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A porn star experiences a completely unexpected career change

My god it did exist!

I stared past the wrought iron gates with their emblazoned motto of Colinas Verdes, my eyes moving along the broad gravel drive that flowed between fields of emerald green, up to the white Casa Grande and the rows of sheds and stables that formed Green Hills Stud. I sat dumbfounded, barely able to accept that this was for real, still thinking that it must be some kind of prank, half-expecting my dumb-arse friends to burst forth at any moment and shout „Surprise motherfucker!“

Surprise indeed.

Finally I regathered enough of my wits to press the red button on the intercom.

Please state your business.

Edward Jones to see Mrs Crawford.

There was a buzz and the gates silently swung open. With that my old life ended.

My name is Edward Jones – Eddy to my friends – but most people will know me by my porn name of Ed Wood or, more crudely, as Ed the human flagpole. I was born in County Devon, on a small farm just outside of Okehampton. My ancestors had been small-hold farmers for uncounted generations, scratching a living from the rich English soil. My folk weren't that rich, but they had that pride that comes from hard toil and wrestling a living from the land.

But a farmer's life of hard work and quiet contemplation was not for me. From an early age I realised that I had a deep-seated need to perform, to show off in front of others.

And that my friend requires an audience that isn't made up of sheep.

Growing up I did all the things country lads were want to do: all the fun stuff like cricket and rugby, knocking about and getting into all sorts of bother, and all the boring shite like chores and graft and school work. But the real love of my life was getting up on stage. In what it didn't matter – school plays, amateur productions in the village hall, Christmas nativity scenes – anything that got me in front of an audience.

My dad thought it was load of old bollocks, that I was just pissing away my time when I should be learning how to be a farmer.

But underneath it all my dad was just a big softy. The loves of his life just after mum, well maybe not just after mum, were his prized Shire horses. A true English breed descended from the Coursers of nobility, these giants stood almost seventeen hands high, but with a leaner, more athletic body than the more common Clydesdales. But for all their size they were the sweetest horses in the world, with beautiful black coats, white blazes and socks with their long feathers. Many an hour I spent washing those beautiful creatures so dad could show them, and whenever I got the chance I would ride one out into the countryside, out along the rambler paths, just man and beast alone and at one with nature.

The day after I finished school I packed my bags and left home. Mum cried of course. Dad gave me his “you're a man now, ready to make his own path and his own mistakes” speech: it was only later

that I found the money he had hidden in my jacket pocket. I was off to the bright lights. Fame and fortune were waiting for me on the stages of London's West End, on the sets of the BBC, ITV and Channels 4 & 5, and in the wonderful world of film.

For a while it looked like it would all come true. And why shouldn't it? Fairy tales do happen on occasion.

All the men in my family were big men and I was no exception - six foot one, sandy brown hair, ruggedly handsome (or so I have been told) with the body that comes from hard physical work. The Gods gave me another gift - a large fat cock - but that only becomes important later. So I had the looks, and in time I was sure I'd develop the acting chops needed to go with it.

So I would do an advert here, a minor role there. I was an understudy in a couple of stage performances but never got to on during a live performance. I scored a role as the thug boyfriend of a popular character in a TV soap, but my character was killed off after a few weeks. So it seemed that I was always hanging around on the margins; never quite making the big time.

So I did what any nineteen year old that's completely full of it does in such a situation: double down and go all in. I got papers to work in America and sold everything I owned for a one-way economy ticket to fame and glory. Hitting the tarmac in New York I did the rounds of Broadway, trying to find any kind of work that could get my foot in the proverbial door.

It was here that I first encountered the legendary "casting couch": several producers were willing to give me roles if I'd let them fuck my arse or if I sucked their cocks. Well fuck them. With the little money I had left I bought a bus ticket and began the long ride across the continental USA to California and the promised land of Hollywood and Los Angeles.

LA was a different kind of let down. You'd get these casting calls for movies or TV shows. So you'd go and get a series of head shots taken at five bucks a photo. You'd line up with all the other hopefuls. You'd get your three minutes, say your lines, show off your emotion faces. And everyone you met was always so positive, so upbeat about it all.

Oh, you really have natural talent! You're just nailing the role! Bravo! Bravo!

You'd walk out of there thinking that you're Clark Gable and the role was yours, then you'd wait for the telephone call that never comes. Fuck Hollywood! At least the Broadway fags were honest - suck my cock and I'll give you a two minute walk on part.

So like all the other hopefuls I made ends meet by bussing tables and getting a little work here and there as an uncredited extra. I was that third zombie on the left or that fifth German soldier on the right you never noticed or cared about. But that mixture of ego and stubborn pride kept me going to the auditions, jumping through the hoops, holding my tongue.

When that big break finally came my way it was not what I expected. One of the casting agents came into the gents while I was at the trough. He had a good long look as his pissed, and once he had zipped himself he handed me a business card.

Call my brother-in-law; he'll have plenty of work for you.

That was to be my introduction to Sam the Man, Director/Producer of quality pornography, CEO of Brazen Productions Studio LLC, Burbank LA. I had no idea what I was walking into, just an address and an invitation to drop on over for a try out. I had expected a large building or maybe a backlot. Instead I stood in front of a large house nestled in suburban backstreets. The only indications that

this wasn't just someone's home were the many cars that packed the driveway. The front door was wide open, so I knocked and gave a rather weak "hello, anyone home?".

Someone shouted out something that may have been "come in" so I drew a deep breath and crossed the threshold. The place was a mess, with all kinds of equipment and boxes strewn about the place, and a thick bundle of cables held together with tape running down the length of the hallway. I followed those cables and walked in on an orgy.

Three couples were going for it, fucking in several positions on a huge bed. Surrounding them was a full film crew. You had the cameraman, the dolly grip, sound guy, goffer, lighting man. Standing off to the side in a slick-looking suit was the Director, Sam the Man. He called cut, and the frenzied fucking on the bed came to halt.

Ladies and Gents, this is....what's your name?....Ed from England. Ed here has something he wants to show us.

For a moment I had no idea what he was talking about.

Come on Ed, don't be shy now. Show us that lovely cock of yours.

To my amazement I was soon rock hard. Showing my cock to a room full of strangers was perhaps the most exciting thing I had done in my life. I unbuttoned and my cock burst forth in all its glory, nearly nine inches of swollen meat. Purplish glands bulged from my foreskin, and the shaft bobbed and throbbed with every beat of my racing heart.

One of the black girls slid off the bed and came over for a closer look. God she was hot, with huge natural breasts and a body that was all curves.

What have we here? You're packing a lot of meat for a white boy.

Her long nails bushed my bulb and it was only by sheer force of will that I didn't pump my load all over her hand. Everyone gawked in admiration until Sam stepped in.

Tiffany honey, go grab your makeup kit so we can get Ed ready. So Ed, how would you like to try out with Stacy here? I thought so. Stacy honey show Ed the ropes and make sure he has a good time.

So that was my introduction to the world of porn. They improvised a scene where the brother of Stacy's flat mate had come across the ditch from England to LA. The flat mate was out so Stacy decided to entertain him until she got home. I thought I knew how to fuck, pounding it hard into Stacy, but in reality I was a complete rookie. I lasted several minutes but by the end of my career I could last hours if needed as was dictated by the requirements of filming. At least I remembered to pull out in time; pumping ropes of my heavy load across Stacy's massive jugs and smiling, sweaty face.

Cum just looks so good on ebony skin.

I had passed the audition: most men are incapable of performing in front of a film crew. Then I got my first sack-and-crack wax and, once the pain had subsided, starred as Ed Wood on my first DVD.

Though I didn't know it at the time I had arrived in the San Fernando Valley right at the end of the golden age of porn. I had missed out on the days when pornos were real movies filmed on 35mm and shown in adult cinemas. VHS and the luxury of jerking off in the comfort of your own home had put an end to that but it was still the age of the professional porn actor. DVD replaced VHS and still Sam

the Man and a hundred more like him were churning out new product by the truckload. While it was always the women who made the big bucks a guy with a gimmick - I was Ed Wood, well-hung servant of the Queen who flew the Union Jack on his prick - could still make a crust or two.

So that was how I spent the late eighties and early nineties, fucking an endless line of beautiful women and getting paid for it. Porn evolved rapidly and soon you were doing DP, three-sums, water sports, and scat. Some of my colleagues would destroy themselves with drugs and booze, while others would fall victim to a little disease called AIDS that no one had heard of at that time. But the industry ploughed on.

Then something called the internet arrived and the porn business boomed for a while. Then it seemed that every man, woman and their dogs started doing porn, and the way the internet worked meant that you could no longer force people to pay for it. Soon the real money was no longer in fucking and sucking on camera. It was in sex toys, or turning up at expos or events or dance clubs for money. The few became celebrities - and good luck to them - but the bulk of the industry fell on hard times.

There were still those pockets in the industry where you could still make good money. As being Gay became more acceptable mainstream there was a spike in the demand for gay porn. You could go gay-for-pay and make big bucks doing so. Particularly popular were the gay-on-straight movies, where some straight guy gets raped by a bunch of gay dudes. Some went down that path but it wasn't for me. I tried escort work for a while, but finally I had to accept that I was now in my late thirties and burnt out.

So after two decades of being a porn star I announced my retirement: that I was hanging up my boots and putting my cock away for good. I had only one real regret from my time in porn, and that was the lies that I told my folks back home about my „acting“. Well it was time to head home to Blighty, face the music and square things up with the folks.

Then from out of the blue came the email that was to change everything.

Dear Mr Wood.

I have a proposal for you that you might find interesting. I am a great fan of your work and I recall you saying on a number of occasions that you are a horse lover.

We are looking for a experienced horse lover and are prepared to pay well for your services.

So I replied, and the next email blew my mind.

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As I drove slowly up the gravel drive I watched the gates swing shut in the review. I was committed now. I felt so out of place here behind the wheel of my battered Camaro. It felt like driving uninvited onto the set of a Mexican soap opera.

I wasn't completely in the dark. From my limited research I knew that William and Cynthia Crawford were big in equestrian circles. Both had competed at State and National Levels and both had made it to the Olympics. William was meant to compete at Moscow but the boycott prevented that. Both William and Cynthia took part during home games in Los Angeles. By Seoul William had retired to become Cynthia's fulltime coach and their marriage the following year had been quite the event. Cynthia made it to Barcelona but after failing to make the team for Atlanta Cynthia also retired. After that they dropped out of public view. Cynthia it seemed had been involved in a terrible

accident sometime in the 90s, but until the recent death of William the only time their names appeared in the press was in conjunction with the yearling sales when their horses sold for truly astounding amounts of money.

I parked the car and crunched towards the mansion. Waiting for me was a middle aged woman in a wheelchair and a young female assistant.

*Mr Wood I presume. Or do you prefer Mr Jones?*

Not knowing what else to do I stuck out my hand.

*It is a pleasure to meet you Mrs Crawford. Either is fine.*

She gave me a wry smile as we shook.

*Maria dear, I am sure Mr Jones won't mind pushing around my old frame. Why don't you take the afternoon off?*

*Thank you madam. Mr Jones.*

*So Mr Jones, would you like the grand tour?*

As we headed slowly up hill towards the cluster of stables, sheds, yards and pens Mrs Crawford detailed the history of this incredible place.

*Colinas Verdes was established by one of the first Spanish settlers in the region to provide horses for the army and to the surrounding ranchos. The horses bred here were ridden into battle during the Mexican War of Independence, and during the attempts to establish the Californian Republic, until it was taken over by the US army after the Treaty of Cahuenga.*

I nodded to conceal my ignorance. My entire understanding of California's chequered history came from watching Zorro.

*Bill's grandfather purchased the land when the army sold it off in the 1930s. He built the Casa Grande and established Green Hills as a professional stud. It fell on hard times after the war until it was passed down to my Bill who built it back into what you see here today.*

*I am sorry for your loss.*

*Thank you, you are very kind. Currently we have twenty mares in residence, each with their own stable and yard, and a personal groom and handler.*

*No stallions?*

*We did keep stallions here until the 90s, but these days all our foals are conceived via artificial insemination. The problem Mr Jones is that it had become prohibitive to acquire suitable sires for covering. The costs are enormous; you have all the issues of moving animals from all around the world, quarantine issues, and of course the health and wellbeing of the stallions. And the insurers hate it.*

So instead we have collected semen flown in from around the world. The procedure is performed in our onsite clinic. It is a rather sterile, cold and soulless process.

We take great care of our ladies Mr Jones, and we thought that they wanted for nothing. But soon it

became obvious that something was wrong. Many began to develop behavioural problems, the number of false pregnancies and miscarriages increased, and some of the mares started to reject their foals. We called in every conceivable expert but the problems steadily got worse.

Then it was noticed that two mares were seemingly unaffected. They remained happy and healthy while the others suffered. It took us a while to figure out why.

It turned out that their handler – one of those gaucho types – had taken it upon himself to look after all their needs. When he realised that he had been discovered he fled, probably back to Argentina, and this was a great shame. For you see Mr Jones, he had opened our eyes. While we were looking after our mares' every material need we had overlooked their emotional ones. Horses are emotional animals; they need companionship, affection, even love. You see Mr Jones for herd animals our mares have lead sheltered, isolated lives. For many the only other horse they got to know intimately was their mothers, while other horses remain just figures in the distance.

We failed them Mr Jones, and many of them don't know what it means to be a horse.

At her direction we moved towards one of the stables.

*We tried introducing them to each other, and we also experimented by housing them with geldings. But there were a number of injuries, and our mares are too valuable to risk to a stray kick or infected bite.*

So in the end Bill stepped in and took over the role of stallion.

Even though I was standing here I still found such things hard to believe.

*You see I had my accident by then, and it was good for Bill and for the horses. When Bill was diagnosed with cancer we started to look for a replacement. But it isn't the type of job you can advertise in the papers.*

When Bill died the mares went into mourning Mr Jones. Then I saw you had announced your retirement and the solution it seemed had presented itself.

When Bill and I got married one of Bill's friends gave him some DVDs for our honeymoon. The first DVD we watched was you in Stiff Upper Lip. If you don't mind me saying your performance helped to make our honeymoon. Since then I have had a soft spot for you Mr Jones, because unlike many others in your profession you treat your women with respect, even while you are fucking their brains out.

We reached the stable and she worked the keypad beside the door. Lights flickered into life, and inside was the cleanest stable I had ever seen. Most stables have that strong "horse" odour of piss and manure, but not this stable. At one end was the stall that must contain mare. In the centre was a circular pen covered with clean white sand. A short run lead outside to a larger pen that was ringed by a white wooden fence. Along the wall was a small area where grooming equipment and tackle were kept. On the wall was a large chart that I would later learn was the genealogy of the mare I was about to meet.

*I have given the staff the afternoon off, so would you mind opening the stall gate for me.*

I opened the gate and out came the most beautiful Arabian mare I had ever seen. There is something about hot blooded horses, the way they move, their vibrant energy, their dark intensity. She had that characteristic white-grey coat, her eyes were dark and intelligent, and she carried her raised tail like

a banner as she pranced nervously around the sandy pen.

*Her name is Zahrat al sahraa. It means Desert Rose in Arabic. I purchased her as a filly from the stables of the royal family of Jordan. Her bloodline goes back for fifty generations. She is now three years of age and deep in heat, ready for her first foal. The poor girl doesn't understand what is happening to her.*

She needs a man Mr Jones, a man with the right attitude and the right tool, pun intended.

It was obvious that the mare was in some distress. She kept squatting down as though she needed to pee, before resuming her constant pacing with a strange whinny.

*So Mr Jones, do you accept the job that I am offering?*

For some reason my mouth had gone dry, so I just nodded.

*Well then Mr Jones, you will be her first. Show me what you can do.*

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Bill of course is William her husband.

Where to begin?

Growing up I had watched my father's Shire stallion Duke trying to court his mares. The whole process was rather comical. The mares would lead him on, letting him push his nose beneath their raised tails, but when he tried to mount they would trot away, sometimes shadow kicking, sometimes dragging him around as he tried to stay on their backs. Duke needed patience and persistence, coupled with the occasional nip, as he chased them around and around until finally they relented and stood so he could have his way with them.

And those mares were with a stallion they knew.

Desert Rose may be imprinted on humans but I was still a complete stranger to her, a possible threat to her safety. I'd need to earn her trust or I'd receive a swift kicking for my troubles.

I opened the small gate and stepped into the pen. She looked at me, snorted and her ears went back: a warning for me to keep my distance, so I made no effort to approach her, keeping instead to the fence. I didn't want to crowd her and gave her room to continue her relentless pacing. She gradually came to accept my presence and her ears pricked forward again.

It could take days, even weeks to convince a horse to trust a stranger, so I decided to try to appeal to her curiosity. I crouched down to appear less threatening, and began to make a series of sucking and chirping sounds. She broke her stride and looked at me, so I kept making the noises. She gave a loud blow and came several steps closer. I extended my hand slowly with the palm downward. She snorted again and retreated to the other side of the pen. I kept making my noises and she kept approaching as her curiosity slowly overcame her fear. Finally I felt her hot breath and then her soft nose touching the back of my hand. I moved my hand to stroke her nose. She backed away but only for a moment. Then she moved forward so I could stroke her face.

Hello there Desert Rose.

She nickered her hello in return.

When I stood she moved in to rest her head on my shoulder. She was really a lovely mare, gentle and desperate for companionship. For a while I merely introduced myself, stroking her strong neck, scratching her chest. Then I gently held her head so I could touch my nose to hers. I smelt her breath and she smelt mine. I looked into those dark eyes fringed by her long mane. I kissed her nose and she responded by lipping mine in return.

Horses are always itchy so my next step was to begin some exploratory scratching. She had a really itchy spot between her withers and left shoulder and showed her teeth in pleasure as I scratched and massaged. I worked my way down and found another spot on her barrel just before her teats. Then I found the ultimate spot along her spine where her croup met her dock. As I scratched she lifted her tail, indicating her pleasure. When I stopped she looked back and gestured for me to keep going.

While I would have liked to have spent far more time gaining this beautiful mare's affection I had a job to do. While I kept scratching with my left hand I gently eased my right up under her tail. I kept carefully off to the side as I began to gently scratch beside her most intimate parts. The effects on the mare were instant: her tail rose even higher and she moved as she spread out her rear legs. I became bolder with my scratching and she gave a deep nicker as yellowy liquid poured from her vulva. She was definitely in heat.

I moved behind her, ignoring the risk of a kick. She made no movement however, content to let me examine what she had to offer. The soft skin around the donut of her anus and the purse-like protrusion of her vulva was silky black. At the touch of my exploring fingers her anus and vulva bugled outward as she winked. Carefully I opened her vulva and feasted on the almost crimson-pink of her interior. She would drive any stallion mad, and she was having a similar effect on me.

I needed to make some preparations, but she was not interested in letting me leave the pen. Instead I had to walk beside her, round and around, constantly bumping against her as she now switched to courting me. Finally I was able to squeeze through the small gate. She was not pleased and she whinnied for my return. I carried a large plastic box down to the run before returning for a grooming brush, a bucket of warm water, and two soft cloths. She met me at the gate before plunging her nose into the bucket. It wasn't what I had intended but I let her drink her fill before emptying and refilling. Then I set to work.

First I gave her a vigorous bush. She enjoyed it immensely and turned herself in a circle so I could reach every part. Then I wetted the first cloth before squeezing it out. It took a little coaxing but I managed to clean the sleep from around her beautiful eyes before cleaning her nostrils. I tossed that cloth aside and thoroughly wetted the other. I moved slowly down her body, running my hand along her glossy flank. When I reached her tail she lifted it to give me full access. The moment that warm wet cloth touched her rear she gave a deep whinny of excitement. I took my time, making sure to clean even crease and fold, removing every speck of dirt and smear of manure. She gushed liquid several times, cleaning her insides for what was about to come. Finally I was done, and as I admired my work she farted in my face.

I laughed and she nodded her head as if she shared the joke.

I led her over to the run and let her watch as I opened the gates at either end. The run would restrict her sideways movement but she would be free to walk away at any time. It was time for me to strip and the interest she showed in my body added to my growing excitement. As you age the strength of your erection slowly fades, but not today. As I removed my jeans and boxers she pushed her long nose into my groin. The sensation of her hot breath on my hardening cock soon had it slapping hard against my stomach. She even nuzzled and lipped me, forcing me to remove her head because

otherwise I was going to blowing my load all over her face. Instead I began to pinch her on her shoulder and flank, to simulate a stallion's attentions. Then as our combined excitement grew I abandoned my fingers and nipped at her rump with my teeth. She whinnied and splayed. I had to move the box several times as she settled into position. Finally I stepped onto the box.

Looking past her raised tail, along her broad back, I could see her looking back at me. Her tail was obscuring my view so I carefully draped it across my right shoulder. Then I looked down at my swollen cock as it bobbed just in front of her vulva. We were perfectly aligned, and I was able to push a hand down on of her flank as I rubbed myself along her waiting slit. Then I pushed slowly forward, and my whole cock slid deep into her wonderful body.

I startled us both with my moan of pleasure. She was so warm, so wet, and her innards were like silk. I paused to savour the moment, and she began to wink, hammering her clit against the base of my shaft as she squeezed and relaxed. I was supposed to be a porn star, an expert in fucking, yet it was going to be a struggle to last more than a few minutes inside that wonderful mare pussy. And as much as I wanted her she wanted me more. Annoyed perhaps by my inaction she whinnied and pushed back hard against my thighs.

Alright girl, you're on!

I began to ride that lovely mare with long deep thrusts. I'd pull back, making her wink before driving home deep again. I needed to pace myself, this was all about her pleasure, not mine, and she responded by rocking back to greet my thrusts while her head began to bob in time with our fucking. She shifted once or twice, but it seemed I was able to coax her back into position with just the pressure from my hand.

It dawned on me that I had no idea what it felt like when a mare climaxed. So I began to experiment, to see what she liked. I soon discovered that she enjoyed me applying downward pressure with my cock, so I angled myself so I pushed downward as I thrust forward. She really like it and squatted down even further which gave me an even better angle. Then I gave the pulsing donut of her arse a gentle fingering, and she liked that even more. As my fingers massaged the interior of her sticky asshole she admitted a series of grunts, liquid gushing as her clit slammed up hard against my shaft.

God, I could feel cum churning in my balls, demanding release. It was becoming painful to hold back. But I was determined to make this mare climax, so I pounded her harder and harder. Sweat was dripping from every pore and the plastic box was becoming increasingly slippery from her juices. Suddenly her head went down and a shudder spasmed through her whole body. Was this her climax? It didn't matter because I was already pumping rope after rope of my thick semen deep into her equine pussy. She felt me cumming and she squeezed, pushing my cum back out around my shaft until it flowed dripping from her winking clit.

I was spent, shattered, exhausted from the effort of fucking this mare. She seemed equally knackered and we both sucked in deep breaths as my cock slowly wilted inside her trembling cunt. She became restless so I reluctantly stepped down. She staggered outside and began to pee like her life depended on it. Meanwhile I tried to clean off the gooey mess she had leaked down my thighs.

It was when I began to get dressed that she began to stamp and neigh loudly. She didn't want me to go. To my surprise her calls were answered by what seemed like a chorus of other horses. So I talked to her, letting her know that this was not a one off visit, that I loved her and would be back to take care of her needs. With some coaxing I was able to lead her to her stall. As I closed the gate she raised her tail to give me one last glimpse under her tail. A long string of cum still dangled from the

wet lips of her vulva.

It was only then that I remembered Mrs Crawford. She was still sitting where I had left her. If she had enjoyed the show she gave little outward indication. I found myself wondering if she had watched her husband as he went about covering his mares.

Mr Jones, that was a particularly impressive display. As was outlined in the contract I had forwarded to you your official job title is Head Groom and Trainer. If anyone should ask about your salary you will tell them the false amount. Discretion is paramount Mr Jones, and I expect you to exercise both caution and complete confidence.

Your real job is to be a stallion for my mares. It will not be an easy task as they can be as demanding as any woman, and some are not as pleasant as Desert Rose. If they require discipline your will correct their behaviour. If they are lonely you will give them your company. If they are sick you will stay with them while they recover. If they are in heat you will cover them. And when they are inseminated you will be there by their side. In return you will receive a very generous salary, and can live in one of the bungalows on the grounds.

When will you be available to move in?

Everything I own is in the back of my car.

Then you will move in tonight. I will ask Maria to assist you after dinner. Tomorrow I will introduce you to the staff and the rest of your mares.

As I wheeled her down the hill towards the mansion it occurred to me that she had never bothered to ask if I had accepted the job.

The bungalow was small, but it was far nicer than my shitty rented apartment. One bedroom: a living area with a couple of couches with a small TV and a phone on the wall; an attached kitchenette with a small fridge, hotplate and microwave; and a bathroom with a combined shower/bath tub. Outside was porch surrounded by small garden with an old armchair to sit in and enjoy the cool night air. And all around were green rolling hills. The night chimed with the sounds of crickets, and the occasional call of a bird or some other creature of the night.

I was used to the sounds of traffic, of angry shouting, sirens and car alarms. That night I slept like a baby.

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They say that you never forget your first, and I will never forget sweet Desert Rose, but there were nineteen other mares in my herd.

The next morning Mrs Crawford called all the staff together. As I waited for my introduction I noticed the nudging and whispering passing through the group. No point in denying my past then.

*And this is Mr Jones, the new head groom and trainer. You will treat him with the same respect as you showed my late husband.*

Mr Jones, would you like to say a few words?

For a man who had fucked in front of a dozen people in films watched by god knows how many complete strangers I found public speaking terrifying.

*Ummm good morning. My name is Edward Jones, although some of you may know me by another name. Unless it is shown otherwise I will trust that each of you knows your job and how to carry it out. I will not be looking over your shoulders all the time. If you are having problems then bring them to me. If you need assistance then come and see me.*

I am looking forward to working with each and every one of you.

*Thank you Mr Jones. Unless there are matters to be addressed then this meeting is closed.*

I spent the rest of the morning wheeling Mrs Crawford from stable to stable. As each mare was introduced I had a few words with the groom. After all they cared for these mares and knew their eccentricities better than anyone else.

*And this Mr Jones is our oldest and my favourite mare Prom Queen. She was the last horse I rode before my accident.*

Prom Queen was a twenty year old raven black Friesian, with that undercurrent of cobalt blue when the sunlight shone on her coat. She was huge, almost 16 hands, as large as any of my father's Shire mares. Her long mane hung down to her shoulder and her tail flowed till it almost touched the ground. It was hard to believe that such a massive beast could perform Dressage, but she moved with a athletic grace that was truly astounding. She came to the railing and lowered her head so Mrs Crawford could pat her.

The groom gestured me over.

*Senor Jones, this mare, she is a mean perra! Ella es como un diablo!*

Although I didn't know it then, I was going to remember Prom Queen for a long, long time.

After I had met the remaining mares I wheeled Mrs Crawford back to the Casa Grande.

*I am entrusting you with two pass codes Mr Jones. One is your ordinary staff code that will open all the relevant doors. The other is a special code that also disables the security system. Keep that code secret. Your real work will occur once the rest of the staff leave for the day.*

A vet will be arriving this afternoon to inseminate Desert Rose. I have flown in semen all the way from Japan. Please assist the groom in getting her ready and escort her to the clinic. It is a scary place and she will need to feel your strength beside her.

That afternoon I gently held Desert Rose's beautiful head so a man dressed as though he was treating Ebola victims could examine her by ultrasound before carefully threading a long metal tube into her beautiful pussy and through the opening of her cervix, before injecting her with the semen of a stallion she would never get to meet. She was very nervous, but my presence seemed to calm her.

She would bare her first foal in almost a year's time, and she always acted as though she thought the foal was mine.

But for all of Desert Rose's light there was darkness, for her yang there was yin. Waiting in my future was Prom Queen.

My next encounter with Prom Queen came when the Farrier arrived to attend to the mares' hooves. This Farrier and Prom Queen had met before, and she had taken the opportunity to sink her teeth

into his shoulder before shaking him like a rag doll. He still bore the scars of that encounter. So a team of grooms was assembled to try to keep her under control. I somehow wound up holding the straps of her halter while another groom hung onto her lead. Five men working as a team and it was still a struggle. It was a battle of wills. I had no idea what this mare's problem was but she was stirring up something deep inside me.

At one point she jerked her head, nearly pulling me off my feet. I pulled her head down and pushed my face into hers.

*You are my mare! You will stop this behaviour right now!*

She showed me her teeth but she settled down enough for her hooves to be filed. The other grooms seemed impressed.

*That Senor Jones, he has big cojones. He is a tough hombre!*

Two days later I was summoned to the Casa Grande.

*It seems that you are a miracle worker Mr Jones. My lovely Prom Queen has not had a proper heat since Bill died. I do not intend to breed from her again, but I hope that you have the courage to finish what you have started.*

Cover her for me Mr Jones.

Prom Queen was one scary horse. I waited until the staff had left for the evening before visiting her in her stable. It was almost as though she had been expecting me, and to prove a point she dragged her teeth along the top of the stable gate, making a loud rasping noise. I pretended not to be intimidated, although my heart was beating like a drum. I managed to connect a lead to her halter. I didn't like to tie my mares, preferring to win their permission. But my safety was at stake so I carefully opened the stable gate and moved her down to the run while staying on the other side of the railing. She resisted but the soft sand covering the floor made it hard for her to dig in her hooves. Once at the run I opened the first gate. I pulled her in and securely closed the gate behind her. I tied her lead to the outer gate. With both gates closed she had minimal room in which to move her considerable bulk.

With her safely secured I moved down and gently pulled her head to face me.

*You are my mare. I will fuck you and you will enjoy it!*

She was by no means defeated and a quick flick of her head sent me staggering. This was going to be rough.

I investigated the tack room. The plastic crate I had used for Desert Rose would not be high enough, but rather conveniently there was a suitably sized wooden stool. I placed the stool beside the run. The moment Prom Queen saw it she made a strange nicker. I grabbed the grooming brush and another bucket of the warm water that had worked so well with Desert Rose.

Prom Queen was not so easily seduced. Her body reacted to my attentions but she resisted as though from spite. I brushed her and she tried to stamp my feet. I washed her face and she tried to bite. I cleaned beneath her amazing tail and she tried to kick. Frustrated I searched the stable and found two wooden beams. By threading these through the railings I reduced her freedom of movement even further, to the point that I decided to risk trying to cover her.

First I gently fingered her large vulva. Everything about her was large and her privates were no exception. Finally she raised her tail and winked, showing me her deep red interior. I fingered some more and she squatted. I got up onto the stool and unbuttoned my fly – I had decided to keep my clothes on just in case things went badly wrong – and placed a hand on her large rump to steady myself.

She stood up, clamping her tail down, denying me access to her sex.

So I got back down and after a bit more fingering she raised her tail and squatted again. But as soon as I was back on the stool she stood and denied me access again. She knew exactly what she was up to and seemed rather pleased about it.

So I decided to try something new. Carefully holding up her tail I pushed in my face. I had gone down on countless women but never on one with a snatch the size of my face! But I persevered, holding her open with my free hand as I feasted on her red hot interior. I was to find that it was rare for a mare to be heavily into oral, but I was rewarded for my efforts as her large black clit pushed up and a flood of liquid poured across my chin.

She didn't taste half bad.

Convinced that I had finally won her over I got back up on the stool. She immediately stood, clamping her legs together to deny me access once again. She looked back across her shoulder and bared her teeth in triumph.

She had forgotten to lower her tail.

Her look changed as she felt the head of my cock pressing against the seal of her anus. Then her ears went every which-way as I forced three quarters of a foot of angry man meat straight up her disobedient arse. I held still as I felt her rectum squeezing as she tried to push me out. Now it was my turn to show her my teeth as I slowly pulled out before slamming back in. I began to pound her hard; her attempts at resistance merely serving to increase my pleasure. I had sodomised women in the past, but they were given enemas to clean them out just in case the sight of a bit of shit ruined the home viewers' erections. This was how butt-fucking was meant to be: sticky, hot and nasty. I held nothing back and, as she began to loosen, I was able to grab hold of her great round buttocks to give my frantic reaming even more power.

It seemed that not even Prom Queen could withstand such sensations for long, and soon her head was down as she grunted and whinnied. But I wasn't going to wait for her, and with groans of pleasure I emptied my balls deep in her arse.

I rested against her massive rear before slowly pulling out my softening cock. It was filthy: a brownish ring surrounded the base and long smears of green ran along the shaft. I watched her stretched arsehole as it struggled to close, and she farted loudly as it bulged and squeezed. A job well done I thought, so I stepped down from the stool.

In an instant the tables were turned.

I barely had time to raise a hand to fend her off as she slammed me up against the railing with her massive arse. I tried to push her off but she easily countered my efforts. I tried to climb over the railing to safety but she wouldn't let me. If I wanted to escape I'd have to move down behind her, right where she could kick me.

But that wasn't her game.

I found myself facing her large rear end once again. It seemed that I had failed to adequately perform my stallionly duties. Her thighs and back of her legs were coated with her juices, and her vulva winked as though it was trying to send a message in code.

I understood well enough. She wanted dick and she wanted it NOW!

Even when I was twenty I needed a few minutes to recover after an orgasm. And there was no way I was going to put my manky cock into her demanding pussy. She gave a loud snort and raised a rear leg. I'd need to improvise fast. I checked my right hand to see if it was clean. Clean enough. So I rolled up my sleeve.

The instant my hand touched that sopping cunt she squatted and her fluids flowed. I began to ease my hand into her, gently at first, but it was soon apparent that she could accommodate my whole arm with little difficulty. So I balled my fist and began to pump it like a cock into her dripping pussy. The feeling was amazing. The walls of her vagina were like hot, damp silk, and deep inside she had muscles that constantly squeezed and pulled. I could only imagine what it would feel like for a real stallion as he drove his cock in up to the hilt. This time she set the pace, and if I slackened off at all, she whinnied out her orders. Soon my shoulder started to ache but I kept pumping. Finally I tried pushing my arm in as deep as it could possibly go. I struck an obstruction so I opened my hand, hoping that it would feel like a stallion's flare.

Suddenly it was as though her whole rear came to life. Her muscles spasmed and squeezed hard, assisting my slimy arm as I pulled it from her body. I stepped back and rotated my arm to relieve the pain in my shoulder. The skin on my hand was wrinkled from being submerged in her damp heat. She remained splayed as she enjoyed the afterglow of her orgasm, so I carefully squeezed along her massive frame so I could stroke her face. After sex she was like a different mare, and we pressed our lips together in sloppy kisses as I told her I still loved her.

Unlike the other mares she was not inseminated, so she was free to cycle in and out of heat. And no matter how many times I covered her it was always a battle of wills. But at least she obeyed me on occasions, while she continued to terrorize her poor groom.

So I settled into my new life, and as spring rolled into summer I did my best to service each mare whenever she was in season. Some of the mares grew so fond of the attention that they began to call for their stallion even when they weren't in heat. I got the impression that some of the staff had suspicions, but the mares were increasingly healthy and happy, and that is what mattered.

I was still to encounter my final, most memorable mare, as she was yet to arrive at the stud.

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The last part of this story involves my all-time favourite mare, Pride of Armagh. If the name doesn't give it away Pride of Armagh was an Irish mare, but first things first.

It was easy to forget sometimes that Green Hills was a working stud that revolved around the breeding, raising and selling of horses. By late summer thirteen of my mares were pregnant or were suckling foals, and even though a couple of them remained horny I mostly restricted my stallion duties to the remaining seven.

Then Mrs Crawford informed the staff that she was putting two of the non-pregnant mares up for sale. The sale day was a real event, with the rich and well-healed flying in from across the world. There was a grand dinner on the lawn, canapés and Champaign, followed by the auction.

I stayed in my bungalow, sulking because two of my mares were being taken from my herd. God, I was even beginning to think like a stallion!

The sale had left two of the stables free. While everyone pitched in to get them into tip-top shape Mrs Crawford flew up to Montreal. There she bought a mare, a prized show jumper who - at that time - held all the records for her sport. Although she was born and trained in Ireland she had been purchased by a Canadian industrialist as a gift for his equestrian daughter. I have no idea exactly how much Mrs Crawford paid for her, but the rumours said it was in the millions.

Mrs Crawford flew back and the new mare began her long journey by special road transport down the length and breadth of North America. The big day arrived and all the grooms gathered as the truck beeped its way up the drive towards the stable gates. The back opened and out she came - Pride of Armagh - a nine year old bay mare with a black mane, tail and stockings. She was rather groggy after her long journey, so I joined her assigned groom in massaging her down.

Pride of Armagh, or Pride as she soon was known, was a horse of many eccentricities. Unlike the other mares whose bloodlines would shame many European Royals she was not the result of generations of selective breeding, more the product of blind luck. In conformation she seemed - it's hard to put into words - a bit narrow in face and build given her size. It gave her a slightly goofy look. And it was easy to think that she was a bit on the dumb side, because whenever something attracted her attention she gave it one hundred percent of her focus, often to the detriment of all other things. I assume it was that laser-like concentration that made her the perfect jumper. And she liked to talk to you, or at least she would make a series of neighs and whinnies that sounded as though she was trying to talk.

It was now late summer and horses back in Canada were already preparing for the winter. Suddenly finding herself in the Californian sunshine put Pride back into heat. It was decided that it was too late in the year for insemination, at least not with equine sperm.

I didn't try to do anything sexual with her for a month, allowing her plenty of time to settle into her new home. But I visited her often. And she was always pleased to see me. We just hung out together. When you talked to her she tried her best to talk back. She liked it if you whistled or sang. She loved it when you groomed her, making deep sounds of satisfaction. She was always vocal, letting you know just how she was finding things.

One night I dropped into her stable just to say hi. Her groom took good care of her but I liked to visit all my mares to make sure that they were ok. That night I had already spent some time with Desert Rose. She was three months pregnant but she still nuzzled for sex when the mood took her. And like any dutiful stallion I had bred her beautiful equine pussy and left it dripping with my seed.

The other mares knew the smell of sex well, but it seemed to puzzle Pride. The moment I entered her stall to check her feed and water she jammed her nose into my groin, nostrils flaring. Then she raised her head and gave me the strangest of looks, before lowering it again to sniff suspiciously.

It seemed she liked what she smelt, and the change in her behaviour was sudden. She began to smooch like a gigantic, slightly uncoordinated kitten, rubbing her whole body against mine. I had to brace myself against the railings to remain upright as she pushed her weight against me.

Steady on there lass.

It took some effort but I managed to slide myself down to her rear. She happily raised her tail for my inspection. At my touch she whinnied as if to say YES!

Her protruding anus and plump vulva were a dark chocolate brown, and she bulged and quivered at the stroking of my fingers. I gently opened her to expose her pinkish interior. It was clear that she wasn't currently in heat but from her constant commentary it was obvious she loved the attention.

I hadn't intended to service her - not after Desert Rose had done such a thorough job of draining my balls - but I couldn't leave Pride unsatisfied. So I pushed my mouth against her lovely fat vulva and shoved in my tongue, enjoying her sharp, unwashed horse taste. Pride gave a loud blow and moved several steps away. Then she sawhorsed, splaying her rear legs to the point where I feared she'd hurt herself. She looked back at me and nickered.

I really went to town on this amazing mare. She was vocal, grunting and blowing, nickering and neighing as I tongued her hot interior, so loud in fact that I was surprised that they didn't hear her all the way down at the Casa Grande. Her clit kept winking hard, pounding up against my chin like a rubber hammer. Not being in heat she was a touch dry so I helped her out by lathering her with my saliva. For a bit of fun I started chasing her clit around with my tongue, finally sucking the whole thing into my mouth. That drove her over the edge, and her clit quivered as her whole body heaved and shuddered as her climax took her.

I have never heard a horse give such a deep sigh of satisfaction.

We nuzzled and cuddled as she recovered from her climax. It was obvious that she wanted more, but my lovely Pride wasn't going to get seconds. When she was back in heat I would take her like a true stallion and give her the full fruit of my balls.

Thankfully neither of us had to wait for long.

I opened the stall gate and led Pride out into the pen. She was in full heat and her thighs glistened with her juices. I had been saving myself for days, much to the annoyance of the other mares, because Pride excited me as much as I seemed to excite her. I had planned to give her the full treatment: grooming, a wash down with warm water, a bit of seduction and foreplay, but Pride was in no mood to wait. Her arse followed me everywhere, and the moment I touched her thick yellowy liquid poured from her with an excited whinny. So I opened the gates and lead her into the run. I started to remove my clothes, allowing my fat turgid prick to bounce free.

Then it happened.

Incredible wet warmth engulfed my cock. Pride's long nose was pressed hard into my groin, and she had my whole cock in her mouth! Now I had seen what a horse can do to a carrot, but somehow I knew that she wouldn't hurt me. Instead I leant back against the railing, closed my eyes, and let her have her way with me.

I had received many blow jobs, but apart from those few actresses who could deep throat a cock my size I had never had my full length worked on in such a manner. Pride's rubbery lips nibbled at the base of my shaft, while her hot, wet tongue rolled and massaged my length against the roof of her mouth. As they are nibble groomers a horse's tongue is smooth, god oh so smooth. And every time she exhaled her warm breath flowed its way across my taut abdomen. Once or twice I felt the slight scratch of her yellowed teeth, but she was so gentle it merely added to my enjoyment.

Too soon I could feel cum churning in my balls. I tried to remove her head, explaining to her that if she kept it up I would cum in her mouth. She ignored my protests and gripped me hard. I could see her cheek muscles move as she sucked. I suppose all mammals instinctively know how to suck but it wasn't milk she was about to receive.

I literally exploded in her mouth, shooting wad after wad of cum deep into her mouth. She increased her sucking and I could see her neck bulge as she swallowed my load. Her tongue worked me over as she milked me for every last drop. Finally I was spent, but she wanted more, so she gave me two hard tugs.

Hey hey HEY!

I clicked my fingers and managed to get her attention. She had this happy look on her face and her tongue kept poking out as though my cum was the best thing she had ever tasted.

I gave her a big wet kiss on the nose and she lipped me in return. I really wanted to cover her, to pound her fat mare pussy hard until she whinnied for my sperm. But after such a shattering orgasm I needed time to recover. Thankfully she had settled down so I was able to groom her, before scratching and massaging every part of her beautiful body. She was really starting to relax, and farted loudly to show her pleasure. Finally I filled the bucket with warm water and, after washing her face, gently worked beneath her tail, alternating between the damp cloth and my probing tongue. Then I tossed the cloth aside and began to feast on her in earnest. She tasted so good. This time I focused my attentions on her puckered arsehole. She began to loosen up, expanding and bulging outwards as my probing tongue explored her sticky innards. I began to finger her pulsing cunt, exposing her cardinal red interior. She blew loudly and liquid poured across my hand as she gushed her juices. Her clit winked hard and her rectum squeezed against my intruding tongue.

I pulled myself free and grabbed the plastic crate. My cock was back at full throbbing mast and ready for more action. Pride watched me across her shoulder, before settling herself into position as I got up behind her. I bent down and nipped her round rump, making her squeal as her tail shot skyward. I draped her tail around my neck to keep it out of the way. I was so hard by now I was able to grab her lovely arse with both hands. My cock knew the way and I jerked my hips forwards as I buried my full length in her sopping cunt.

I felt unexpected resistance and then Pride gave a strange squeal as it gave way. I had never thought to wonder if she was a virgin. I felt bad – hurting her was the last thing I wanted to do – and I begged her forgiveness. And she forgave me in the most practical way, by driving herself back hard against my thighs. It was now up to me to give her the time of her life, so I angled myself and pushed down hard as I drove forward. Her hot greedy body swallowed my full length with every thrust, and liquid trickled from her in a constant flood. She had gone quite now, apart from the occasional grunt, and all I could manage was a harsh panting as I pounded myself into her. The stable reverberated with the sound of wet slapping as my thighs hammered against her sopping arse. Harder and harder I pounded, willing her to climax with every gasping breath. If I hadn't cum already in Pride's hot mouth I would never have been able to last like this inside her furnace of a pussy.

Suddenly Pride made a loud obscene moan and her whole pussy clamped down hard on my cock, pulling and squeezing. All I could do was groan as cum pulsed up my shaft and flooded into Pride's waiting cunt. I was buried in her so deep that very little leaked back out across her spasming clit. Her whole body shook and shuddered before finally relaxing, releasing its death grip on my wilting cock. I staggered backward off the crate before collapsing flat on the sand.

I was completely drained, utterly spent. Pride came to join me. She made several full turns like a dog on its bed before lying down beside me. She stretched herself out and positioned her large head on my chest. Then, with me stroking her lovely face, she gave a deep sigh, closed her eyes, and began to snore.

As my lover twitched in her sleep, dreaming perhaps of foals and green meadows, I took the moment to contemplate my life. Had I failed in my dreams? I had certainly failed in becoming a star of film or the theatre, the proverbial A-Lister, but now that dream now seemed as hollow as the all cheap pomp and glitter of tinseltown. I had succeeded perhaps in the dream of being a porn star, fucking endless women for money. But where exactly had that gotten me in the end?

Here I was just a stallion, looking after the needs and desires of my herd of demanding mares.

No, **this** was the stuff that dreams were made of. And with that thought I dozed off with my beautiful mare's head cradled gently in my arms.

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