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No worries, I remember exactly how old I was working on this farm. 20 years old, strong and active. Living in Atlantic Canada back then. I had an opportunity to work on a farm. It was a very rural setting, but really nice and hilly. Given that the employment opportunities back then sucked (I like that word now), I gave it a try. Glad I did as it paid nicely and I had a nice place to stay for the few months I was employed there.

There were various animals there, more of a dairy farm: cows and goats, which I had to help clean, milk and prep their milk. I learned pasturization techniques. Pretty cool and also the importance of keeping the animals fed, clean and happy. It was a no-kill farm which was nice. You do get attached to these creatures, yes even the funny tag-along chickens. The goats would even follow me into my living quarters. No, no sex with them, but I did spoil the animals I cared for. The owners noticed I could milk the goats while they always had difficulty. I always had treats for my critters. Never leave a bottle of beer out on the table with a goat: they will try anything. Haha!

It took me a couple of weeks to get oriented to very early mornings and a steady routine, with some days having to get the milk ready for the dairy. We prepped our own goats milk, with a small bottling unit. My bosses were very strict with sterilization and timing. I got good at that, so they did not need to supervise me. Great bosses to be honest. You had to work, no fucking around....period!

On this farm (think of the song) they had some horses. They had 2 stallions and 1 gelding (draft horse). The old gelding was as big as a small house it seemed, but he was a great old guy. Then there were these two stallions: one was younger and very much active and always on the go; the other one was a bit older and he was a gem. You can see where I am going with this. The older stallion was such a great guy.

When I had to take the horses out to pasture, they were super quick. The younger stallion gone like a bat out of hell; the gelding who just took his lovely sweet time and my guy, who would actually wait for me. I never disappointed these boys, they got apples and a nice mixture of oats, molasses and sweet roots. The young one would come up to me almost demanding it. I liked him, but he certainly was full of piss and vinegar. My guy would walk along with me, until he hit open pasture and then he'd have a good run, playing with the younger one. The gelding couldn't be bothered with them. He was happy to walk around and munch on whatever was edible out in the field. Sweet old horse (Percheron).

As horses are, nothing equates "WOW" when they start to extend themselves. I used to marvel and get turned on by how long their cocks were. They'd almost extend to the ground. I remember watching the stallions on many occasions, extending their long cocks in front of me, as if to say: "Look, nice eh?" Yes, it was nice and it made me horny as hell, but I had to keep those feelings to myself. I wanted so bad to do something with them. While grooming them, I would touch their balls gently and rub their sheath. They were compliant. The younger stallion just didn't stay still long enough, while my boy was happy as could be while I groomed him. He used to lick me on the back of my neck and nibble my jacket. He was awesome.

One day, I got brave enough to actually try something. When the owners went away for a week, that was it. I had to do something. So, because I groomed them and would give them a nice washing down, I gave them a nice soapy cleaning underneath. Well, the young guy started to extend. I rubbed him despite him being a little hyper and my boy, well he just extended a bit but I thought: there's no one around. Let's see what we can do. I remember my heart was pumping hard and I could hear it in my ears, because I was going to do what I thought I would never do: start stroking a stallion.

The one that I really got to like was very compliant. I got underneath him, rinsed off his under carriage and started to pet him, stroke his flank and talk to him as I always did. I kept rubbing his shaft and he got bigger, longer and well...he was being responsive to me. I picked up the end of his cock. It was exciting and exhilarating. I leaned down and I put my mouth to the end of his cock. It was an unreal experience. I kissed the cock end and put my tongue inside of his skin which was starting to retract. My stallion was a star. He didn't stop me. So, I put my mouth around his knob (big let me tell you), and I sucked it as best I could. I could taste some kind of liquid, but I knew it wasn't a sample.....yet.

I decided to give it a good go. I reassured my boy, petting him and talking to him and I started to do my best rendition of jerking him off. I remember trying what I thought would work on him like I'd do to myself, but with a horse: you need two hands most of the time. He was a chestnut brown coloured horse, but with a white patch on his nose. His cock was black, but when extended it had some pink flecks in it. So beautiful to see extended...and in my hands. He had beautiful balls too!

My boy started to react. He'd thrust a bit (strong boy) and I nearly lost my balance more than a few times; and I kept jerking him off, occasionally licking his opening. He started to do that tell tale thing where his cock end would flare out. He'd do his movement and then I pretty much knew what was going to happen next. He'd do that fuckin' motion while standing there, then those tiny spurts and then the seminal deluge.

FUCK ME! I remember when he started his spurting I bravely got underneath and stuck my mouth over his cockhead and got jets of really warm horse semen in my mouth. I did not have time to think about whether I should swallow or not, I just did. It was a taste I will never forget. There was just so much of it and of course, I got some on me, but it wasn't like human ejaculate. It was more viscous than I thought, but that would change as I found out. My boy was awesome...and I gave him some apples and other treats and with my mouth wreaking of his sperm, he gave me a lick. I loved this stallion.

The other stallion, was a different character altogether. But I did manage to get him, but it took a different strategy. He was more apt to jump up with his fully erect member. So I had to be careful. But when he was positioned with his front legs up on the stall doors or partitions: I could get a suck in if he didn't take my eye out doing it. As I found out, the taste of one stallions semen is a bit different than the other. The younger guy was plentiful, I'd choke on how much he shot and also the flavour was a bit more sour-like, but it was fine. On occasions when I didn't suck them to completion, I'd have my favourite opaque see-thru gallon jug. I'd capture their semen and mix it.

I would take the container with me on a walk up the pasture hillside. With farmdogs in tow, I'd find a place to sit down. Take the lid off and have one of those: calm moments, then gently tip the container upwards until the whitish-gold tinged fluid hit my lips. Can I say I just 'had a moment' where I realized what I was about to take in. I remember the scent and odour immediately; as it was still relatively fresh. I put my bottom lip under the lid and gently sipped in this awesome protein rich semen. That time I remember it was the first time I mixed their semen together. I liked the combination: complimented one another. But I drank it and remember the first swallow, then I just went for it and gulped it down to completion. AH!

Oh...and I never ever got sick from drinking horse semen. I worried about it the first day or two, but actually felt better for drinking it as it sort of had that energy buzz to it. When I realized how good it was....and knowing its source, fuck I couldn't stop thinking of ways to obtain it. Problem was, when working as a farmhand you had best be careful. That damn young stallion, I used to think was teasing me, like 'Haha, you're gonna get caught'. Willing participant that he was. Bugger. But my boy, never ever disappointed me. Occasionally when the owners were around and I was just doing

work, no playing, teasing or coaxing, he'd sometimes start to extend. The owner once teased me indicating that he thought the stallion had a thing for me.

He couldn't have any more truer to the word. I'd turn red and laugh and go about my business. I'd go over to my stallion later and laugh telling him he was being naughty. Once again, I'd get a lick and nibble.

As a couple of months wore on, my days working on the farm were coming to an end. I LOVED working on a farm more than anything. Yeah sure, stallion cocks are fucking the bees knees, but it's a healthy lifestyle and you really do appreciate and respect the animals. Treat them well: they will give you untold gifts. As my stallion almost perpetually gave me. Most of the time, it was always me on the sly looking for an opportunity. Sucking a horse cock while the owners were within earshot was risky. But my trusty container never let me down and the boys would oblige and squirt their seed into it. Once I had earned their trust and respect, even the naughty fucker stallion, got better, I almost had on a daily basis: fresh horse semen. Funny thing: when I drank horse semen, I was then working out by lifting weights etc., and looked awesome. I would have to believe, drinking their semen helped out a great deal. I had six pack abs and looked amazing.

Again, the taste: it's like anything else, you get used to it and once you ingest it enough times, it's NORMAL. Trust me, it was better than the well water there I will tell you that.

I never forgot that experience and it burns in my memory. I am sure those two stallions and that old gelding are long gone. My stallion 'D' was a real charmer. So powerful, but always gentle with me. The other nutter, was funny in retrospect, but he had his own personality: just like the rest of us. I was so very lucky to have had that opportunity, that I have only shared with two other Horse lovers recently.

Thought I'd share. I welcome the opportunity to do this again. I miss it bad.

Thanks for reading. Hopefully my next post will be about: a recent experience. You can bet on that.