flicked the hole with my tongue. The reaction changed, it rapidly started swelling.

I removed my blouse, I hadn't got a bra on, I rubbed the prick around my tits. Then I bent down removed my knickers, put one legs on a bale, and rubbed his prick against my cunt.

This was now going past a show, my cunt was back in overdrive, and each time I stroked the end passed my hole, we could all see it open, as if it had some sort of trigger mechanism. A few seconds of this was all I could stand, and I was removing my skirt, and lying back on the bales. Out of camera shot a couple of men manoeuvred the horse above me and I reached for the now fully awaked giant prick.

I didn't know what to expect, but the farmer knelt down and said, "If I was you I'd slide up the bales a bit. Cos when you put him in he'll go like mad, and try to get it right up. If you let him find the end of his tether, you can then work yourself back down to get more prick as you want it."

I thought that was kind of him, so I did as advised. I fed the flowery knob end into my throbbing hole, and whoosh, it was like being inflated with a pump. He pushed hard against his tether, the big fat piston inflating my belly with each pump.

My first thoughts were, god, I'm glad I didn't let him fuck me while I was tied. My second thoughts were, god, I hope the tether holds. Once we'd got going the excess air trapped in my belly seemed to disappear, and his thrusting started to be enjoyable, even though it was very painful. I know that's a contradiction, but unless you've experienced it, you can't know what I mean.

I started to edge my way back down the bale to receive more prick. I did this without being asked to by the farmer, but as soon as he saw what I was doing, he smiled and said, "I knew you were a film star when I saw you with that little terrier. This is one great video." This was without doubt one of the best experiences I have ever had, the pace of his thrusting, the length of stroke, the way the size stretches my belly, and the explosion at the end. How many gallons of cum has a horse got?

I was helped to my feet, and found it difficult to walk. I sat on the edge of a bale wiping myself down, the spunk had gone everywhere. I stank of horse cum. At that point the farmer gave me a small mini-dress, and said, "I think you ought to get dressed as quick as possible, I phoned your husband about ten minutes ago, and he'll be here soon. Don't forget the word rape is a nasty one, and this video would make interesting viewing in the local area."

I put on the bra and dress, and stood up; I was still a bit shaky. I caught a glimpse of my reflection in a piece of glass that was leaned against the wall. I stood there using it as a mirror; the dress didn't come down low enough to cover my fanny.

"Haven't you got anything longer," I asked.

“Sorry I’ve only got clothes that belong to my twelve year old daughter. Any way that looks alright.”

“But it’s showing everything I’ve got.”

“That’s only cos your looking at your reflection from that glass at ground level, from here you would hardly know that you hadn’t got pants on.”

“Have you got any pants for me?”

“Well your pants are back on your engine, and your husband will wonder where, and why you got another pair.”

“I suppose so, but I feel so naked.”

Well let’s face it you are. Hush, is that his car?”

My husband walked in to find a horse in the stalls, a row of men standing around, and me without pants and tights (I’m not sure he could tell I hadn’t got pants on).

The farmer spoke first, “these are the lads that you have to thank for rescuing your misses,” holding out his arm and pointing to the four men who had brought me here.

He dutifully said, “Thanks lads I’m very grateful. Come on Virginia, let get you home.”

As I started to walk, a voice from the hay loft said, “Hey don’t forget your shoes,” it was the old man holding my shoes at the top of the ladder.

“Go on, nip up there and get your shoes, then we can get going. She’d forget her head if it was loose,” my husband said laughingly.

I made my way to the ladder, with everyone watching I started to climb, I knew by the silence that all eyes were concentrating on my ascent.

The silence was broken by the farmer in a casual voice, “She got a lovely pair of legs, your misses, hasn’t she?”

He didn’t answer, he was lost for words. I grabbed the shoes and made my way back down; meanwhile the farmer was talking loudly to my husband. “I’ll tell you what mate. We’ve only known your misses for an hour, but we’ve all come to love her in a very short time. Even the horse fell in love with her”

The journey home was terrible; the questions went on for days. I never thought I’d ever visit that farm again, how wrong can a girl be. Still that’s another story that I will tell if anyone is interested in mailing me. I think its time for my bed now. “Come on Bruce, that’s a good dog. No don’t be impatient, wait till we get upstairs.”