

# **Model Mares**

**Faye Valentine**

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“This is some really kinky shit, Allison, are you absolutely certain you’re ready for this sort of shoot?” Eric asked as he and his model walked across the large field towards a huge pole barn.

“It’s not like they’ll be fucking me. Besides, I’ll be wearing a mask so no one will know it’s me.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then Allison put on the fancy black and silver phantom of the opera she had been carrying. Tying the silk straps behind her head, she adjusted it for comfort and followed the photographer into the building where the crew was already set up.

For the most part it was as expected with pieces of equipment and bales of hay to the sides, but it was the bulky bench with attached pulleys and harnesses ahead of her and the stallion off to the right that caught the eye of the young model and the butterflies that had settled in the pit of her stomach began swarming again as she once again thought about the vulnerable and incredibly perverse position she was about to put herself in. Her eyes then went to the three handsome, well-toned men that were not part of the crew and her heart skipped a beat as for the briefest of moments she imagined them taking her at the same time. Thankfully, the mask covering three-quarters of her face blocked her embarrassment.

“Everyone knows their roles so no need wasting time explaining it again. Positions everyone,” Eric said.

The crew moved to the side walls and waited to turn the cameras and microphones on while the three farmhands made adjustments to the bench and Allison walked out of the barn in order to make her entrance. Disappearing around the corner, she silently counted to twenty, took a deep breath and then walked right back to the open double doors.

“Ah, you’re finally here,” one of the men said. “Allison, right?”

“Y-Yes sir.”

“No need to be afraid. We’re professionals and can guarantee no harm will come to you here unless you ask for it.”

Taking an instinctive step back, Allison’s gaze focused on the bench. “W-What does that mean?”

“I only meant we’re all very open-minded here so don’t be afraid to express your desires. Anyways, I’m Duncan and these are my friends and fellow farmhands Rick and Henry and we’ll be guiding you through your first time as a mare. If you’ll go ahead and strip out of your clothes and get on the bench we’ll get started.”

Head bowing slightly, Allison nervously chewed the side of her lower lip not covered by the mask as she reached back and unzipped her dress. Too embarrassed to look up, she peeled the form-fitting material down her lithe body and stepped out of it. Next to go were her lacy blue panties and finally her high heels. Taking every step with what can only be described as hesitating grace, she approached the bench and the three waiting men.

“Go ahead and get on the bench. Henry and Rick will strap you in while I get Chestnut ready,” Duncan said with a nod toward the waiting stallion.

“Whoa!” Allison exclaimed, taking a step back. “What do you mean strap me in?”

“Chestnut will be harnessed but he’s a powerful animal and in order to prevent you sliding down on him you’ll need to be strapped in place.”

Allison thought about it a moment, took a deep breath and then sat on the bench. Lying back, she let out a slight gasp when Henry and Rick took her by the hands and pulled them back,

crossed them over her head so that her forearms were touching and secured them with three wide leather cuffs. Next, they moved to her legs which they tightly secured to metal stirrups around ankles, below the knee and around the thighs. Finally, Rick placed a penis gag in her mouth and before she could spit it out it was strapped behind her head. This was an addition to the scene Allison was not expecting, but restrained there was nothing she could do to prevent it.

Meanwhile, Duncan led Chestnut over the bench and began the long, precise procedure of connecting the harness and adjusting various poles designed to prevent the powerful animal from thrusting his arm-length cock too deep. When he was finished he took a step back. "Tori, would you join us please?" he called out.

The door at the other end of the barn opened and a busty, petite brunette with belled rings adorning her nipples entered, walked straight to the horse and while gently petting his right side with one hand, stroked his sheath with the other. Eyes going wide, Allison watched the beast's cock immediately respond and after a few minutes grow to its full twenty-two inch length – the flared head bigger than her fist. "I remember my first time," Tori said as she aimed the thrusting cock at Allison's vulva.

Knowing what was about to happen and that it was not what she signed up for, Allison struggled against the restraints while yelled into the gag which were severely muffled by the gag filling her mouth. The head of Chestnut's cock glanced over her clit. Her hips bucked up and met with it again on the way down. She felt herself being stretched open and after the initial shock of a horse cock slamming into her passed, she yelped in pain but it was muffled by the gag.

Taking her hand off of Chestnut's cock, Tori let the beast take control as she kissed her way up Allison's naked, writhing body. Suddenly grateful for the restraints and harness preventing the seventeen-hundred pound animal from fucking her to death, Allison never the less reeled in anger and humiliation as ten inches of thick horse cock slowly thrust in and out of her with incredible power. Tori latched onto her right nipple and after a few seconds of sucking bit into it causing her to once again yelp in pain.

It might have seemed like an eternity to Allison, but only seven minutes passed between penetration and orgasm and after one final thrust that left her filled with horse semen, Allison shrieked into the gag as the huge cock slipped out and the rest of the load landed all over her belly, chest and face. Moving in like a vulture, Tori lapped it up while Duncan undid the many straps restraining the animal. When he was free and being led from the barn Tori stepped between Allison's legs and pushed her hand into the still bound woman's cum-filled pussy. Pulling it out, she licked her fingers clean before pushing it back in for more.

Shocked at being fisted, Allison saw Rick and Henry stripping out of their clothes and knew she was about to be fucked by them. Eyes following them, she watched as Tori leaned in and began licking her while hands darted out and began stroking Rick and Henry's dicks. While she tried not liking the tongue flicking over her engorged clit, Allison's hips bucked faster and harder until she was moaned in orgasm around the gag.

The tongue pulled out of her pussy only to be replaced by Henry's cock, but after maybe a dozen thrusts he pulled out and shoved into her ass. At the age of nineteen, Allison had exactly three experiences with anal sex – the last of which was nearly two years ago, and all ended poorly. This time, however, she erupted in her second orgasm in as many minutes. It was quickly followed by another when his hand pushed into her pussy and Tori suckled on her nipple. Reaching up, Tori unbuckled the gag, pulled it from Allison's mouth and then kissed her.

Turning her head to the left, Allison panted. "P-Please let me go."

"Let you go?" Tori purred. "But your training is just getting started."

“Training? What...uhn...ooohhhh god!” Allison moaned as Henry’s balled hand pounded in and out of her. “What are you talking about? This...isn’t...what...I...uuhhnnn...came here...for. I wasn’t...you’re not...” unable to continue, she succumbed to the torrent of orgasms ripping through her like lightning. At about that time Duncan led another stallion into the barn and was followed by seven more farmhands each with a horse of their own. “OH GOD NO! Please, this was supposed to be simulated. I never...uhn...”

Eric appeared on screen. Leaning down he kissed his star model on the lips and then gave her a smirk as he removed the fancy mask and handed it off to Tori who then sat it on a table off to the right. “Sorry I lied to you, babe, but this is exactly what you signed up for.” He kissed her again and then stepped back. “Enjoy your training. I’ll be back next month to pick you up and don’t worry, you’re going to make us both very rich with this one.”

“Next month? Training? What the hell are you talking about? You can’t leave me here with these perverts!”

“We do have a signed contract so unless you want to break it you’ll do everything they command or you’ll be in breach. Besides, we all saw how much you’re enjoying yourself so no need to pretend not to.” Turning to leave, he took half a dozen steps, stopped and walked back – unzipping his pants and pulling his cock out as he went. Tightly gripping Allison by the hair, he pushed into her mouth and started peeing. She tried jerking away, but he held firm as she struggled between spitting, swallowing and avoiding the warm, bitter fluid filling her mouth and covering her face.

Stunned at what had just happened, Allison stared into nothingness until another horse was led over the bench. Sighing, she let her tensed body relax as she accepted the inevitable.