

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part 1

Bill should not have made a rash bargain, but how was he to know that Elena was a witch? Nobody believes in witches so, despite the many clues, Bill made a bargain with her.

He was driving outside of town when he saw Elena riding her red stallion on the trail beside the road. Damn she was hot! She had nice pert breasts, large but firm and didn't flop as some women do when they rode. Her face was flawless with luscious lips and clean complexion. Her hair was a long black mane that swung enticingly as she trotted her horse along. Her shapely hips rolled with the rhythm of the horse.

"I swear on my soul I'll get my cock in her." Bill said aloud as he slowed his car to get a good look at her.

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than she turned her bright green eyes on him. She smiled knowingly and half closed her eyes.

Pulling his car over, Bill rolled the passenger side window down and called out to her. "Hey, baby, I'd like to play horsey with you."

Elena arched her eyebrows and laughed. Winking, she said "Would you like to be my stallion?"

Bill slapped the door of his car. "Baby, I'd do anything to be your big black stallion."

"Is that a promise? Would you like me to ride you?" She asked with a smile.

"Oh yeah, baby. You can ride me any time, any day." Bill laughed back.

"I always wanted a big black stallion. If you'll be mine, I'll see you get plenty of oats every day."

"Fill the bucket, girl. I'll be the biggest and best stud you ever rode."

She nodded. "If you really mean that, follow me." She touched her legs to her horse and galloped down the trail.

Bill had nothing better to do that morning. He took his car out of park and followed. By the time he got going, Elena was a hundred yards ahead.

Man, that horse is fast. He thought as he stepped on the gas.

Less than half a mile ahead, she turned into a driveway. The sign at the gate said Witch's Hollow Stable. Bill laughed at the name. "That witch has got me enchanted already!"

He parked the car just as she got off the horse. He got out and walked over to her.

"Call me Elena." She said, holding out her hand.

Bill shook it. He noticed she had a very strong grip. "I'm Bill." He introduced himself.

"Just a moment." She said. Turning to the horse, she said "Go have Mike untack you and groom you. Then go to your paddock. We have company."

The red horse bobbed its head and walked off.

"Hey, that's amazing." Bill said.

"He knows he has to do what he's told." Was all she said. "So, you want to try your paces now?"

Bill grinned. "I'm ready if you are."

"This way." She said. Bill followed her inside the barn through a side door. The room they entered had saddles and bridles hung up along the wall. A blond man, shirtless, was cleaning a saddle in the middle of the room. The man was about twenty with an impressive set of muscles, Bill nodded to him.

"This is the tack room and this is Greg. He is one of my stablehands." Elena introduced the young man. "Greg, this is Bill. He's here for a visit. We would prefer not to be disturbed."

Bill flushed a bit at Elena's directness, and shook Greg's hand. He thought he noticed a strange look in Greg's eyes, but dismissed it.

Elena led Bill into the stable. On the other side of the aisle, she rolled a large door open into a room about 30 feet across with a high ceiling. There was a sloping bench in the middle of the room.

"Welcome to the mating stall." Elena said.

Bill looked around. The polished stone had a pattern laid into it in gold metallic lines. It looked like a star...

"It's a pentacle." Elena said. When Bill looked blankly at her, she went on "It controls magic."

Bill snorted. "Well, let's make some magic, then."

She led him to the bench, which was in the very center of the diagram. She reached up and stroked his neck. Bill shivered at her touch.

Elena undid the buttons on his shirt. She put her hands on his chest. "Mmm, nice pecs."

Pulling his shirt off, she ran her hands down his back. Putting her lips near his ear, she whispered "I like a good deep chest and strong back in my stallions."

Bill joined the game. Putting his hands under her blouse, he brought them up to her breasts. "Lots of milk in these." He murmured.

Piece by piece, they undressed each other until they were at last down to their underwear. Bill pulled her panties down, sinking to his knees as he did so. Putting his face between her thighs, he nuzzled her. Sniffing loudly, he said "I think my mare is ready for breeding."

"Let's see what the stallion's got." She laughed, waving for him to stand.

Bill got to his feet. Elena reached into his shorts, fondling his erect cock and cupping his balls in her hand. Bill gasped with excitement. "Good size." She said. "Do you want them bigger?"

Bill puzzled for a second at the question, and then dismissed it with another laugh. He was a respectable eight inches hard, but like most men, really wanted a huge monster cock. "If you can make me get any bigger, baby, I want the biggest cock and balls you ever saw on a stud."

"Let's see how the stud uses them." She smiled. She turned and bent over the bench, revealing her pouting cunt to Bill.

Bill bent and kissed her buttocks. Impulsively, he rubbed his face on them and sniffed at her pussy.

Standing behind her, he placed his arms over her shoulder. He positioned his cock and entered her.

God, she was hot. Gently, he pushed deeper until his whole cock was in her. He pumped against her rump, trying to penetrate deeper.

He lay atop her and lipped the back of her neck several times. She moaned in pleasure.

Bill drew back and pushed into her again. His cock seemed to swell. He was sure he'd somehow gone another inch into her.

"Come on, boy. You can go deeper." She urged.

Bill snorted. He drew back again and pushed deeper again. He grunted.

Another thrust. He grunted again in pleasure. Her hot cunt gripped his cock tightly as he built up a rhythm.

He could feel her cunt juices flowing, lubricating his cock. His thrusts became harder and more furious. His grunts became deeper and more animal each time he drove into her.

"Oh, yes, my stallion!" She cried out. "Let me have it all."

Bill felt he was driving a foot and a half of cock into her with each stroke.

The end of his cock encountered a barrier – her cervix? – which stopped his thrusts for a moment. With all the power in his thighs and butt, he smashed his cock into it, driving through.

"Fuck me! Be my stallion." Elena shouted as Bill pounded his cock into her.

With a final thrust, Bill drove every bit of his cock into her. It felt like he slammed two feet of massive cock into the girl beneath him.

He bellowed as he came. The sound seemed high and shrill, full of tremendous power as he unloaded his jism into her. Massive gouts of cum shot into the girl beneath him. He was sure he felt buckets of cum shooting out of his cock. It seemed to fill Elena's cunt and bluster out of her along his cock. He felt it spraying against his thighs, which seemed wrapped around her buttocks.

The orgasm passed and Bill lay atop Elena for a moment, his eyes closed in pleasure as he relaxed.

Bill breathed deeply, smelling Elena's love sweat. He smelled something else as well. It smelled like horse sweat.

Bill opened his eyes. His vision seemed strange. He could see almost all the way around.

He started. Two long black legs were draped over the bench before him. A horse's forelegs!

He turned his head. Where his body should be there was a huge black horse.

Panicking, Bill tried to stand up, and found himself towering over the room, with two forelegs

pawing the air in front of him.

He dropped down and scrambled on the smooth stone. Finding his feet, he stood for a moment, frozen in fear. How? He seemed to have become a horse.

Elena rose from the bench and faced him. "Well," she said, "you make a fine stallion."

What had she done? Bill boiled with rage. He charged at her.

"Stand!" Elena commanded. Bill could feel the power in the word as it rolled over him. It halted him in place. He could not move.

Elena paced around him, stroking his body from neck to rump, running her hands along his muscles and caressing his glossy coat.

"Very nice." She said appraisingly. "You will be a good addition to my stable."

How had she done this to him? Why had she done this? Bill thought.

"You said you wanted to be my stallion. You promised I could ride you any time." She said.

Bill pinned his ears back. He hadn't known that his words would lead to this!

"But words have power." Elena replied. "Especially when you speak them to a witch."

Bill twitched. This couldn't be happening. How could she know his ...

"Witches know your thoughts before you speak them." She said. "And when you make a promise to a witch, you are bound by that promise."

Bill remembered his words spoken less than an hour before. Was he now a horse forever?

"I could use your words to bind you forever," Elena said, "but seven years will do."

Seven years! He would be forgotten. No one would remember him!

"Everyone will remember you quite well." She said. "All who know you will believe that you went off for some reason or other and will not worry that you are gone."

"When you return, they will be glad to see you but be convinced that they should not pry into why. Their friend will have returned fit, healthy and wealthy, and none shall wonder where you were."

Wealthy? Bill's ears pricked forward at the word.

"Yes, wealthy." She said. "I do believe in rewarding those who serve me."

Two men pushed the door open. Bill recognized one as Greg, the blond he had seen as he came in. The other man had short brown hair. Both men were naked. They were both very fit and tanned. He noted that both had very large and very erect cocks. At least 12 inches long, he estimated.

"You have met Greg," Elena said. She waved at the other man. "This is Mike. You will meet Jason, Ken and Tom later."

"The five of them are my stablehands and will see that you are taken care of. Greg will be your

personal groom, if that is acceptable to you.”

Personal Groom? Bill felt a touch of amusement. It would be like having a butler.

“More than a butler.” Elena commented. “Body slave would be closer. In addition to brushing you and cleaning your stall, Greg will service you when you feel the urge and I do not desire it.”

Outraged at the implication, Bill turned his head and snapped his teeth at her.

Elena laughed. “That will cost you another day. Every time you are disobedient or less than perfectly behaved, you will add another day to your service. If you are really naughty, it could be a week, a month or a year, depending on how severe the offense.”

Bill pinned his ears but did nothing.

“Very well.” She said. “Come along.” She and the men turned to go out.

Angrily, Bill stood where he was. He would not go.

“Seven years and two days.” Elena said. “Now follow me.” Bill felt the same power he had felt before. Unable to disobey, he followed.

She led them down the aisle to a stall. Bill snorted when he saw “William” in golden letters on the stall door. There was a door to the outside on the other side of the stall, but it was closed.

“This will be your stall.” She announced. “You will receive your grain – including the oats I promised – here. You may also prefer to come here if the weather is cold or rainy.

“We have a couple of items of business to attend to here before we put your shoes on.

“Mike. There is still some jism draining from his cock. Swallow some of it.”

The brown haired man dropped to his knees and took the tip of Bill’s cock in his mouth. Bill could feel him sucking the jism that trickled out. Bill twisted his ear at the strange sensation, but found it slightly arousing.

After a minute, Mike crawled out from under Bill and got to his feet. Bill looked at him and jumped to one side. He was looking at himself!

“No, it is Mike.” Elena said. “He is merely wearing your shape for now.” Bill did not find her words reassuring. “Mike will take your car and go back to town. He will put your affairs in order for you to ‘go away’ so that there won’t be any loose ends left.”

She turned to Mike. “Mike, his clothes are in the mating stall. Put them on and take care of wrapping up our new stallion’s affairs.”

“Yes, mistress.” Mike replied. Bill shivered at the sound of his own voice coming from another’s lips.

Mike left and Elena turned back to Bill. “Now, William, you and your groom decide if you will accept each other. My magic tells me that you are highly suited to each other, so I suggest you both agree.

“If you don’t, I will have to find another for you. I warn you, however, each day that it takes to find another will be an extra day added to your term.”

Bill thought only a moment. He would accept.

Elena looked at Greg. "Do you agree to serve William in all ways that he desires?"

"I do, mistress." Greg said softly. He gazed at Bill with a look of longing.

"Very well. Lie down." She ordered. Greg lay flat on the floor of the stall.

"William, before you accept, there are some things I must tell you. If you accept, Greg will be bound to serve you in all ways, including serving your lusts when you feel the urge.

"You, in turn, must never attempt to injure him. You must also serve Greg's desires, for he lusts for stallions and finds you especially attractive. I will add that any other candidate I bring you will have the same desires and will require the same service."

Bill mulled this for a moment. There seemed no way out of it except more of the same. Besides, he found the idea of a blond white boy as his slave amusing. He nodded his head to accept.

"Very well." Elena said. "You will now signal your acceptance. William, stand over Greg."

Bill positioned himself over Greg, his hind legs astride the boy's hips, his fore legs above his head.

"Greg, if you truly wish to serve William, kiss his balls.

"William, if you accept Greg as your servant, allow him to kiss your balls."

Bill would much rather not have his balls kissed by a man, but he didn't see any way to make things better. He spread his hind legs slightly then reared, towering high over Greg and Elena. Might as well be impressive. Bill thought.

"Yes, very impressive." Elena said dryly.

Greg rolled to his knees and pushed his face between Bill's thighs. Greg kissed each ball, holding his lips to Bill's scrotum for a long time.

Even though he was irritated by the prolonged embrace, Bill found the sensation oddly stimulating.

When he decided that his servant had had enough, Bill dropped to all fours, driving Greg down beneath him.

Elena ordered Greg to stand in front of Bill. The young man's large cock rose in front of Bill's nose. Elena looked Bill in the eye. "Now, William, you must accept Greg by kissing his balls."

Outraged, Bill pinned his ears and shook his head. His mane whipped against his neck.

Elena arched her eyebrows. "No? If you do not accept Greg, you will have to wait until I find another you will accept."

Bill looked at her angrily. His ears were still pinned. He had no choice.

Bill pushed his muzzle into Greg's crotch and snapped his teeth on Greg's balls. The young man howled in pain. At the same time, Greg's cock erupted, shooting jism several feet into the air. Bill snorted and stepped back.

"That will cost you another month." Elena said. She sounded exasperated. "Greg adores you and will accept anything from you. He really wants to be dominated by you, which is why that bite set him

off.

"But that does not permit you to abuse him. I am taking your nasty bite as your acceptance, but you will now kiss Greg's balls properly."

Or What? Bill thought.

Elena stared at him. "Do you really want to know the answer to that question, William?"

There was an unmistakable menace in her voice. Bill shuddered. Meekly, he pressed his muzzle into Greg's crotch and softly lipped each ball. As a conciliatory gesture, Bill stuck his tongue out and licked Greg's scrotum gently.

Greg came again as Bill's tongue caressed his balls.

"Well done." Elena said. "I am sure you two will get along splendidly."

She looked Bill in the eye. "Although your groom does not know what you are thinking, he will always know what you desire. When you itch, he will know where to scratch; when you want to be stroked, he will pet you as long as you desire; when you are horny, he will serve your lust."

Bill twitched at the last before heaving his chest in a deep sigh.

"Yes, you are feeling trapped. Soon you will realize that you are living something you always desired."

If that was meant to be reassuring, Bill didn't find it so.

"Now we must put your shoes on. Follow me."

Although she put no special command in her voice, Bill followed obediently to a place beside the tack room. Bins filled with brushes and combs hung along the wall. Elena ordered him to stand in the middle.

Bill wondered if there was a blacksmith coming.

"A blacksmith is unnecessary." Elena said. She picked up a shining horseshoe laying on a stool on one side. "I made these last week. I knew you were coming."

If she is a witch, she could have foreseen this. Bill thought.

"Exactly." Elena said. Going to his right forefoot, she said "Foot." Bill guessed that meant he was to lift his hoof. Obediently, he did so.

Elena placed the shoe on the bottom of his hoof. Bill felt a surge of something and the shoe seemed to bind itself to the foot.

One at a time, Elena picked up the other shoes and moved to each of his feet, where she repeated the process.

Done, she stood in front of Bill once more. "When someone goes to a horse's leg and says 'foot', that is a command to pick up that foot. You guessed correctly.

"Your shoes are not ordinary steel shoes, however. They are silver."

Bill flicked his ears in surprise. Silver? Wasn't silver too soft?

"Ordinary silver is too soft, but silver shoes made by a witch will never wear out. Your feet will never need to be trimmed and they will be protected from injury. You could gallop across a field of upturned spikes and never be hurt."

She paused. Bill was sure there was a catch.

"Also, your magical silver shoes bind you. You cannot run away."

Bill sagged beneath a wave of despair. Trapped once more!

Apparently oblivious to Bill's distress, Elena went on. "You may go wherever you wish on my land, so long as you come when you are called. You may not leave except when I wish and may only go where I desire you to go. You cannot get away."

She grinned. "I'm going to ride you now, my great black stallion. I look forward to training you and trying your paces. You will be a great asset."

"Greg will now groom you and saddle you. I will go and put my riding clothes back on. He will care for you well. He may tell you more of this place if you are kind to him."

She patted Bill's nose and walked away.

Greg put his hand on his shoulder. "Ok, William. I am sure that dry sweat is starting to itch. Let's get you tacked up."

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## **Part 2**

Greg set to work brushing Bill's coat. At first, the feeling was quite strange, but Bill soon began to enjoy the sensation as the firm strokes cleaned him, removing the dried sweat.

He found himself leaning into the brush strokes, particularly on his neck and his rump. Apparently, Greg enjoyed the work. Bill noticed his cock was pointing stiffly upwards. It was huge: At least twelve inches, Bill thought.

"You certainly are a big horse, William." Greg commented as he brushed Bill's mane. "You must be over 18 hands. I can barely reach your crest."

Bill reflected that he'd said he'd wanted to be a big black stallion, so it seemed that the witch had kept her bargain. How could he have been such a fool? But how could he have known that Elena was a witch and would take him at his word? As far as he knew, there weren't any witches.

Greg picked up a towel. "If you will lower your head, I'll rub down your face and ears."

Bill lowered his head. "Thank you, William." Greg said, rubbing the soft towel vigorously over Bill's head.

Next, Greg picked up a bucket and filled it with warm water. Carefully, he washed Bill's eyes and nostrils with a soft sponge.

"Now, if you will allow your cock to hang down, I'll wash it." Bill looked at his groom strangely.

"Yes, master William, it is necessary. Washing your cock regularly will clean the jism and secretions off it and prevent a nasty build up of smegma, which can irritate your cock and lead to infection."

Sighing heavily, Bill allowed his cock to drop from his sheath. The boy knelt and got underneath Bill. Gently, Greg washed Bill's cock with the warm water. Bill found the sensation mildly arousing.

After a minute, Greg said. "There! Done." Bill flinched slightly as he felt Greg kiss his cock. "Master, I can hardly wait until you are feeling horny and want me to serve you." Bill stamped a hoof and swished his tail in irritation. He did not want sex with a man! Not even a body slave whose duty was to serve him.

"You may not want sex with Greg now," Elena said, "but you are going to be very horny most of the time. Before you know it, you will be wanting Greg to serve you."

Bill's head snapped around. Where had she come from? He had not noticed her approaching.

"Witches are very good at passing unnoticed. I have been standing here since Greg cleaned your eyes.

"Greg, don't forget to clean inside his sheath. Smegma builds up there, too."

"Yes, mistress." Greg replied. "I was just about to ask him to withdraw his cock." He snickered slightly. "But that is unnecessary now. He sucked it back in when he realized you were here."

Greg pushed a water-logged sponge inside Bill's sheath. Bill found the sensation of having Greg's hand inside him very strange. Worse, it seemed arousing.

After a few moments of wiping the inside of Bill's sheath, Greg withdrew the sponge. After squeezing the water out, he used it to soak up the drops that hung there.

Greg moved to Bill's rump. "If you will lift your tail, I will clean your asshole."

Outraged at the indignity, Bill thought Lick it clean, slave-boy. Bill held his tail high, baring his asshole to his groom.

To his surprise, Greg hugged his rump. Bill felt the groom's cheeks between his buttocks. As Greg's tongue touched his asshole, Bill jumped ahead, clamping his tail down.

"Hold!" Elena ordered. Once more, the power in the word stopped Bill.

"You asked Greg to lick your asshole and he tried to. You must learn to mean what you ask.

"I know you did not really want your ass licked but you felt like humiliating your groom. Then you denied him what he wanted.

"So an extra day for your mean-spirited wish plus an extra week for taking away what you had offered.

"Greg has been nothing but kind to you. He loves horses and you are pretty well his ideal horse. He really wanted to lick your asshole.

"So lift your tail and allow him his pleasure."

Grudgingly, Bill lifted his tail. The groom hugged Bill's rump once more and began licking his

asshole.

Even more than when Greg had cleaned his cock and sheath, Bill found the sensation erotic. He felt his cock swelling. Self-consciously, he willed his cock back into his sheath.

He noticed Elena grinning at him. He hung his head, knowing that she knew what he felt.

After several minutes, Greg pulled away. "That should be clean enough." He said. Bill looked at him. He noticed a drop of cum on the tip of his servant's cock.

Greg noticed Bill's look. "I almost came." He said. "I really enjoyed that, but I thought you wouldn't want me to cum. So I really concentrated on not cuming. That was very difficult, master."

Bill snorted and looked away. He supposed he should be grateful for his groom's consideration.

"Yes, you should." Elena said. "Now let's get your saddle on.

Greg went to the tack room and returned with a saddle and other pieces of riding equipment. He placed a saddle pad over Bill's back, smoothed and adjusted it.

Bill pinned his ears when he felt the weight of the saddle, which Greg placed on his back with gentle care.

Greg attached a girth to one side of the saddle, then went to Bill's other side. Reaching under Bill, Greg pulled the girth around Bill's chest.

Irritated at the feel of the girth, Bill stamped a hoof and whipped his head around to snap at Greg.

"That will cost you another day." Elena said. Bill subsided.

As Greg tightened the girth, Bill inhaled, expanding his ribcage to resist.

"Horses do that often, because they don't like the feel of the tight girth." Elena said calmly.

"However, you have a human mind, so I will tell you why that is a bad idea.

"A loose saddle will slip back and forth. Obviously, that is dangerous for a rider. But it is also dangerous for the horse. A loose saddle can slip back and tangle your legs, causing you to trip and possibly break a leg. A more common problem is that the saddle and girth will slide from side to side, rubbing and chafing your skin. Girth and saddle galls are very, very painful.

"So use your human brain and let Greg tighten the girth properly, if only for your own sake."

Bill thought about this for a moment, then exhaled forcefully. Greg tightened the girth so it was snug.

Greg picked up the bridle. "If you will lower your head, master William, it will be easier to put your bridle on."

Bill considered lifting his head high out of reach. It would probably cost him another day to resist and the witch would find a way to force him to accept it anyways. Meekly, he lowered his head. He noticed the Greg's erect cock pointing upwards as the boy moved close to put the bridle over his head.

Greg slipped the shining bit into Bill's mouth, then put the headstall over his ears. Greg adjusted the bridle, buckling it in place.

The bit felt strange. It wasn't just the sensation of metal in his mouth. There was something more.

"The bit is witch silver, like your shoes. Your rider can use it to compel obedience if necessary." Elena explained. "I won't be your only rider; the others may not have magic to use if you are resistant."

Bill sighed heavily in resignation.

"Let's go to the outdoor ring." Elena said. Bill walked compliantly beside her. Greg followed behind.

They entered the riding ring. Something caught Bill's eye. There were several huge mirrors placed around the ring.

He saw his reflection and stopped to study himself for several seconds. A huge powerful black horse stared back at him. His coat was glossy and he looked graceful in the mirror.

"Yes, you are a very handsome horse." Elena said. "Now stop admiring yourself and we'll get to work."

Greg got down on his hands and knees on Bill's left side. Elena stepped onto the groom's back and put her foot in the stirrup.

She settled in the saddle, firmly seating herself on Bill's back. Greg got up and went back to the stable.

"Now you will learn how to move carrying a rider." She announced. She squeezed his sides lightly with her lower leg and put a slight pressure on the reins.

Guessing what she wanted, Bill walked forward. "Very good!" Elena said. "You are correct. That is the signal - riders call them aids - for you to walk on."

She pushed slightly with her hips while holding the reins firmly without pulling back. Bill brought his hind legs forward and halted as he seemed to run into the support of the rein. He tried to make a rectangle with his feet.

"Good again! That was the aid for halt. You stood squarely, which is also good."

For the next forty-five minutes. Elena methodically showed Bill how to keep himself balanced while carrying a rider in walk, trot and canter.

She did numerous exercises - circles, figure eights, moving at an angle - in all three gaits. She showed him how to approach a jump and launch himself over it to land smoothly on the other side. Bill felt proud each time she praised him.

At the very end, she asked him for a fast gallop and pointed him at a big jump that came up to his chest. Bill galloped towards it. With the last stride he raised his forelegs and brought his hindquarters underneath. With a huge effort, he launched himself over the jump, clearing it by a foot and a half.

He landed smoothly. Elena slowed him to an easy canter, then a trot and finally halted. She patted his neck. "Very well done, William."

Despite being tired from the workout, Bill arched his neck proudly and neighed triumphantly. He realized he was not only proud of himself but had really enjoyed the workout.

Elena dismounted. She hugged and kissed his neck. "You were a very good boy." She said. "You learn very quickly. You are going to be a great horse."

Bill soaked up the praise. He neighed loudly once more - a triumphant bellow that rolled over the whole farm.

Part of him wondered at his pride in being a horse. Did he want really to be a horse rather than a human?

"It can happen." Elena answered. "But right now you are just enjoying the moment. That is what you should do in your time here: Take pleasure in being proud, gorgeous and powerful."

Greg came over to them, carrying a sheet. He draped it over Bill's back.

"Now, let your groom take care of you and then rest and eat. I'll see you later." Elena kissed Bill's sweaty neck once more and left them.

Greg took Bill's bridle off, then undid the saddle. He pulled the saddle out from under the sheet.

"Let's cool out together." The groom said. Bill sniffed and realized that the boy was as sweaty as he was. He licked the boy's shoulder and tasted the salt.

"Yeah. I have to do exercises too." Greg guessed what Bill wondered. "While you've been working out in the ring, I've been working out in the gym next to the tack room.

The two of them walked for fifteen minutes. Bill could feel his skin cooling and the sweat drying on him. The dried sweat was itchy. Periodically, Greg would place his hand between Bill's legs. He explained that he was checking the places which would be the last to cool off. When Greg was satisfied, they walked back to the grooming area.

Greg picked up a hose and adjusted the taps. "If you like, Master William, I will use the hose to bathe you. That will get all the sweat and dirt out of your coat better than any amount of brushing."

Bill nodded. "You may find the water a little cold, but Mistress Elena says that it is better for you than warm water in hot weather."

Once again, Bill nodded acceptance.

Carefully, Greg washed Bill down. The water cooled him and gently washed away the sweatmarks on his skin, taking away the itchy salt. With a sponge, he carefully washed Bill's face.

When he was done, Greg used a scraper to take most of the water out of Bill's coat.

Greg picked up a bottle. "This is a liniment. It will relax your muscles so you don't feel stiff later."

When Bill nodded, Greg poured it on him and massaged it into his hide. Bill nickered, enjoying the soothing warmth as the liniment penetrated. Greg massaged Bill's entire body with the liniment. Bill arched his neck with pleasure.

"OK, we're done." Greg said. "I have one more thing I think you will like. Wait here."

Greg ducked into the tack room and appeared a minute later with a bottle of beer. "This is really good for horses after a workout." He said. "It restores your electrolytes and helps keep your coat glossy. Do you want it?"

Bill whinnied and nodded vigorously. He pawed the floor with his hoof. Greg fetched a stool and stood on it. Bill lifted his head and let his servant pour the beer into his mouth. Bill guzzled the beer in a few seconds, enjoying the cool liquid flowing down his throat.

Greg stood beside Bill, beaming with delight. "I knew you'd like that master."

Bill lowered his head. The boy's large erect cock was in front of his face. He realized that the boy liked him and lusted for him. Bill could not bring himself to suck the boy's cock, but he wanted to show he was grateful for the boy's kind attention. He remembered what the boy had liked.

As the boy stepped down from the stool, Bill turned his rump towards the boy. He lifted his tail, baring his asshole.

"Thank you, master William!" Greg cried out. He hugged himself to Bill's rump and kissed his asshole.

Greg licked Bill's asshole for several minutes. Bill tried to ignore the erotic sensations aroused by what the boy did.

Sooner than Bill expected, the boy pulled back. He was breathing heavily. "If I keep it up, master, I will cum and splatter it on your legs. Thank you."

Bill had mixed emotions of disgust at the boy's perversion and satisfaction that he had been able to return the kindness the boy had shown him.

Bill shook himself and moved off.

"There is grain in your stall, master." The boy called after him.

The words stopped Bill for a moment. He realized he was hungry, but now the words 'eat like a horse' meant something. He wondered how the grain would taste.

Bill went to his stall and sniffed at the bucket. It smelled wonderful. He plunged his nose into the bucket and gobbled the grain, which seemed like a taste of heaven.

He finished his grain and went out the other door. It opened to a large field.

Let's see why a horse likes grass. Bill thought. He took a mouthful. The taste was good. Bill began eating steadily.

As he grazed, Bill looked around. There were three other horses in the field: The big red one - 'sorrel' was the name for that color Bill realized - he'd first seen Elena riding, a bay and a palomino. The three were grazing together a hundred yards away. Bill wandered towards them.

The three horses raised their heads as Bill approached. Bill decided he would show them who was boss. They were all big, but he was bigger.

Bill charged at the others, attempting to drive them.

The others were having none of it. Dodging his initial charge, the three encircled him and attacked him from all sides, slamming their full weight into him and knocking him off balance.

Whenever he tried to bite or strike at any of them, the other two would attack him while his intended victim dodged.

Bill reared to strike. As he raised himself, the palomino and the bay slammed into his side, knocking him flat on the ground. Terrified, Bill realized he was helpless as the other three closed in around him. He braced himself for their strikes.

Instead of stomping him, each of the three placed a hoof on Bill's body. Bill arched his neck, putting his nose to the ground to signal his surrender.

The three backed up, allowing Bill to scramble to his feet.

The sorrel and the bay closed in on his sides. Bill stood warily, wondering what was next. He felt a hot breath on his rump and turned his head to look.

The palomino stood behind him, sniffing his ass. Bill saw that its cock was massively erect. Bill glanced at the bay and the sorrel. They too had massive erections. Bill realized that all three intended to rape him.

Bill tensed his body to run. The bay and the sorrel horse snapped at him, grazing his neck with their teeth.

Helplessly, Bill closed his eyes and dropped his head. He lifted his tail, baring his asshole.

The palomino pushed his nose against Bill's asshole and nuzzled it for a moment before raising his head to neigh triumphantly.

The palomino rubbed its head on the top of Bill's rump. Absently, Bill realized this was a dominance gesture - a stallion's way of saying "I own you."

The palomino nuzzled Bill's asshole once more, then licked Bill with his muscular tongue. Despite his humiliation, Bill found the sensation incredibly erotic. Bill felt his own cock begin to stir in his sheath.

The palomino continued licking, moving down Bill's butt crack. Occasionally, the stud would nip one or other of Bill's buttocks, encouraging Bill to spread his hind legs wider.

At last, the palomino lowered its muzzle between Bill's thighs. The stud's long tongue shot out and licked Bill's scrotum.

Startled by the intimate caress, Bill raised his head, only to lower it as the two stallions flanking him snapped at him menacingly.

The muscular tongue on his scrotum roused his cock, which tumbled from Bill's sheath and hung beneath him. Bill squeezed his eyes tightly, trying to quell his own sexual feelings.

With a final long stroke, the palomino licked Bill from nutsack to asshole, where the tongue lingered and probed for a long moment.

There was a momentary pause before Bill heard a loud grunt from the palomino. Bill glanced back to see the palomino rearing, flaunting its erection.

The palomino placed its forelegs astride Bill's rump. Bill could feel the stallion's cock pressing against his asshole.

With a powerful thrust of his hindquarters, the palomino drove his cock into Bill. Bill's ass stretched as the huge cockhead penetrated his rectum. Bill reflected that it would have torn him apart if he were still human; as a horse, it felt like he was taking a huge dump.

The palomino snorted, blowing hot breath over Bill's back. The stallion humped its hindquarters, pushing a foot of thick cock into Bill. The stud danced on its hind legs to force more of its cock into Bill. Its forelegs were now at Bill's shoulder and its hot breath blew in Bill's mane.

It was bad enough to be transformed to a horse, but worse still to be ass-raped by another horse.

Most humiliating of all, Bill could feel himself being aroused by the assault. He felt his own cock dropping from his sheath. Bill squeezed his rump, trying to force the palomino out and suppress the erotic stirring of his own cock.

The palomino clamped his teeth on Bill's crest, warning him to submit while it rammed its cock repeatedly into Bill's ass. Bill could feel two feet of horsecock pistoning within him as the palomino fucked him.

With a loud squeal, the palomino came, firing load after load of horse jism into Bill's gut.

At last, spent, the palomino hung over Bill's back. Bill could feel the massive cock softening within him.

The palomino heaved back, pulling its cock from Bill's ass. Bill felt the stud's jism smearing on his butt crack as the palomino dropped to the ground.

Bill raised his head, wondering what was next.

The palomino took the place of the bay, who moved to Bill's ass. Bill realized that all three of them would rape him.

The bay made no foreplay. It nipped at the base of Bill's tail, demanding Bill bare his asshole.

With a sigh of despair, Bill lifted his tail aside.

The bay reared with a grunt and Bill felt the bay's forelegs astride his rump. The cockhead touched his asshole.

Wanting to get it over with, Bill forced his rump to relax.

Thrusting forward, the bay grunted again as he drove the length of his cock into Bill's ass.

Bill closed his eyes, trying to wish away his humiliation.

After only two more hard, rapid thrusts the bay came. Bill could feel the powerful pulse of the bay's cock within him.

As the bay came, Bill could feel the tension drain from the stallion's body, which was draped over his back. The bay's head rested along Bill's neck and its hot breath blew over Bill's shoulder.

Spent, the bay heaved back, pulling his cock out of Bill. The bay moved around in front of Bill. It reared, flaunting its still-erect cock, coated with jism and dung, in Bill's face. Bill realized the bay was demanding Bill lick his cock.



Affronted, Bill started to back away. He had barely begun to move when the palomino and sorrel clamped their teeth on his crest. If Bill did not submit, the two would savage him.

Bill sighed heavily. Stretching his neck out, he licked the bay's cock from scrotum to tip.

Satisfied with Bill's surrender, the bay dropped to all fours and took the place of the sorrel.

The sorrel moved directly in front of Bill. Bill looked at the sorrel's rump. Bill realized the sorrel was only slightly smaller than Bill.

The sorrel lifted its tail, baring its asshole to Bill and demanding that Bill lick it.

Bill hesitated. He saw the bay and the palomino baring their teeth. Meekly, Bill licked the sorrel's asshole.

The sorrel rumbled with pleasure and humped its asshole in Bill's face. Bill licked harder.

The sorrel's pucker opened, exposing the red flesh. Bill pushed his tongue deep into the sorrel's rectum, rimming the big red stallion, which rumbled continuously.

Bill thrust his tongue as far into the sorrel's ass as he could, tasting the stallion's shit. Rather than disgusting, Bill found the taste exciting. He lapped his tongue in and out of the big red asshole.

The sorrel stepped away and turned. It reared, displaying its huge cock – far larger than the bay or the palomino's cocks – before Bill. The stud stepped forward on its hind legs.

Obediently, Bill began to lick the sorrel's cock, running his tongue from the sweaty scrotum to the tip.

After several long strokes of Bill's tongue, a bead of jism appeared on the crown of the red stallion's cock. Bill lapped up the jism.

The sorrel dropped to all fours. As the other two moved away slightly, it walked along Bill's side, licking his neck and nibbling his coat.

Halfway along, the sorrel dropped his head and sniffed at Bill's cock, which was hanging semi-erect beneath Bill. Bill became aware of how much he was aroused by the sorrel's attentions; he shivered and tried to repress the feeling.

The sorrel licked Bill's cock once, then moved to Bill's rump.

The big red horse blew a hot breath on Bill's ass. There was no choice. Bill sighed once more and lifted his tail.

The sorrel licked Bill's pucker firmly. It raised its head and curled its lip, sniffing strongly. Bill realized it was savoring the taste of the jism left by the other two studs.

The sorrel licked along Bill's butt crack. Bill spread his legs, allowing the red horse to thrust its nose between his thighs. It blew hot breath over Bill's scrotum before licking Bill's balls with its strong tongue.

The sorrel licked Bill's balls for several minutes. Bill felt his own cock rousing and filling with blood. He hung his head and closed his eyes, trying to will away the sensation.

The sorrel moved its attention back to Bill's asshole. The sorrel licked Bill's pucker firmly before thrusting its tongue deep inside Bill.

It rimmed Bill for several minutes, stirring unwanted waves of pleasure in Bill.

At last, the sorrel positioned itself behind Bill. It reared, placing its forelegs astride Bill's rump.

Bill felt the massive cockhead pressing against his asshole. Wishing to get the ordeal over with as quickly as possible, he forced himself to relax.

His asshole stretched slowly, expanding as the sorrel forced his cock into Bill. There was a sudden give as the massive glans slid into Bill's rectum.

The sorrel grunted and moved its body forward; its chest now rested on Bill's rump and its forelegs straddled Bill's back. Playfully, the sorrel nuzzled Bill's back muscles and nibbled his skin.

The sorrel pushed in deeper. Bill could feel the massive cock stretching his gut as the big red horse penetrated him an inch at a time. The stud grunted periodically as it fucked Bill.

Gradually, it moved forward until its forelegs were over Bill's shoulders.

As the stud's hot breath flowed over Bill's neck, he could feel the heavy balls touching his butt cheeks.

The red horse rested on Bill's back for a moment, its cock deep in Bill's gut. It pulled back slightly, just enough so Bill could feel the cock moving within him, before pushing back.

Opening its jaws, the stallion gently gripped Bill's crest while it rocked its hips over Bill's, softly fucking Bill's ass and caressing Bill's gut with its huge cock.

Despite the humiliation, Bill found himself enjoying the ass-fucking. He closed his eyes, trying to deny his feelings.

Gradually, the sorrel made his thrusts longer, faster, harder. The intensity of the fuck built as the red horse humped Bill.

Bill felt his skin grow hot as the red stallion's lust stirred his own. Bill rumbled deep in his chest – a stallion's response – as the giant cock fucked him. He became aware that his own cock was dropping from his sheath, responding to his own lust.

The sorrel's fucking became a frenzied assault, slamming his cock into Bill with powerful strokes.

Harder and faster, the red horse fucked the black until it froze, the full length of its cock buried in Bill's ass. Bill felt the cockhead swell within him.

The sorrel's cock jolted within Bill's gut as it fired a blast of jism into Bill. Each pulse of the massive cock vibrated from Bill's anus all the way to the center of his body. Bill could feel the hot jism jetting into him, filling him.

The red horse lay over Bill's broad back. A dozen times, the sorrel's cock pulsed within Bill.

As the red horse came, Bill felt the tension drain from its body. At last, the throbbing ceased. The red horse rested atop Bill; its orgasm done, its muscles relaxed in the pleasant lassitude after sex.

Bill, however, was still very much aroused. As the sorrel rested atop him, Bill became aware that his own cock was achingly erect. His skin twitched with sexual tension. Desperately, Bill wanted to fuck something.

The red horse reared back, pulling its cock out of Bill's ass. It dropped to all fours. Playfully, it nipped Bill's rump before it moved off.

A human moved up to the sorrel. The man was naked. His erect cock stood straight out; like Greg's it was at least a foot long and very thick. "That was awesome, Adam. I hope you'll fuck me like that tonight." The man said to the horse, stroking its neck. The red horse whickered and licked the man's cock.

The man got down on his knees and crawled under the sorrel. He began licking the sorrel's thick cock methodically, cleaning the sorrel's jism and the bits of Bill's shit from the huge member.

Glancing around, Bill saw that the palomino and the bay also had men under them, serving them in the same way.

A hand touched his shoulder. Bill looked around. Greg stood there, gently petting Bill. "I see you are erect, Master William. If you are feeling horny, you may fuck me to relieve yourself."

Bill glanced at Greg's erect cock; his servant desired what he offered. Bill could feel his cock aching, longing for release.

Bill closed his eyes. Not yet. He could not bring himself to fuck a man. However horny he was, he could not fuck a man's ass, even though three stud horses had just fucked him.

Concentrating, he willed his cock to go soft and withdraw into his sheath. He could see the disappointment on Greg's face as he did so. His young servant lusted for him and the offer was meant kindly. For now, however, Bill could not use Greg for his lust.

Greg said nothing, although the hurt showed. Bill thought a moment, then knelt in front of Greg, offering his back for the servant to mount.

Greg's jaw dropped. "You will let me ride you?" He gasped.

Bill nodded his head and whickered.

Greg threw his leg over Bill's bare back. Carefully, so the naked man could balance, Bill rose and stood.

The boy leaned forward; he hugged and kissed Bill's neck. Bill could feel the boy's erection rubbing against his wither. "Thank you Master William, I am honored to ride you."

Bill began walking back towards the stable. His hide itched from the drying sweat and he wanted to be groomed once more. As he walked away, Bill twisted an ear in the direction of the other horses and the men servicing them, silently asking Greg to explain.

Greg understood what Bill wanted to know. "Like you, there are four other stallions here. Like you, they are humans bound in the form of horses by Mistress Elena to serve her for seven years.

"The three who just fucked you are Adam, the big sorrel, Robert, the bay horse and Trip, the palomino. There is also a grey horse named Samuel. Those are their human names, by the way.

"Adam and Trip both offered themselves to her. They wished to become stallions and Mistress Elena accepted their offers. Samuel and Robert made the same mistake you did and found themselves tricked into her service.

"Each of them has a servant bound particularly to them, although all of us are obliged to serve all of the studs at any time. I have been fucked by all of them at least once.

"All of the servants came willingly, because we all lust for stallions. We are the particular servants of one horse and the general servant of all.

"Robert is served by Ken, Trip is served by Tom, Samuel is served by Jason and Adam is served by Mike. Since Mike is away right now tidying up your affairs, Jason was serving Adam back there. Samuel is being ridden by Mistress Elena.

"Mistress Elena found us and offered each of us the same bargain: For seven years, we serve the stallions; we groom them, feed them, clean their stalls, and submit to them completely for fucking, shitting, pissing and anything else. Any service you want, I am bound to give you, so long as you don't try to injure me. That is pretty hard to do, anyways, as we are protected by Elena's magic.

"If you want to deep throat me, I will lie on the bench and let you drive your cock down my throat. If you want to shit in my mouth, I will cover your asshole with my lips and swallow your biggest dump. If you want to stand on me, you can put your hooves on my pecs and rear up full height."

Incredulous, Bill twitched an ear at that.

"It's true!" Greg insisted. "Adam stood on my chest - all 1500 pounds of him - and reared. It was incredible to stare up at him, towering over me with his big thick hard cock pointing almost straight up.

"Your cock is much bigger than Adam's by the way. I really want you to ram it down my throat.

"Mistress Elena has put special protections on us that allow us to do these things.

"In return, we have sex with the stallions: They fuck us and we fuck them. Frequently, very frequently. We are almost perpetually horny. We also get rewarded with large cocks and unlimited sexual endurance.

"We are always fit and always healthy and almost always naked. The only time we wear clothes is when someone who is not aware what we do comes to the barn." He chuckled slightly. "That is pretty rare, however. Most who come are former horses or grooms seeking a little pleasure.

"And, like you, at the end of seven years, we find ourselves going home wealthy." When Bill twitched an ear at that, Greg added. "That's what the ones who served before me say, at least. For now, I'm just enjoying myself."

They had now arrived at the barn. Bill walked straight to the grooming stall, carrying Greg on his back down the high aisle. Greg slid down from Bill's back.

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Part 3

Bill stared down at his groom, who stood naked at his shoulder. Greg's huge cock was massively erect as usual. There was a gob of jism at the tip and trails of jism ran down to the boy's crotch.

"I have to apologize, Master William, I didn't have an orgasm, but my cock was leaking precum onto you. Feeling your hide between my bare legs made me want to shoot my wad. I know you don't want sex with me yet, but you make me so horny."

Bill had been aware of the boy's jism dripping onto his shoulder. He had chosen to ignore it while he listened to what Greg had told him.

As a gesture of forgiveness, Bill turned his head and blew softly in Greg's face. He still did not want sex with Greg, but he decided that he would reward his servant in some way once the grooming was finished.

Greg picked up two brushes and began grooming Bill. Bill leaned into the firm strokes of the brushes, enjoying the feel as Greg cleaned his hide.

As before, Bill found the sensation arousing. His cock began to drop from his sheath. Bill no longer felt embarrassed; no one here cared if he got an erection. And Bill realized he was incredibly horny.

By the time Greg was working on Bill's shoulder, Bill was fully erect, his cock pointed rigidly forward under his belly. Bill grunted with pleasure as his servant groomed him.

Greg reached Bill's back and chest, pressing the brushes hard against his master's coat and polishing it to a glossy sheen. Bill could smell the boy's sweat as he worked to clean Bill.

Greg bent to brush Bill's belly. He stopped and gasped. "Oh my god..." the boy said, dropping to his knees. Bill heard the brushes clatter to the floor.

Bending his neck, Bill turned to look. Greg was bent double, kneeling on the ground. Bill could not see Greg's hands, but from the servant's posture, he was grasping his cock.

Greg breathed in ragged gasps. Bill twisted his neck further. As Bill watched, jets of cum shot onto the floor, shooting three feet in front of the kneeling boy.

Greg's orgasm lasted a very long time; Bill began to wonder if the boy would ever stop cuming. The ropes of jism continued to blast out of the servant, coating the floor with a pool of white.

Eventually, the streams of jism slowed then stopped. The boy remained crouched for several minutes, a puddle of jism three feet long and six inches wide cooling in front of him.

At last, Greg unbent. The boy moaned and slowly staggered to his feet. He picked up the brushes and turned back to Bill. Amazingly, his thick cock was still erect with cum still flowing sluggishly from the tip.

Greg took a deep breath and looked at Bill. "I am sorry, Master William, but you make me so fucking horny that I have to work not to cum. You are so beautiful and powerful and big that I ache whenever I look at you or touch you. I want you so badly that I'd do anything for you.

"When I bent over and saw that big cock of yours, it was too much. I couldn't hold it any longer. I apologize, but I had to cum."

Although he found the boy's lust for him disturbing, Bill could not be upset with his groom. The boy desired him. Whether it was perverse made no difference, it was simply Greg's nature.

Once again, Bill stretched out his neck and blew softly in his groom's face. Greg stroked Bill's

muzzle and kissed his nose.

"Thank you, master." The boy said. He smiled wanly. "Even your scent makes me horny. You have the strongest horse-scent I've ever smelled; I love it."

He glanced at the puddle of his own jism on the floor. "Now I better clean that up and get back to grooming you."

Greg got a hose and washed the puddle away, then picked up the brushes once more and resumed grooming Bill.

This time, Greg spoke while he cleaned Bill's coat. "You are my dream horse, Master William. You are the horse I always wanted to serve. I want you to stand on me, lie on me, trample me, kick me, bite me, run me down, piss on me, and shit on me. I want you to make me kiss your hooves and lick your ass. I want you to shit in my mouth and piss down my throat. Most of all, I want you to fuck me in the ass and ram your cock down my throat over and over and over again."

Bill pondered this while Greg continued to groom him. Part of him was appalled by what Greg said, but Bill realized he was aroused by the thought of brutalizing and humiliating the boy. Bill's cock was once again rigidly erect beneath his body.

As Bill enjoyed the grooming, he heard two people talking as they approached down the aisle. One voice was Elena, the other voice was a man's.

The two entered the grooming area. Bill snorted with surprise. Other than gold bracelets and anklets, the man was naked. An erection as big and thick as Greg's jutted up from his crotch.

The man goggled at Bill. "Ho boy! What have we got here? He's gorgeous! And that cock is gigantic!" He looked at Elena. "Is he new?"

Elena smiled. "William just arrived today. He expressed a desire to be the biggest black stud I ever rode. He wanted the biggest cock and balls I'd ever seen on a stud. He got what he wanted, just not what he expected."

The man laughed. "I see. Another one who didn't know when to keep his mouth shut.

"I really like him, Elena. Can I have a go with him?"

"Not yet, I'm afraid." The witch replied. "He hasn't fully accepted his place here yet. He's not fucked his groom. Greg gets to go first.

"You haven't met Greg yet have you?" She added. "Greg, please come over and say hello to David."

Greg put the brushes down and walked over to them. He stretched out his hand. "I'm Greg. I've been here about a week now. I've been helping the others while waiting for William to arrive."

"David." The other said, shaking Greg's hand. "I came here as you did, wanting a perfect horse." He held up his arms, showing the golden bracelet. "But I wanted to be a horse, too, so I got these."

Greg looked at him, not comprehending.

David stood back a couple of paces. In the blink of an eye, a powerfully built dapple-grey horse stood where David had been. There were golden shoes on his hooves.

Elena put her hand on the grey's arched neck. "David bargained with me for his golden shoes.

Fourteen years of service – one day as a horse, the next day as a groom – earned him what you see: He can shift from man to horse at will.”

Bill felt a surge of jealousy as Greg stroked David’s neck. The day’s events, however, made him cautious, so he only stood and watched.

The grey horse nuzzled Greg’s chest. The grey’s long tongue shot out and licked Greg’s erection, drawing a gasp from the boy.

David lowered his head and lipped Greg’s heavy balls. He nipped them lightly, then his tongue shot out once more and wrapped around the boy’s scrotum.

Greg hugged the grey head and kissed David’s neck as the horse continued to lick his balls.

With a gasp, Greg pulled back. He looked longingly at Bill. “William is my master.” He said.

“You are bound to William.” Elena agreed. “But you are also bound to serve all the horses here. I know you want William, but you also want David.

“David wants to use you. You want him. William has so far refused you. Give yourself to David.”

“Yes, mistress.” Greg said obediently. He turned back to the grey. He wrapped his arms around David’s neck and kissed it. “Take me.”

David reared slightly. Putting his weight on Greg, he drove the groom to his knees. He pivoted slightly and walked forward so the boy passed between his forelegs. Greg hugged and kissed the powerful body that loomed over him.

Seeing the grey’s huge erection, Bill squealed in outrage and pawed the floor. His servant was being used by another!

“Silence!” Elena commanded. She put no magic in the word, but Bill stood still nevertheless.

“You refused to pleasure him, though he offered to serve you.” Elena spoke calmly. “A few minutes ago, he told you he wanted you to abuse him in every way. Even though you felt the desire, you still did not give him what he wanted.

“So you will stand and watch another use your servant.” She turned back to watch. Bill followed her gaze.

Greg was now licking the massive glans of the stallion, probing the asshole with his tongue.

David flexed his cock, slapping it tight against his belly. Greg began to lick the shaft, rubbing his face against the massive member as he caressed it with long strokes of his tongue. As Greg worked his way down the length of his cock, David grunted with pleasure and arched his neck.

Greg reached David’s crotch. Twisting around, Greg plunged his head between the grey stallion’s thighs and pushed his face against the ball sack.

David allowed Greg to lick his balls for several minutes, grunting as the boy pleased him.

David’s grunting became louder and more forceful. His tail lashed back and forth. Precum began to drip from his cockhead.

As Greg began licking back down the massive shaft, David neighed loudly. He backed up a step, so that the tip of his cock was at Greg's lips.

Greg opened his mouth wide, covering the crown and positioning himself so that the massive horsecock was pointed directly at his face.

David bunched his hips and drove forward. Impossibly, eight inches of thick horsecock disappeared into Greg, whose throat bulged visibly.

The grey stallion humped again, forcing another three inches into Greg.

Greg turned slightly, aligning himself along the powerful barrel of the stallion so the horse could penetrate deeper. He stroked the grey flank, encouraging the stud to fuck his face.

Pinning his ears, David thrust more of his cock into Greg. This was a rape. The grey's humping was now brutal; every thrust of his powerful hindquarters drove more of the stallion's massive prick down the boy's throat.

As the grey horse rammed his cock ever deeper into Greg's throat, the boy stroked the stallion's barrel, encouraging the brutal assault.

Bill noticed that Greg was cuming; the servant's jism jetted from his cock in a long arc that landed behind the grey stud, which continued to ram its giant cock down the boy's throat.

The massive horsecock should be tearing the boy open. The pain should be unbearable.

David's assault should have killed the boy, yet Greg was not only alive but enjoying and encouraging the stud's abuse.

"Yes, there is pain." Elena said. "This would kill a man if it were done without magic. This is what Greg desires: To be subjected to the lust and abuse of horses. The pain only heightens his pleasure.

"This is what he wants of you. In time, you will use him harder and more harshly."

She paused. "And you will come to enjoy it."

Never. Bill thought. I will never do this.

Elena laughed. "Silly stallion! How little you know of 'never'. Even now, your body betrays your desire."

Bill became aware of his throbbing cock, taut and rigid against his belly. He could feel dribblets of precum running from the tip.

Rationally, he should feel shame, but he could not take his eyes from the scene in front of him. To dominate, to drive another down, to hurt them and to take his lust upon them and have them beg him to do more. Bill shook himself and tried to repress his feelings, but his cock remained rigid and he did not look away.

The whole of David's cock was now embedded in Greg's throat. The stallion's sheath covered the boy's face and his balls pressed against the boy's eyes. The boy wrapped his arms around the powerful thighs and tried to pull the stallion deeper into him.

Bunching his hindquarters, David drove forward three times in rapid, savage thrusts. His tail began

flagging, signaling his orgasm.

Bill could see Greg's throat throb with each pulse of cum the stud fired into him. The climax seemed never-ending as the stallion blasted load after load into the boy impaled on his cock.

The orgasm went on so long that Bill wondered why the boy did not suffocate on the giant member.

Eventually, the flagging of the grey tail slowed along with the pulses of the boy's throat until they ceased altogether. Still the boy stayed beneath the stallion, accepting its huge cock within him and submitting to the stud's domination.

The stallion heaved its chest in a powerful sigh. Backing up, it pulled its cock from the boy's throat like a sword from a sheath. Greg remained kneeling beneath the stallion, staring worshipfully at its heavy balls.

Without warning, David lashed forward with his left hind leg, kicking Greg hard in the chest and sending him sprawling.

As the boy scrambled to his feet, the stud pivoted, aiming its hindquarters at the boy.

Bill thought that David was going to lash out and kick the boy with both hind legs. He started forward to protect his servant, but Elena stopped him with a hand on his shoulder.

Instead of kicking Greg, the grey horse lifted its tail and backed into Greg's chest, putting his asshole in the boy's face.

Greg hugged the grey's rump and pressed his lips against its asshole.

The stud backed up, squeezing Greg against the wall. Without taking his lips from David's asshole, Greg stroked the powerful hindquarters. Greg was cuming once more, Bill noticed.

David shifted back and forth, pressing and grinding Greg with his ass.

Though Greg was hidden behind the grey stallion's hindquarters, Bill realized that the horse was forcing Greg to rim him deeply, demanding that the servant thrust his tongue deep into David's ass.

Greg stroked the stallion's rump as he worked to please his abuser. White rivers of jism ran down the horse's thighs.

:Impossible.: Bill thought.

"Not here." Elena replied.

David finished shitting. He held position for a few moments while Greg licked his asshole clean.

The stallion stepped away and pivoted.

"Thank you, Master David!" Greg exclaimed.

As suddenly as he had become a horse, David became a man once more. "Well done, lad!" He said as Greg stood up. "I would like to fuck you a few more times before I leave."

Greg looked anxious. "I really only enjoy horse-sex..." He began.

David waved a hand. "I meant as a horse." He looked hard at Greg. "I really enjoy using the power of the horse form. I like to play rough."

Greg grinned broadly. "That would be wonderful, Master David."

Elena placed a hand on Bill's shoulder. "William, here, thought you were going to kick Greg with both hind legs. He was all set to rescue his servant."

Greg looked from Bill to David and then at Elena. "I really wish he had. I would have enjoyed that." He said.

David laughed. "We'll see about that later. As I said, I like to play rough."

Elena looked at Bill. "It is really all right." She said. "My magic protects Greg and allows him to enjoy his desires."

"Greg really wants to serve you, why don't you let him?"

Bill sighed and looked away. Reluctantly, he agreed that, if he did fuck a man, he would fuck Greg first.

"Good." Elena said. Turning back to David she asked. "The first fuck belongs to Greg, but would you like to take William for a ride? He can use a little more exercise today."

"Oh, yes." David said. "I'd like that big fellow between my legs. I'll give him a good hard gallop."

At Elena's order, Greg fetched Bill's bridle. By now, Bill knew better than to resist. He meekly lowered his head for the groom to slip it on.

Greg did not put a saddle on Bill, nor did David put on riding clothes. David was still naked when he took the reins from Greg.

As David threw the reins over Bill's neck, Bill realized that David's cock was fully erect.

David came to Bill's left side. Greg began to get down to make a step for David to mount, but David waved the groom away. He vaulted onto Bill's back, settling there firmly with his legs wrapped around Bill's barrel. Bill was aware of David's erection lying on his withers.

"Now, William, let's see what you can do." David said, urging Bill forward.

Bill trotted down the aisle and once clear of the barn, David pushed him into a gallop.

Bill thought he had worked hard when Elena rode him that morning; that was easy compared to the workout that David gave him.

They galloped for miles over the fields, along wooded trails, and up and down hills. David sent him plunging through creeks and streams, even swimming when the water was too deep. (David slipped off Bill's back and floated beside him when Bill swam, sliding his leg back over Bill when his hooves once more hit bottom.)

They arrived back at the barn both soaked with sweat; white lather foamed on Bill's neck and between his legs.

Although absolutely exhausted from the workout, Bill had enjoyed himself thoroughly. The power of

his horse body was exhilarating.

David jumped off Bill's back and hugged his sweaty neck. "You enjoyed that, didn't you big guy?" Bill snorted and pranced slightly in agreement.

Bill stood unmoving, unsure of how to react. He realized the truth of what Elena said. He enjoyed being a big, powerful stallion.

"Which is why you came here," Elena said. "My magic brought you here because you really want this and everything else you will do here."

Bill pinned his ears and shook his head.

"You may deny it now, but you will soon accept this as truth.

"Now, before David takes Greg away for his pleasures, I want you to see something."

Bill looked at David, who had once more assumed his stallion form.

"David," Elena said, "would you kindly assist in a small demonstration?"

As she spoke, Tom and Ken came in carrying a board about five feet long, six inches by six inches. At Elena's direction, they wedged it into a pair of notches set about head height.

David positioned himself with his hindquarters a few feet from the board. A moment later, he leapt straight into the air and lashed out with his hind legs.

David struck the board with both hooves, breaking it in half. The two halves flew backwards thirty feet, trailing splinters.

David landed squarely on his hooves, catching himself before standing erect once more.

"Now, Greg, if you would stand against that wall." She pointed to the brick wall between the grooming stall and the tack room.

Without hesitation, Greg marched to the spot she had indicated. David positioned himself in front of Greg as he had with the board.

Again, David jumped into the air and lashed out. His hooves hit Greg squarely in the face.

Greg yelped, but did not move.

David landed. As soon as he had squared himself, he leaped up once more and lashed out, striking Greg's chest. The boy grunted at the impact.

David repeated the attack four more times, each time striking the groom with both hooves.

Aside from yelps and grunts, the boy stood unmoving as the stallion brutally kicked him again and again. The only reaction Greg showed was a massive ejaculation. His cock shot cum three feet into the air as he took the powerful blows.

Bill was incredulous. The boy ought to be dead. He ought to be a bloody pile of bruised muscle and shattered bones. His face should be paste. Instead, Greg was enjoying the assault.

After half a dozen kicks, David stood, breathing hard. He lifted his tail, baring his asshole to Greg.

The boy stepped forward. Hugging the muscular rump, he kissed and nuzzled the stallion's pucker. The horse farted in his face.

"Greg told you that he wants to be used and abused by horses. I told you that my magic protects him." Elena said. "Now will you believe me?"

As she spoke, David turned around. He nuzzled Greg, then lowered his head to the boy's crotch. With a sweep of his tongue, the horse took the boy's cock into his mouth and began sucking on it.

A look of ecstasy came over the boy's face as the stud sucked his cock. He caressed the grey head and kissed between the stud's ears.

The horse fellated the boy for several minutes. Bill could see the rippling of the stud's throat as he gulped Greg's jism.

David's cock came erect as he sucked Greg. Once he was fully erect with the massive horsecock thick and rigid against his belly, David released Greg's cock.

The boy sighed heavily as his cock emerged from the stud's mouth. Jism still spurted from the tip.

Twisting his neck, the stallion poked his nose into the boy's crotch. Viciously, the horse bit the boy's balls.

Greg yelped in pain but did not pull back. Instead, his cock erupted once more, sending a fountain of jism a yard high.

The stallion whinnied amusement as the boy took pleasure in the abuse. He gave Greg a powerful shove with his head, sending the boy staggering down the aisle before prancing after him.

The horse chased the boy down the aisle, biting him until they both disappeared into the mating stall. The stud's massive erection slapped from side to side as he drove the boy ahead of him.

"David will probably fuck Greg in the ass and face a dozen times before he's done." Elena said conversationally. Looking Bill in the eye, she added "Are you sure you don't want to join them?"

Bill rumbled deep in his chest and shook his head in an angry 'no'.

Elena moved to his side. "If not, then why are you so aroused?" She reached under Bill's chest and stroked his rigid cock once.

A huge gob of cum exploded out of Bill's cock. Shooting between his forelegs, it splashed onto Jason, who was still holding Bill's bridle.

The groom knelt quickly so the next wad of horsecum covered his face and filled his open mouth.

Bill stood rigidly, locked in the ecstasy of his orgasm as he fired load after load of jism at Jason's face and open mouth.

The groom came as well while the huge stallion hosed him with jism.

Bill's orgasm passed and the pulsation of his cock slowed.

Jason moved forward, trying to catch the diminishing spurts of horsecum. At last, the groom lay flat beneath Bill to catch and swallow the jism draining from the now flaccid cock.

Jason swallowed again. "Master William, your cock is gigantic. It's at least five inches longer and an inch thicker than Adam's. I can hardly wait until you fuck me. It will hurt like hell, but I want you to ram it into me as hard as you can."

Jason's words outraged Bill. He did not want to fuck a man! He didn't when he was human and he didn't want it any more now he was a horse.

Bill contemplated stomping Jason in the face. Only the thought that Elena would add more time to his bondage in horse form prevented him from doing so.

"Actually, Jason would like it if you were to stomp on his face." Elena said. "My magic will protect him. So go ahead."

From the floor, Jason called out. "Please, William! Stomp on my face."

Bill raised his left hind foot, preparing to drive it into the groom's face with all his power.

Bill hesitated. He stopped. No, he would not do this. He would not be part of their games. He lowered his hoof carefully to the floor, placing it beside Jason's head.

Elena raised her eyebrows. "Well," she said, "self-restraint. That is impressive.

"But you are going to have to allow Jason some pleasure to replace what you denied him."

She looked at the groom on the floor. "Jason, you may fuck his ass."

She looked in Bill's eye. "William, you will not move away." Once more, Bill felt the power of her magic as she gave the command.

Jason scrambled to his feet and fetched a stool. He placed it directly behind Bill.

Jason placed his hand on Bill's rump and slid it under Bill's tail. He eased it up the butt crack until he reached the pucker.

Gently, Jason massaged Bill's asshole. Bill's tail lifted reflexively. The boy pushed his face between Bill's butt cheeks and began licking Bill's asshole.

As he rimmed and probed Bill's ass with his tongue, Jason slipped a hand between Bill's hind legs and began massaging Bill's balls.

Bill felt his cock becoming erect once more. The sensations were incredibly arousing.

Aroused and outraged, Bill farted in Jason's face/

Jason opened his mouth and inhaled the fart.

Bill felt a splattering on his thighs. His attempt to humiliate the boy had only caused Jason to have an orgasm.

Before Bill could squeeze his asshole tight again, Jason slid his right arm into Bill's rectum, fisting him.

Jason pushed his arm deep into Bill's gut.

Already erect, Bill came. Ropes of horsecum shot out between Bill's forelegs and landed two yards in front of him.

Bill held rigid and Jason continued to pump his fist and arm in Bill's gut. Bill became aware that another boy knelt in front of him, trying to catch the wads of horsecum on his face as Bill's orgasm continued.

Jason pulled his fist out of Bill and plunged his face into the open asshole. Jason rimmed Bill, thrusting his tongue inside to taste the horseshit. Bill pouted his anal ring, willing the boy to get his humiliation over with.

Jason stood on the stool. Positioning his cock, he pulled Bill's tail aside and drove into Bill.

The boy humped the horse's ass, slapping his balls against Bill's buttocks. He lay over Bill's rump and hugged himself to Bill's body while kissing Bill's back.

Jason came. Bill could feel the boy's cock pulsing within him. The boy's orgasm went on as he lay atop the big horse.

Jason finished cuming. He stroked Bill's rump. "Thank you, Master William. You are the biggest horse I have ever fucked. I hope you fuck me soon. With your muscle and size it will be brutal."

Bill closed his eyes, wishing it would all go away.

Jason got down. He picked up brushes and groomed Bill. Bill stood placidly, paying no attention as the boy brushed his coat until it shone.

Once the boy finished grooming him, Bill started to walk away.

The boy lay down in front of him, looking up at Bill. "Please, Master William." Jason pleaded.

Bill sighed heavily. He positioned himself over the boy. He lifted a hind foot. With all the power Bill could put behind it, Bill drove his hoof into Jason's face.

Bill headed back to his stall. Behind him, Jason called out "Thank you, Master William."

As Bill approached his stall, he heard Greg's voice from the mating stall. "Fuck me, Master David. Harder."

Bill went to the entrance. Greg lay face down on the bench. The big grey stallion's body lay atop the boy's as he fucked the boy. The stallion's hindquarters humped Greg, driving his huge cock into the boy pinned beneath him.

Bill turned away and went back to his stall. He took a few mouthfuls of hay, then lay down. He could hear the noise of the stallion fucking his servant drifting down the aisle.

Bill closed his eyes and willed himself to sleep.

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## Part 4

Bill awoke two hours later. His first thought, that it had all been a dream, was dashed as he looked at his own forelegs ending in hooves. Horse hooves. With shiny silver horse shoes.

He lifted his head and flicked his ears. He could hear voices in the aisle.

"Thank you, Master David. I've always wanted a horse to use me like that. It was really brutal." Bill recognized the voice of his groom, Greg.

"The pleasure was all mine, boy." David replied. "I told you I like to play rough. You were perfect; you took everything I did and kept asking for more."

"I really liked it when you knocked me down and pranced on my face and chest." Greg said.

"That's called piaffe." David said. "They used to train warhorses to do that to trample people to death."

The two reached the door of Bill's stall.

"Thank you again." Greg said. "I'd better see if Master William needs anything."

"You're welcome. I'll be around for a few days. If that big stupid black galoot won't give in and use you, come and see me. I'd enjoy using you some more." Bill heard David's footsteps walking away.

Greg entered Bill's stall. "Is there anything I can do for you, Master William?" The young man asked.

Bill closed his eyes and turned his head away, trying to deny what had happened. This morning he had woken in a bed, enjoying a healthy, normal life. Now he was a horse, lying in a stall, bound by a witch's magic for seven years.

He had a groom. A groom whose greatest desire was to be fucked and kicked and shit on by Bill. And Bill was expected to enjoy doing it.

"And wouldn't you enjoy it?" A soft voice said in his mind.

Bill shook his head and snorted. He thought the voice was the witch Elena, tormenting him. Then he shook again.

The voice was not Elena's.

It was his own.

Bill raised his head and opened his eyes once more. His groom sat against a wall, watching Bill. Greg was stroking his erect cock. For a human, the groom's cock was extremely large; Bill guessed it was easily 12 inches long and two inches thick. His balls were two inch globes that stretched Greg's scrotum.

Bill remembered his intention to 'reward' his groom for the care the boy had lavished on him. Gathering his legs under him, he surged to his feet. He wondered what, aside from sex, the boy would enjoy. He made a decision.

Greg stared up at the huge stallion. At 18 hands 2 inches, the horse towered over him. Bits of shavings clung to the glossy black coat. In addition to the stallion's size, Master William had magnificent conformation with powerful musculature on a perfect frame.

Greg longed for Master William to use him brutally, preferably by raping him with that titanic horsecock. Greg knew that the stallion resisted the idea of sex with a man; he hoped that Master William would soon relent and use Greg for his lust.

In the meantime, Greg would serve as Master William's faithful groom, taking pleasure in whatever humiliations and abuse – the more degrading and savage, the better – this, Greg's dream horse, would heap upon him.

Bill moved toward Greg. He turned his rump towards Greg, lifting his tail and baring his asshole. Kiss it, boy. He demanded.

Greg stood. He wrapped his arms around the stallion's powerful rump and hugged his body to it. Greg pushed his face between the muscular buttocks and kissed the horse's black pucker.

Bill backed up until he pinned Greg against the wall. He ground his servant, forcing Greg's face against his asshole.

Enthusiastically, Greg rimmed Bill's anus, licking and sucking it while he stroked the powerful rump.

Bill whickered with pleasure. Abusing Greg was very arousing. He felt his cock dropping from his sheath and getting hard. He shoved backwards hard. Greg 'oomphed' as Bill crushed him against the wall. Bill was now fully erect, enjoying his power over his groom.

Something warm and sticky splashed against Bill's thigh. It took a moment for Bill to realize that Greg was cuming. Submitting to Bill had given Greg an orgasm. Bill stepped away and looked at Greg. His groom was still cuming; he stared ecstatically at Bill's ass as his cock shot wads of jism high into the air.

Greg's orgasm finished. Still gasping, he said "I am sorry, Master William. I didn't mean to get my jism on you. But that was wonderful. Please do that again whenever you want."

Bill recovered himself and thought about his own arousal. Shaking himself, Bill breathed deeply and willed his cock to withdraw.

To distract himself, Bill applied himself to his hay while Greg fetched a cloth and carefully cleaned his jism from Bill's thighs.

Once finished his hay, Bill looked around. Greg was again sitting against the wall staring at him; the boy stroked his cock as he watched him longingly. Bill wondered what it would be like to suck Greg's cock. As though he had heard Bill's thought, Greg rose up on his knees and thrust his pelvis forward, presenting his cock to Bill. Appalled at his own thought, Bill looked away. He heard Greg sigh.

"Master William..." Greg said. Bill looked back.

"...if you won't suck my cock, would you at least bite my balls. As hard as you can, please." The boy pleaded.

Bill's ears flicked forward in astonishment. The boy had said he wanted Bill to abuse him, but the request to be brutalized was incredible. Did the boy really want this?

"Oh, yes, Master William. I want you to savage me and hurt me."

Bill snorted. Turning, he walked out into the field.



Disappointed, Greg watched his master leave.

The next two weeks were a torment for Bill. Bill was almost perpetually horny and his cock was erect more often than not. To add to his torment, the other stallions made a point of fucking and abusing their own servants in plain view; Bill tried not to watch, but found himself mesmerized by the passionate sex play.

Bill was amazed that the servants not only submitted to the stallions but actively encouraged their masters to rape and abuse them, sometimes pleading with the horses to humiliate them and torment them in some particular way. That the servants truly desired what was done to them was evidenced by their massive ejaculations while they were abused.

Though he tried to deny it, Bill found the activities incredibly erotic. More than once, Bill came himself while watching the stallions fuck or savage their servants.

Because Bill refused to fuck Greg, Elena decreed that Greg could ask any of the other studs to use him. Torn between disapproval and arousal, Bill watched as his servant happily submitted to the fucking and abuse of the other stallions.

Bill watched with disbelief as Adam, the big sorrel, drove the whole of his huge cock down Greg's throat in a single powerful thrust.

Greg came enthusiastically as Adam fucked his face. The stallion thrust five times in rapid succession before shooting his load into Greg. Bill could actually see Greg's throat pulse as Adam came.

At last, the stallion lay spent atop the young man for several minutes with his whole cock still embedded in the groom's throat. Greg stroked the horse's flank and thighs while rubbing his face in Adam's crotch.

Adam pulled back, withdrawing a foot and a half of his cock from Greg. Arching his neck, he took Greg's cock in his mouth, preparing to abuse the young man further.

Greg arched his back, presenting his cock to the big red stud and submitting willingly. He reached back to the horse's powerful thighs and tried to pull himself down Adam's cock.

The stallion bunched his hindquarters and humped his cock deeper into Greg. At the same time, he gripped Greg's cock in his teeth.

Greg arched higher and hugged the massive barrel, begging Adam to abuse him.

As Adam mauled and fucked Bill's servant, Adam's own servant Mike knelt between the stallion's hind legs and pushed his face into the horse's crotch.

The big red horse ground Mike's face between his thighs as he rammed his cock down Greg's throat.

The two young men embraced Adam. Submitting wholeheartedly to the vicious use and begging for more.

The stud came again. As Adam fired cum down Greg's throat once more, he released his grip on Greg's cock and bellowed triumphantly.

The two young men came as well, their powerful (for humans) ejaculations testifying to their

pleasure in submitting to the big sorrel.

Bill's amazement turned to shock as he came himself, shooting massive wads of jism far in front of him. He shook himself, ashamed of how the scene had aroused him.

Bill felt relief when he was saddled and put to work in the ring or taken for a long gallop. He threw himself into the exercise, trying to forget his own erotic feelings.

At night there was no relief, just the sounds of the other stallions brutally using their grooms for their lust. And the sounds of the grooms encouraging the abuse. Greg heard the sounds as well. He would sit or lie in Bill's stall, staring worshipfully at his master and stroking his erection.

Sometimes, the other stallions would demand Greg serve them, taking his groom to be fucked in the ass or face or abused and degraded. Bill told himself that it was for the best: Greg got what he wanted and Bill did not have to satisfy his groom. But he found himself listening carefully to the sounds of lust and brutality that carried through the stable. Bill's own cock would get achingly hard as he listened. Sometimes he came himself as he heard the moans and yelps mingled with equine snorts, whinnies and bellows.

When he slept - as a horse, Bill could sleep standing - there were erotic dreams. Vague at first, they were soon filled with images of Bill raping and abusing a man. Before long, the man had Greg's face. Bill would wake with a rigid erection slapping his belly or even the sensations of his cock shooting vast wads of jism far out in front of him.

Bill would wake from the dreams to see Greg staring at Bill's cock and stroking his own. Once, Bill awoke to find Greg kneeling in front of him to catch Bill's cum in his face and mouth. Annoyed, Bill would attempt to punish Greg by kicking him or humiliate him by shitting or pissing on his face. Bill's frustration only increased when Greg, protected by Elena's magic, would thank Bill and beg him for more.

On his thirteenth night - Bill was keeping count - Bill woke from another dream with an aching erection. As usual, Greg was watching him worshipfully and stroking his own hard cock. Bill snorted and walked over to his servant. His rigid cock swung beneath his belly as he walked.

Greg rose as his master approached. The magnificent stallion stopped in front of him. Greg raised his hands to stroke the beautiful head, but his master snapped his teeth at him and he dropped his hands to his sides.

The horse sniffed him, starting at his face. Master William moved down to Greg's neck. The stallion opened his jaws and gripped Greg by the throat. "Yes, Master William. Do what you want." Greg said. The horse pinned his ears.

The stallion released Greg's throat and began whuffling his chest. Greg trembled as the horse's hot breath flowed over his skin. After a few moments, Master William lifted his head in the flehmen response. Greg smiled, wondering if Master William's human side realized he was reacting as a regular horse.

Master William lowered his head again and whuffed further down Greg's torso. Greg tightened, trying not to cum as the stallion inspected his cock. The stallion opened his jaws and pinned his ears.

"Please, Master William. Bite me. Bite me hard." Greg thrust his hips forward, offering his erection to the horse.

The stallion lifted his head and shook it angrily. He snorted in Greg's face. Bending his neck, the horse shoved Greg towards the door. Greg staggered and caught himself. The enraged horse nipped him on his back and shoved him again.

Master William followed Greg into the aisle. Head low, the stallion drove the groom down the aisle, nipping and striking to force Greg to move faster.

They reached the mating stall. The stallion chased the boy inside. Greg hurried over to the bench. Master William circled it as Greg climbed onto it. The stallion nipped Greg several times to hurry him into position.

Greg lay face down on the sloping bench. The horse circled the bench once, sniffing and nipping his groom. The stallion's massive erection slapped from side to side as he moved.

Greg looked over his shoulder to see the great stallion behind him. The horse nipped each buttock hard, drawing yelps from Greg. The horse reared; Greg could see the stud's giant erection pointing upwards from its sheath, a black pillar thirty inches long and four inches thick.

Greg grunted as the horse's massive body landed on his back. The stallion's hot breath flowed over his neck. Gripping the back of Greg's neck with his teeth, the stallion positioned the great flare of his cock at Greg's anus.

With a single, mighty thrust Master William drove the whole length of his cock into Greg. The boy's yelp was smothered as the stallion's weight ground him against the bench. Greg felt as though he were being torn open; the huge flare seemed to expand in the middle of his chest.

The horse came. His cock throbbed within the boy, filling him with his cum. The boy came too, his cock shot jism far in front of the bench as he felt the horsecock pulsing inside him.

For both horse and human, the orgasm went on a long, long time. At last, their cocks stopped spurting jism. The stallion lay atop the boy for a minute, enjoying his power over his groom. Greg lifted his hand and stroke the stallion's coat, now damp from exertion.

Cheers and whinnies erupted around them. Bill opened his eyes to see the other stallions and their grooms tossing their heads and applauding.

Curving his neck, Bill nuzzled the top of Greg's head. The boy stroked his muzzle. "Yes, Master William." Greg answered the question in Bill's mind. "Fuck me again."

In answer, Bill pulled back slightly and pumped his hips, working his cock inside the boy. Greg groaned with pleasure. "I love you, Master William."

Though Bill had not withdrawn from the boy, his cock had softened slightly. Now blood began to engorge it again as he humped Greg.

Slowly and gently at first, Bill fucked his groom. With the desperate urgency of his first rape of the boy past, Bill took pleasure at the feeling of his cock moving inside Greg's body. The boy's gut gently gripped Bill's mighty organ as it moved back and forth within him. Fully erect once more, Bill could feel each throbbing vein of his cock caressed by Greg's muscles.

Stroke by stroke, Bill's rhythm became faster. Each thrust became longer and deeper. Soon he was pounding his tool into the boy with all his power.

Greg encouraged the stallion's fucking. "Pound me, Master William! Fuck me! I love you! Fuck me!" Greg gasped out, grabbing a breath before Bill's next thrust drove it out of him.

They came. Man and horse shot their cum. The horse unloaded into the body of the man. The man fired his into the air beneath and in front of the bench where he lay under the stallion.

Done, they rested once more as the whinnies and applause of the witnesses celebrated their coupling.

They were not done yet, though the sweat between their bodies had become a lather. Greg kissed Bill's leg, which draped over his shoulder and stroked the stallion's neck. "Again, Master William?" He asked.

Bill fucked his groom twice more before he finally withdrew and dismounted. Once down, Greg hugged and kissed his neck, telling him how wonderful he was.

While the Mike and Jason used a sponge and warm water to gently clean Bill's dangling cock, Bill lifted his tail. With a playful shove, he nudged Greg towards his rump.

Obediently, Greg ducked under Bill's tail and began licking the sweat from his asshole and crack. Bill rumbled with pleasure as his groom abased himself. His cock began stiffening once more. Mike and Jason finished their cleaning and kissed Bill's cock fervently before emerging from beneath the huge black stallion.

Bill pivoted, facing Greg once more. He shoved his groom towards the bench once more.

Greg climbed back on the bench. This time, Bill demanded Greg lie face-up with his head at the lower end.

Bill approached his servant. He sniffed Greg's face and Greg kissed his nose. "Put it in me, Master William."

Bill began licking Greg's chest. He enjoyed the salty sweat of the boy's body. He worked his way down Greg's torso with long strokes of his tongue. Greg reached up and hugged the stallion's neck, kissing the underside repeatedly. As Bill went down the boy's body, he nipped him playfully. Greg would yelp, then beg Bill to do it again.

Bill reached Greg's groin. He pushed the boy's twelve inch erection aside and nuzzled him below the belly button. Reaching forward, Bill grabbed Greg's scrotum in his teeth and bit down hard on the boy's two heavy balls.

Greg yelped once more. He hugged himself to Bill's chest and kissed the stallion's pectorals. Greg arched his back, presenting his genitals to the stallion. "Bite me, Master William. Show me you are boss."

Bill bit Greg's balls once more and the boy yelped again.

Bill rose up on his hind legs and aimed the flare of his cock at Greg's face. He lowered his chest gently onto his groom's body.

Greg kissed the mighty cockhead and probed the pisshole with his tongue, savoring the stallion's salty-sweet precum. Bill rumbled with pleasure; the vibration shook Greg's body where the stallion lay over him.

Bill pushed his cock against Greg's face. Greg opened wide to the horse's titanic member. Bill humped his powerful hindquarters.

Impossibly, six inches of horsecock rammed down Greg's throat. Greg felt as though his throat would rupture as the stallion penetrated. He reached up and hugged the massive barrel of the horse, stroking it and silently pleading for the stallion to go deeper.

Bill humped again, driving another six inches of horsecock down the boy's throat. Greg clung more firmly to stud's body.

The stallion began humping steadily, withdrawing slightly before pushing deeper each time. Inch by inch, his powerful muscles drove his cock irresistibly into Greg's open mouth.

Greg looked down the great shaft of the stallion's cock, willing the horse to force it ever deeper. He stared at the stud's huge balls, which came closer with every brutal thrust that seemed ready to tear him apart. Lather formed in the stallion's crotch and sweat coated his balls. The scent of the horse's hot crotch-musk intoxicated Greg. He caressed the hard muscles of Master William's flanks and thighs, encouraging the stallion to use him, the more brutally the better.

Four inches of the mighty shaft remained between Greg's lips and the folds of the stallion's sheath. Greg stroked the stallion's thighs firmly; he tried to grip them and draw himself to the root of the horsecock.

Bill paused for a moment, preparing for his final thrust. He arched his neck between his forelegs. He found Greg's cock. Wrapping his tongue around it, he pulled it into his mouth. Tensing his muscular rump, he drove his cock fully into the boy until his sheath touched his lips.

If not for the giant member in his mouth and throat, Greg would have gasped as he felt Master William take Greg's cock in his mouth. He saw the stallion gather himself and prepared to receive the last of the great cock. The thrust came and the horsecock plunged its remaining length into him. As his lips touched the sheath, the stud's scrotum and balls covered his eyes. Greg nuzzled the stallion's sheath, feeling the root of the horsecock under the stretched skin.

They came. Their cocks erupted, each shooting jism into the mouth and down the throat of the other. Bill's cock shook Greg from lips to navel as each wad of jism shot into the boy. Greg could feel his own cock pulsing between Bill's jaws as the stallion sucked Greg's cum.

Bill lay over his groom's body, his weight pinning Greg beneath him as his cock shot load after load down the boy's throat. Greg hugged himself to his master, lost in the pleasure of submitting to the great stallion.

Their orgasms finished. Bill released Greg's cock. With a heave, he rose off Greg's body, withdrawing his cock from the groom's throat. Dropping to all fours, he blew softly on Greg's face. Greg reached up and stroked the black muzzle as the witness applauded once more.

Greg dropped down from the bench. Impishly, Bill turned sideways, presenting his flank to the groom. Obediently, Greg crawled under the stallion and began licking the lather and sweat from his master's crotch and balls.

The others came forward now. The grooms demanded their turn to be fucked by the massive black stallion while the other stallions insisted that Greg serve them. The next few hours were consumed by an orgy of human-horse sex. Though Bill fucked all of the grooms and Greg submitted to all the other stallions, they returned to each other repeatedly until the party finally broke up.

Bill walked back to his stall with Greg at his shoulder. The groom's hand gently stroked Bill's neck and withers as they walked.

They reached the stall. Bill went to the middle. Dropping to the ground, he rolled vigorously in the shavings, enjoying the sensuous pleasure of massaging his own coat. Finished, he lay on the floor with his legs curled under him.

Bill looked at his groom. Greg was stroking his cock which was once more erect. "You are so handsome when you are just enjoying yourself, Master William."

Bill looked over his shoulder at his groom. He lifted his tail to expose the pucker of his asshole. With a toss of his head, he motioned Greg towards it.

Greg got down behind the stallion. He kissed and licked the big hole of the horse for a moment, rimming and wetting it thoroughly with his saliva. Rising on his knees, Greg pushed his cock into the great stallion's ass. The horse's tight muscles squeezed his cock as he penetrated deep into the stallion's rectum.

Bill felt the boy's cock push into his asshole. Though huge for a human's, Greg's cock was just right to be comfortable and arousing as it entered. The feeling was quite enjoyable, he decided, as Greg bent over his massive rump and began humping.

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Part 5

The next morning Bill woke with Greg's head between his thighs. His groom's lips touched Bill's balls and his face was buried in Bill's crotch.

The stallion rolled up, pinning Greg under his massive body. Protected by the witch's magic, Greg only grunted under the weight of the huge animal. He stroked the stud's flanks and thighs while kissing and licking the heavy balls. Master William pumped his hindquarters, rubbing his scrotum and crotch on the man's face.

Greg came. His cock pulsed between his belly and the stallion's as he worshipped the great beast that abused him. Panting, he sucked the horse's balls, begging for more abuse.

Arching his neck, the horse bit savagely on his groom's thighs. Greg hugged himself more tightly to the heavy, hot body of the stallion, thrilling in the humiliation and pain the beast inflicted.

Greg was still cuming when the horse heaved himself to his feet, deliberately stepping on the groom's face and chest as he rose.

Playfully, William pranced on the man's body, drawing yelps of pain and cries of ecstasy from the young man trampled under his hooves. Again, the magic protected the groom, who thanked the stallion for the abuse and asked for more.

Master William backed up and pissed on Greg's face. The young man stroked his own erection as he stared up at the stud's gigantic cock and balls. He opened his mouth wide to let horsepiss flow down his throat. Greg came once more.

Done, Bill moved to the manger and nibbled the few wisps of hay that were left there. He flicked an ear at Greg.

His groom leapt to his feet and ran out of the stall. Minutes later, he returned with a bucket of grain and several flakes of hay.

While Bill gobbled his feed, Greg busied himself cleaning the stall, then fetched brushes and began grooming the stallion.

Greg was brushing Bill's rump with firm strokes when Elena entered.

"So, you have finally had your pleasure of Greg?" She asked, stroking Bill's neck.

Bill's ears flicked back. He was still irritated at giving into his lusts and irritated with Elena for her part in it, but the caress of her hand on his neck was so enticing....

He sniffed deeply. Her scent enticed him. Despite his anger, he found himself thinking of...

"Yes, you would like that, wouldn't you?" Her voice was amused. Bill stamped a hoof, angry that she knew his thoughts.

"Put a saddle on him." She said to Greg. "I think he's a little fresh this morning. He needs a good workout."

Twenty minutes later, Bill's muscles warmed as Elena trotted him in a circle.

"Come on, put your hindquarters into it." She said, booting him on the sides and turning him down the length of the arena.

Bill drove with his back legs. He floated over the ground in huge strides. His forelegs reached forward, striking out ahead to land and carry him on. His hind feet landed two feet in front of the prints of his fore feet to dig in and thrust him forward again.

Bill knew he was magnificent. He revelled in the power of his body and the feel of each mighty stride. The effort was thrilling. When Elena eased him back at the end of the arena, Bill chuffed, eager to go once more.

Elena touched his shoulder. Bill shivered and flicked an ear back. With the tiniest shift in position, she asked for canter. He flicked his ear again. 'More?'

Elena stroked his shoulder again. "Later. Easy, now."

Bill settled into a soft, rhythmical movement. He balanced himself carefully, arching his neck and covering the ground in a smooth cadence.

Once he was warmed up, Elena began working him over fences. Today, the fences were higher and wider than ever before. Bill went carefully, taking pride in his precise yet powerful strides as he approached each jump and launched his huge body over to land gracefully on the other side and prepare for the next jump.

They completed a round of fences. Bill thundered down the side of the arena in a flat out gallop as Elena laughed in his saddle.

"Oh my god, he's gorgeous!" A young woman called out beside the fence.

Elena turned Bill in a circle and stopped in front of her. "Cicely, this is William. William, this is Cicely." Elena introduced them.

Bill arched his neck and pricked his ears forward, posing for the attractive young lady. She reached out and stroked his neck.

"You're a handsome boy." Cicely cooed. "Would you like to take a black lady for a ride?"

Bill rumbled deep in his chest.

Cicely laughed. "It sounds like you would. I'd love to get you between my legs."

Bill neighed loudly and danced in place a little.

Elena booted him. "Mind your manners!"

Bill whickered, fluttering his nostrils.

"It sounds like he's laughing." Cicely said.

"Oh, he's just being fresh. I think he needs more exercise." Elena said. She turned Bill and booted him again, sending him forward in another gallop.

After one more round of fences, Elena galloped Bill through the gate. Instead of heading for the barn, she turned him towards the field. Bill neighed loudly once more as they tore across the grass.

His hooves ripped huge clumps of turf. They entered some woods and Bill thundered down the path. He flicked an ear at Elena and, when she gave him permission with a touch, accelerated to his fastest pace. The wind of their passage whipped his mane and sweat lathered on his neck and between his thighs.

The path forked; Elena turned Bill up a steep hill. His pace never slackened as he pounded upwards. They reached the top of the rise where a clearing overlooked a broad valley.

Elena sat back. Bill moved smoothly to a trot before halting squarely. He flicked an ear at Elena once more, ready to gallop again.

She patted his sweaty neck. "Not yet, my lad. Time to try some of your other paces." She kicked her feet out of the stirrups and dropped to the ground. Bill arched his neck and eyed her speculatively.

Elena let go of the reins, letting them hang over his neck. She walked slowly around him, stroking him here, giving him a scratch there, patting his firm muscles and smoothing his coat. Bill stood immobile, following her with his ears and eyes as she teased him with her caresses.

His cock began to drop from his sheath to hang beneath him, vast and heavy. When Elena caressed it, he closed his eyes and rumbled deep in his chest. He rumbled again as she ran a finger from the tip to his sheath. One at a time, she cupped his balls in her hand; each of them filled her palm on its own. Eyes still closed, he arched his neck in a tight curve, bringing his nose to his chest.

As his giant member swelled and came erect, he thought "Anything, anything", pleading for release.

She moved to stand in front of him. "I think you mean that." She said. In an instant, Bill felt his tack vanish. The saddle, the bridle, the saddle pad were all gone.

He opened his eyes. Elena stood naked in front of him. He touched his muzzle to her face and blew softly. She kissed his nose.

He whickered, a bare fluttering of his nostrils that sent his hot breath over her body. Delicately, he

began licking her breasts. She arched her back, encouraging him. He licked harder, stroking her with his tongue, teasing her nipples.

Elena kissed him again. She stroked his cheeks and face, caressing her muzzle. She lifted her hands to his ears and played with them gently. Bill whickered softly, enjoying the petting. Elena wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged her body to his. She inhaled deeply. "I love the smell of a sweaty, horny horse." Bill rumbled deep in his chest. His giant cock throbbed beneath his belly.

Elena released him and walked over to a sloping bench, obviously placed in this location for the purpose. She got on the bench, face down, presenting herself for Bill. She looked over her shoulder at the huge black stallion. "Fuck me, William."

There was no command in her voice, only an invitation, but Bill could not resist. Carefully, he paced over to her. He walked delicately, placing one hoof at a time on the soft turf until his head was over her back.

The stallion ran his tongue along her spine from the small of her back to her neck. He played his lips on the back of her neck, eliciting moans of pleasure. He worked his way back down, licking and nuzzling her back until he reached her buttocks. Turning his head, he rubbed his cheek against her ass.

Pushing his nose between her thighs, Bill whuffled her pussy, blowing and inhaling her scent. Elena raised her hips, inviting the huge stallion as his hot breath flowed over her.

He ran his muscular tongue along her ass, teasing her pussy. She moaned again and spread herself wider. Bill pushed his tongue deep into her cunt, tasting her juices.

Elena writhed as the stallion's tongue worked her clit, gliding smooth and strong inside her. She tensed her body around the horse's probe as it pleased her. "Now! Fuck me now!"

The great stallion rose majestically, gracefully, towering over the woman. His gigantic erection pointed skyward from his groin.

Muscles straining, he lowered himself gently with his forelegs astride her. His great weight lay on her back as his hot body covered hers.

His cock pushed against her cunt. As a stallion, every ounce of his eighteen hundred pounds of muscle wanted to drive the whole length of his erection into her in a single, irresistible stab. His human mind held him back, prolonging the moment.

Carefully, he pushed with his mighty hindquarters, easing his cock into her. His thick penis slowly spread her cunt as it glided inside, lubricated by her flowing juices. "Oh, yes!" she cried as he penetrated ever deeper. Bill felt a momentary resistance at her cervix. It was no match for the power of a horse. He pushed through. More and more of his cock entered the woman until he felt his thighs wrap around her ass. His body now covered hers completely. Her head was between his forelegs. She petted his foreleg, her hand slid along his coat. Turning her head slightly, she kissed him.

Bill drew back, withdrawing a foot of his cock from her. He pushed forward again, as slowly as he had first entered. He withdrew and pushed again, slightly faster this time. He rocked her body with his massive frame, pressing her against the bench. His cock massaged her gut as he worked inside her.

He humped faster with each stroke, his rhythm built as he fucked Elena harder. Soon, he was pounding his cock into her. His heart pounded as well and his breathing quicker. Her juices flowed

as his cock pumped ever stronger.

He felt his cock flaring as it roiled her insides. His mind focused on the urgent need to fuck ever harder. His thrusts were now savage as he rose to a climax.

“Oh my god!” Elena cried as her body spasmed under the stallion.

Her orgasmic shudder set him off. Bill plunged his cock into Elena one final time. He bellowed a neigh as his cock erupted, shooting his jism into her in great wads that filled her and blustered out of her cunt around the great horsecock that filled it.

Their orgasm went on as he unloaded into her. Finally, done, he lay over her, covering her body with his huge frame. They rested, joined in the aftermath of their lust.

She stroked his leg and kissed him once more. “Again. Like a stallion this time. Hard and fast.”