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"Oh, that black horse is lovely!" Sharon cried. "Can I ride him, Aunt Pearl?"

Pearl glanced sideways at her niece. She had been surprised and pleased at how nubile the girl had become since she'd seen her last. There was something about nubile young girls that Aunt Pearl found very interesting.

The horse was a brawny brute, his sleek coat jet black, his mane flowing and his tail silken. He eyed the girl and his dark, moist lips curled out from his big, blunt teeth as he nickered softly.

Sharon stroked his arched neck and the animal's black nostrils flared slightly. He regarded the girl with a big, white eye, in almost the same way that Aunt Pearl was looking at her — in a sort of horsey speculation.

"Well, Ebony is a stallion, dear," Pearl started.

"Oh, I'm sure I can handle him," Sharon said.

Aunt Pearl almost burst out laughing.

The girl didn't realize how appropriate the word handle was in this situation.

"I'm not talking about riding him. He's broken and gentle enough. But a stallion — well, Sharon, he can get a little worked up with a girl on his back..."

Sharon looked wide-eyed at her aunt.

"You mean horny?" she asked, grinning.

"Exactly. It can be — embarrassing."

"Like when a guy gets a hard-on in the movies, huh?" said the little minx.

Pearl was surprised and delighted at how bold the teenager was. Not at all modest and Aunt Pearl was starting to see a whole lot of possibilities for the weekend.

"When, as you say, a guy gets a hard-on on a date — and you don't intend to let him screw you — I suppose that sometimes you might give him a hand-job, right?"

Sharon blushed, but nodded.

"Well, it's the same with a stallion."

Sharon looked intrigued and not at all shocked.

"Usually, when I'm going to ride Ebony, I jerk him off before hand." Aunt Pearl continued. "That way, his big balls are empty and he doesn't embarrass me by getting a stiff prick while I'm on him."

"Oh, wow!" Sharon gasped, showing surprise for the first time.

The stallion snorted and pawed at the ground. Aunt Pearl's pussy had been simmering a bit and now Sharon's cunt began to heat up and the animal was pleasantly disturbed. His enormous prick was hanging down in a hunk of thick, black meat. Now it began to twitch and rise.

"See what I mean?" Pearl giggled.

Sharon looked at the stallion's cock. The long rod was lifting towards the horizontal, like a thick lever. As she stared at that impressive erection-in-progress, his leathery sheath drew back and the glossy tip of his jet-black cock head came sliding out.

"What a whopper!" Sharon cried.

"I'm afraid that one of us will have to jerk him off now, anyhow," said Aunt Pearl. "He gets very rambunctious when he has a hard-on. He might kick his stall down. I-I don't enjoy jacking him off, you understand. It's just a thing that needs to be done!"

"Gee, it looks like fun, to me," Sharon blurted out, then she giggled, making it sound like a joke.

Both pussies were steaming fragrantly by this time, and the horse's cock was rock hard and throbbing. His haunches bunched with muscle and he jammed his prick out. His swollen balls rolled out like oranges.

"If I frig him, can I ride him?" Sharon asked.

In fact, at the moment, she was much more interested in the frigging, whether she rode the brute or not.

Aunt Pearl had been about to offer to empty the stallions balls, herself. Now she felt a rush of lust at the thought of her sexy little niece doing the job.

"Okay," she said. "Errrr... I'd better stay here, though, to make sure that you can manage it."

And to watch you do it, you lovely little nymph, she added, to herself, thrilled by the prospect. She figured that Sharon was certain to get hot after she played with that huge prick — and hot little girls needed attention.

Sharon started to move closer to the beast's hindquarters, running her hand along his flank.

"You'd better take your blouse off, honey," Pearl suggested. "Horse cum shoots all over the place, and there's no sense getting all slimy!"

Sharon saw the sense in that. She started to unbutton her blouse. Then, for some reason, she turned so that she was facing her aunt as she removed the garment.

She arched her slender back, thrusting her pert tits out as she slowly drew the blouse from her shoulders. Her firm little tit-globes jutted out, needing no support. The rosy tips stood out taut and stiff and tantalizing, like twin pink rockets ready to be launched. She posed like that for a moment, staring at her aunt in a knowing, challenging way. Aunt Pearl was trembling slightly and licking her lips, her eyes glued to those succulent tits.

Then, tits bouncing, Sharon spun back to the stallion and knelt beside his rippling flank. Aunt Pearl stepped closer, looking over the girl's naked shoulder. Sharon was staring at the horse's formidable cock, not as if she were intimidated by the gigantic prick, but as if she were wondering about how to go about the job. She knew how to jerk a guy off, to be sure, but the horse's prick was a different prospect. She guessed that she would need both hands for that job — that the process would be the same as with a human cock, but that the quantity was the difference.

Reaching out tentatively, Sharon cupped the animal's balls in her upturned palm. She lifted slightly, as if she were weighing the amount of jism they held.

"Ooooooh — he's sure full of it," she whispered, her voice sounding all husky.

She heard a rustle of clothing as her aunt knelt, weak kneed, behind her. A moment later she felt the woman's hot breath on the back of her arched neck and the heaviness on her tits as they rubbed against her shoulder. Sharon grinned impishly. She figured she was right on her aunt's inclinations.

Sharon had fooled around with some of her girlfriends from school and she wasn't naive about deviant desires. Girl's bodies were nice. Sharon didn't mind at all.

But there was a whole weekend for anything like that to happen — if it happened — and at the moment the naughty girl was more interested in stallion cock.

She fondled his balls for a while, using both hands now and tugging those bloated bags up and down as if she were milking a cow. But the load in his balls was a lot thicker and creamier than anything milked from an udder. She could feel his cum slosh around inside the leathery sacks.

Her little, upturned nose wrinkled as she sniffed the gamey aroma of that overheated cock-meat.

Sharon wondered what horse prick tasted like.

But she couldn't very well find out, not with her aunt watching her.

She pulled her hands up onto the stallion's cock-shaft, gripping it between her palms. His prick was so thick that she could barely span it in a double grip.

She gave his prick a slow push-pull. It throbbed violently in her hands as the brute snorted and humped, fucking his cock out through her caressing palms. The action was the same as with a guy — but a whole lot more thrilling.

Tightening her grip, Sharon began to frig up and down on his potent prick pillar.

"Am I doing it right, Aunt Pearl?" she asked, with an innocence she did not feel.

"Y-yes dear," the woman croaked.

Pearl was dizzy with desire, hardly able to believe this was actually happening. Her fat nipples felt explosive and the crotch of her jeans had filled up with a slimy pool as her cunt overflowed.

Sharon frigg'd back and the stallion's naked cock-head skinned out, a looming slab of ebony meat. His piss hole rippled open and a thick glob of pre-cum squeezed out. It looked like a moist pearl.

"Oooooh, look!" Sharon squealed.

She pumped his prick faster, her hands skimming down toward the hilt, then dragging back to the knob. She could feel the rock-hard core of his cock pulsating and vibrating inside the coarse, leathery sheath.

Snorting and blowing, the stallion stepped up the pace, shoving his cock frantically through the girl's hands. His tail swished behind his powerful ass like a propeller. His head went up and down, mane flowing, neck twisting as he turned to look down at the girl.

The beast's whole mighty body began to quiver, the sinew rippled like steel cords under his glossy coat. More goo oozed from his open cleft. The jet black wedge of his cock-head looked like it had been whitewashed.

"He's gonna shoot!" Sharon gasped, feeling his thundering prick buck and throb.

She leaned sideways, moving her firm, jiggling tits over in front of the animal's cock-knob. She was staring right down his prick as her hands flew frantically up and down that pounding cock.

Sighting down his cock, the girl saw the stallion's huge balls expand — and explode.

She waited in excitement.

As she pushed back on his cock shaft, she felt that vibrant stalk shudder as his cum came rushing up through the core. His prick was so long that he seemed to be cumming in slow motion, the juice taking moments to span the distance between his balls and his piss-hole.

The horse spume was spurting out in a gush. The steaming slime splashed heavily on Sharon's tits, running like boiling oil over the mounds and onto the nipples and frothing into her smooth cleavage. Sharon whimpered, staring at his cock head in awe as the juice pumped out, lathering her belly and tits. A jism jet shot over her shoulder, just missing her face. The animal drove his cock out and squirted again.

Aunt Pearl was moaning and shuddering, creaming her jeans and drooling as she watched her sexy little niece milk the stallion to the bone.

A last heavy wad hosed out and the horse blew, spraying slobber. His humping slowed and his balls hung slack.

Sharon kept on pumping his prick, coaxing out a few last trickles from the cleft.

She pulled her hands up and held him just behind the knob, squeezing and teasing out one final fat glob that clung like quicksilver to his cock head.

When she released his prick, his cock stood upright for a moment, trembling. Then it collapsed, falling like a tree, the knob almost reaching the ground.

The stallion was finished.