

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

It was a crisp, bright January morning as Susie Hansen steadily pedaled her bicycle up the two-lane road on her way to work. Most girls her age drove to where they wanted to go, but Susie enjoyed experiencing the scenery at a pace that was unhurried. She passed many family-owned farms and never missed looking for the horses that some of them kept in pasture. She would much rather be riding a horse to work! However, even though she lived in a small town, machinery had managed to push horses out of service in all but the most die-hard of farms. Also, Susie still couldn't afford to take care of a horse on the wages she was making waiting tables. She just had to get a better job!

As she pedaled on she dreamed of having a farm of her own where she could raise horses. In the same thought, Susie couldn't help thinking that her dream may never come to pass. Her family couldn't afford to send her to college, and she just couldn't accept her mother's urgings to marry this or that young man and settle down. Susie didn't want to "settle down" as she had seen so many of her high school friends do. Most of them settled for the first eligible bachelor to cross their path, and were busy having babies and not much else. Susie liked children. However, her idea of a happy marriage included a husband who loved horses as much as she did. "Someday," Susie told herself.

As she got about two miles from her house, she regretted not using the bathroom before setting off for work. Looking around, she saw a large clump of bushes next to a small pasture that blocked the view of the road. Quickly pulling her bicycle out of sight, she crouched in the bushes and began to relieve herself. In the distance she saw a horse that she had missed before pulling in. The horse, however, had not missed her pulling into his domain. He made his way curiously over towards her and slowed down as he neared. Susie was a bit at a loss as to what to do when the horse finally made it to the fence. Susie hadn't finished urinating yet as the horse put its head curiously over the top rail of the fence. From her vantage point it was quite evident that the horse was a stallion.

She had seen many stallions before. However, never when she was in quite so compromising a position. She couldn't believe she was taking a leak next to a stallion whose nose was just a few feet from her. The fact that she was urinating did not escape the stallion's notice either. It was early January, and the breeding season had not started yet. Steam rose from her pussy and the slowly growing pool of urine. Being a stallion, he inhaled deeply and recognized a somewhat familiar scent. As he raised his head and curled his upper lip up in the flehmen response, Susie couldn't believe that this stallion was treating her as if she might be a mare. The stallion's penis had already dropped a good way out of his sheath and he took another look at her over the fence. A low nicker came from deep in his throat as he looked at her. To Susie it sounded sort of like "Huh, huh. Huh, huh, huh." Susie imagined that in horse language it probably meant something like "Hey, baby! How's about you an' me...*wink*, *wink*."

By this time the stallion was fully drawn and began slapping his penis against his belly. With every slap, the glans of his penis would flare up larger and larger. "Amazing," thought Susie. "Imagine the lucky mare that gets to receive that on a regular basis!" He was fully at least eighteen inches long and more than three inches in diameter. What was most impressive was the way his glans swelled up to over six inches across. At this vantage point, Susie could easily see his urethral process protruding about a half an inch from his glans, surrounded by a large channel, the "Urethral diverticulum", as she remembered it being called. The stallion's masturbation had begun to have an effect. Susie could see a bit of clear fluid glistening on the tip of his urethra. The stallion was getting into it pretty good now and every so often a small jet of fluid would squirt out of the tip of his cock, not quite reaching his front legs.

Susie wished she could help him out with his masturbation and then realized where she was. "Oh, no!," Susie exclaimed. "I've got to get to work!" And with that, she quickly stood up and zipped up her pants. The stallion perked up his ears and gave her some more of his "Huh, huh." solicitations as she prepared to leave. She glanced over at him and his throbbing member and wished she didn't have to leave. Walking over to him, she bravely gave him a quick pat. As an after thought, she reached her hand down her pants and gave her pussy a quick fingering. She held her hand out to the stallion and let him have a quick sniff. The stallion responded by giving her hand a quick lick followed by more anxious nickering.

"What am I doing?," thought Susie. "I just stuck my hand under a perfectly strange stallion's nose! If I'm not more careful, I may be counting my fingers next time." As she walked towards her bicycle, Susie promised herself that she would have to stop by this pasture again if she felt the call of nature — or even if she didn't. The stallion looked back at her questioningly as she mounted her bicycle, his erection diminishing. Susie couldn't help thinking that she was getting close to her period and had just had a stallion tell her he knew it and wouldn't mind a roll in the hay with her!

As she rode away, a man noticed someone riding away from where his stallion was standing.

Paul McGregor had been self-employed and was now retired at the ripe young age of 31. He had lucked out in one of his business ventures. After many failures to invent something that would make him rich, he was beginning to wonder whether his dream of financial security was ever attainable. Then he hit upon something that seemed so obvious that no one had ever thought to market. "What the hell," thought Paul. "If it fails, that narrows down the list of things that have promise." The immediate success of his invention skyrocketed his bank account and gave Paul financial security and the means to realize his dream. After signing an licensing agreement to have a company manufacture his product, Paul began looking for his dream farm.

This cold crispness in the air was beginning to burn off as Paul stepped out of the house. He had just finished his breakfast and wandered over to the stallion barn. He always fed his horses before breakfast so that they would have a good bit of food if he wanted to go for a morning ride. On the rare occasions when he pulled one of his horses from a meal, he had to deal with a very grumpy horse indeed. The old saying "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." goes double for horses.

His stallion's registered name was HesaKingsCommander but Paul just called him "King". After all, being the only stallion on his farm, "King" was quite fitting. As Paul neared King's paddock, he noticed a girl riding a bicycle furiously away from King. The look King was giving her did not escape Paul's notice — neither did the fact that King had his wanker swingin' in the breeze as he watched her leave. When the girl was out of sight, Paul gave a shrill whistle to the stallion. King came trotting up to him and then looked back towards the direction the girl had ridden off.

"Whatcha up to big guy?," Paul asked. "I saw you waving hello to that girl by the fence. It's getting pretty close to breeding season isn't it? I'll bet you gave that girl something to think about today, didn't you?" King nuzzled Paul's neck and gave him a low "Huh, huh" in response. "OK, boy." I'll get you up on the phantom after our ride. Sasha just came into heat. Next month, you won't have to settle for the plastic pony!"

Paul led King out of his paddock and clipped him to the hitching rail. He began his methodical

currying and brushing to prepare King for a nice ride. King especially liked it when Paul brushed between his front legs and under his belly. He showed his appreciation by craning his neck way out and bunching his upper lip and making side-to-side grooming motions with it. Sometimes Paul let King groom him back. King's upper lip making sweeping motions all over his back while Paul groomed him. Paul didn't groom too hard when King was doing this. King sometimes tended to forget that he was dealing with tender human flesh and would sometimes give Paul a light nip. Of course, to Paul this felt like he had just had a chunk of flesh ripped from his back. So, Paul had learned King's mannerisms and they both enjoyed a symbiotic grooming when others weren't around.

Paul picked out King's hooves and gave his legs a thorough going-over. King rarely turned up lame. Of course, when you can afford the finest veterinary and farrier services in the county, problems were usually circumvented before they had a chance to get out of control. "OK boy, let's get you saddled up," Paul said as he spread the saddle pad and then the saddle over King's back. King's withers were nice and tall so Paul had to bunch up lot of saddle pad over them to prevent chafing. Those tall withers came in handy, especially on steep hills, preventing the saddle from riding up on King's neck. After putting on King's bridle, Paul mounted up and began riding towards the road where he had seen the girl and King.

As they approached the spot where the girl had been, King's ears pricked up and he became a little more interested in the bushes next to the fence. When they reached the spot where the girl had been King looked over at the bushes and tried to stop. "What's the matter, buddy?" Paul asked. King responded by lifting his head and giving the flehmen response. "Something smell funny big guy? OK, let's have a look." Paul dismounted and walked over to a secluded spot in one of the bushes that King seemed to want to get to. King stuck his nose into a large wet spot in the grass and continued to give the flehmen response, making loud sucking noises.

Paul reached down and touched the moist area that King was so interested in. He already had some suspicions as he raised his fingers to his nose. "Well, well," Paul chuckled. "You were watching that girl piss as you beat off, weren't you?" King answered by sticking his nose back into the spot and acting like he was preparing to classify a fine bottle of wine. King raised his head again and had clear fluid dripping from both nostrils. "Analysis, Mr. Spock," Paul jokingly asked King. "Is she in heat?" If King's hardon was any indication, she most certainly was. Paul began to feel a bit conspicuous standing in the bushes with a stallion who was getting hornier by the minute as he wacked his pecker against his belly.

Leading a reluctant King from the bushes, Paul mounted up again and continued on with their ride. As they rode on, Paul couldn't get the thought of the girl out of his mind. "Who was she?," he thought. "Does she ride by here often? I wonder if she likes horses. "Of course, she may have been scared off by that monster dick of yours," he told King. I hope she likes stallions." Paul road off into the mountains and just plain enjoyed life. As they began to make their way back to the barn they passed by the now well-known bushes, King turned his head towards them and gave a low nicker. "Huh, huh." Huh, huh, huh."

Susie waited her tables in a fog. She had made it to work with just minutes to spare. She had just gotten this job recently and didn't want to lose it. She kept thinking about the sight of the stallion beating off as she had the closest look of a flaring stallion's cock than she had ever hoped for. The sight of it had made her nipples crinkle in pleasure. The fact that she was endowed with more than an ample bosom, (42-D to be exact), made the effect all the more impressive.

She thought about the size of the stallion's balls as she absentmindedly refilled a rough-looking customer's coffee cup. Those stud's balls were big enough to completely fill both her palms held together. They were as large as a grapefruit!

"Hey, Honey! Are you cold or just happy to see me?," the man asked as she was filling his cup.

Susie came out of her daydream and realized that she must have been thinking about that stallion a little too hard. Her nipples were in an obvious state arousal. She self-consciously moved away from the crude jerk and "accidentally" spilled some hot coffee on his groin.

"Shit!," the man yelped.

"I'm so sorry sir," Susie apologized insincerely. She hoped the guy's nuts were roasted for a few days. Still, she didn't want to get fired. Jobs in this little town were few and far between. If someone got canned, everybody knew about it and the supposed events that caused it. She wished that she could work with horses — that she could breed horses. She found herself thinking back to the stallion and looked at her watch. It was only two hours before her shift was over. She planned on seeing if the stallion was still near the fence on her ride home.

As Susie approached the bushes where she had stopped that morning, she began getting anxious. The stallion was nowhere in sight. Just as she was about to ride on, she decided that she would relieve herself in the bushes. Perhaps if she "freshened" the scent, the stallion would decide that these bushes were a nice place to hang out. She quickly pulled into the bushes and relieved herself.

King was just getting into enjoying his dinner when he heard a bicycle in the distance. He thought of going out to investigate but changed his mind as he polished off the last bits of his hot bran mash. He really enjoyed the way Paul treated him. He always seemed to find the best spots to scratch, he fed him well, and he got to get his rocks off on a regular basis. Yes, King had a wonderful life. As he began to start on his alfalfa, he heard the bicycle again. This time he decided to have a look outside. He ambled outside just in time to see ****The Girl**** riding away from the bushes that he had been at this morning. He pricked his ears forward and was about to trumpet a call to her when she rode out of sight. King let out a deep sigh and slowly walked back to finish his dinner.

Susie got home and helped her mother with dinner. Her mother asked her The Question during dinner again. She hated it when her mother brought the subject up. "You don't want to grow up to be an old maid, do you?" her mother chided her once again. "How about that nice young man that took you to the prom last year? He seemed like such a nice young man. He even picked you up in a limousine."

"Mother! His father's a mortician!" Susie protested. "That 'limo' he picked me up in is what they use to carry dead people in!"

"Well, you could do worse," her mother countered. "After all, he does pull a steady income." Susie didn't to point out to her mother that his "steady income" came from the fact that people were dying to the tune of an exorbitantly large profit.

After dinner, Susie mindlessly washed the dishes as she looked out the kitchen window. The sun had almost set and created a spectacular sunset across the horizon. Susie's thoughts went back to the stallion. She imagined herself riding him bareback in the moonlight as their naked flesh pressed

together, joined in a sweaty, erotic fusion that they experienced as one. They stopped in a warm, secluded meadow next to a crystal-clear babbling brook. As she dismounted she glanced down at his maleness which hung prominently between his hind legs, nicely accented by his more than ample testicles. She slowly inhaled his scent as he nuzzled her between her breasts, and gave her an affectionate lick as he made his way down towards her navel and beyond. He began his low nickering as he prepared to lick her nether regions. Her nipples crinkled in sensual anticipation...

"Susie!" What are you looking at?" her mother asked.

"Oh, nothing mother, just enjoying the sunset." Susie finished with the dishes and finished stacking them neatly in the cupboard. "I'm going to my room and read a novel," Susie said as she headed for her room. Susie's mother absently watched T.V. in the living room where she sat with Susie's father. Without responding, she stared blankly, watching another rerun that they had seen many times before. Susie took in the scene and hoped that she could avoid the mindless ritual that her parents had gotten into. She quietly walked to her room and opened her novel.

Susie woke with a start, she had been dreaming about the stallion and their ride in the moonlit meadow. Her panties were absolutely soaked, and she was as horny as the proverbial two-peckered goat. She began to rub her clit to find some relief when she thought, "Why not? Everybody's asleep, and won't notice me leaving." With that, she quickly bundled up in some warm clothes and quietly made her way out to her bicycle. She couldn't believe she was actually riding at night to visit a stallion; a stallion that she hadn't known of before today. She almost turned back before she realized that if she chickened out now, she may never get the courage or the opportunity to try this again. She resolutely pedaled on, the bushes, her bushes, were beckoning.

As she approached, she could just make out the form of a horse in the paddock. His shiny Palomino coat was easy to make out in the half-light of the moon. She slowed her approach and silently parked her bike in the bushes away from the narrow road. The stallion of course didn't overlook the fact that someone had just stopped in the bushes where **The Girl** had been. He made his way cautiously towards the person when he caught a familiar scent on the breeze. **It was the girl — the mysterious mare!** King let out a low nicker as he approached closer.

Susie saw the stallion and thought she saw recognition in his eyes as he nickered to her. "Hello, boy! It's nice to see you again." King craned his neck over the top fence rail as he nickered to her again. Susie didn't think as she reached over and petted King that she was in any danger. He seemed like such a mellow horse — for a stallion. Susie decided that now would be a good time to relieve herself. After all, it had stimulated the stallion before. As she began relieving herself, King tried to crane his neck closer to her, sniffing loudly. The top rail prevented him from getting closer to her.

Just as Susie had really started flowing, King backed away a bit from the fence and then stuck his head between the middle and top fence rails. **Ah! Now he had access to this mysterious mare!** Susie didn't see what King was up to until he stuck his muzzle right into her urine stream. Susie almost fell over as she yelped and clamped off her flow.

King was in heaven! **This new mare had just pissed her scent right on his muzzle! She must certainly be in heat!** King was flehmening and making loud sniffing sounds as he analyzed Susie's scent. **Yes! She most definitely was in heat!** thought King. His cock was well on its way to becoming a ragingly serious hardon. He began belly slapping with his cock just as Susie was regaining her composure. She backed off a ways and decided it was safe for her to finish pissing. King continued to belly slap and then turned to her and nickered again.

"You sure are horny, aren't you boy? When's the last time you had a mare?" With that Susie said to herself "What the hell, you only live once." She quickly pulled up her pants and approached the lustful stallion. King pulled his neck out from between the rails and craned his head back over the top rail.

"Easy, boy," Susie said as she cautiously approached the horny stud. "Do you want me to help you with that big boner of yours?" To herself, Susie wondered just how exactly she proposed to "help him out" with something the size of a Louisville Slugger. As she patted him on the forehead, King nuzzled her shoulder the way he nuzzled Paul. "You seem gentle enough boy. Promise you'll be good?" To that Susie got another nicker and a nuzzle on the cheek. Susie looked underneath the stud and just began to realize the enormity of what she proposed to do. There was no way she could ever get the flared head of that monster inside any of her orifices. It wasn't flared right now, but Susie wasn't about to kid herself. As soon as the stallion started getting really excited, his glans would flare up to the size she had witnessed that morning. Something like that would split her in two. If she tried to deep-throat him, he would surely dislocate her jaw.

Susie decided to take the cautious approach. She took off her sweater and hung it on one of the branches behind her. She reached through the fence and patted the stallion's belly. King obliged her by moving closer to the fence. She took a tentative rub against his glans with her right hand. King rewarded her with a slap of his cock against his belly and a small squirt of clear fluid. Susie was getting bolder now. She reached out and grabbed the head of his cock and didn't let go. King gave a few short humps and quite a bit more pre-cum squirted out. At first Susie thought he had ejaculated. But as she looked at her hand in the pale moonlight, she could see that the fluid was still clear. Susie knew that stallions ejaculated in fractions. The first being a clear, thin fluid that helped neutralize any urine that was in the urethra. The second fraction should be the whitish, watery sperm-rich fraction. The last fraction would be the thick, clear gel-fraction that some people say acts as a plug to prevent the semen from being discharged from the mare. So, Susie kept her eye out for any evidence of this.

King was looking at her expectantly, waiting for her to get on with what she had started. He nickered to her and gave his belly another slap with his cock. "You're a horny one, aren't you boy?" Susie said happily to King. She sniffed her fingers. It didn't smell like much. "Oh, why not?" she thought as she extended her tongue and experimentally licked a little bit of the pre-cum off of her fingers. Slightly salty, pleasant actually, she decided. She began wondering what stallion cum would taste like.

King had begun to get restless with her momentary lapse of attention. However, as she grasped his glans again, he returned to spurting small jets of pre-cum onto her hands. Susie switched hand positions so that King's glans was in her left hand and she grasped the shaft of his penis right behind the ring. King responded by even more vigorous thrusting than before. Susie's hands were riding his cock like a professional bronc rider. King was making steady pumping motions and low groans as she gripped his glans tightly and lightly rotated it like a living doorknob. With every thrust, she would jack his shaft just behind the ring, attempting to imitate what she thought a mare would feel like to him. This went on for about a minute when all of a sudden King's thrusting got more pronounced and sporadic. His glans was flared up to maximum when all of a sudden King let out a loud grunt, dropped his head and started flagging his tail up and down. Susie's efforts were rewarded with jet after jet of creamy-white cum. Some of it shot on the fence rail and splashed on the ground beyond, however most of it was blocked by her fingers as it ran down her left arm and dripped from her elbow.

After about seven strong jets of cum followed by three or four smaller ones, King's head was dropped nearly to the grass in his paddock. He was spent and his penis almost immediately began to

retract back into its sheath. Susie didn't want to miss her chance. She quickly pulled King's glans towards her waiting mouth and gave it a long lick. Cum dribbled out of the tip onto her waiting tongue. "Marvelous!" she thought as King's penis finished its retraction out of sight. She looked at her left arm and realized that it was covered in stallion cum. She hadn't the forethought to bring anything for cleanup, so without any hesitation she began licking her arm clean. This was a trip she was sure to remember for the rest of her life. Of course, she planned on having many other visits to "help out" her stud.

She was half way home when she realized that the stallion's penis had been incredibly clean. Most stallions and geldings she had seen always had blackish crusty flakes of smegma that needed periodic washing off. His owner must be a real stickler for health, she thought. I've just got to meet him. She hoped the owner was a him...

Paul had tried to sleep but just couldn't get the thought of the mysterious girl urinating in front of horny ol' King. His hardon demanded attention and he knew just the cure for that!

Paul quickly threw on a warm robe and made his way out to the heated barn. "Money has its uses," Paul thought with a smile. Sasha was his bay mare, and she had just come into heat. She greeted him happily with a nicker and a light nuzzle on the cheek. The other mares looked out at him and nickered their greetings to him. "OK, OK," Paul said as he reached into his robe pocket and gave each one of them a carrot stick and scratched them in turn. Paul liked to buy the "baby carrots" because they were the perfect size for his robe pockets. The contented sounds of horses chewing filled the barn.

As the mares munched away contentedly, Paul opened Sasha's stall door and gave her a nice scratching along the sides of her withers. She craned her neck and made ecstatic goofy faces with her upper lip. He moved in closer and embraced her around the neck as he scratched along the side of her neck just beneath her mane. He was rewarded with a crushing "pony hug" as she tried to groom his back. Paul stepped away from her after a bit and looked deeply into her eyes. Nothing there except love and devotion. The same feelings Paul had for all of his horses. He embraced her head and stroked the side of her neck for a while. Sasha let out a long, contented sigh and nuzzled Paul's cheek. Paul kissed her affectionately on the side of her muzzle and gave her an exploratory lick. Sasha leaned into him and licked back. Her breath smelled of carrots and tasted like carrots mixed with the slight tanginess of alfalfa. Paul began to French-kiss her deeply.

After a few minutes, Sasha was practically purring as she enjoyed Paul's affections. Paul removed his robe and draped it over the stall door. Sasha looked at him knowingly and walked over to him. She sniffed his quite ready manhood and gave it a small nuzzle. Paul stroked her neck and Sasha dropped her head expectantly. Paul placed his penis along the side of her well-lubricated lips and they parted effortlessly. The warm embrace of her mouth was pure ecstasy. Sasha began a slow rhythmic tonguing of Paul's penis as she drove him closer to his limit. Paul was buried to the hilt and making ragged breathing sounds. Sasha felt Paul's penis begin to really stiffen up and redoubled her efforts. She knew that this meant that she was going to get to taste one of Paul's special treats. Paul came explosively while Sasha kept up her relentless tonguing, swallowing every spurt of cum that Paul could supply. Finally, Paul's member began to subside. Sasha really enjoyed giving head!

Paul loved Sasha very much and had a very full sex life with all of his horses. He walked around to her hind quarters and scratched her gently along her rump. Sasha responded by raising her tail off to the left side. Paul looked at her vulva with eager anticipation. She was in raging heat. Small dribbles of semi-thick clear fluid dripped from her vulva. Paul wet his middle finger in his mouth and

ran it along the length of her vulva. He was rewarded by Sasha raising her tail until it curled almost on top of her backbone. Paul leaned over and gave her vulva a teasing lick. She responded by raising her tail even higher and “winking” her clitoris outward a few times. Paul never ceased to be amazed at how mares were able to actually make their clitorises protrude outward and then disappear back into hiding. Truly remarkable!

Paul continued tonguing Sasha’s clit and inside her vagina as she kept up her rhythmic winking. “You sure are hot tonight!” Paul thought as he drank deeply of her offerings. She was exceedingly horny and wanted to lean hard into Paul’s face for more penetration. Paul imagined that if it were within Sasha’s capabilities, she would have Paul’s entire head inside her pussy. She had learned though that if she backed up too far, Paul would stop what he was doing and make her take a few steps forward. She didn’t realize that in her efforts to get Paul’s magic tongue further within her vagina, she had once pinned his head against the stall’s wall. Of course, Paul enjoyed a willing sex partner as much as the next guy. However, there is such a thing as too much enthusiasm where fragile humans are concerned.

Paul stopped his tonguing to walk into the tack room and came back with a milk crate. Sasha knew that this meant even greater enjoyment. Her tail was curled up against her back as Paul set the milk crate behind her. Her vulva was really dripping her natural lubrication now. Paul stood on the milk crate and positioned himself behind her waiting vulva. Sasha looked back over her shoulder at him expectantly. Paul reached down and smeared some of her love juice around with head of his penis as he prepared to enter her. As he slowly inserted himself into her, she responded by contracting her pussy walls against his penis and leaning back into him. Paul felt his penis rub against her pelvic arch as he pressed deeper. When all of Paul’s penis was buried deeply within her, he began a slow, rhythmic pumping. Sasha ears were flicking back and forth and she paused every once in a while to look over her shoulder at Paul. Every second or third stroke Paul was rewarded by Sasha tensing up her vaginal walls giving him an extra-tight fit.

Paul kept up his pumping while scratching Sasha’s back. This double-dose of attention began to have a marked effect on Sasha. She began to moan softly every ten or so seconds. “Unh, unh.” Her small moans were punctuated by Paul’s balls slapping against her periodically protruding clitoris. Sasha’s moans were beginning to get louder and closer together. Each moan was accompanied by a cock-crunching spasm that began to send Paul into a pumping frenzy. Sasha’s orgasms were getting closer and quite strong now as Paul approached his limit. With a few final spasmodic thrusts, Paul buried himself to the hilt as he came deep within Sasha. He bent over, spent, and rested his sweating cheek along her back as he hugged and kissed her. All the while giving her scratches along the sides of her withers. Sasha craned her head back and gave Paul a loving nuzzle on his cheek and forehead and Paul responded with several kisses along her muzzle and cheek.

After about five minutes, Paul slowly removed his spent cock from Sasha and stepped off the milk crate. Sasha turned around and gave him another nuzzle. Paul leaned into her and hugged her long and hard. Sasha returned his affection by giving him another bone-crushing pony hug. As Paul stepped away from her, she gave his penis a nuzzle, trying to coax it back to attention. “Sorry, Sash, the soldier’s all marched out for a while yet. “However,” he said as he reached for his robe, “here’s a carrot that you can chew on for now.” Sasha took the baby carrot from Paul and crunched it happily.

Paul finished petting the other mares and gave them some more carrots as he prepared to say good night to them. “Don’t worry girls, I haven’t forgotten you. Between King and I we’ll keep all of you satisfied.” And with that he turned down the lights and began walking back towards the house.

On his way back, he decided to say hello to King. As he was walking towards King’s paddock he thought he saw a bicycle leaving the place where King had watched the girl take a piss. He could just

make out King's Palomino coat in the dwindling moonlight. King was peering over the railing into the distance. Paul gave out his shrill whistle and King came trotting up.

"How are you, Big Guy?" Paul asked as he fed King a carrot. Usually King reacted when he could smell a mare's scent on his hands. This time King just showed a casual interest as he munched the carrot. Paul reached underneath King's belly to give him a scratch when he felt something slick. Lifting his hand to his face he smelled the distinct, light odor of stallion cum. "That's funny, King almost never beats off to ejaculation this time of year." Paul's curiosity was really peaked now. He ducked between the paddock railings and marched his way towards the bushes. When he reached the place where he had seen King standing he reached into his robe pocket and pulled out a Mini Maglight. He searched for a while and came upon a trail of stallion cum which had shot across the center rail of the fence. "Curioser and Curioser," Paul thought. "Now how did you manage that, King?" Paul asked as he surveyed the area. "Have you been humping the fence?"

Just then the Maglight's beam fell upon a rather large pool of cum just on the other side of the fence line. Now Paul had witnessed King ejaculating full-force before and couldn't understand why the horse load hadn't landed further beyond. That's when the Maglight beam came across the pool of fresh urine. Paul stepped between the fence railings and dipped a finger into the urine pool to make sure he wasn't imagining things. A quick sniff told Paul that he was definitely smelling urine. He had seen a bicycle riding off from the paddock. "Well, well," Paul said. "It looks like I may just have found a use for that Army surplus night-vision scope I bought a while back." He was sure that it wouldn't be long before he got his money's worth out of that investment.

Paul climbed back through the fence and let King sniff his fingers before he began his walk back to the house. King looked back towards where he had last seen ****The Girl**** riding off into the moonset. He let out a long, loud trumpeting call in that direction before he turned and trotted back up to Paul on his way towards the house.

"Don't worry, King. Mares like that don't come around in the middle of the night expecting a one-night-stand. She'll be back soon. And when she does, perhaps she would be interested in a little more permanent 'stud services'."

King nuzzled Paul's neck as Paul turned to give him a big hug. King's "pony hugs" were closer to bear hugs as Paul laughed, gasping, and scratched King's neck. As Paul climbed through the fence on his way back to the house, he gave King one last carrot. King accepted it regally and munched it as he watched Paul enter the house. King trotted back to the bushes with his head and tail held high, then stuck his head between the railings. He inhaled deeply and began his flehmen response. His cock slowly lolled out and he began his belly slapping once again.

****Come back mystery mare,**** he thought.

~~~~~

## **Part Two**

"Morning King," Paul McGregor said as he patted the well-muscled Palomino stud on the neck. "I trust you slept well?" King regarded Paul with innocent eyes as he nuzzled him on the cheek. Paul was referring to King's little tryst with the mysterious girl that had enjoyed a little bit of extracurricular activities with King the night before. Paul had seen her just as she rode her bicycle away from the bushes next to King's paddock. The fact that the girl had managed to get King to blow his load with just her hands was no mean feat. Paul normally used an artificial vagina and a phantom mare when he needed to collect King. However, on many occasions, King was allowed to breed

mares live-cover. Paul had tried the bare-handed method with King with moderate success. With the A.V., King would eagerly mount the phantom and ejaculate without a hitch.

If Paul could perfect the plastic bag method, he could save himself a lot of effort during the warmer breeding days. Not to mention allowing King to get his rocks off a bit more frequently. It was still quite cold in the early January mornings, and Paul looked forward to being able to work in his shirt sleeves in a few months.

Paul went over to the feed room and grabbed a medium flake of alfalfa for King. As King was munching away happily, Paul took the time to check over King's legs and general appearance. King was a perfect specimen of health. His fuzzy winter coat gave him the appearance of a small draft horse. Of course, for a Quarter Horse stallion, King was large. Standing at just under 16 hands high, and with his excellent conformation, King presented the kind of picture that people were clamoring to breed their mares to. Since this was King's first year standing at stud, Paul decided to limit his book to something easily manageable.

Paul made his way to the mare barn and looked in on his three mares. They were currently being kept indoors for the nights as they were being kept under lights. Paul wasn't too keen on messing with the horses normal breeding cycles. However, if a mare's stall was kept illuminated until late night, her system could be tricked into believing it was spring. Thus, the mares would shed their winter coats and begin cycling back into heat. Artificial springtime! The fact that most horses were deemed to be one year old on January 1st made this practice all the more common and forced Paul to adopt the light stalls.

Giving each mare a flake of hay, Paul opened their back doors to allow them access to the large paddock behind the barn. He performed his normal ritual of checking legs, general appearances and cleaned out the few stray bits of hay that always end up in the waterers. When he was satisfied that everything was the way it should be, he wandered back to the house.

Paul had recently hired a couple of hands to help with the chores around the ranch and could breathe a little easier. He had been getting a little stir-crazy with his solitary life. He had never imagined that his realization of his dream ranch could be lacking anything. Paul loved his horses very much, but as the days wore on, Paul yearned for some human interaction. He found himself thinking back to the girl he had glimpsed riding away from King's paddock late last night. Paul knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she liked horses. Liked horses? She loved horses! If only he knew who she was! At about that time, the work crew pulled up and got out of their car.

"Hi, Mr. McGregor!" one of the young men said.

"Morning guys. It's a great morning! I'm going to run into town and stop in at the diner for some breakfast. Do you think you can manage without me?" Paul asked jokingly.

"No problem sir," they said, and gave a mock salute. "We should have all of the stalls and walks in ship shape by the time you get back."

"Great! You can reach me by my beeper if you need me," Paul said as he prepared to leave. "Oh, there's some fresh coffee in the lab." With that, Paul drove into town in search of a good country breakfast.

\*\*\*\*\*

Paul hadn't had much of a chance to get into town lately. He had just finished overseeing the construction of the breeding and boarding barns late last month. He had lucked out that the rainy

season cooperated and allowed the construction to be completed before the breeding season. Paul still had some butterflies about his first season. However, he was qualified. He had taken some equine breeding and management courses and even managed to work at a horse ranch before he acquired his fortune. Paul had slowly worked himself through the ranks. First he mucked stalls. Then he was graduated to feeding. As the managers began to trust his judgment more, he eventually made his way as part of the breeding crew. Paul was at home there.

Paul was a tinkerer and had used his spare time after work trying to invent something that would make him financially secure. It was just blind luck, but eventually he hit upon something that would actually sell. Almost overnight Paul was wealthy and able to do whatever he wanted with his life. It happened so quickly that Paul still woke up sometimes thinking that it was a dream. Paul shook the fog out of his head as he pulled up to the diner.

"Mornin', sir. How many today?" The waitress asked as he stepped into the diner.

"One, please," Paul admitted grudgingly. "She's kinda cute," Paul thought to himself as he followed her to a small table.

"My name is Susie and I'll be your waitress for today. Would you care for any coffee while you check over the menu?"

"Yes, please." As the waitress poured his coffee, Paul noticed a small locket on her necklace. "Do you like horse?" he asked.

She gave a little start. "Why, yes... Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I was just admiring the small horse on your necklace," Paul answered truthfully. "I just finished building my last barn a few weeks ago. I own the new ranch a few miles out of town by the foothills."

Susie gave a start and almost spilled the coffee she was pouring. "Oh, yes. I've seen it on my way to and from work. I was wondering who ran the place. It's gorgeous!"

"Why, thank you," Paul said a little bashfully. "By the way, my name's Paul McGregor. I've been fighting the weather to get the barns finished before breeding season starts. The paint still looks wet on the breeding barn."

Susie's senses were reeling. This was the owner of the ranch that had the stallion she'd secretly visited the night before. "Act cool. He doesn't know you from Eve," she thought. "Nice to meet you, Paul. I haven't seen you around town before. Are you from around here?" Susie asked automatically.

"Well, I grew up about fifty miles from here. I liked the area here and decided to put up shop. If you'd like, I can show you around the place sometime."

Susie was at a loss for words. Well, she'd wanted to meet the owner and now here he was confronting her. It was too much to comprehend at the moment. "Would you care to order now, or would you like some more time to look over the menu?" she asked slightly flustered.

"Oh, I still need a little more time to decide."

"What are you doing, Paul?" he thought. "That looked like all the world like you were coming onto her. Too much isolation has dulled your social skills."

When Susie came back, she tried not to look nervous. "Be calm," she told herself.

"Well, Mr. McGregor, what'll you have this morning?"

"I'll have the biscuits and gravy... With English muffins and O.J., Paul answered. "Oh, and I'd also like some milk."

Paul ate his breakfast in relative silence. Susie dutifully refilled his coffee cup when it got low. As Paul was just finishing and preparing to leave, Susie came up to him.

"Mr. McGregor, if the offer's still open, I'd love to stop by and see your ranch sometime."

Now it was Paul's turn to be caught off guard. "Oh, well, uh... Great! I'm there practically all the time. Just give me a call to let me know when a good time for you would be."

"Well, I normally work the breakfast shift. I'm off tomorrow. If it's not too inconvenient, can I stop by then, say, around 7 A.M.?"

"Well, that's right after feeding time. Sure, why not. As a matter of fact, If you can make it a little earlier, you can help feed."

\*\*\*\*\*

Susie slept fitfully throughout the night. She had another dream about her riding Paul McGregor's stallion nude in the moonlit meadow. By the time morning rolled around, she was wound up like a coiled spring. As she tried to unwind in the shower, she realized that she was extremely horny. As she soaped herself, she made lazy circles around her nipples and began to rub her clit in the steamy shower. She cut her activities short when she realized that she had to meet Paul in time to feed. She wanted to make a good impression on him.

As she pedaled her way down the road, she kept telling herself, "This is not a dream. It's actually happening."

She pulled up to the drive leading to the large ranch house. Looking around, she caught sight of the stallion from a couple of nights ago that she knew all too well. He had spotted her as she pulled into the drive and trumpeted a call of recognition to her. The door to the house opened up and Paul stepped out.

"Morning, Susie."

"Good morning, Mr. McGregor. Quite the watchdog you've got there."

"Oh, King. Yes, he's top dog on this ranch. He's got it pretty easy right now, but pretty soon he's gonna have his hands full," Paul said half jokingly. Susie looked at King sideways and gave him a knowing smile. "Well, let's get the horses fed. Then I'll show you around the place."

They started feeding at the mare barn and Paul introduced Susie to his three mares. "This bay mare here is Sasha," Paul said as he checked over her legs and body. Sasha stopped her chewing and gave Paul a loving nuzzle on the cheek.

"She's so slick and shiny," Susie said. "Do you keep her blanketed at night?"

"No. The barn is heated. These mares are under lights. The extra light at night tricks them into thinking that it's spring. They shed their coats and begin cycling earlier than in the wild."

"Oh, yes. I've heard about that," Susie replied.

"You're familiar with equine reproduction?" Paul asked with genuine curiosity.

"Well, most of the stuff I've learned from reading books in the library. But I have seen a few breedings in the past."

"That's interesting," Paul said as he closed Sasha's stall door. "Let's have a look at King."

Paul led King out of his stall and petted him on the side of the neck. "Say hello to Susie, King. He's real gentle, Susie. Come up and pet him."

Susie thought to herself, "Oh yeah, I know exactly how gentle he is," and presented her hand to King to sniff.

King's ears were pricked forward in recognition. \*\*This is the mystery mare!,\*\* King thought. \*\*Is Paul presenting her to me?\*\* King gave Susie a nicker of recognition. When no restraint was forthcoming from Paul, he took a step forward and nickered more insistently.

Paul made King take a step back. "Pet him here on the neck. He likes being scratched underneath his mane."

Susie scratched King while he made goofy faces and curled his lip out. He was blissfully enjoying the scratching and craning his neck out when Susie stopped scratching. King's head dropped down and rested on Susie's shoulder. He took the opportunity to take a deep sniff of her. "Heeee, huh, huh, huh," King let out lowly, certain that this was a mare being teased to him.

"Easy, King!" Paul said as Susie retreated a few steps back. "He's been getting pretty excited lately. It's close to breeding time and he wants to breed. Unfortunately, it's too early in the season to breed any of the mares. We can't have them foaling in December! I'd better put him away and let him eat his breakfast."

Paul left King to start in on his hay while they made their way to the breeding barn. "I'm sorry if it still smells a bit in here," Paul said. The paint takes a little longer to dry in this damp weather."

"Oh, that's OK, everything looks so new and fresh!"

"Well, that's soon gonna change," Paul said. "I have some mares coming in next month to be bred to King. I'm hoping to get things running fairly smoothly before then. As a matter of fact, I need to collect King today and check out his fertility."

"You're going to do that all by yourself?" Susie asked incredulously.

"Well, yeah. I suppose. I was going to ask one of the guys I have cleaning stalls help me. But, they seem kind of uneasy around King. I know King pretty well. It shouldn't be any big problem.

"Mr. McGregor. If you don't mind me offering, I'd like to help out with the collection. If that's OK with you, that is."

Paul thought about it for a while and then asked, "You say you've worked with horses before? You aren't afraid of having some lustful stallion trying to run the show?"

"I'm very comfortable around horses," Susie said truthfully. "With you telling me what King responds to, I'm sure I can help out."

"Great! Then we'll get to it after he's finished his breakfast. Speaking of which. I haven't had mine.

Would you care to join me?"

"I'd be delighted, Mr. McGregor," Susie said a bit too quickly.

"Fine. And please, call me Paul."

About that time, the two guys pulled up to clean stalls. "Morning, Mr. McGregor," they said almost in unison. Their eyes glancing from Susie to Paul and back.

"Morning guys. This is Susie. I've been showing her around the farm this morning and we're just getting ready to have some breakfast. There's coffee brewing if you want it. You know where it is."

The two of them muttered their greetings and then watched as Paul and Susie made their way to the truck. "Right on, Paul!" one of them said sotto-voce.

\*\*\*\*\*

When they got back from breakfast, Susie was in very high spirits. She couldn't believe that Paul loved horses so much. How she would love to work on a farm like this, breeding horses and raising foals. And of course, loving the horses.

Paul showed Susie the lab and proceeded to explain the assembly of the A.V. as he worked on it. "The temperature needs to be between 44 and 48 degrees Celsius for an optimum collection. This little filtering screen will separate the gel-fraction from the sperm-rich fraction during collection. The gel isn't necessary for fertilization and only makes the sample difficult to handle."

"Yes, I've read about that." Susie knew from her escapade a few nights before just how difficult stallion gel could be. Why, the stuff was worse than egg white on a linoleum floor.

"OK, let's get Sasha up here while the A.V. stabilizes temperature. I'll lead King in after you at a respectable distance."

Susie led Sasha up to the breeding barn and tied her to the breeding stocks. As Paul entered the barn, King spotted Sasha and gave her a loud trumpet call, eying her sideways as Paul led him into the corner to be washed. Sasha spread her legs wide and released a [SPAM] of urine as she prepared to be bred. "Have you ever washed a stallion before?" Paul asked.

"No. But just tell me what to do and I'll do my best." Susie replied as she eyed King's rapidly growing erection.

"OK, King's pretty clean right now. I just washed him a couple of days ago, so we'll just use water. Take a wad of that damp cotton from the wash bucket and swab his penis down. Start at the tip and work your way along the shaft to the base. If you go the other way, you'll just drag dirty smegma forward onto the glans."

Susie began dutifully swabbing King's penis with the cotton. King responded predictably by humping his hindquarters and rewarding Susie with copious squirts of pre-cum and a plenty of tail-flagging.

"Now take the tip of your little finger and run it inside his urethral diverticulum. I know he doesn't have any stallion beans, but it's good to check anyway. Good, now squeeze a fresh piece of cotton out and pat his glans and shaft dry. Great. Now, I want you to take King's shank firmly and lead him to the phantom straight on," Paul said as he handed Susie King's lead rope. "If he gets too far forward on the phantom, give him a little pressure on the shank to get his attention."



Paul hefted the A.V. and gave Susie the go-ahead to lead King to the phantom. **\*\*Damn!\*\*** thought King. **\*\*I want to mount Sasha! Oh well, the plastic pony's almost as good.\*\***

King hopped up on the phantom and began thrusting in earnest. Paul reached over the top of his penis and guided it into the A.V. King hunched up his hindquarters and redoubled his efforts.

Susie had King on a firm lead as she listened to him pump into the A.V. His grunts and groans near her left ear did not go unnoticed. Susie found herself getting very turned on as she felt her nipples crinkle. Here in her control was one of the most powerful and sexually oriented animals on the planet. An animal who's primary and driving function was to breed mares several times a day for months on end. She snapped back to the job at hand when King let out a loud, long groan and started dropping his nose down onto the phantom. Paul lowered the end of the A.V. so that the semen would run into the collection bottle. King's tail flagging up and down as he dutifully made his deposit.

When King had finished ejaculating, Paul quickly hung the A.V. on a hook with the collection bottle downward and swabbed King's diminishing penis off with cotton. King slowly slid off the phantom, slightly glassy-eyed. "Let's tie King outside and take a look at the semen under the microscope," Paul said.

"Well, he's sure fertile," Paul pronounced. His concentration and motility are way up. Pretty good for so early in the season. I'll just run the sample through the densimeter to get an accurate sperm count."

After running the densimeter, Paul stated, "This sample is so high in concentration that he could easily breed ten or fifteen mares off of that single collection! That King's one fertile boy," Paul stated proudly.

Susie and Paul led Sasha and King back to their respective paddocks. Sasha dribbling urine as she attempted to interest King into what she so desperately wanted. King knew better than to act up when he was being led away from the breeding barn. He acted the perfect gentleman as Paul led him back to his paddock.

After Sasha was put away, Paul asked, deadpan, "So, what do you think? Could you work in a place like this?"

Susie was taken aback. Did he just offer me a job? We just met! she thought as several conflicting replies went through her head.

"When do I start," Susie replied almost too quickly.

\*\*\*\*\*

Paul offered Susie almost twice what she was earning at the diner to start, he also offered her a very comprehensive benefits plan. Of course, one benefit wasn't mentioned... It was almost too good to be true. She gave her job at the diner her two weeks notice and told her family about her good fortune.

"I don't know dear," her mother protested. "You just got your job at the diner a few months ago."

"I know, mom. But this is what I've always wanted to do. I can get a job at a diner anytime. Opportunities like this don't grow on trees. His farm is brand new. It's not likely that he'll be closing his doors anytime soon."

"I suppose you know what you want," her mother said resignedly. "As long as you're happy, I guess that's what really counts."

Later on that night, Susie decided to make her way to Paul's farm and pay King another visit. What was it that Paul had said? "King could easily breed ten or fifteen mares off of that single collection." Surely he's got plenty of steam left after this morning.

Susie pedaled her way towards Paul's farm in the pale moonlight. Its quarter-light gave the crisp night air a sort of surreal feel to it. She could see King's paddock coming up in the distance.

\*\*\*\*\*

The day's proceedings left Paul with several thoughts on his mind. He now had a competent person who wasn't afraid of stallions to help him during the breeding season. As an added bonus, she was actually quite pretty, with a figure to match. Thinking about her holding King with him happily thrusting into the A.V. left Paul extremely horny. Also, Sasha hadn't been satisfied after her morning services either.

Paul threw on his robe and made his way out to the mare barn. He saw King standing next to the fence and walked over to him. "Hello, big guy! How was your day? How'd you like being handled by Susie today. She's a looker, isn't she?" To this King stared at Paul and then began to nuzzle his cheek and chin. Paul reached up to King's neck and gave him a strong scratching along the side of his neck and withers. Patting him one last time, Paul gave King a baby carrot from his robe pocket and made his way to the mare barn.

As he entered the barn, he was welcomed by the warmth of the heated barn and the smell of freshly-bedded stalls. There was also the musky scent of horses in the air. Sasha poked her head out of her stall and nickered a greeting to him. "Hello, girl. Did you miss me?" Paul said as he rubbed her on the forehead. Almost immediately, the other two mares heads appeared at their stall doors and beckoned Paul to them. Paul gave Sasha a carrot and then went to greet the other two mares. "Hi, Belle! Hi, Mandy! Are you two happy to see me? Oh, you know I've got some carrots for you, don't you?" Belle and Mandy nuzzled Paul in turns as they vied for his attention. After a thorough scratching for both of them, he gave them each a carrot and returned to Sasha.

Paul entered her stall and Sasha snuffled his pockets looking for another carrot. Paul didn't really like to encourage his horses to try and pick his pockets, but he let Sasha get away with it this time. Sasha was munching away on her carrot as Paul hugged, scratched and kissed her in all her favorite spots. When Paul began scratching her on her stomach, she stopped chewing and craned her neck in ecstasy. Paul kept his scratching up for a few minutes and then went to the tack room for the milk crate.

Sasha had finished her carrot and looked at Paul questioningly. He embraced her neck and she returned her affection by giving him a long, hard pony hug. Paul kissed her along the cheek and then kissed her along the side of her muzzle. Sasha nuzzled Paul and then licked him on the cheek and chin. They began to French-kiss deeply.

\*\*\*\*\*

Susie arrived at King's paddock and looked around for him. He was nowhere to be seen. She hid her bike in the bushes by the road and cautiously made her way up the drive. When she reached King's stall, she saw King in the corner of his paddock nearest the mare barn. King gave her a nicker of recognition and approached her. Susie reached up to pet King when she heard a sound from the mare barn.

"Oh, no!" She hadn't thought that anyone would be out at this hour. She hid in the shadows and listened. When no one was forthcoming, she quietly made her way towards the mare barn and approached it from the side opposite Paul's house. She stopped behind one of the runs that led into the large paddock and listened. Yes, the sounds were definitely coming from inside this one. She put her ear to the wall and listened. From within she could make out the distinct sounds of lovemaking. She could hear long groans punctuated by rhythmic slapping sounds. These were drowned out by louder sounds of "Uhn, uhn." Then back to the slapping sounds. The slapping increased in pace for about a minute when finally the slapping ceased in a duet of groaning. Whoever was inside sure was having a great time. Susie found herself extremely envious, horny, and in need of some release. Hopefully, the two lovebirds would finish up in there and go home, Susie thought.

Shortly thereafter, the door to the barn opened and a man emerged. From the shadows, Susie could make out Paul's face framed in the light of the doorway. She found herself feeling deeply jealous. Paul had a girlfriend! And he had just boffed her in the barn!

"Good night, girls," Paul said as he closed the door and made his way back to the house.

"Girls?" Susie thought as she watched Paul walk towards the house. "He's got more than one in there? Damn him! So why aren't they leaving with him?" After waiting a while, Susie could hear no more sounds from the barn. "Why were they staying inside?" she thought. "Surely they should be coming out by now."

After ten minutes of waiting, Susie was convinced that nobody was coming out of the barn. She slowly made her way to the door and opened it a crack. Peering in cautiously, she could see nobody inside the barn. She opened the door further and slowly took a step inside. There was nobody there! Sasha peered at her from within her stall and then made her way to her door. Sasha's tail was curled over her back in a tremendous arc. It was curled so far over that it nearly lay flat on her backbone. "Could it be?" Susie thought. Sasha nuzzled Susie's shoulder and sighed.

Steeling herself, Susie opened Sasha's stall door and stepped in, closing the door behind her. Looking behind at Sasha's hind end left no doubt in her mind. In the light of Sasha's stall, Susie could see a long streamer of semen dribbling from Sasha's vulva. Sasha was still winking her clitoris in and out as if she had just been bred. "What do you mean 'as if'," Susie told herself. "Sasha had just been bred. By Paul!"

\*\*\*\*\*

As Paul was preparing to take a shower, a chime interrupted the silence. Something had just set off barn security. A quick check of the monitors revealed a person's back framed in the doorway. Switching to the other camera confirmed that it was a woman. "Can it be?" thought Paul nervously. Zooming in framed the side of Susie's face just as she was preparing to enter Sasha's stall. "Oh, No!" Paul thought. "I'm busted! Just what is she doing up here at this time of night?"

The camera showed Susie leaving Sasha's stall and then the barn.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wandering out of the mare barn, Susie quietly shut the door behind her. Careful not to leave anything out of place. The incident with Paul left her mind in a fog. She had happened upon a person who loved horses like she loved horses. Should she approach Paul about it? Would he be angry that she had found out?

King was waiting for her at the near corner of his paddock where she had last seen him. Susie

absentmindedly gave him a quick scratch along the side of his neck. She then began to make her way back to the bushes where her bicycle was hidden.

**\*\*She's making her way to our trysting spot!\*\*** King thought excitedly. Nicker to her, he made his way along the fence line, encouraging the *\*mystery mare\** to hurry up.

When they had arrived at the bushes, King's penis was already partially dropped from its sheath. He craned his neck over the top railing of the fence and made soliciting noises to Susie.

Susie shrugged off her sweater and hung it on a nearby branch. As she neared King, his vocalizations became more persistent. "Easy, boy," Susie soothed as she scratched King's ribs. King responded by pressing his side against the fence railings. "My, you're a quick learner, aren't you boy?" Susie asked teasingly. "Well, if you don't mind skipping the foreplay, neither do I," Susie said as she reached for King's now impressive shaft. It was all of eighteen inches long and over three inches in diameter.

Making a quick mental calculation, Susie thought to herself, "I can suck on him for a while if I don't let him flare inside of my mouth." Susie had seen King's glans two nights previous swell to over six inches in diameter as he had ejaculated on her hand and arm. She was a little nervous about the prospect of what she proposed. "Timing," she thought. "Keep cool and everything will be OK."

She had a firm grip on King's glans as he slapped it upwards on his belly. Thrusting a few times, King rewarded Susie with copious amounts of clear pre-cum. Susie raised it to her lips and tasted it. The slightly salty fluid had Susie's pussy flowing with its own love juices. Before she had time to reason herself out of it, Susie leaned over and licked King's glans and diverticulum. King let off with a few strong spurts of pre-cum which Susie eagerly consumed. Caught up in the moment, Susie engulfed his entire glans in her mouth and started sucking. King made low grunts as he attempted to thrust his length down Susie's throat. Making gagging sounds, Susie quickly removed herself from the horny stud's knob.

"Wow!" Susie exclaimed, as pre-cum dribbled down her chin. She was so overwhelmed by King's thrusting that she had nearly choked on his pre-cum. Never had Susie's tonsils been so thoroughly probed. She had to control how deeply King thrust or she would risk some serious damage. Another quick mental calculation and Susie grasped King's shaft about five inches behind the tip of his glans. This time her hand would limit his penetration. Again, she began licking his glans and swallowing the spurts of pre-cum as King offered them to her. "He must have an unlimited supply of the stuff!" Susie thought as she swallowed. Susie decided to try sucking him off once again. Engulfing his glans, she began licking and sucking in earnest. King's humping, now limited by Susie's left hand, was now just manageable. King began to hump more sporadically and then started lowering his haunches. About this time, Susie began to feel King's glans swelling to alarming proportions. Her jaw began to expand to its limit as she just managed to extract her mouth from his glans.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed as she massaged her jawbone. "That was close! I've gotta remember to remove myself sooner." Looking at King's now very flared cock head gave her a shudder. She had almost dislocated her jaw on that sucker! Chalk it up as a learning experience, she thought.

"Well King, let's get back to business, shall we?" Susie said to him as she prepared to give it another go. King responded by slapping his now very teased cock against his belly. The tip was still moderately engorged as Susie reached for it. She grasped his glans in her left hand, and his shaft in her right, just behind the ring, as she had done two nights ago. King began humping as Susie gently rotated her left hand and jacked his shaft with her right. He was now drenching her left hand and

arm with his seemingly endless supply of pre-cum. With a bit of creativity, Susie managed to actually swallow about every third or so spurt as King's cock thrust by. Again, King began to thrust more urgently and jerkily as he lowered his haunches. As his glans flared to its maximum diameter, King began to flag his tail. Susie was rewarded with powerful jets of milky- white cum. This time she was not letting it go to waste! She slid her left hand back from his glans and intercepted the jets by placing a very large kiss on the end of his glans. She swallowed as quickly as she could but was rapidly overcome by the sheer volume that King was ejaculating. Susie refused to admit defeat as King's cum began dribbling down her chin and onto her left knee. After about ten or so powerful spurts, King began to slow his output. His nose was practically touching the ground as the last few weak spurts of cum were eagerly swallowed by Susie. Almost immediately, King's erection began to diminish and retract into its sheath. Susie quickly engulfed as much as she could in her mouth and sucked it in hungrily. She followed its ascent all the way up to his sheath and balls when it released with a loud pop sound. "That's all folks!" she said matter-of-factly, as she took a wistful look at the large balls that had performed so admirably. She gave them a gentle kiss.

Standing up, Susie was reaching for the clean-up towel she had the presence of mind to bring along with her when a voice said from beside her.

"Looking for this?" Paul asked, as he handed her the towel.

Susie was speechless as she jumped back with a start. How long had he been standing there?

"Here. Clean up and put your sweater on before you freeze out here," Paul said as Susie nervously took the towel from him. Paul couldn't help stealing a glance at Susie's large breasts as her nipples stood out prominently through her bra. The glance was not lost on Susie who quickly put her sweater on.

"Please, Paul. Let me explain."

"It's OK, Susie. I bet you didn't realize that I had a security system, did you? Of course, I'll probably have to upgrade it with perimeter coverage after tonight," he laughed.

"You watched me the whole while?" Susie asked incredulously. Looking down at his other hand, she saw that he held what looked like electronic binoculars. A night scope!

"No. You were already pretty busy by the time I got here. By the way, just how much did you witness in the mare barn?" Paul asked. Recovering some of her composure, Susie just gave him a sideways glance as she smiled knowingly.

"C'mon. Why don't you get showered up and I'll give you a ride home." And with that, Susie and Paul began making their way towards the house. King followed the pair up to the fence line and then craned his neck over the top rail. Susie and Paul both lavished King with pats and scratches and then continued on up to the house.

With ears pricked, King watched as the pair disappeared inside and let out a contented sigh. \*\*Nice mystery mare. Nice Paul.\*\*