

Quickie #14

Bimbo Barn Bitch

“AHHHHHHH!!!! **OHHHHH GODDDDDDDDD!!!!** NNGGGMMMHHHHH!!!”

Dany screamed and grunted. The stretching pain of the sudden, colossal insertion was brutal, but was countered by the exquisite sensation of thick, bulging cock gliding against his super sensitive prostate. He lay face down in the grass, his body pressed into the soft earth by the giant, horse-dicked Futa above. She'd mounted him hastily and thrust into his starfish with urgent need and surging vigor.

Calling it a horse cock was no exaggeration. Leslie's tool was massive. The dark-skinned giantess was a pony slave just like Dany. Being a workhorse, Leslie's body rippled with muscles that gleamed in the afternoon sun. Along with the hormone treatments and experimental drugs that had turned them into eye-pleasing, sex-crazed ponies, Leslie's cadre of worker mules also received regular courses of steroids and other strength enhancing supplements.

There were no fewer than five other workhorse Amazons gathered around the rutting pair. Their long, meaty cocks grew stiff as they watched Leslie have her way with the show pony slut. Pre-cum dripped from each of their fat tips as they waited for their turn to fuck Dany's brains out.

Before being brought to the ranch, nobody had called him *Danny* since he was a young boy. Until his transformation, he'd simply been *Dan*; CEO of his own company and a respected member of the community. That all ended when he got frisky with his receptionist. Dan was abducted in the company parking lot the next day.

How many months had he been on the farm? Five? Six? It was difficult to keep track of time as a pony slave. He was regularly fucked, toyed with and disciplined by the cowgirl trainers and other slaves alike. It was increasingly difficult to remember his old life as the drugs caused his memories to fade a little more each day. Dany couldn't even remember his last name anymore. Now he was “Dany Luvsdick.” He'd never be allowed to forget his new title since it was labeled clearly on the front of his barn stall. Not to mention the other ranch residents reminded him of his pervy pony name constantly.

Leslie placed one of her hoof-encased hands on the side of Dany's head and pushed his face into the pasture. Her hips plowed him powerfully. Her hulking thighs flexed and her massive, mocha ass bounced as she bottomed out in Dany's tingling, peach pucker. Her gigantic, sweaty breasts were pressed against his back, her nipples grazing his naked flesh with each thrust.

Leslie's face was wrapped in a leather head harness. Her short, platinum blonde hair stuck out from the horse-tack webbing. Her tail, harnessed around her waist, stuck out prominently, sprouting from just above her curvy ass cheeks. It waved in the air as she pistoned in and out of the helpless, moaning pony bitch.

“You like that, don't you Dany?!?”

“Y-Yes Miss Leslie!!!”

“Can't get enough of this cock, hmmm?”

“MORE! HARDER!!! **PLEASE!!!**”

“They certainly named you well, Miss Luvsdick!” she hissed into his ear before redoubling her efforts. Her persistent thrusting grew harsher and more demanding.

Dany couldn't argue. In truth, he wished one of the other workhorses was cramming her slick, pungent length of equine cock into his mouth right now. Sadly, that was impossible in his current state. Like Dany and Leslie, each of the ponies surrounding them had their hands and feet locked in the pony arm-gloves and stockings. Every limb ended in a flat hoof with a shiny metal horse shoe. The garments were locked on them permanently. Only the trainers could remove them and they almost never did.

The workhorses got to wear dignified beige on their limbs. Their garments were wrapped with metal studs around their biceps and thighs. Dany, on the other hand, had his arms and legs locked in shiny black latex. Show ponies like him were a combination of fetish model and 24/7 on-call cock sleeve.

His meager diet of nutrient paste and the ample quantities of sludge-like semen he was fed ensured that he remained thin and attractive. Show ponies were psychologically conditioned to be submissive, eager to please and to crave more cock by the day. Permanent makeup had long ago been embedded on his now girlish face. Dany's auburn hair had grown into a luscious pony tail; perfect for the trainers to grab when they fucked his subservient mouth.

Suddenly, Leslie's thrusts became frantic. She groaned loudly and her teeth gritted as the wet **SCHLOP-SCHLOP** of pre-cum slick cock slurped in and out Dany's ass.

“**HERE IT COMES YOU FILTHY SLUT!!!**”

“**AHHHHHH!!!! YES!!!! FILL ME MISS LESLIE!!!**”

The Nubian Goddess buried her steel-hard fuck stick in his fleshy depths and her powerful body shuddered. Leslie's bloated scrotum clenched and shook as a liter of hot, stringy filth streamed into the wailing show pony. Dany felt his insides doused in hot glue, the sperm rippling out in waves as Leslie grunted and her tongue hung from her open mouth.

“I'm next!” one of the well-hung workhorses declared from above.

“What?!? **No way!** It's my turn!”

“You want to fight me, **bitch?!?**”

Finally, Leslie pulled her big, black python from Dany's blown-out asshole with an audible pop. She stood on shaky legs and stumbled off, leaving the show pony's man-cunt oozing copious quantities of virile seed.

Could it even be called a *man cunt* anymore? Dany looked more feminine by the day. His breasts had started to take shape after months of hormone therapy. They were nowhere near the size of the massive

milkers others on the ranch sported, but he knew it was only a matter of time until he joined them. The farm's perverse treatments were slowly turning him into a full futa freak just like everyone else in this depraved place.

Of course, he would never garner the massive cock the work horses and trainers got to wield. Men who'd been brought to the farm for punishment, like him, would only ever be receptacles for fat dicks and gelatinous jizzum by the gallon. Being forcibly transitioned into a cum craving, small-dicked futa butt slut was the sentence for his misogynistic misdeeds.

The next worker mule fell on Dany and immediately brought the tip of her thick, veiny weapon to his spunk-spewing back door. Another pair of heavy breasts slapped onto his back and a new set of powerful legs held down his lower body. A fresh, thick, pulsing cum cannon burrowed into his velvety flesh and the sea of jizzum parted for her twitching invader.

For the first month he was there, Dany had dwelt on the unfairness of being low man on the totem pole at the ranch. Was Dany's offense really so great? He'd tried to have sex with his personal assistant! So what?!? Yes, it was infidelity and an inappropriate move by an employer, but did it deserve this harsh a judgment? A lifetime of sexual slavery?!?

Right or not, that was the world they were living in now. Modern society wasn't putting up with that kind of chauvinist shit any longer. Many women were no longer satisfied with achieving justice and equilibrium; they were out for revenge. More and more of them were willingly becoming dominant Futa and letting their sadistic and hedonistic anima run wild. That's what this disgusting farm represented. Dany imagined places like this would become much more common in the future.

He often wondered if it was just his receptionist or also his wife that had arranged for his *new life* to begin. He half expected one or both of them to show up, some day, and gloat. Perhaps they'd take him home to begin the second leg of his journey into servitude. Or maybe that wasn't allowed, due to all the potential legal complications. It seemed more likely that once you were *disappeared* to the ranch, it was for good.

That would suit him just fine. Dany had stopped wanting to leave after the first month. Sure, it was probably a result of all the mental conditioning and the forced drug regimen, but he didn't care. He belonged on the farm now. He embraced his new station in life. His ass and throat were home to countless juicy cocks. His increasingly feminized body was the canvas for exquisite tortures. His subjugation wasn't fair, but he loved it. And no matter how unfair it was to him, he knew the women who'd been turned into fetishized racehorses and libidinous worker mules had it rough as well.

"You show ponies think you're so hot..." Quinn huffed from above. The tanned brunette placed her hand-hooves on Dany's arms as she settled into a steady fucking rhythm. "You don't have to pull heavy wagons, give rides and haul equipment like **WE DO!** You just get dolled up and do your **stupid** little dances!"

"AHHHHHH!!! **YESSSS!!!!**" he cried as viscous cum slopped out of his pucker with each forceful insertion. The leftover jizz glazed his ass cheeks and her body alike. Residual nougat butter bubbled up and spat all over them with each deep fucking the well-hung Domina delivered. Quinn fucked him relentlessly, clearing his fleshy tunnel of every ounce of cock-snot and making way for her own tidal wave of hot syrup to come.

Dany's dick was wrapped in two red elastic bands. It lay against the grass, oozing sad little strands of pre-cum. He was only able to shoot his load when hooked up to one of the farm's milking machines. Show ponies like him were only granted release by one of the ranch's insidious devices. The vast majority of his orgasms were dry, forced upon him by thrusting lengths of thick Futa cock strumming across the cum button in his ass. These mind-blanking explosions of sexual bliss provided no relief whatsoever after the shock waves of pleasure passed. He and the other show ponies were kept on edge, always desperate for more.

Quinn's fat appendage grew even thicker and meaner, stretching Dany's rim and tight anal walls deliciously. She stroked over his love buzzer in just the right way, threatening to drive him mad with another full-body prostate climax.

“No, all you're good for is **GETTING FUCKED!** Isn't that right you **cock-hungry cunt?!?**”

“YES, MISS QUINN!!! **MORE!!! PLEASE, DON'T STOP!!!**”

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An hour later, the final she-bull pulled her cock from Dany's ass after groaning out a powerful orgasm. His gaping pucker was left half-dilated, a stream of white pudding seeping from his sphincter as the big-titted workhorse rose and wandered off.

Once her shadow had past, the overwhelmed show pony began to come back to his senses. Dany heard clapping close by and turned to see two of the trainers. They'd been watching his defilement with great amusement.

There stood Mistresses Clara and Abilene, their fat cocks dangling between their slick, black leather chaps. Both sported cowboy hats, brown leather arm-gloves and a thick leather bra holding up their sizable breasts. Clara had a fearsome bull-whip curled at her side. Abilene sported a thick paddle and an electric cattle prod hanging from her leather belt.

“What do you think Abby? She's been ridden hard. Is it time to *put er up wet?*”

“Mmmmm, not just yet. We've got time to kill and this slut could use some more training.”

“Good point. Let's have a little fun before we lock her up for the night.”

The two women closed in on his position. They seized Dany's arms and tugged him up, harshly.

“On your feet, **slut!**”

Clara retrieved a leash from her belt and clipped it to the O-ring on Dany's collar. The aggressive Dommies started off to one of the farm's many barns, pulling the abused show pony behind them.

Within a few minutes, the green pasture turned to increasingly mushy brown. Dany plodded forward, his hoofed feet sinking into ever deeper mud as they entered the swamp-like training yard. Pretty soon it was an effort to walk. His already hobbled limbs needed to be pulled out of the sludge forcefully. The

gruel-like mud sucked at his legs with each squishy step.

Abilene turned and looked back at the struggling Dany. "You know, for a pony that's been outdoors all day, she's remarkably clean."

"You're right" Clara nodded in agreement. "Let's fix that." She yanked on the leash fiercely and Dany stumbled forward. Both women gave him a firm shove and he fell face-first into the deep, sucking muck.

Dany was ensconced in a combination of black mud, brown clay and earthy dung. He could hear their boots approaching, slopping through the sticky mire as both trainers laughed. Abilene brought her heeled boot down on Dany's cum-glazed ass. Clara followed suit, pressing her boot against the back of his head and shoving Dany's face firmly into the filth.

They held him down until his hoofed hands and feet began flailing in the sludge-like soil, signaling his need to breathe. The Dommies lifted their legs and Dany turned over in the muck, gasping for fresh air. He floundered in the sucking clay, trying to push himself up with his hapless hooves.

"On your knees, **whore!**" Clara called out.

As Dany slowly righted himself, the commanding blonde fistfisted her impressive cock. She'd grown erect as she watched the pony slut struggle in the mud.

"God, I love watching these bitches get filthy. Gets me hard as a fucking rock!"

"I know, right?" Abilene agreed. The tall, raven-haired Domme was now stroking her hose of flesh as well.

Clara squelched through the muck, closing the short distance to his kneeling form and brought the glans of her cock to his muddy lips. The pungent smell of her steamy tool was overwhelming. She shoved it between his lips and Dany gagged. Clara hadn't even hit the back of his throat and his eyes were already watering. Her smell and taste were beyond musty.

"You like that, slut? I fucked three ponies before lunch! Two more since then. Haven't showered yet. Taste all that yummy pony ass, you **fucking cunt!**"

She shoved her girthy tool deeper into Dany's mouth. The cowgirl's hips slid back and forth, entering a hungry cadence. Abilene closed the distance and pointed her glistening length at Dany's sucking face. The slick sounds of lustful fapping and forced cock gobbling filled the yard as muddy filth dripped from the show pony's body.

"After this, let's take him back to the barn and hook his little dicklet up to the milker." Abilene's breath grew labored as she continued. "Then we can plug the Fuck-A-Tron into his ass and use his mouth a few more times before we call it a day."

Him. Her. They couldn't even decide what Dany was anymore. Or perhaps they did it simply to mess with his head. Not that it mattered. He was a freak of nature. Two holes for their meaty cocks to enjoy. In the future they were creating, there would be only one gender: Futanari. The only meaningful difference was if one was a top or bottom.

Clara took Dany's ponytail in a fierce, two-handed grip and started plowing his mouth hard. The cow-girl's ample ass shook as she fucked his face like a fleshlight. She bottomed out in no time, forcing her filthy rod of fuck-meat past his uvula and down into his well-trained throat. Dany's horse hooves wavered in the air as he gagged on her thrusting phallus and his face grew ever more red.

“Good call!” She answered through panted breaths. “Maybe we should leave him in one of the racehorse stalls? Those sluts love a little show pony company for the night!”

The mere thought of leaving the former man and feminized cock sucker in a stall full of horse-dicked Futa was all it took to push Abilene over the edge. “Clara! **Stand aside!!!**” she shouted. Her fist was flying up and down her bulging length.

Clara pulled most of her cock from Dany's mouth, leaving only the tip between his lips. She leaned out of the way, holding his ponytail with one hand and creating the perfect target for her leather-clad sister in arms.

“UUUUUNNNNNGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!”

Abilene grunted out her climax as her fat scrotum jiggled and rope after sticky rope fired all over Dany's face. The thick lines of paste slapped across his every feature, decorating his eyes, garnishing his nose and caking all over his muddied, red hair. He would've opened his mouth for her if the end of Clara's cock wasn't still lodged between his lips. It was his natural reflex now, whenever one of the trainers gifted him with their seed.

After seven stringy cords of white sludge had splattered all over Dany's face and upper body, Abilene moaned in contentment and released her spent hog. She groped her breasts as the pleasure of Futa orgasm surged through her body. The bliss rolled through her curvy frame for a lengthy spell even after her balls had been drained.

The ecstatic trainer was blocked from Dany's view as Clara stepped back in. The hungry Domina wrapped both leather-gloved hands around his filthy hair and resumed fucking his face. Her thrusts seemed even more insistent and needy now. Perhaps she was annoyed her friend had climaxed first and interrupted a heavenly session of throat fucking.

As her sweaty ballsack slapped into Dany's chin over and over again, he peered up at the cowgirl Goddess with grateful eyes. He sucked her soiled length lovingly, worshiping her filthy phallus as he knelt in the sticky mud and awaited his next delicious meal.