

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The stable reeks of hay, old leather, and piss. Rusty scythes and harnesses hang from pegs on the walls. Hot sunlight slants through gaps in the timbers. The air is like steam.

Stallions mill around me. Big beasts, all of different colors: black, white, bay, pied. They will not come closer to me than ten feet; they shy away if I approach them. Their ears are pressed back against their heads, their nostrils flair. They watch.

Like me, they're here to breed.

I stalk back and forth, heart hammering. I'm nude. My buns flex. I have no tan lines on them. My big balls — shaved — bounce off the hard muscles in my thighs. I'm erect. It's far too massive to jut upright like some little boy's cock. No, it thrusts arrogantly out in front of me, parallel to the floor, bobbing up and down as my heart beats, too heavy to stand tall. My foreskin is pulled back halfway over the fat cockhead. Precum falls like water dripping from a leaky faucet.

I stink of sweat. Sweat glues hair to my pumped-up pectorals. It has pulled my armpit hair into spiky tufts; it now drips off like the hot fluid leaking from my cock. There's sweat in my navel. My crotch hair, though, isn't matted, because it's been trimmed down to wiry stubble.

I need to piss. The pressure is intense. How I want to spray my scent over the warm hay. Mark my turf. But I don't, for this isn't my territory.

It's the stallions'.

Suddenly, the wait ends. He's arrived.

I see his silhouette through the gaps in the timbers of the locked stable door. He's just a shadow in the sun's hot radiance. The stallions smell him. I smell him. He's got a manly odor — head-cheese, ball-juice, sweat and hard muscles.

He unlocks the stable doors, opens them. The sunlight explodes into the barn.

He says, "Horseboy."

"I'm ready. Get in here."

He strides forward, boots clumping. I see him clearly now. He's an older man — but not old. Dark hair, bright smile. He wears boots and a tight pair of Levi's. Sweat streaks his chest. His nipples — tiny, erect — point straight at me like compass needles. His belly is firm, not chiselled. His prick pushes down the right leg of his jeans. Wet spots reach all the way down them — drool from his cock. He's the male of the species in his prime.

He walks upright, eyes front, chest out. He's never had a woman, never been pussywhipped. Proud. Life's not beaten him yet. A male who breeds only with men.

He's called Forest. He keeps me. I keep him. We breed.

The stallions' heads turn with his progress towards me. Eyes glitter like wet sapphires. Their ears rise and turn to follow him like radar locking onto a missile. Big cockheads emerge from the sheaths between those legs. The air is enriched with their powerful male scent.

"Stop," I say.

He freezes. His eyes are glued to my erection, watching it slowly flex upwards, then bob downwards, a rhythm constant as a metronome.

A fly lands on my buttock. A twitch of muscle sends it away. I fart. "You hot?" I ask.

He nods. Eyes never rise from my erection.

"Me, too," I say.

He steps forward. He glances up at my face, sees me grinning. He stops in front of me. His eyes drop to my cock. My foreskin has slid further back — air kisses my cheesy cockhead. Sweat drips off my balls.

I grab his crotch, feel the bulge. I unbutton the fly, but leave the top button closed. A few wiry wisps of pubic hair escape. I see the base of his thick cock, pulsing like a big fat earthworm.

I grab his chin. I force his gaze up to my eyes. He doesn't want to look away from my young prick. We lock gazes. He grabs my iron-hard rod and maneuvers the fat head into his fly. My wet pisslips kiss his groin.

He sucks in his breath sharply.

I let the flood loose. Hot piss sprays into his groin. The dark stain blooms in his crotch, runs down his legs. My piss runs along the length of his rigid cock. A spout of my pee pours over his asshole, mingles with his precum.

His eyes roll up into his head. I kiss him. I hose him.

When my piss floods and overflows his shit-stained boots, I break it off and pull back from him. Instantly his eyes go down to my urine-dripping cock again.

I admire my handiwork. From his crotch, down his inner thighs, all round his lower legs — his jeans are soaked with my piss. I imagine it steaming on him. Hay floats in the standing pools. I've marked him. He bears my scent.

The stallions are neighing, like a murmuring crowd appreciating a good movie scene. I hear their heavy footsteps. They smell the sex in the air. A heavy slapping noise begins, sounding like great slabs of meat being whammed together — five, ten, twenty hard stallion cocks smacking against bellies.

I say, "Kneel."

He sinks to his knees in the piss. I stride forward, my rod bobbing. It's so heavy and bloated with lust that I feel like I've got a third arm attached to me.

His lips, very very dry, part slowly as my cock approaches. His tongue lolls out. I put my cock in his mouth, sliding the hot cheesy head over his tongue. His lips stretch thin.

It's easy to empty my bladder into him.

He can't handle the initial spray — a blast of piss explodes into my crotch. But he gets the rest. His Adam's apple bobs as he drinks.

The reek of piss is an erotic drug. I fuck his throat for a few seconds as I pee — not very deep

thrusts, because he gags too much on my long dong. Then I pull out, spit dripping in thick ropes from my cock, and drench his face with the last of it.

“Stay here.” I get my sheathed Bowie knife from the peg from which it hangs. He drops down onto his hands and knees in my piss. I draw the knife. Brilliant stars of sunlight glitter on its keen edge.

We grin when we see the blade.

I kneel between his spread knees. Swiftly I cut a slit in his jeans, starting just below his belt and stopping just short of his balls.

He trusts me. I'm his mate.

I pull the ragged edges of the Levi's apart. I slip my fingers between his sweaty and pissy cheeks and prod at the tight pucker there. It's wet. I pull my hands from his ass and sniff. Piss, sweat and asshole. The aromas fill my nostrils.

This man wants to be bred. This horseboy wants to breed him.

I throw the knife aside, mount him. I shove my erection between his cheeks. Feeling my shaft, he moans.

I spear him. None of this slip in a few inches and wait garbage. I sink my shaft in to the hilt, one smooth ride. The hotness that engulfs my cock is better than any heaven dreamt up in any religion. I drive into him. My big hairless balls slap hard against his; sharp jolts of pain explode in my crotch.

I yank it out. My cock glistens with mucus. His asshole stretches like a rubber glove over the big head. It's hot to look at, but it's hotter still inside of Forest. So I slam it forward.

“Easy, easy ... ” he says.

But I can't be easy when the fucking's this good. I start screwing him hard. The sweaty rhythm, back and forth. Animalistic, pounding. Muscles bleed through my thighs and ass as I fuck him. Shockwaves travel up his tanned body. I grip him by the hips and ride him.

My cockhead churns inside of him. He's squirming, adjusting himself, taking me. His chest heaves. My thighs beat against his ass.

The stallions circle us as we fuck, watching us. Their gigantic cocks are like a shoal of sharks hunting for prey. They whinny and snort.

So do I. I ram Forest repeatedly. Mucus flies from his asshole, splatters the floor. I bend down, bite him on the neck, then rear up and toss my hair. My hips churn. They're a blur. Fuck him fuck him. Who needs more than this? Who would not want to ram their cock up a hot man's ass? Is there anything better than fucking a man?

“Oh Christ,” Forest moans.

“Don't cum,” I spit.

He moans again. His asshole clamps round the root of my dick. I drill my cock against his prostate, torturing him. His head jerks up (I know his eyes are clenched shut), his muscles vibrate.

I don't last much longer. Sperm rips up out of my balls, flows through my pipes, and spews into him

like an uncapped oil well. The tide of semen pulses in my piss tube. I hose him with a different fluid. I feel his colon bloat around the load I fuck into him. He can't take it all; it backflushes and starts exploding out of his ass with the sound of wet farts. What so proudly I sperm, I think, rewriting anthems in my head.

We're both breathing hard, sweating. I've bred him magnificently. I slip my cock out of him. A tide of gray cum slurps from his hole.

I stand.

He yanks the remnants of his Levi's off. Forest's erection is rampant. He rolls over. Precum runs over his cock. Thick, gooey sperm rolls down his thighs. He's grinning. He stinks of me.

I grin back. A rope of precum hangs from the head of my cock. rebound off the stable walls. I rock and grind my ass on his face, clamping my cheeks together. I've yearned for the pleasure of someone being in that spot since I was a boy.

He pulls back. "You smell like a mare in heat," he says, breath hot in my crack.

"Colt," I correct. "A colt."

His fingers pinch my nipples into turrets of flame. His tongue plunges into my asshole. I twist like a barbecue, revolving my asshole on his tongue.

He pulls away. His spit slides down the underside of my balls. My nipples feel like pebbles. I know what's coming. I cross my arms, rest my head on my forearms. My ass is spread wide for him. I'm shaved there, too.

The stallions, like males at a porno flick, are gathered round and are watching, trying to fade into the fantasy unfolding before them. Their huge cocks are peeing precum, their balls are vibrating, their breathing is explosive and deep.

Now my prick is big and hard. My big cockhead is sliding against my navel. My balls boil with seed again.

I want him in me.

His cock probes my twitching hole. The contact is a relief. His hands seize my hips, fingers digging into my flesh. My asshole gapes open as he pushes it in. His cock makes my asshole into Mammoth Cave. It tunnels in. His pelvic bone slams against my ass. His cockhead burns like a hot star within me, but still my ass wants more.

My dick twitches. I spurt a dollop of piss, soaking the bale. His thickness scrapes my prostate, presses against my bladder. His arms enfold me. I'm a colt joined to a stallion

He withdraws. Down my chute it slithers. His rod strokes me. It stirs the memories of all the other fucks we've had together. My ass strains to shit out the huge head. But Forest won't leave my ass that easily. He shoves it back in. Air farts from my hole.

He breeds me. I moan.

The cock churns in me and I skewer myself on it. Rock and roll. His strokes get longer and longer; soon he's yanking the whole thing from me, then plunging in like a cavalry charge. He fucks me like

a man.

Pleasure explodes in me, travels in shockwaves through my body. His groin slaps against my upturned ass. I lift off my forearms, shove my ass back against Forest. His pubic hairs grind on me like steel wool.

He nails my prostate. I screech. He's standing upright behind him, his hips a blur as he dicks me, stirring the drink of lust.

Fingers clamp on my nipples. I can't stand it anymore. I explode. The orgasm originates deep within my asshole, explodes out of me by way of my balls. No hand touches me; only this man can make me cum by fucking me. The white hot fluid again courses through my body; I buck like a colt being broken. I fire my load, curse, spit.

As my load dribbles away, I feel a jolt of electricity shoot up my colon. He grips my hips, slams in to the uttermost depths, writhes and bucks and curses. It feels like he's shooting hydrochloric acid up my ass. It burns. The fire licks the back side of my bladder; helplessly I piss in the hay, dissolving the ropes of my cum with my pee.

I collapse forward onto the bale. He falls beside me. We pant in the heat. His hand gently rests on my ass. Cum bubbles between my cheeks.

A shadow obliterates the sun. We turn.

A huge stallion rears above us. He's black — black eyes, mane, fetlocks — save for his prick, which is a deep brick red.

His forefeet strike the sides of the stables above us. Wood splinters. His prick rages. Babe Ruth's bats weren't as big as that cock.

His balls contract madly. In slow motion I watch his pisshole gape.

The initial blast of horse-jism is an inch thick and splatters against the wall like a jet of molten silver. It splatters over us. My skin burns where it touches. More jism erupts, a hot fount of equine lava spraying with the force of a stud racehorse pissing.

We both turn face up as that huge beast fires his offering. Creamy ropes of stallion juice coat us.

When he finishes, the other stallions begin. Legs lift, pricks take aim. A herd of stallion balls contracts. Jism rains, falling like liquid fire. Gigantic cocks pulse, shoot, coat us.

I open my mouth, catch the offering, eat it. Testosterone. My stomach bloats on stallion sperm.

I look over at Forest. His lips are parted and are coated with horse juice the color of Vaseline. I grin. "Good show, huh?"

He winces as a jagged line of jism lands on his face, then laughs. "Fuck yeah. You know, since you came, my studs're showing a lot less interest in the brood mares I own."

There is the thunder of hooves as the true studs race off to pasture.

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## **Part II - Stud Service**

"I had that dream again." My asshole leaks a dollop of Forest's jism as I buckle my jeans. The sun is warm on my shoulders. I hope my butt isn't sunburned again. I thought I'd learned that lesson.

"Again? What's that? Third time this week?" Forest feeds himself with the strand of precum that's been hanging from his cock since he bred my butt.

"You know I want to," I say, plucking the hat from the pump and screwing it onto my head. Where's my shirt?

"You know it's dangerous," says Forest, stuffing his cock into his Levis and reaching for his shirt. "Who was that guy? Mr. Hands?"

I won't talk about that. "I know it's dangerous. It doesn't change the fact that I want to." Where's my fucking shirt?

"I know." Forest stretches, and then squints down the road that serpentine down into the valley.

"Someday I'm gonna do it." There's my shirt, wadded where Forest threw it. It tumbles once in the breeze. Fuck it. I don't need it. This tan will protect my torso. I sniff my armpits. They remind me of my favorite jockstrap, hidden away in the house in a drawer.

"I know," says Forest, standing and reaching for his hat. "And when you do, Horseboy, I'm gonna be there."

I nod. He nods. This is the closest Forest has ever come to acquiescence.

Forest squints. "There he is. Betcha it's Blacky."

Coming up the road is today's work. Today's profit. A trailer pulled by an F350 powers up the serpentine lane. Behind it the valley is green, and the sound of the river cuts through the air. The sun ascends towards the meridian, glorious and merciless.

I fill the tin cup chained to the fountain and guzzle. Guzzle several times. Fucking Forest takes the fluids out of you. Forest doesn't say a word, standing in his wide stance with his arms folded across his chest, his eyes on the approaching truck. But when I offer it to him he takes the cup of cold water. Several times.

"You said two" I ask, standing next to him, cupping and kneading his ass.

"I said two," says Forest. "Did the sun or the buttfucking fry your brain? El Cojones Ranch."

"Gonna double team 'em?"

"You bet."

The truck rumbles beneath the sign, trailing dust like a comet's tail.

"Who' do they want to do the servicing?" I ask.

"He didn't specify. Just get 'em pregnant, he said. So I think -"

"Sultan," I prompt. Sultan's gray coat, charcoal mane, and long pink dong always make my asshole squirm.

"Yeah, Sultan," Forest murmurs. "Can't use Shaka Rex."

I grin, remembering the rain of stallion semen yesterday. "Yeah, he really shot like crazy, didn't he?"

"You drank half of it."

"You drank the other half." Forest frowns as the truck circles in the turnaround for easy unloading. "Thor. It'll be Thor."

"Gotcha."

Because Forest is the owner of this place he steps forward to greet the kid stepping down from the truck. I, his not-so-humble Horseboy, follow behind.

"Blacky," says Forest, shaking the kid's hand.

Kid? Well, he's eighteen. But look at him. He's definitely a boy. He's sucking on a grass stem. Spanish ancestry ... his honey-dark skin and shoulder-length glossy black hair and wanton eyes. His hat is canted far to the back of his head. Blacky wears a smile that never leaves his face. His plaid shirt, sleeveless, hangs open. Smooth chest, defined but not muscular. Flat belly with no reassurance trail. Tight Wranglers. Very tight. Slender hips. Good sized bulge where his cock and balls rest.

"Two, this time," says Blacky. His voice is light, almost musical. His eyes flick to me, then back to Forest.

"We know. How long do I got 'em for?" asks Forest.

"He says he wants 'em pregnant. Don't matter who the sire is, he wants colts. Keep 'em for the weekend, he says."

"You ever saw a stallion breed a mare?" I ask.

"Oh yeah," says Blacky. He shoots a look at Forest. Right eyebrow raises a question.

"Call him Horseboy," says Forest, grinning. "He helps me out. All right. Let's get these mares out of your trailer."

Blacky leads the first mare down and passes her to me. This Arabian with a coat glossy like obsidian — high-spirited in a controllable way, meaning you got to keep hold of her bridle at all times — Blacky calls Nessie.

"Cause she likes monsters?" I ask, picturing Sultan sawing away at her.

Blacky laughs. He's a great kid who can catch a dirty joke when it's made. He turns and heads back up the ramp.

"Look at his butt," I mutter to Forest.

"Can't look at anything else."

"You think he gives up his ass?"

"Only way you work at El Cojones is to give up your ass."



Blacky has a slender ass. Round, yes, but not a bubble butt. The tight denim hides nothing and promises everything. Forest and I watch his butt flex as he untethers the second mare — a beautiful chestnut with a white mane and fetlocks.

“Down, boy,” Forest murmurs.

“Down, hell,” I say. “Up that butt is where I want to be.”

Blacky struts down the ramp, leading the chestnut mare. “Bourbon,” he says, introducing her.

“Nice,” I say.

She is shapely, finely muscled, pliant and easy going. Her vulva is engorged. I stare at it as Blacky, following Forest, leads Bourbon towards one of the service corrals where Forest has the stallions breed. I smell Bourbon’s scent, too. This lady needs it. She needs her womb filled with gallons of stallion seed. So powerful is the need of both mares I can even smell Nessie. She’s far more pungent than Bourbon. Her smell chases me, seeming to waft upwind.

As we pass the stallions’ stables the tumult breaks out. Breath, released explosively, booms like thunder from within the timbers. Hooves stomp, signifying frustration and desire and lust for horseflesh. Low neighs tremulous with bestial fury, and my balls rumble in sympathy.

Forest pauses at the gate of one corral. “Blacky, put her here.” He points to the other corral. “Horseboy, there.”

We tether the mares. They look around, breathing deep, ears alert, tails snapping at buzzing flies. They can smell the stallions. An entire stable full of stallions, each in their stall, their massive balls dripping with sweat, their cocks peeping from sheathes, tails twitching, ears flat against their head.

“Go get ‘em, Horseboy,” Forest barks. “You help him, Blacky.”

Blacky walks beside me to the stables.

“You like horses, Blacky?” I ask.

He grins. “I like ‘em a lot. Ever since I was a kid.”

“You dream about ‘em? I do. Had one last night.”

“What kind of dream?”

I pull open the stable door. Blacky follows me inside. Brilliant beams of sunlight slant through the timbers. Flecks of dust circulate in the air. Out boots clomp on the floor as we head down the central aisle. There are closed stalls to either side.

“What kind of dream?” repeats Blacky. He’s fallen behind me, lingering, looking into the stalls. Behind him, head after head peers over the gates. Whickers of appreciation reverberate through the air. I smile thinly. They’re staring right at Blacky’s ass. Heh. Horny bastards. They want him too. I know they stare at my ass, when I’m not looking. I have to turn round real quick to catch them, but I have, and they always look away as if guilty.

“You know,” I say in a level voice, “the dream where you’re fucking a horse.”

He laughs, catching a dirty joke I haven’t made. “Pretty wild dream, man.” His eyes flick to my butt.

"You the mare?" He laughs nervously.

"Yeah," I say. "Sometimes."

"Heh. Pretty wild."

More and more heads pop out of the stalls, watching our asses as we head deeper into the stable.

"Easy, boy," I say. The stall is labeled "Thor." The stallion whickers at us. He is a sexy, strong, muscular beast. If stallions surfed ocean waves Thor would look the part. His coat is the color of coffee with a huge amount of cream stirred in. Mane and tail are wheat-blond. He canters forward jovially as I open the door.

Blacky takes Thor's bridle. The lithe beast sniffs the kid, nuzzling his neck, finding his armpits fascinating. Blacky laughs, which draws an affectionate lick from Thor.

"I think he wants to fuck me," Black says.

"I betcha he does."

From a stall not far away great Sultan peers at us. He is equine royalty. His erect ears crown his skull. His long charcoal mane falls like mantle. His coat is gray. Sultan is a breeder, the king of this stud farm. He lives to fuck and fucks to live. Even though a load of his semen is worth thousands to the right people he gives of it freely to all and sundry. He is patriarch, and emperor.

Sultan stares at me as I approach, breathing deeply. His hoof grates on the floor. He knows the deal and he's impatient with my slowness.

"Good boy," I say as he trots out of his stall. About a third of his dong protrudes from his sheath, pale pink in color. His balls sway in their loose sack. The smell of Sultan's sex is a rush.

"Wow," says Blacky. "They've both got clean cocks!" Thor's dong hangs down, fully unsheathed, but limp.

"Yep," I say, leading Sultan towards the door, Blacky alongside me. "I wash 'em every day."

He chuckles. "What a job."

"Best one I ever had."

Sensing Sultan's eyes on my butt as I lead him by his bridle I straighten up, throw my shoulders back, and put on a show for him. Blacky imitates me. Thor neighs his appreciation.

Outside, with the smell of the mares permeating the air, the stallions get rambunctious. Sultan even tries to rear and tear out of my grip. I keep firm hold of the bridle. I've got to keep this a battle of wills here. If Sultan turns it into a contest of strength he will, obviously, win. Since I know Sultan well I keep our struggle on a mind-to-mind level, and prevail. Thor, who takes his cues from Sultan, remains placid, though if Sultan had won he'd have joined his lord in racing to the mares. I've seen it happen. It's one of the hottest things I've ever seen.

"Shit," Blacky laughs, looking back at Sultan. "Fucker's *hung*."

"He likes your ass," I say.

Blacky laughs.

Forest, having seen the commotion, makes the right choice. "Horseboy. Let Sultan have Bourbon." The chestnut mare is in the nearest corral. "Blacky -"

"Got it," he says, leading Thor on. That stallion's dong is now fully extended, swinging between his hind legs like a drunken snake.

The stallions emit an ear-splitting trumpet the moment they enter the corrals. The mares melt with excitement. They buck. They kick. Their eyes have been on these two studs and they're eager for them. Tails lift, displaying vulvas dripping with thick, mucous-like fluid. Bourbon and Nessie squat and piss. This sends the stallions into a frenzy. Snarling lips bear huge square teeth.

We shut the corral gates and join Forest, who stands with one boot on the middle crosspiece of the fence enclosing Thor and Nessie.

"I fucking love this," says Blacky. His eyes shine and he's shifting his weight from foot to foot. He adjusts his crotch.

"We all do," says Forest, his eyes watching his two stallions and the mares.

Sultan trots towards Bourbon, his giant cock growing harder with the planting of each hoof. His ears flatten against his skull. His tail swishes. His lips curl in a derisive sneer. Saliva pours from his mouth and precum streams from his hardon.

"She's gonna get it good," murmurs Forest.

Blacky snorts a laugh, but he's transfixed by the porn show.

Thor trots round Nessie, capering, tossing his head. His huge cock slaps against his belly. He's showing off. He's saying to his mare: *Hey! Look at me! Look at my cock! Look at what I'm gonna stick up your cunt!*

"Fuck," I mutter "I wish I was a stallion."

"Why?" asks Blacky. "Who the fuck wants to be covered with flies and stand out in the goddamned sun all day?"

"I do," I say. "They get to fuck. Fuck all goddamned day."

Sultan, screaming, rears up on Bourbon. He spears her, growing. She screams her delight as his stiff rod sinks in. His teeth clamp to her neck. Her back arches, her legs spread, and she shoves her butt up his cock. Another thrust and the stallion is embedded balls-deep in the mare. He grunts and begins to churn.

Thunder rumbles from the stable behind us. The stallions have sensed their master is breeding.

"And all they want to do is fill the goddamned universe with their cum," I say.

Nessie does like monsters. For as Thor mounts her, humping madly, she thrusts back. Cunt and cock meet and the giant horse shaft slides home. Thor trumpets. Everyone and everything within three miles now knows he's fucking a mare.

Three of us — Forest and me and young Blacky with the tight ass — watch the breeding. Most

stallions mount up and blast their loads almost immediately. Not these. Forest and I have trained them. They fuck to enjoy. For pleasure. They churn furiously for minutes. They prolong the act the same way humans do. Here they're safe. After all, they're not screwing in some remote mountain pasture ringed by wolves. They are here in these corrals, safe, and with no other duty but to move sperm from their balls into their mares' wombs.

These stallions love to fuck.

Not taking his eyes off the mares, Blacky asks, "So. Why does Mr. Forest call you Horseboy?"

Forest turns away, shaking his head, smiling a wry smile.

"Lots of reasons," I say. "But mainly because of this." I unbuckle my belt, peel open my fly and shuck my jeans down below my buttocks. My long dong sways in the breeze. It looks huge. We shaved my crotch once again this morning.

Blacky takes his eyes off the horses, looks at my cock, and swallows once.

"Forest calls me Horseboy because of my big cock," I say, gripping my growing shaft. "Horse." I pull out my shaved balls. My smooth groin is already displayed for Blacky. "Boy."

Blacky's eyes flick back to the horses. He chews thoughtfully on the stem of grass. "You, uh, gonna zip back up?"

"Nope," I say, slowly jerking my meat, watching Sultan do his best. "Watching horses always gets me hard."

Forest's eyes are cool, mysterious, and bright like pools of quicksilver. But his cock, once again hard, throbs against his fly.

Rivers of froth course down the inner thighs of the two mares as the stallions hammer at them. You can see their eyes roll up. You can see them catch themselves as their knees weaken. They quiver and seethe with sound. They've never felt anything like this. Their heads bob and the buck, rutting as shamelessly as the stallions themselves.

Blacky hooks his thumbs in his belt, shifts his weight. "Me, too." His words are almost inaudible over the wind.

"Take it out," Forest murmurs, groping his crotch. "I know you want to."

The kid doesn't hesitate. The cock Blacky pulls out is impressive — but doesn't rival what I've got. Nor Forest's. It is uncut and the retracted hood reveals a head slathered with cheese. Glorious mancheese. Forest's nostrils flare.

"Hot day, ain't it?" I say.

Blacky nods, his hand moving on his cock. His eyes dart between the horses, lingering on Thor, but coming back to my cock.

"Think I'm gonna cool off a bit."

Keeping hold of my breeder with one hand I cup the other about six inches in front of it. I relax. Upon impact my piss explodes everywhere. Droplets darken my jeans. I flip handfuls of my piss on my chest, over my shoulder. Yeah, it's warm. So is sweat when it emerges. As it evaporates it cools.

Best thing about piss drying on you is that it's your smell. It's you, man, distilled down to the bare essence.

Blacky stares at me. A drop of precum descends from his cock.

"You hot?"

He doesn't say a word. Beside him Forest pulls down his zipper and fishes inside his Levis.

"You ever watch a horse piss?"

He nods.

"Kneel," I say.

Blacky puts his hat on a post but doesn't take his shirt off. My flood plasters it to his slim body. He even turns from side to side as if in a shower.

"Like?"

He nods almost imperceptibly. His cock jerks.

Forest pushes Blacky's head down. Urine turns his glossy black hair into a skullcap of sin. He's good and soaked when I cut off my flow.

Trust me. I've got more in reserve.

Forest says, "Blacky," he orders. "Turn round."

Blacky turns, still on his knees. His eyes laser in on Forest's cock like a kid who's just seen his favorite toy.

"Do it," I say.

Forest nods. "Open wide, Blacky."

Blacky's jaw drops open. Forest eases his cockhead in. Blacky's tongue swirls round the meat. Forest sighs, his eyes roll heavenward, and then suddenly a flood of piss explodes from Blacky as the kid coughs. I grab his head and hold it in place. He begins to drink. From Forest's sneer I can tell Blacky's expression shows distaste. Soon enough, however, the distaste vanishes, and I listen to him gulping. My cock throbs against his ear.

"Stand up, Blacky." Forest pulls his cock free, his diminishing stream splattering on Blacky's golden chest.

Blacky scrambles to his feet, head bowed. Forest turns him. Pressing between Blacky's shoulder blades he forces Blacky against the fence of Thor and Nessie's corral.

"You like Thor, don't you?" says Forest.

Blacky nods. "Fuck yeah."

Forest yanks Blacky's jean halfway down his thigh. Goddamn. What an ass. Pale amber in color, taut and sculpted. Not a hair in sight, even when we pry it open and begin to explore his pucker with our

fingers. He's tight, and he cries out when our fingers enter him. Yes, two fingers at once.

Something roars and the crows explode from the power lines.

It's breeding time for Sultan. Every inch of his gargantuan cock is embedded within Bourbon. I'd swear he poured his juice directly onto her ovaries. His balls are sucked up tight between his thighs. His tail thrashes up and down. Not a drop escapes Bourbon's cunt as he gushes into her. But when he withdraws a thick, sticky mass of white sperm slides out, glistening, to plop on the dust.

Inside Blacky's rectum my forefinger curls round Forest's. His prostate is swollen and he gasps as we probe it.

"Breedin' time," Forest mutters.

Blacky leans forward and spreads his legs as much as his jeans will allow. Forest hawks up mucous onto his fingers and smears it on Blacky's anus. I cough up a gob and anoint Forest's cock. He lines up, pushing his cockhead into the socket.

"Go easy," pleads Blacky. "Easy, man, you're fuckin' hung!"

When Forest plunges into Blacky our second stallion cums. Thor's not as cataclysmic as Sultan but that's not saying much. He groans and moans and it's clear from the fact that every muscle he has appears outlined in his cream-colored coat that he's pumping a torrent of sperm into Nessie. Enough sperm to sire a thousand herds.

"Oh, man," gasps Blacky. His cock, untouched, spews semen across the fence.

Forest's pubic hair grinds up against Blacky's butt. Forest's face is a mask of delight as the eighteen year old's butthole clenches on his invading cock. "Oh man," he moans. "Sweet!" He shoots a look at me. "Back door, Horseboy, now!"

Right before I kneel and plant my face between Forest's buttocks I catch a glimpse of Sultan. The gray stallion canters round his corral. His huge cock swaying, the head still flared. Bourbon remains tethered, shivering, her swollen vulva disgorging gob after gob of stallion cum. Sultan whirls, leaps towards her, his cock hardening, and as my tongue spears Forest's butthole Sultan approaches Bourbon, neighing equine obscenities.

Forest doesn't thrust very far, hammering Blacky with short strokes, because he's pretty much trapped by my face and Blacky's ass. He likes it, though. His butthole squirms on my tongue and I can feel with my chin his balls going tight against his shaft. His crack smells of sweat and hay. Only thing missing is the reek of my jism. Haven't yet bred Forest today. My man's been in top mode.

Sultan isn't taking chances. His mare might not be pregnant. What stallion can allow that? Rearing, he leaps on her again. She tries to sidle out of the way but his teeth clamp on her neck and he holds her firm as his giant cock slices in. A tsunami of stallion jism blusters from her, anointing Sultan's thighs, sheath, and foam-flecked nuts.

Blacky groans.

Forest's strokes get longer and deeper as Blacky relaxes. Moist sounds emanate from the junction of teen and man.

My bladder's insistent. I stand, spit on my cockhead, line up, and embed my dong in Forest's guts.

He grunts but it's not as if he's never had my breeder up there. I close my eye, sigh, relaxing as his asshole moves up and down my shaft.

Suddenly he shoots me a look over his shoulder. He grins. Sighs. "Nice."

The warm feeling blooming in his bowels is my piss. No, it isn't easy pissing through a hardon but both Forest and I have mastered the art. I pinch off the flow before voiding completely. Not going to have a chance to replenish my private Fort Knox of piss until lithe Blacky's buttohole is soaked with a sticky load of mancum.

Sultan's cries of delight arouse Thor again. The cream stallion must know some secret about pleasing a mare for Nessie is quite willing to take him a second time. As Thor nips her buttocks her head lowers, her tail lifts, exposing a swollen vulva birthing long worms of horse jism. Thor mounts smoothly and slides his shaft home with an obscene gurgling sound.

I hope the fence. Blacky's eyes squint as Forest churns in his guts. But those eyes flick first from Sultan in action, to Thor in action, and finally to my long dong, stinking of sweat and musk and piss and butt. But Blacky's eyes quickly go to the stallions. Like me he knows there's no better show than horses fucking. His cock slaps against his belly in time with Forest's thrusts.

I kneel in front of the kid. Blacky's got some of the best cheese I've ever tasted. Rich and pungent. Utterly male. A paste of young testosterone. His pubic bush, tickling my nose, smells of pee. His nuts are tight.

Forest gives the order, whispering hoarsely in Blacky's ear, "Piss, kid. He wants it."

Kid's got the best piss I've ever tasted, and I've tasted a lot. Not remotely crisp or clean or lemony or like warm beer. It's piss, man, dirty raunchy piss, and it tastes foul and powerful, as if it's been fermenting in the bottom of a urinal. Blacky's been holding this gold since his morning cup of coffee. I picture him loading Nessie and Bourbon into the trailer, bladder beginning to tug as his consciousness. And playing with his bulge as he drives. His stream isn't a geyser. He's still a boy. The only mouthfuls of his flood I miss are what I want. I love the feeling of another male's piss coursing down my nest and chest and soaking my crotch.

I spit the final mouthful into Blacky's sweaty face. "Feel better?"

He nods reaches down, jerking himself off. He manages to bend lower, supporting himself on the middle crosspiece of the fence. His tongue swipes his lips as his mouth gapes open. He waits. I tease him. Kid wants to watch the horsies fuck. Can't blame him. If this wasn't such a common occurrence on Forest's studfarm then I'd be in the same mood.

"Come on," he finally begs.

I stuff my cockhead into his mouth and let loose. A golden spray blasts into my crotch. I'm a man, so when I pee it's a geyser. Forest and I laugh. In seconds, however, Blacky gulps. I don't have much left but I give him all of it. And Blacky's eager for it. He sucks on my cockhead like a nipple.

I shoot a look at Forest. His eyes are blazing with lust. "Ready?"

"Fuck yeah!"

Blacky takes my cock down his throat. His hot breath explodes from his nostrils against my piss-sopping groin as Forest's pubic bush collides with his buttocks.

"Let's skewer this boy," I moan. I pull Forest to me and shove my tongue into his mouth. "Breedin' time."

Indeed it is.

Ever hear two stallions cum at once? It's like global thermonuclear war. You can feel their energy pounding through the earth beneath your boots. Their trumpeting splits your ears. You can almost feel your hot blood pouring down your neck. Bathed in that sound you can think of nothing but a river of semen cascading down your cock. It's the only true ecstasy there is: the moment of breeding, of creation.

"Shit," gasps Forest. "He's cumming!"

Hot patches of thick white human sperm splatter on my jeans. I can feel Blacky attempt to join in the stallions' ululation but my plunging cock chokes it off. He goes limp after his orgasm fades but the two guys embedded inside aren't done.

"You're a mare now, Blacky," I grunt.

"Damn right," breathes Forest.

The hot breath on my buttocks surprises me. I stop, jerk around. Thor's there, his huge cock limp but not sheathed, swinging between his hind legs, remnants of cum slathering it. His ears are pricked forward as he sniffs my butt.

"Come on, boy," I moan, pushing my ass back at him. "Do it!"

Thor's tongue slithers out and licks the sweat off my buttock. The smell of sweaty horse surrounds us, overwhelming all combined human scent. I grind my butt against Thor, begging for something I've only dreamed of, but the stallion's doing only what he feels like doing. Or maybe he's teasing me. Payback for showing off my ass to him? Who knows? His tongue, big as a hand, slurps my buttocks, down the backs of my thighs, then up my spine.

"Fuck yeah!" bellows Forest. He's cumming. I know that look.

"Do it, bastard," I growl.

Thor snorts. His hot tongue rests on the top of my buttcrack for a moment. Then down it slides. I shudder. My head lolls back. The excitement builds. Thor thrusts his tongue up my ass. Fuck! It feels thicker than Forest's hand but it slides it much easier, as if belongs there. The damn stallion probes and finds my prostate. He jabs his tongue at it.

And I shoot and pour about a billion babies down Blacky's throat. Even as my spasms subside the stallion's tongue probes incessantly. It feels like a giant blunt cock, rubbery and alive, evil and electrifying.

Too much.

I whirl away, my cock ripping out of Blacky's throat. The kid's eyes go wide. Not five feet in front of his face dangles long stallion dong, smelling of cunt and cum.

Forest pops Blacky's butt. "Come on. Let's get cleaned up." He glances down. "Man, I came like a horse!"



Blacky begins to rise but I've seen something. Thor's thunderous whickering confirms it. Before Blacky moves far I grab his head, still wet with my piss. "Don't move," I order, grinning. "We're not done."

Obligingly, Thor moves forward a few steps. It's easy to grab his cock. Fuck! It's like handling a snake. It jerks in my grasp. Hot and slimy. I aim it. Blacky's eyes go blank with shock.

Stallions piss like literal garden hoses. Human streams have nothing on what a horse can put out. And if that horse has blown two giant wads inside his mares there's a bladder in his body with an ocean of golden equine liquid ready to be voided. Golden shower isn't the right word. Downpour? Thunderhead? Supercell? Hurricane? Can't say. Neither can Blacky, who's spluttering and struggling to not drown in the flood of stallion piss.

Make no mistake. Kid likes it. The streaks of jism his cock fires are washed away by Thor's pee the moment they land on the ground but they're there.

When Thor's empty — it takes a few minutes — he snorts contemptuously, farts, and trots off.

Blacky straightens, wiping piss from his eyes. Every square drop of him is bathed in horse piss.

Forest pops Blacky's butt. "You're a hot fuck. Pull up your jeans, Blacky, and get the horses stabled."

"Sure thing, Mr. Forest." He pulls his clothes into place. He retrieves his hat and unlatches the gate. His expression is neutral except when he sees Thor. A grin spreads over his face.

Forest calls, "Be careful of Thor. He'll try to fuck you next."

Blacky's eyes go wide.

"Come here, Horseboy."

I hop the fence.

"Turn round."

The first couple of slaps are hard and brutal but they get my cock hard again. Forest twists my arm behind my back and hauls me over to Sultan's corral, where the great gray stallion stands there, cock hanging, waiting. Forest's slaps are less powerful but they sting and they leave me gasping.

Sultan trots over as Forest closes the gate behind us. I think he knew the script.

Forest shoves me to my knees. "Pray, Horseboy. Pray!"

I even fold my hands.

Sultan maneuvers over me, easing sideways so my crouching form is beneath his belly. Forest seizes his cock and aims it at me. I raise my bowed face towards the horse's cockhead. Sultan's pisshole points at me like a finger amidst concentric circles of rubbery flesh.

And yeah, when he soaks me, I cum. There, beneath the stallion's belly, as his pee gushes over me, washing away my purity and infusing me with sin, I jet cum everywhere and moan and writhe and call upon the ghostly shape that trots in my dreams.

Stallion piss tastes like wine but it makes you far, far drunker. An intoxication that lasts. Is

permanent.

Sultan, bladder voided, his reign unchallenged, sidles away from my sopping body. A giant hoof almost lands on my foot. The sun radiates against me and the pee begins drying. I shiver.

“Good. Good, Horseboy.” Forest helps me stand. “Now get these horses to the stable!”

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Part III - Sloppy Stallion Seconds

“Two mares,” Forest reiterates, leaning from the truck cab’s window. Diesel fumes fill the air. He really needs to get that looked at. “Antoinette and Ekaterina Magna. I want ’em both pregnant before I get back.”

Thumbs-up. “No problem, Mr. Boss Man.”

Laughing, he reaches out and tilts my hat back, then pulls my face to his and kisses me. “No beating off, either, Horseboy. We got that sling and I want to use it!”

“You better hurry back, then.” I heft the ball-bulge in my jeans. “Got full nuts, Forest, ready to go.”

Forest guns the truck, driving through the gate, the trailer rattling over bumps and holes.

A fat, red sun looms near the horizon. The heat never abates. I stink, man. I reek of sweat and horse jism. Buzzing flies follow me as I walk towards the stables. I pull my hat down low again, where it belongs.

Two mares. Christ. More jism has gone into more cunts today than I’ve ever seen. Today’s been one long porn show. Stallions fucking mare. Tails high, balls surging, manes flying. Giant oily cocks, glistening with juice and sperm, plunging like pistons between folded lips dripping wine. If Blacky had been here he’d be seeping sperm through the crotch of his jeans. Damn near that state myself.

From the stallions’ stable comes low, rumbling whickering. The jocks are comparing conquests.

The mares’ stable — upwind today, which is why the stallions are so goddamned nuts — reeks of cunt. They’re on heat. All of them. We’ve got to get them bred. Wombs need seed.

“Come here, girl,” I say, standing at the gate of Antoinette’s stall. Though I’m not partial to females, I think she’s beautiful. Not five years old, she’s sleek and streamlined. Forest says she’ll win derbies, but I’m not into money. I’m all about equine sex lives. Breeding. Washing stallion cocks. Collecting semen. Dreaming.

Antoinette’s coat is roan dappled with white. The pale blond banners of mane and tail stream behind her. She’s frisky as I lead her out. Passing her stablemates, she nods and swishes her tail, showing off. *Yeah, girls, I’m gonna get fucked!* She trembles with hunger. She knows exactly where she’s going and what’s going to happen and she wants it more than anything in the world. I know how she feels. When my cock’s hard or my buttocks hungry I’m all about the smells, the hardness, the muscles. I tether her in a corral and make my way to the stallions’ stables.

Heads thrust from their stalls the moment I open the door. They see my silhouette against the pumpkin sunset glow, and whicker in a unison that quivers like a minor earthquake. Then they fall silent. All eyes are upon me. Who will I choose?

Enjoying my power I strut between the stalls. My choice is difficult. You? No, too young. You? Not with that begging, pleading look in your eyes.

I pass the play equipment Forest and I have set up. These boys know exactly what we do here. The stallions see the sling as a station of conception ... maculate, sweaty, and male. I remember last night. Forest and I fucked each other in the sling, our stallions milling around, getting off on the spectacle of mere human fucking. We were exhilarated with terror.

Which stallion? Need one with fresh balls. Problem is — who's left? These studs have been working hard all damn day, doing what males do best: gushing sperm.

Thor? His dong hangs from his sheath, twitching against his belly, but I sense his weariness. Sultan, though, is eager, his shaft rigid and dripping. That gray stud can — and has, and will again — fuck all day. *Fucked her, bred her, bring on another one, up and at 'em again, come on, dude, I've got the balls you've got the herd let's make lots of colts!* But even his titanic seed sacks must be drained by now. Sure, he could fuck and cum, but will Antoinette conceive?

Shaka Rex? Hmm. Interesting idea. He's not bred today. But the stallion loves to drench Forest and me with his sperm while we play. From his nickering and his bobbing head I sense he's eager. Fine.

"Come on, Shaka."

The big red dong solidifies into a steely shaft as I lead him through the stable. Heads turn. Derisive snorts sound from the stallions in their stalls.

Upon seeing Shaka Rex's fine muscled body, Antoinette kicks her hind legs apart, squats, and gushes piss. Immediately the corral smells like the seashore. Her tail lifts, swishing aside to expose her swollen vulva. Ever see *Alien*? You remember how the eggs gaped open to disgorge a facehugger? Normally they wink, but not Antoinette with Shaka Rex. She wants that giant red dong.

Shaka Rex stomps his hoofs. His eyes move from her body to bore into mine. I grin, taunting him. He stomps again. His mighty cock throbs against his belly, as long and as thick as an arm. I stand there, holding the reins, teasing him.

"You like what you smell, don't you, stud?"

Once again Shaka Rex stomps. I stare at that behemoth, that dong only a god could sport, and I lick my lips and I recall my dreams. When Shaka Rex's eyes go red I detach the tether and slap his haunch.

"Go to it, stud."

Shaka Rex approaches Antoinette slowly, head held high. Desperation consumes Antoinette. She lowers her haunches. Shaka Rex sniffs her vulva, his lip curling, revealing huge teeth. Her cunt reveals a glistening tube of moist, pink flesh. Shaka Rex trumpets, but he doesn't mount. His nostrils quest over Antoinette's body, never touching her but coming to know her far more intimately than mere sight allows. He nips her sharply several times. She is the mare. He is the stallion. She may guide the herd at other times, but this is the moment of mating, when the stallion predominates.

As Shaka Rex circles round behind her I scramble into position to see everything. This is the porn I like to watch.

Shaka Rex leaps forward, brandishing his cock. He lunges onto Antoinette's back and stabs forward.

That first thrust misses, ramming Antoinette's ass right below her cunt. The stallion's cock bends almost double. Both horses regroup. Antoinette lowers her haunches just in time to catch Shaka Rex's thrust. She screams as the stallion sheathes himself. For a brief moment his foam-flecked balls quiver as they rest against her ass. His teeth clamp to her neck. He remains still, savoring the moment, this union.

Then the fucking begins.

I can't help myself. I stroke my hardon through my jeans. Fuck you, Forest! Goddamn, what an abominable thing to do. Forbidding me to jack off on a fucking stud farm! My breathing is shallow. My lips are dry. My sphincter squeezes, relaxes, squeezes.

Shaka Rex is in there for the nut. Hips churn. The stallion rumbles, asserting his power. Antoinette's eyes flutter. Her hooves shift to support their combined weight. The giant meat spearing her causes huge strings of juice to worm out of her cunt. Shaka Rex is uninterested in Antoinette's pleasure. So is Antoinette. She's getting bred. She doesn't want an orgasm. She wants five gallons of horse jism inside her. She knows he's going to fill her with the one substance in the universe she needs right now.

And, roaring like a tornado, Shaka Rex cums.

"Fuck yeah, stud, do it!"

Droplets of precum soak my jeans.

The big red horsecock slithers free of the mare's cunt.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

"Attaboy, Shaka!" I got to admire that stud.

What pours out of Antoinette is what you might expect to see if a truck stuffed full of vanilla ice cream broke down and all that creamy goodness melted. Hell, Antoinette farts more cum from her cunt when Shaka Rex withdraws than what she pissed in her excitement. Her womb must be bloated with trillions of little stallions, wriggling and writhing, seeking an egg.

Shaka Rex trots towards me, nodding his head, huge cock retracting to his sheath. His eyes bore into mine. He wears an expression any male can recognize on any species. *That, dude, is how you fuckin' breed!* His eyes drop to my crotch and he snorts. He turns. Standing five feet from me, his eyes fixed on Antoinette, his cock re-emerges, limp and rubbery, and he releases about ten gallons of piss onto the dust.

As I lead Shaka Rex down the central aisle to his stall, his stablemates watch us. Low whickering and leering neighs fill the air. *Good work, buddy.*

After I shut the gate to his stall Shaka Rex thrusts his head out, peering down at me. His lips curl. He smells the mare ... the ones in the stable, or Antoinette, or both. His expression is clear. He wants to fuck again. Maybe this stallion isn't as big a faggot as I'd thought. Should I let him have a go at the next mare?

As I make my way up the aisle Sultan stomps. The stud wants to fuck. Should I? He's a sexy bastard but I've got to keep my mind focused on my task, which is getting a pair of mares pregnant. Let Sultan have a go at Ekaterina Magna? Tempting, but not smart. Sultan's bred three mares today,

juicing each mare twice to make sure they're stuffed with a fresh colt. So he can't have much left in his balls. Seminal fluid, sure, but not the gold stuff.

"Hang on, buddy," I tell him as I pass. "There's always tomorrow." I say it reluctantly, because Christ knows I like watching Sultan fuck.

He sniffs derisively at me and pulls his head back into his stall. I swear I hear him sniffing.

Antoinette staggers a bit as I lead her to the mares' stable. She walks with the air of one whose mind has been blown. As if all the stallion seed bubbling within her cooks her mind like LSD. Her eyes roll like marbles, her jaw hangs slack and her tongue a dripping pendulum. I hear Shaka Rex's jism slosh in her womb and she emits loud, blustering farts from her pussy as the excess continues escaping.

Antoinette doesn't smell like the seashore anymore. She smells like a stallion.

Freed of the tether, Antoinette trots to her water, lapping it up. She lifts her tail as if she doesn't want its strands clotted with Shaka Rex's drying cum. Or maybe she just wanted to show to everyone, mares and me, that she had a plug of jism about six feet long embedded inside. The tail-high pose reveals everything, from her asshole all the way down to her hooves. I can't see the lips of her pussy; they're bathed with jism. Every inch of her backside from her vulva, down the back of her thighs, to her hooves is soaked with jism. White worms of stallion semen dangle. Air farts from her cunt, sounding just like bubbling mud.

I dream of horses, OK? Since puberty hit. And the dreams I have ... they're not normal dreams. I'm not riding a horse, a proud cowboy with my gal on my arm. No, the dreams are the kind that causes the mob to ignite the torches and tie ropes into nooses and invoke psychiatry, the modern age's *Malleus Malefictum*. Evil dreams. Kinky dreams. I have 'em. I wouldn't trade 'em for any plastic paradise in suburbia. You got to be who you are, you know?

Forest warns me against my dreams.

Forest isn't here.

Should I be thinking what I'm thinking?

Remember, Horseboy. You were assigned a task.

One more mare remains. She must be bred. A stable full of stallions with drained balls. A mare with gallons of semen leaking from her cunt. Another one, empty. My cock, throbbing.

Like spilled Legos snapping themselves together, the thing to come shapes itself.

Must move quickly.

Back to the farm house. The sun hovers in the west, a great low-flying UFO. Upstairs to our bedroom. I strip out of shirt and jeans, but I keep my boots right by me. From my drawer I pull out a yellow, dirty jockstrap. It used to be white but when you keep dosing the thing with cum and piss and lube and spit it sheds that revolting color symbolizing purity and becomes something true and honest. Motor oil streaks the pouch, having been ground into it by all those times Forest has screwed me while stretched over the cold engine of the truck.

It reeks, OK? That's the whole point of washing it. After I don it the bedroom smells of me. Horseboy. Kinky, nasty Horseboy. Smell my balls, guys, and smell nothing else. This smell is who I

am. If you don't like this musk, if you don't respond to it, we can't fuck.

The jock is a little small but the fabric is supple. It stretches over my groin. My hardon thrusts above the waistband, dribbling precum. I slip my boots back on. And my hat because I'm a fucking cowboy.

Heads emerge as I stalk down the central aisle of the mares' stable. Ears prick up. My jock scent overwhelms the smell of hay and horseshit and the smell of freshly stuffed cunt. Hooves scrape on the floor. Whickers wonder at what the hell I'm doing.

There's a worn pine bench covered with frayed halters, tin junk, and folded canvas. I sweep all that crap to the floor. I pick the bench up, and head on. Sweat courses over my buttocks and flows from my pits. My heart sings to the tune of all the forbidden songs of history.

Antoinette looks up with surprise when I fling open the door to her stall. I place the bench on the floor. I close the door. Antoinette's eyes rest on my giant hardon. Her eyes turn moist.

"I don't think you're pregnant enough," I tell her. One should always be honest with horses.

She whickers as I slip my jock's waistband under my balls.

"You like my cock?"

She'd damn well better. I carry balls swollen to the size of cantaloupes between my legs. She turns. Her tail lifts higher. Slut. I slide the bench in place behind her. She squats. My lip curls. Her urine splatters on the pine. Droplets sting my flesh. I watch piss course over the floor, carrying hay with it.

I pop her flank. "Ready, honey?" I ask, climbing up on the bench.

She doesn't answer, staring fixedly at the wall. She doesn't answer with sound or even motion. But I smell her. She reeks of need. She needs cock. She needs juice. She needs what the Horseboy's got.

"Fuck yeah!"

I sink my cockhead in. Like molten Vaseline Shaka Rex's jism, hot as sin, bubbles over my cock. I freeze. A huge sound escapes my throat. More than a sigh. More than a moan. A paean to the gods of those ancient religions who knew and celebrated the fundamental unity of man and animal.

I'm fucking a horse!

So many new experiences. I've never fucked a cunt, human or equine. It's different from a butthole. Not as tight. Of course, how can it be? It's designed and built to take horsecock and deliver new life, and Shake Rex has stretched Antoinette to take a locomotive up there.

But what I'm after isn't exquisite physical sensation, but perverted spiritual connection.

"I'm fucking a horse!"

Fingers of stallion cum extend from Antoinette's cunt, drawing my cock inside.

I blow a load the moment my balls slap against Antoinette's equine flesh. I blow a load of human seed into an ocean of sublime stallion juice. Picture a guppy burping bubbles into the vastness of the Pacific. In comparison to Shaka Rex ... that's what my load is. Miniscule. Dandelion fluff in the Astrodome. The full contents of my nuts are no challenge to this realm Shaka Rex so thoroughly filled.

But goddamn it feels great! Shouting, spitting, cussing, shooting, I almost fall off the bench.

I don't lose my hardon. Who could? The air I breathe smells of stallion and mare. It is sex. Squishy, juicy sex. Mix the blazing high of amyl night with the hazy, warm unreality of good weed and add a good measure of methamphetamine's pounding urgency ... yeah, man, that's what it is like. Fucking mare cunt.

This moment is, as far as I'm concerned, when I became a man.

I look down and there's my big cock drowning under the flood of Shaka Rex's cum. There it is, my huge dong, the meat that a thousand men have begged me to take out because they're going to split open, and it's in Antoinette's pussy and it looks like a garter snake slithering into Mammoth Cave. Shit! I'm embedded balls-deep in an organ that accommodates the titanic, awesome weapon of a stallion. I'm nothing, a spark, a firefly lost in the gulf between galaxies.

"Come on, baby! Let's fuck!"

Remember the sound of gravy bubbling in a pot? Antoinette emits that sound as I pummel her. Strings of cum crawl from her vulva, hanging, swinging as she moves, smacking against her ass, anointing her flesh. Ropes of stallion juice sway from my balls as I thrust. She's hot in there, hotter than anything I've ever felt on my cock. My cock is a submarine, probing an ocean of sperm.

Mares, like all living creatures, crave orgasms too, and this is one thing we puny monkeys can give them. We're not stallions, who mount and juice and strut off. We can savor fucking. We can turn it into art. She begins to quiver under my strokes, and these motions sharpen when I bend forward over her back, reaching around to stroke her belly. Slave to primitive instincts her legs part. She neighs her appreciation. Her fur, stiff yet soft, shifts as my palms roam over her. I find her clitoris, a small rock submerged in the tide of cum, and I play with it.

When she cums I'm sure it's the first she has ever experienced. Her screams make the planks tremble. I swear I hear a distant coyote howl, fearful of her apotheosis. I know the stallions hear it, over there in their stables. I grin, picturing Shaka Rex, stomping his foot in his stable, his giant dong erect again. I know he smells her. I know he smells me. He's a male. He can put two and two together.

Boom!

"Come on, lady, have my babies!"

I howl and jet again. Such is the strength and volume of Shaka Rex's load my ejaculation doesn't even create a current in that thick slimy sea. I mean, I picture my load displacing the stallion's deposit. I picture torrents of horse semen escaping Antoinette's vulva. I picture a titanic load of human semen swelling in her.

Reality is different than dreams.

I stagger off the bench, stumble backwards, crashing against the wall, panting and almost out of my mind.

I grin. I laugh. Shit. I've done it.

"I've fucked a horse!"

Antoinette looks at me reproachfully. She could've used some more thrusts. I laugh. Well, lady, that'll come later, like when what you've got filling your cunt doesn't sear me so deeply. When it's just Antoinette and the Horseboy, and Shaka Rex is over there in his stall, thinking his faggot dreams about the younger stallions.

My cock juts up, fully hard, slapping against my belly. Leaking stallion jism has cleaned my jockstrap. Whatever scents that were mine are gone. It is sodden with horse juice. The pouch cups a huge pool of jism. Tiny strands of mare juice sparkle on it. Slimy semen tentacles quest here and there. Like an avalanche of syrup it oozes down my legs, filling my boots.

"Goddamn!" I tell Antoinette. "That was fucking hot!" I pop her flank in comradeship.

She squats. She pisses. She wants more. I see her need, glinting in her eyes like the flames of a newly kindled lantern.

"Sorry, babe." I click and wink at her. "Got another date tonight."

I pull the bench away, closing the door behind me, and leave Antoinette in her stall. I glance down the line of closed doors. One mare peers at me. I recognize her. It is Ekaterina Magna, my sole remaining chore. Heh. My date. Her nostrils flare. She murmurs to herself.

"Hey there, sweet thing." Anyone else, hearing that tone in my voice, would have vamoosed, terrified by the sinister undertone. Ekaterina Magna quivers with excitement. I feel her eyes taking in my sperm-coated hardon.

Chest out, shoulders back, bench on my shoulder, jockstrap pulled low so it is wrapped round my thighs, swaying cock cracking whips of stallion jism, I strut down towards her. My eyes bore into Ekaterina Magna's. Her tongue slithers over her lips. Bitch needs me.

When I lay on my hand on the latch of Ekaterina Magna's stall, doubt hits me head on. Sure, my groin is drenched in stallion jism. But think about it. Antoinette's cunt anointed me with only the merest spurt from a stallion's coltmaker. A tiny dollop. A glowworm, one among millions. This paltry coat won't do.

Two pregnant mares before I get back.

It won't be enough.

I set the bench down next to the door. Ekaterina Magna, who'd scurried into the straw-lined depths, thrusts her head through, peering down at me. The pungent seashore odor makes my mouth water. My balls plump. My cock throb. I could throw myself into the bonfire, let my lust consume me. But I want to do this right.

"Don't worry, sweet thing. I'll be right back with what you need."

She neighs with forlorn sadness, watching my hard, muscled ass as I stalk away.

I think the official name for the device I take from the storeroom is something like Equine Semen Collection Device. I call it a horse flashlight since that's exactly what it is. It is a jacket of soft, pliant material that feels wanton when you fill it with warm water. I've learned that the stallions love it when the water temperature is exactly 98.6. When the bastards cum it's like trying to keep control of a fire hose. I fit to one end of the sexton a collection bag. Normally stallions like to mount a dummy mare while they use the horse flashlight. They don't need that round here. Horseboy is

talented.

I stroll down the stalls, carrying the fleshlight. Who? Who will I chose? Well, Sultan kicks the stall door upon seeing me. The sound booms like a cannon. He stares at me, his chest expanding a contracting like a bellow working a blacksmith's fire to white heat. Yeah. For what I have in mind, the quality of the ejaculation isn't so important. He'll go first. My cock bobs.

The gray stallion's cock slithers from his sheath when I enter his stall. Sniffing the air, he whickers and advances, frisky and trying to rear. His nostrils flare, drinking the scent pouring from Shaka Rex and Antoinette fluids mingle on my body, still coupled in an olfactory orgy. Sultan's hot breath warms my crotch. I feel his lips nuzzle my balls. He snorts and stomps. Sultan's great head rises and he gazes down at me serenely. *Good, little one, good.*

I slip the fleshlight on Sultan's hardon. He neighs, bobbing his head in approval. He likes the fleshlight much better than my hands. He stands, twitching and groaning, as I move it to and fro. I'm careful not to let his thrusting meat rip open the collection bag. I know a lot of special tricks and Sultan knows I know them. From time to time he stomps a hind hoof, demanding a twist. Sometimes he kicks his legs apart because it's natural for males to show off their nuts when they're hard. He loves having his balls toyed with. And if you stroke his thighs Sultan goes nuts.

Sultan screams, a sound like the Archangel Gabriel's trumpets, and ejaculates at least two pounds of horse semen into the bag. After slipping the device off Sultan's cock I check up the bag, examining the ejaculate. Yeah, a little watery, but there are ropes of sperm in that fluid.

I scratch Sultan's belly. "Not bad." He trots away, his cock retracting. "What, not even a kiss?" He rolls his eyes. He's done. Get out. Come back when he's horny again.

Sultan did well but the bag's not full. Pregnancy requires one egg and an ocean of sperm.

Thor catches my eye. He stands in profile in his stall, not moving, not chewing, just standing there displaying his magnificence, his giant cock jutting between his hind legs. His cockhead is semi-flared and a long snake of precum dances between it and the hay-strew floor. He snorts. *Well? You coming? I got what you need.*

"Hell yeah, buddy."

Thor doesn't deign to sniff me. He's Thor. I'm Horseboy. Sure, I nailed Antoinette, but Thor has bred herd after herd of mares.

The act of getting him off is simple. Slip the fleshly over his cock. I have to manhandle that flare. Wank the stallion. I swear he sighs with relief as the motion begins. He too likes his balls fondled and his thighs stroked but he always gets off on my dirty talk.

"Yeah, buddy, betcha she creamed when you put it in her, betcha she's with another mare right now and they're both licking your sauce out of each other's cunts, yeah mare sixty-nine, betcha every time she pisses she wishes you were there to smell it, betcha all she wants to do is spread her legs and take your cock and squat and drop your colt and do it all over again -"

Roaring like a blast furnace, Thor came. Two pounds of stallion juice, rich with milky strands of semen. It mixes with Sultan's when I jiggle the bag.

Red Peril is a roan stallion, very young, with a fiery disposition. It's a little dangerous to enter his stall. He's strong with the unpredictable side of the Force. He's never hurt anybody (yet) but he'll

kick at you when you get too near his ass. Unless you're Shaka Rex. But he likes the horse fleshlight and the moment he sees it his cock drops from his sheath. He snorts disapproval when he smells Sultan's and Thor's jism in the bag. But he doesn't object when I slip it on his cock and work him hard and fast. Young, dumb, and full of cum, his orgasm almost bursts the collection bag. I have to drain some of the water from the fleshlight, reducing its tight grip on Red Peril's shaft. This allows his ejaculation to blast backwards. Ever see one of those old films where they've loosened a street corner fire hydrant? Red Peril juices like that, except thick and gooey and it smells awesome, the way stallion cum always does. When I slip the thing off his slack cock, his sheath, his thighs and even his tail drip with excess sauce.

Red Peril lets me stroke his nose. "Good one, buddy. Thanks! I'm gonna put it where it needs to go!"

He snorts, moves a little bit away, and dumps an enormous mess from his ass.

I detach the bag. Rather than sealing it properly I spin it shut the way you do bread when you've lost the tie. Fuck cleaning the fleshlight; I'll do it tomorrow. My cock's training. My balls are recharged.

The sun peers above the horizon like an eye half-asleep. I flick on the lights in the mares' stable. I trudge down the aisle, eight or ten pounds of stallion juice in a bag slung over my shoulder. I'm a jockstrapped, hard-bodied, sex-demented Kris Kringle.

I kick open Ekaterina Magna's stall and strut inside, hardon blazing. "Hi, sweet thing," I say, setting down the bench behind her. "Let's make a baby!"

She's a pretty thing, Ekaterina Magna. Charcoal-gray coat, with black mane and tail. She's sturdy and powerful ... a good runner, but you wouldn't guess that from her body.

You can laugh, if you want, when I talk to the horses. Trust me, it works. No, they don't understand the words. They understand the tone. A mare understands that when a male struts through her door, hard cock bared, reeking as I do of sperm and testosterone and sweat, that I'm here to satisfy her needs, to fill her belly with the life she wants more than anything to nourish. So what if I don't have four hooves? I've a cock. That's what she needs.

She turns, presenting herself. Her scent draws me in. Her tail lifts. I brush it out of my way. Her cunt opens; revealing a pink cavern, oily and quivering. It closes, and then winks open again. She needs that space filled.

I'm not sure why I fasten my lips to her vulva. I blame straight porn. The dude, no matter how hot, always pays oral homage to his birthplace. A perverse thrill stabs me, a cold pike impaled from butt to skull, when my tongue slips inside. I've spent enough of my life with my face buried in some dude's crotch or his butt to have become addicted to male pheromones. The female scent? It's a scent that bloats your balls, makes you want to howl and fire cum.

Ekaterina Magna likes my technique. There's a moment of shock, and I picture her great head tilting upward, jaw dropping to reveal her enormous teeth, her eyes rolling up. She grinds her vulva all over my face, smearing me with fishy oil. I swear if at all possible Ekaterina Magna would have backed me against the wall, worked her haunches against my face, and vacuumed me inside her. Head. Shoulders. Chest. Hips. Thighs. Feet. She would have sucked me inside until I lay balled up in her womb, feeling her womb shuddering with the power of her beating heart. My balls would've poured juice directly into her womb. She would've stood there, shifting slightly, feeding on the writhing energy inside her, until she finally burst in the most titanic orgasm imaginable, my rebirth a blast from an equine cannon. I'd have ejaculated helplessly every minute in that obscene ordeal.

I'm munching on her cunt, my face almost buried inside — silky pink flesh oozes on my nose and chin — when her scalding flood begins. Imagine being in a hot shower with your eyes shut. But then imagine the smell, that seaside smell that repulses you because you (like me) are into guys, boiling around you like steam. Her piss is bitter when it fills my mouth but it intoxicates me with fire when I swallow.

Ekaterina Magna doesn't stir while I set the bench in place and climb onto it, the bag of semen slung over my shoulder.

I pop her flank. "Breeding time, sweet thing."

I've got a big cock. I'm not merely proud of it. I'm arrogant about it. But I'm not a fool. I really thought I'd get a thrill, looking down, seeing my weapon poised at her winking gate. Reality is a bit demoralizing. I can call myself Horseboy but I'm no stallion. I can dream of being Shaka Rex or Sultan or Thor but my cock is a human cock. Puny.

Her cunt winks and draws me in. She's slick inside. Lust paints her pussy with all-natural Astroglide. And Shaka Rex's cum still coats my cock. Grunt. Thrust. Heaven sheathes itself on my cock.

"Fuck!" I howl and erupt into her. I spew at least a six foot long lance of monkey cum into Ekaterina Magna, but I know it's nothing. I remember Antoinette, plugged full with stallion juice. I grunt and I pump but no matter what, I just don't have the balls.

Ekaterina Magna turns her head, ears flat against her skull. *Is that it?*

"No, sweet thing, it isn't!"

You don't lose hardons fucking hot equine flesh. Even though that cunt is far from the tightest thing I've ever felt impaled on my cock, it enflames me. I'm coupling with an animal. I'm violating the laws of man and God. Anyone who caught me and Ekaterina Magna joined so delightfully, so bestially, will have no pity. Churning my human cock in her mare cunt makes me irredeemably a deviant. If the cops burst in, it's either jail or worse: the sex offender's registry, an unusually cruel American punishment. It doesn't matter that she's grinding her haunches against my crotch. The fact that she's not hobbled won't save me. All that will matter is that two animals of different species were caught coupling, and a council of hairless apes, no longer able to burn at the stake, will pass sentence.

But you know? Fuck 'em. Horse cunt is the best cunt! Goddamn, this is a thrill!

Ekaterina Magna's orgasm ripples along my cock. Juice oozes from her lips and slimes my balls. It almost brings me off again. But wait. What am I doing? I'm here to breed. The problem isn't just the paltry amount of semen I can put up her. It's my human sperm. She can't conceive, and her piss washed away much of Shaka Rex's coat.

I wait a few minutes, shuddering, backing away from the precipice. She continues to grind against me, needing cock. There's an invisible vortex swirling from her cunt, seeking to suck in all the cum it can find.

"Sorry, sweet thing," I say. "I wish I had another two feet of meat. You'd like that girl, wouldn't you?"

She neighs. Hooves clomp. She bows her neck three times, frustrated.

I pump. Fuck this mare, man fuck her!

I tilt the collection bag forward. Perfect aim. A cup of stallion semen plummets, splattering on my cock. My strokes churn it to froth. Rivulets run down my cock into her vagina. Another pour, this time two cups. I can't smell the sea anymore. Just stallion jism. I pump the stuff up her. It now feels like I'm fucking a rubber sock full of hot motor oil. Long sticky strands of stallion jism whip from my cock. Thick membranes plaster my pubic hair.

Nice. Breathe the smell. Listen to the obscene sound. Hear her grunt. Feel her vagina gripping my cock.

Fuck it. Let's go all out.

I know my hat off my head. I lift up the bag. I pour. The goo splashes on my head, and courses down my body. It's like being absorbed by a giant amoeba — no, being eaten alive by an octopus. Tentacles of horse jism seek out my cock. They flow down my shaft, creep to my cockhead, and then crawl into Ekaterina Magna's cunt.

She's cumming. I feel it. I hear it. Even through the hood of horse jism, clinging like a placenta to my head, I hear her trumpet and stomp and feel the earthquakes smashing through her body.

It's when I suck in a big mouthful of jism — must be Red Peril's; I don't know how I know it, but I do — that a bolt of lightning flares, and my cries overwhelm even Ekaterina Magna's. I am a bit of flesh, through which a strand of cum emerges from some other universe where atoms are sperm.

As I dismount the bench I see Ekaterina Magna's eyes, warm and moist, peering at me. I stroke her neck.

"We did it, sweet thing," I murmur to her. "You got Horseboy's colt in you!"

My mind's too blown to clean up much. I set the bench outside. The collection bag goes into the trash. I strut down the aisle.

"Hey, ladies!" I call out as I shut off the light, "Horseboy's on the prowl!"

It's dark outside. I wait. The night is warm. I don't dress. I don't even pull up my jockstrap. I stand there, not thinking, just feeling, and remembering.

The lights of Forest's truck illuminate me. Legs spread, arms clasped behind my head. Piss stream from my long dong. Horse jism dries on my muscles. The brakes squeal and Forest climbs out.

"What the hell have you been up to?" He's not sure if he should be angry or turned on.

"Horseboy's been doing his chores." I jerk two thumbs my direction. "You got some pregnant mares, Mr. Boss Man."

He sniffs me. No mistaking the aroma of stallion cum. "Well. No use for the sling tonight. Come on. Let's get you cleaned up."

"Fuck that! I'm gonna let this shit dry and I'm going to sleep in it all night long!"

He almost says something that I'm sure would've been 'hell no!' had he gotten that far. He sees what's in my eyes and he knows what's in my mind. So the moment passes.

That night I dreamed a new dream, one I'd never dreamed before.

A stall, strewn with hay. Myself. A mare. The mare squats. Her tail lifts. Her cunt winks. Her belly surges. Fluid gushes. She extrudes the entire body, much longer than I expected. I see hooves. For a moment I'm relieved. I think she came giving birth because she rises unsteadily, shivering, her eyes clouded as if drunk.

The mare holds my eye. Does she need breeding? She has no colt. She must need cock. My cock surges. Longer than ever, it smacks my chin.

The colt staggers to its hooves. The coat is glossy black. His torso, however, is a mirror image of mine, even down to the shade of the tan. Not as muscular; this is a colt, not a stallion. Both nipples are erect. He stretches, yawns, revealing armpits free of down.

My colt's eyes are bright and wide and warm as dawn itself. He races towards me, exclaiming, "Father!" Man and centaur embrace as mare looks on.

Shuddering I awake, feeling a rain of jism on my body, streaking me from forehead to navel. My erection fires blast after blast.

Wet dream! Haven't had 'em for years. Erotic dreams aplenty, but wet dreams are a page out of my history I long thought turned.

I fall back onto the sheets; panting, drained in a way I haven't been for years.

Beside me Forest grunts and rolls over. I hear him sniff. His hand closes over my cock, still hard. "Damn," he says. "You need more?"

"Yeah, Forest. I need lots more."

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#### **Part IV - Anonymous Stallion Barebacks Horseboy**

My horse dreams began in the fifth grade.

My first dream? I dreamed that I woke in my bed, naked and innocent. No explanation of where my pajamas had gone. I needed to see ... *something*. I looked down at my cock. In those days hardons were a novelty and a wonder.

But I needed to see ... *something*.

So my hardon lead my dream-self through our house. In the empty living room I climbed up onto the couch. Why were the curtains closed? Stupid. I pulled the cord and expose the big picture window. I looked outside, and I let the outside look at me.

And, for the first time in my life, I saw him.

The stallion stood in our yard like a marble statue. He was blinding white, as if his muscular form and animal fur were composed of searchlight rays. Seeing me, he turned, displaying a body rippling with power and grace. I felt his eyes roam over every inch of my naked and immature body. He pawed the turf, and nodded.

His cock slid from his sheath. Having never seen anyone or anything sprout a hardon, it fascinated

me. It was like sunrise. The horse's cock was different from my own. Blunt, where I [ 'm rounded. And oily where I'm not. But clearly a cock. A gargantuan cock that poured from his sheath like a river over a waterfall. Pink and glistening. It jerked and grew stiff. It smacked against his stomach.

My jaw dropped.

So alien. Kingly. To know the white stallion was to know ... what?

And then his cockhead flared, and he let out a great whinny, and I saw nothing but gushing white fluid, thick and wriggling, great tentacles of shimmering fluid that reached out to embrace me.

I woke, gasping, awed, yet still ignorant, aware only that a question had been posed.

The white stallion trotted through my middle school dreams. Example? My dream-self down at the creek with my buddies. Brazenly the stallion trotted up, dropping his cock, and watched me. I abandoned my friends and ran towards him. Without moving the stallion seemed to recede into the distance. I ran and ran and ran. My clothes dropped away. I ran naked and found him in a meadow. We cavorted, chasing each other, him whinnying, me giggling. Other horses came, both stallions and mares. I know. I checked between their hind legs, looking for that sheath where marvels slumbered. The white stallion dominated us, looking at me especially while a mysterious equine ritual was conducted. Circling horses nudged me this way and that. The white stallion was the object of our worship, and the spectator, and our teacher, and the master of the ceremony. At his command the dream became vigorous but indistinct. I remember brown bristly fur scouring my belly. Hot moisture on my cock. I felt a muscled presence behind me. Something pressed against my asshole.

This dream brought forth gallons of jism, which I spewed onto my flat, hairless belly, gasping and begging for it to happen again.

In high school the dream ceremony became more explicit. My schoolmates were assembled in the gym. Friends sat in the bleachers on either side of the basketball court. My best friends were always in the lowest seats with the unobstructed view. I stood in the middle of the gym. I wore a jockstrap. My exposure did not embarrass me. My hardon seemed expected. Everyone waited in quiet anticipation.

The doors opened. In trotted the white stallion. He ducked his head to pass through the door. Hooves clunked on the burnished court. Dark eyes enfolded me with his power. He stopped. My heart thudded in my chest. I pulled my hardon from my jockpouch and I showed it to the white stallion. He snorted. He turned to confirm for me that he was the same horse I'd seen in all my dreams, displaying his sleek, magnificent muscles. Not just to me but to my friends and classmates in the gym. Rumbling softly like a distant storm, the white stallion's giant cock emerged from his sheath. The crowd gasped and murmured approbation. When it was hard and throbbing he stomped a hind hoof, like a vizier ramming his staff against the floor to force a subordinate to obedience.

Wordlessly I turned, to discover that behind me sat a very large bale of hay almost as tall as a kitchen table. My task was obvious. I bent over it, supporting myself on my palms. And I spread my legs. Hot air blew between my buttcheeks. The watchers gasped.

Suddenly there was bliss.

But now? My ranchland dream?

This is a dream I've never had before.

I stand at our bedroom window, looking into the night. Forest snores on the bed. I smell his butt on my cock. It is the pit of the night, when everything slumbers, even the stars. Suddenly bright light bathes the space between farm house and the stallions' stables. Equally as sudden, it is dark.

My heart hammers. My chest rises and falls as if I've run a marathon. My hardon twitches against the glass, streaking it with precum.

Fucking hell I wanna fuck!

This need to explode must be what werewolves feel right before they transform. I strobe with energy. I blaze with savagery. I kick my legs apart. It's the season. I know it. I need to be bred. *Come on, yeah, do it, I'm ready!* I feel slutty. I'm a cock junkie in need of my fix.

The light flickers in the yard. In the microsecond between flash and darkness, something sucks me outside.

I'm naked. My hardon smacks against my chest. The night's warm. The breeze is nervous. The back of my neck tingles. I turn.

Beware! Catastrophe is coming. Something devours the glittering stars. Line squall. An arc of clouds. Anarchy of nature, curving in a great bow from horizon to horizon. An electric orgy crackles beneath trailing skirts of vapor. And yet for all the violent lightning there's no thunder. None. As if it's not being created. I hear crickets and coyotes and a distant radio playing Johnny Cash. But something steals the sonic energy of thunder before it assaults my ears.

"Nice ass, Horseboy." This rumbling voice, then, is the thunder absent from this scene. "You've always had a nice ass, though."

I turn.

He is beauty and power, the white stallion who rules me. He comes at me, head high. His tail streams like a plume of smoke. The white stallion high-steps. He's always been a show off, and when I grew brave I sought to imitate him. My eyes seek what they naturally seek, but shadows lay thick in his groin.

"Checking me out, aren't you, Horseboy?" He snorts. "You horny fuck."

The stallion canters round me, eyes fixed on me. Three times, then he halts. A flash of lightning. Yes, now I see. His sheath bulges. The opening gapes and something thick and greasy protrudes. His balls are so swollen he has to trot with hind legs splayed to keep from crushing them.

"Big cock," he says. "For a human. You grew up right." He twitches a shoulder, as if shrugging. "Just to make things clear. I'm not interested in your cock. I just like knowing the sex of my mare."

Mare. That word. Bees swarm through my stomach. I smell him. My foot paws the earth. I drool.

Each and every stallion has his own distinct scent. They're all earthy smells. Take Shaka Rex, for example. I can recognize him from ten feet away. Plow the earth, turn up black sod, bend down and sniff. That's Shaka Rex. Red Peril? The smoke from a cedar fire. Thor? Heh-heh. Cocaine, man. Thor smells the way cocaine makes you feel. But this one, the white stallion of my dreams? Ever spend any time near an electrical substation? Ever listen to that low crackling hum? Smell that ozone? That's it. That's the smell of the white stallion.

"Yeah," he says. "I now you like me. But how much do you need me?"

He sidles up to me, looking down. He's a king. A Caesar. His lips curl in a sneer, daring me to try to escape. He bounces a bit on his forelegs. Power and violence seethe beneath his creamy fur. Muscles strive.

I can't breathe. It's like being at the crest of a roller coaster's loop.

Slowly he steps closer. Should I turn around now, and let the bliss begin? Fuck, I want to.

"You don't do anything but look at me."

Ten feet away. Five feet. One foot. He sets a hoof down an inch away from my bare foot. His teeth gleam in a flash of lightning. If you've never been around a horse, don't let their grace and beauty fool you. They're power. They're elemental fury wrapped in a cocoon of flesh.

"You smell dirty. Horny. Slutty. You're a mare, Horseboy. A mare that needs a colt inside her."

His breathes me. He guzzles my scent like beer. His huge nostrils linger above my shoulders.

"Show me your armpits."

I clasp my forearms behind my head.

His nose approaches my pits. Again he breathes. His huge tongue licks his lips. His head lifts to the sky and he lets out a triumphant whinny.

"Breeding time!" Delight flickers in his eyes like a blacksmith's furnace.

He devours me. The white stallion doesn't touch me. He doesn't look into my face. His eyes roam over my flesh as if my form were something precious to him. A possession. He examines my pectorals. He nods. He checks my biceps. He nods. My stomach. My thighs. My calves. He sniffs each bit of flesh.

"You've wanted me forever, haven't you?"

I croak, "Yes." My throat is dry.

The stallion lingers a long time at my groin. Just breathing. Just breathing Horseboy's sweaty funk. I let him. *Look at my hardon, horse. Look how you make me feel.*

"Turn around."

"Do you want to see my ass?"

"Hell yes I want to see your ass!"

Slowly I shuffle round. To prostitute myself to an animal. I want to draw this out. Tease him, the way he's teased me in all our dreams. Step by step, slow as molasses. Let him see my flank. And when I'm turned around I whore myself. Arch my back. Butt out. Let him lick his lips as he ogles the curve of my buttock. Let him see the nervous light flicker on my buttocks. Let him guess what the shadows in my crack hide.

Let the beast smell my sweat. Let the beast know my need.



He whistles. It's a wolf-whistle, like what you'd hear a construction worker toss a bimbo. "Yeah, Horseboy. That's prime ape ass. My type. Round. Muscled. *Tight.*"

"What's your name?"

"I don't tell mares any of my names," he growls. His teeth fasten to my ass.

"*Motherfucker!* You bit me!" Pain throbs in my right buttock.

"Couldn't resist. Couldn't resist. Now turn around. And look at me."

Slowly I turn back. He's the horse, the master. I'm his boy. We've always known it. The stallion bends his head down like a king leaning from his throne. His eyes are obsidian. His ears twitch.

"We've been together in our dreams," murmurs the stallion. "I know what you want. In this dream I'll give it to you. If you've got the balls. Do you know what you want?"

"I want you to fuck me."

"Well," he says, "that's part of it. But I want more. I want to breed you. That's different from a fuck. I want to ... re-create you as something more. Call it transfiguration. Make you into the thing that you really are." His nostrils come so close to mine that we share breath. "Good. You smell hot, Horseboy. You turn me on. You make me want to do things to you, you know? I've watched you strutting around in my dreams for years, showing off that sleek human body, and I look at that tight butt and all I can think about is making a colt come alive inside you."

I swallow. "You're not one of those spirit things ... those spirit guides, are you?"

"Absolutely not. In this dream I'm flesh. I'm blood. And I'm semen. To hell with spirit! I'm here to *breed!*"

Ever had a Christmas, or a birthday, when you got the exact present you need? Not the one you asked for, not the one you want, but one that unexpected gift that came from someone who knew you eerily well?

"Yeah, Horseboy," murmur the stallion. "I'm going to breed you. From top to bottom, you're going to be nothing but my cum. It's what you've wanted all your life, isn't it?"

Quivering, I nod.

"Yeah." His lips flutter too. He wants it as badly as me. "You want to do it with a horse. Not only that, you want the whole fucking human race watch you make love with an animal. You're honest. I like that. I'll go rough on you. Don't let that frighten you. Real men like it when a stallion gets rough."

I shiver. "Do you want to fuck me here?"

"The stables," he says. "We need that audience."

"The mares? Or the stallions?"

He laughs. "'The mares.' I won't forget you said that. You want Ekaterina Magna to see you taking me up the ass, don't you?"

*"Hell yeah!" You see that, sweetie? You got my colt in you. Now I'm gonna have my own!*

"You're as deviant as I'd hoped. Good. But not the mares. The stallions', of course. They want to watch you. My principle is bros before hos. You and Forest have been teasing them."

Lightning sizzles nearby, and during the flesh we transition to the stable.

His smell must've been ten thousand times more intense for the penned stallions than for me. They must be living in an atmosphere of incipient sex. Incipient breeding. This is for them the primordial moment before the Big Bang. The horses are nuts. They whirl in frenzied circles within their stalls. The clatter of hooves reverberates like an avalanche. They trumpet greetings when we flicker into existence. I don't need to understand their language. The meaning is clear enough.

*Nail him, stud!*

*Teach that scrawny human punk who's the motherfucking stud!*

*Breed that ass!*

*Sloppy seconds!*

The white stallion trots down the aisle. Fuck. What an ass. Strong and muscular. And that tail! Hiding then revealing his pucker and his giant, heavy nuts.

"Cut loose, fellas!" the stallion calls as he passes. "It's party time!"

Immediately the air reeks of stallion piss. Rivers of urine run from beneath the stall doors. Walking through it is like crossing lava.

My eyes fix upon the white stallion's swinging balls. He senses it. He holds his tail to show them off. They're huge. Two cantaloupes full of microscopic unborn horses, swimming in blissful testosterone liquor. They bulge in a creamy white sack. Fuck, I can hear his seed sloshing in them. Christ, if I had nuts like that I'd fuck all day.

Hot damn! I'm going to get this beast off!

The stallions stare at me. Sultan. Shaka Rex. Thor. I'm meat at their porn show. Excitement crackles. They thrust their head at me through the door, whinny, neigh, scream, and retire to spin crazily around in their stalls. Then the heads reappear for another look. They hoot and they holler and if they could whistle they would.

The white stallion trots past our sling. "Interesting. But it doesn't work for me. Ah. Here." He makes his way towards ... yes, an oversize bale of hay there in the central aisle.

Do I hear human voices, echoing as if in a large gym, murmuring beneath the sound of sexually overwrought stallions? How many voyeurs are watching our dream? I straighten my back. I flex. I strut. I hope every fucking human eye is turned upon us.

The white stallion halts beside the hay bale. He looks back at me. His hind hooves shift anxiously, the way a boy's feet do when he has to pee. He raises his tail high.

*"Lick my balls, human."*

The other stallions erupt in a thunderous cacophony.

I kneel with thundering heart. I stare at the center of his power. Big stallion nuts dangle like fruit, ready to be tasted. I cough up spit and lick my lips. Don't want to fuck this up. Don't want to disappoint the first stallion I service.

Slowly I reach out. My hands tremble. I touch them. They feel like soft chamois. His flesh shivers. I flutter my fingers along them. You know the way you tease a man's balls to make him cum harder? I sniff my fingers. Pure horse. Meadows, hay, sweat, and sex. Drool cascades from my lips. His musk. Damn.

"You like how my balls feel, boy?"

"Fuck yeah." They quiver under my fingers. They pulse. They are the source of life and lust and I'm touching them.

"Lick 'em, human. Show me that you care."

I'm a drooling slave to horse balls. Spit gushes down my chin. A rope of precum sways from my cock. My tongue touches his balls.

Hear me, world? I'm tonguing a stallion's nuts! He likes it. I like it. We need it.

Every horse in the stable stares at us. At Horseboy servicing the unnatural lust of the white stallion. Their human caretaker abasing himself before a horse's glorious power.

As I start to lick my heart gallops. At last I'm free.

His balls are warm and supple beneath my lips. The skin is tougher than a man's nuts. It has to be, to contain the fiery novae within. His tail swishes against my back.

"Lick," he croons. "Lick me the way you've always wanted to."

I begin on the backside, my nose in his taint. As I slurp on his salty balls I caress the inside of his thighs. The white stallion parts his legs.

"Do me right, Horseboy, and I promise you my colt."

Watch and listen, guys. Here's your first lesson on slaking a stallion's lust. First you lave his right nut. You soak it till spit hangs from it. You lick. You pucker. You caress. Then you tongue the groove between the testicles, from the apex of the taint right down as low as you can get. You nibble his seam. Gently, of course. You don't harm nuts like these. One kick and he'll kill you. The nibbling drives him crazy. Then you move on to his left nut. You know you're doing right when his haunches twist and his tail swishes.

I crawl under the stallion. I lick the bottom of his giant sack. It covers my face. I look straight up at his swollen sheath. The lair of the horsecock. Where the rod of might that'll join human to horse quivers.

I laugh. Fuck, this is joy!

"Happy Horseboy," mutters the stallion.

I creep further between his legs. His body is a sky full of muscle and semen. I angle my face to work the front of his balls. My forehead presses against his throbbing sheath. I smell my spit and his musk. His hooves shift uneasily. Stamp impatiently.

Suddenly the white stallion snorts. "Decent job, human, though I've had better. Let me reward you. Lie down." He chuckles. "Face up, you slut. I know you need me in your ass but do as I command."

I stretch out on the floor. The stallion steps backward. It's my job to keep my arms and legs from getting pulped under his hooves. He stops when my head lies between his fore hooves.

"You see my sheath? Yeah. You always check between a horse's legs, don't you?"

I can't look anywhere else. There's a great one-eyed beast staring at me from those velvety folds. My buttocks pucker.

"You're a dirty, filthy, sick, horsecock loving human. And you're mine! "

"I'm yours," I breathe. I mean it. It's a marriage pledge.

"Watch me get hard, Horseboy. Watch my big horsecock."

It seems shy the way his cock emerges. First only a half inch, then back inside. I know he's teasing me. It's all about teasing. All these dreams, over all these years, have been about teasing, until the excitement and the energy peaked within me, so that this dream could come to pass.

The stallion's cock emerges again. Thick. Alien. From this angle — head on, the best way to view it — the urethra is gem cupped in folds of flesh. The organ is pale pink in color and it glistens with oil. Once on its way it emerges smoothly and continuously.

Inch after inch. Foot after foot. It descends in an arc. He isn't hard. It's what you'd call a soft on. Blood fills it but it hasn't yet stiffened for ... insertion.

I whimper as the shadow of horsecock slides over my sweaty torso.

"Touch me," the white stallion croons. "Touch my cock, Horseboy. You've held every other cock in this stable. Now touch mine. The one that's gonna breed you."

Yeah, I've touched horsecock before but I've never touched ... the first one I'm going to take up my ass. I feel like a little boy who's found someone's used jockstrap. His fucking dong is a behemoth, even for a horse. Sultan? Shaka Rex? They're pickles next to this zucchini. Even with both hands clasped behind the head my fingers do not meet. And Jesus H. Christ, what a feeling. Horsecock in my hands. Giant fuckshaft. He's going to ... breed me with this thing. It's going to put his colt in me. Energy surges within it.

I am its slave. Forever.

"Point it at your face." His laughter blends with the neighing and stomping of horses.

I know what's coming. I know I want it.

The white stallion's urethra is thicker than my forefinger. When it gapes open I get a fleeting glimpse of a golden disc. I grin. I arc up off the floor just the way I do when penetrated by a big cock. The golden disc grows larger. Turns to glittering wasps. Piss splatters. I moan.

His piss anoints me head to toe. Its fumes are heady and make my mind spin. Like a hose I direct his piss up and down my body because I sense, as if communicated through his piss, that's what he wants. I almost cum when it pours over my cock. I direct the steam into my armpits. I wash myself free of my own odor, substituting his for mine.

"That's right, Horseboy. That's right." He croons. "Make yourself my mare. I want to smell myself when I fuck you."

He doesn't grace me with his full bladder. Once I'm branded with his scent he pinches off the flood. I can't help but revere one who knows what is precious and knows he should hoard it.

"You've been good, Horseboy," mutters the stallion. "I left a gift for you."

A golden drop beckons from his cock. Grinning, I sit up and snatch up with my tongue. I shudder as it slides down my throat. It's slimy and stringy and its smell lingers in my nostrils for a long, long time.

I hear him take in a huge lungful of breath when I start licking his cockhead. He rumbles as he exhales. I feel the blood coursing into the divine instrument. It thickens until the narrowest part, just behind his head, is thick as my bicep. It stiffens, rising towards his belly. My tongue finds clots of cockcheese and I scarf them hungrily. I stroke his shaft. The flesh is sick, as if coated with motor oil. There's no way this thing could fit down my throat. But I still picture it. Unhinged jaw. My throat, swollen from within. My eyes, hazy with delight. My nostrils, flared, slurping up the equine scent pouring from his sheath.

I picture him, the white stallion, eyes rolled back, ears flat against his skull, tail thrashing, stomping his hooves, as I lay there and service his gargantuan cock.

"I know you want to," says the stallion. "But just put it out of your mind. Humans can't suck horsecock worth a damn. If you're good, I'll visit you again in another dream, and I'll take you someplace where you can watch ... something, heh-heh, suck me."

His cock quivers, ramrod stiff, throbbing against his belly. I lick down the side just to please him. To remind him I'm there, between his legs, ready to slake his lust for human butt.

"Enough," he says. "Breeding time!"

Hot damn! I scramble from beneath him. Once again I feel like a kid who has gotten the gift he needs. The stallions sense it too. No capering. They're all watching from their doors, ears flat against their skull. They drag their hooves on the floor, pawing, wishing they were in the white stallion's place.

"How do you want me? Where do you want me?" I hop from foot to foot.

His eyes? Not warm. They glitter, cold, appraising me. "You should already know. We've rehearsed this before. Bend over the hay bale."

I obey. I rest my palms on the bale and thrust my ass high. Sweat trickles from my balls. "Like this?"

"Like that." Hooves clomp as he eases towards me. "Sweet money ass. Only good thing about your species."

At first I think I felt his cock, flickering at my butthole. And that thought alone nearly makes me cum. I melt and I think, *Fuck yeah!* But it isn't cock; it is his tongue. His big tongue, the size of my palm, probing and invading my pucker. I let free a great shuddering sigh. It's a nasty invasion, full of moisture and air, as he snuffles and licks me. I groan when the tongue enters me. I whimper as it sinks deep.

His tongue feels wide as Forest's cock. It doesn't advance deep. I arch my back and I spread my legs and I thrust my butt against his nostrils. *Yeah, boy, I need what you got.* Is this what a mare thinks? He finds my prostate and he thrusts at it. No human can match that trick. I whimper like a bitch in heat and grind my ass against his face.

"Eat me," I beg. "Eat my ass!"

Then his tongue is gone. A shadow falls. Suddenly his fore hooves crash onto the hay bale in front of me. His cock stabs against my buttocks as he hunches.

"I wish," he mutters, "I really wish I could find a human strong enough to take my weight while I fuck him." Something hot as sin drizzles onto my spine. Horse precum. "I like my mare to do the heavy lifting while I handle the drilling. If you're gonna do bestiality, I guess you gotta make some compromises."

He thrusts. He misses. I think he does it on purpose. His huge shaft stabs along my stomach and chest. I stare at it in shock. The damn thing reaches from my thighs to my neck.

"Whoops, sorry," he says. "Missed." He chuckles.

He draws back, hooves shifting, and thrusts again. Again he misses. This time his giant meat throbs against my back. His motherfucking cock must weight eighty goddamned pounds just by itself.

Needing what he's got, I reach back, seeking his cock.

"No, stop," he commands. "This is where the stallion takes over."

Again he hunches. It jabs against my asshole. He whickers. I hear one of the other stallions snort and paw. I've said it before but here on the cusp of penetration I'll say it again. His cock is huge.

"You want this, don't you, Horseboy?"

"I need it!" And I do. I don't know what'll happen when the huge instrument pierces me. I just know I need his alien presence inside me.

He presses deep into my socket. If I were Antoinette I'd have that giant thing in me now. Bet she's in her stall now, streaming juice, just smelling this stud. I've got him, and my tight ring doesn't surrender pleasure that easily.

"Yes, Horseboy, that's my cock. That's my cock, pressing against your ass. I'm a horse and I'm going to breed you." He grunts. "Ready or not, here I come!"

"Wait!" I cry. "Lube!"

"It's a dream," he says. "Don't worry."

He stabs in.

Everything changes.

Horseboy is finally a horse's boy.

My ring irises open. He pauses and I get a moment to rejoice. I got a foot of stallion cock in my guts. Maybe because it's a dream it doesn't hurt. Maybe it doesn't hurt because I want not just a foot, but

a yard, of throbbing equine fuckshaft. Or maybe the pain I've experienced as a human slips his fist into me is pleasure when a horse does the same thing with his hardon. For him, my anus is a gate and my colon a land of forbidden pleasure. For me, his cock is my god.

"Holy shit," I mutter, panting, clawing at the hay. "Goddamn, that's nice." Rings of crimson light float up my spinal cord from my ass to my brain. I shift, moving a bit on the stallion's meat.

"Yeah," snorts the stallion. "It's hot when a horse fucks his boy!" His cock lurches upward, a motion so strong he pulls my upturned buttocks against his stomach.

The beast isn't at all gentle. He's consumed by the red fog of his lust. I'm his vessel. The stallion grants me those brief seconds for my organs to readjust to the titanic reality of his invasion. Then it's time to increase his pleasure. He is relentless. The shaft sinks deeper into my straining butt. I feel the great cockhead inside me, pushing everything aside, and creating room for the behemoth. I groan. I hear the white stallion chortle with delight.

"It's always like it," he mutters to himself. "They can't believe it when I finally give 'em what they need!"

I moan. I urge myself backward, to take more of the horse inside my straining body. I beg for more and he gives me more. The stallion's shaft thickens towards the sheath. The act of joining beast to man seems to take forever.

"Jesus," I breathe.

"No," grunts the stallion. "Jesus was a bottom. Nice ass, though."

"How much are you going to give me?"

"Every fucking foot of it. The way I always give it."

And, in the end, he doesn't stop his insertion until I feel the soft folds of his sheath nuzzling between my buttcheeks. There were moments when I pounded my fists on the hay, reading to beg him to stop. But I never gave him. Horsecock is a drug.

He twitches his meat, whipping me.

"Yeah. Who's my mare?"

"I'm your mare!"

"Damn right."

I feel bristly fur against my back and butt. I feel his heartbeat, resounding through my body as if it were a great bell pealing over some tiny village. My heart surrenders, synchronizing its beating with his, my master, the animal who takes me.

"Does it hurt?"

"No," I say. No pain at all. It's all pleasure. I'm a membrane of pleasure, wrapped around a giant cock.

"Well," he says, "remember this is a dream. When you do it for real, you'll be begging for Sultan to take it out."

Sultan?

“Let’s fuck,” he grunts. “Gotta make that colt!”

He withdraws. I moan as each inch slithers free. I almost cry. The emptiness he leaves behind is shattering. It is as if I’m being drained of life and vitality. The stallion eases back until his cockhead holds my anus open wider than two fists.

“Feel that?” he grunts. “Feel my cock?”

“Fuck me!”

“Who’s the master here?”

“Horsecock!” I bellow.

I hear a wet thumping sound and I realize that all the stallions — those stud beasts I’ve led time and time again to fill mare cunts with their divine seed — are beating off, watching me take it up the ass from this white stallion.

“Don’t you forget it. Let’s fuck, Horseboy!” He whinnies. “It’s what being a horse is all about!”

He’s violent and furious. His strokes hammer like detonations of dynamite. He’s brutal. He’s intent on his need to fill me with seed. There’s no concession to human frailty. There’s no pretense of love or tenderness. And goddamn it, I don’t want him treat me like a little human. If a mare can take him, so can I.

I need to show him that my tight ass can take it. That not having his cum up me drives me nuts.

He screams pure horse, and fucks, mane and tail flying. I stagger and struggle to steady myself on the bale. Muscles bleed through his body. Hooves stomp furiously. I won’t escape. Why should I escape? I’m joined with him. Horsecock has unified us.

He can’t see me but I know he feels when slut mode overcomes me. When the plunging power of his cock makes me arch my back, when my gaping hole makes me thrust back against him, when slurping sounds cause me to whore for him. I’ve seen the mares do it when stallions take them in the pens. The mode just swims up from somewhere deep inside them and they join in harmony with some unseen sexual melody. Stallions expect it as their due. The mode pure instinct. Any beast that blesses you with such pleasure is entitled to abasement.

Each stroke he pumps into me tells me that, yeah, this horse likes what I got. That, just like me, he looks at the form of another species and thinks, *yeah, I want me some of that*. Each stroke is a step on a journey that will joins us forever, when the union of stallion seed binds human to horse.

For the other stallions, watching a beast fuck a man from their stalls, I buck and I twist and I toss my head and I work, ‘cause I want them to know how much I like horsecock in my ass. I want to lay with the beasts of the field. I want to dribble their seed from my ass.

I probably started cumming when he filled me with horsecock. I don’t recognize it for a long while. Then I look down, to discover my cock firing volley after volley of cum into the hay and slathering my belly. I’m sure the white stallion sensed my orgasm as my ring shrank against his plunging shaft, and took it and united it with his own, greater, and more godlike rapture. What does a stallion care if his mare cums? It’s all about the breeding.



"Gonna give you my colt," he grunts.

He's a stallion. A breeder with a giant cock. It's the mare's task — me, muscular Horseboy, first time mare — to bring him pleasure, so that the seed can spurt forth and bring new things into being.

My heart sears when his strokes increase, when his cock stiffens, signifying he's about to juice my guts.

"Shit," he growls. "It's breeding time!"

Whinnies crescendo. Muscles tense. The stallion throws his head back. His tail whips furiously. I swear he almost blows the roof off the stables when he juices me.

I feel cataracts of horse cum flooding my guts. I'm a valley and a bursting damn obliterates me. The seed cascades inside me. Bubbling gooey chaos, thrilling with potential. It seeks out every nook and crevice. Stallion juice replaces the emptiness within me. He fills colon and small intestine, and still he fires. Goddamn, what balls. What stud balls on this beast. Cum gurgles into my stomach. Up my esophagus. It pours into my lungs. I'm drowning in cum. The flood bursts from my lips. Strands of cum vomit between my lips. I shudder, looking down at the long tentacles of jism crawling across the hay.

"Take it! Take it!"

For a few seconds we remain joined. His cock slacks. I wipe my lips.

"Now," he says, easing his cock down, "you're one of us. You've got my colt infusing you. You're one of the elect. The elite. You've been bred by the best there is."

I cough like crazy to clear my throat. "When do I give birth?"

He laughs. "Not long." He pulls out of me.

I fall on the hay bale, clenching my asshole, trying to stop the tide from escaping. I lay in mingled spunk, his and mine.

The stallion — my breedmaster — bounces up. Fore hooves crash on the floor beside the bale of hay. I feel his breath against my butt. "Yeah. That's a fucked pussy." You can hear the triumph in his voice. He who cums is king.

He trots a little way up the aisle. Warily, I watch him, wishing already he'd come and do it again.

The stallion turns. "You're a good fuck, Horseboy. And that's a compliment coming from a stallion. Remember, we seed thousands of cunts a year. You're one of the best I've ever had." He snorts. "But don't get cocky. I've had better, and will have it again."

Again the stallion turns as if to leave. Suddenly he sees Sultan's head thrust above his stall door. The stallion skids to a halt.

"I smell stud," he growls. He steps sideways over to Sultan. The two stallions sniff each other. Challenge glows in their eyes.

Suddenly the white stallion lunges. His lips press against Sultan's. Groaning and whickering echoed through the stable. Tongues slurp and equine spit drips. When the kiss breaks a long strand of saliva connects each horse. The white stallion whickers low.

"He's all yours, stud," I hear the white stallion say. Piss gushes from his cock.

Sultan glances my way, then trumpets loudly, bucking his head wildly. He whirls away in joy.

"I'll be back for you later," says the white stallion. The flood of piss washes away straw. "But you're going to have to deal with these guys yourself, Horseboy."

He trots down the aisle, trailing urine, and is gone.

Sultan's eyes glare into mine. His nostrils flare wide. I can smell the musk of his balls from here. I rise and —

Lightning! Thunder! The house shakes.

Son of a bitch. I thrash, tangled in the sheets, and shoot upright. I'm drenched with sweat.

Forest reclines on his side, brandishing his hardon. "Let me have that butt, Horseboy. Storms make me horny."

But this isn't a good time. The cramp almost bends me double. It's like being kicked in the guts from the inside. I shake my head at him. "No, not now. Sorry. You don't want to be putting anything up there right now."

Forest grumbles with disgust.

I stumble out of bed. Another cramp and I almost fall to the floor.

"You all right?" asks Forest. "Was it something you ate?"

"Must've been." I shut the bathroom door behind me. I squat on the toilet. And I let loose.

The stuff blasts out of me for five minutes. It's a gut-emptying dump, man. I can feel the pressure sink down in me like a thermometer on a colt day. Hell, the head of this stuff must've been up next to my liver. I won't lie. It was liquid too, gooey and nasty.

I'm not finished expelling the contents of my bowels when the toilet begins overflowing. Wet stuff plops to the floor. Son of a bitch. I shake my head. I glance down.

What the hell?

Long white ropes of slime creep over the rim of the toilet bowl, detaching, falling onto the floor.

I clamp my asshole shut. I stand. I look into the toilet.

The entire bowl brims with sperm.

Dreamtime is over.

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Part V - Slut for Sultan

Forest doesn't believe me. He lets me know how he feels right after I tell him what had just gushed from my ass.

"Lay off the 'shrooms," he says, wiping sleep from his eyes.

"Look at it, motherfucker!"

Forest rolls out of bed and heads into the bathroom. He doesn't say a word, looking down into the toilet bowl where five, maybe ten gallons of spunk — horsespunk, goddammit! — quivers like white grape jelly.

"It happened," I tell him. "I don't know how, but it happened."

"Turn around."

I lean against the doorjamb. His fingers explore my ring, coming away coated with sperm.

"If you'd had a horse up there," Forest says, "you'd have sucked my arm up inside."

I start to protest, but he cuts me off.

"Don't BS yourself. You're the biggest slut since ... since ..." he gropes for the words.

"I'm the biggest slut outside the goddamned mares' stable!" I grin. "Come on, Forest, you know it happened. If it didn't, why is there a toilet full of spunk right in front of you? And don't BS me! You know how horse jism smells!"

Forest shrugs like a guy who's just heard his best buddy tell him about his trip on a UFO. "I don't know. Just flush it down and get back to bed."

"Explain it!"

"I can't!" Forest cries in frustration. "If you need a fucking explanation, call Mulder and Scully. They didn't call it *X-Files* because it was PG fucking 13!"

Twenty year old TV? Man, Forest is out of it.

I'm nervous when dawn wakes me. He's not talking. I cook breakfast to soothe him. He's all closed up. I try to mollify him with eggs sunny side up, with bacon, with sausage, with toast and real butter, with orange juice and coffee. It works. At the end of breakfast he manages a few bad jokes. Forest sits down to do the ranch accounts. He makes a few more jokes about how I better start watching what I eat. We both laugh, me more nervously than him.

But when I come downstairs, dressed for chores — wearing boots, my most ancient, rancid jockstrap, a kerchief and a hat — his jokes dry up. His face turns crimson. He doesn't stop working as I clomp through the living room. His back seems as broad as a warrior's shield; he keeps it angled toward me.

When I open the door to the stable all heads are thrust out of their stalls. They must've smelled me. They're staring. My cock gets heavier and heavier with blood as I collect my tools. By the time I've gathered pitchfork, wheelbarrow, and lowered several bales of hay from the loft, the pouch of my jock sags like I have a cantaloupe stuffed down there.

I've worked up a good sweat, too, and I smell the way a young man should. Ripe. Pungent. Potent. Horny. I glisten with sweat.

One by one I lead the stallions from their stalls into the pasture. Run free, studs, and get frisky in the

sunshine! Normally I'll lead them out in twos and threes. Usually I'm in a hurry to get my chores started. Not this morning.

I leave Sultan for last. Sultan's eyes never leave me, burning into my naked ass as I lead his buddies out. I feel them oozing over my body like hot jism. He's silent, doesn't even grunt, doesn't neigh. He stares. Once or twice his tongue swipes his lips.

My smell gets to some of the stallions. Thor, especially. As I lead him through the stable, he nips gently at the back of my head. I turn, laughing, wrap a hand round his neck, and pull him to me. He's not in the mood for affection, jerking away and snorting a warning. He bounces twice on his fore hooves. Fine, dude, be that way. On we go. We pass Sultan's stall. Then, like a slug crawling down my spine, I feel Thor's tongue lapping my sweat. I freeze. I shiver.

"Fuck, dude, that's nice."

My hands grasp my knees. Is he thinking... oh yes. The bastard's a tease. His tongue moves slower than a glacier. Down. Down towards —

Sultan rumbles. I don't hear that sound. I *feel* it. Sultan's is the voice of a king, commanding a subject to obey the law. Thor whickers, clearly disagreeing. But he obeys. Thor's tongue is gone. Standing, I glance at Sultan. There is a fierce look in his eyes. He is warning not just Thor but me, too. The dream stallion swapped more than spit with him. Sultan knows I'm a whore for horsecock.

Thor doesn't give up. He does wait till we're out of Sultan's sight. When I release him into the pasture, watching his graceful body while I rest one boot on the lowest rail of the gate, he trots a few steps into the pasture. He turns. His sheath is swollen and about three inches of blunt cock protrudes. He shinnies. *Look at me. Watch this.* More cock slithers out, like an anaconda emerging from its den. It swings between his hind legs. It twitches once. His piss gushes. I'm *that fucking close* to hurling myself over the fence and throwing myself into the hot pool spreading beneath Thor.

But Sultan will smell him. And Sultan's warned me. As I strut back towards the stable, I shoot a look over my shoulder. Thor's eyes are fixed on my ass. The arc of his limp dong straightens into a rigid pole, thwacking against his belly. He wheels and races into the pasture.

I muck out the others. Sultan doesn't kick or stomp. If you don't know Sultan — if you can't feel that keen, unnatural interest in his eyes — you'd think he might have acquiesced to being left in his stall while his subjects frolic in the fields. You'd be wrong. That stud knows what I'm up to.

I work quickly. After filling the wheelbarrow full of old hay and horse shit, I head for the door. Sultan's head fills the stall and his eyes watch me as if I'm his personal Tumblr feed. I see his chest expanding and contracting as if he's galloped a hundred miles.

After I've spread the last stall — Red Peril's — with fresh hay, I'm raining sweat. Jockstrap and kerchief are sopping wet and I feel like half an inch of sweat squelches in my boots. I drink from the pump. Refreshed, I return to the stable. Walk where my lord commands. To Sultan's stall.

I park the wheelbarrow outside and rest the pitchfork on it. I tug the last bale of hay in place outside Sultan's door. I look up into Sultan's face. I feel like a little boy addressing God.

"Can I —" I stammer. My heart races. "Can I clean your stall?"

Sultan doesn't budge. He stares. I hear the rasp of his breath in his nostrils. His lip draws back. He looks at me, full of contempt.

"May I clean your stall?" I ask again.

He stomps a hoof.

"My lord?"

Sultan whickers in triumph.

I unlatch his stall. He trots out, tail held high. Fucking hell, he's beautiful. His muscles ripple through his coat. Legs, body, head — all proportioned in harmony with each other. Thick as a clenched fist, five inches of Sultan's cock protrudes from his sheath. He turns and waits.

Sultan watches me intently as I fork up the old hay and the dung. Impatiently he shifts his weight from hoof to hoof. He whinnies, urging me to work faster and harder. I do work faster, not even pausing to wipe the sweat from my eyes. When I'm done I push the wheelbarrow out of his stall, parking it next to the door. I spread fresh hay.

I stand in the doorway of Sultan's stall, supporting myself — I feel dizzy as all hell — by gripping both posts. My jock has pulled away from my crotch. My big cock leaks into the pouch. Sultan stares at me, his ears shifting this way and that.

"Can we play?" I whisper.

He whickers softly, but doesn't move. He's checking me out, like I'm fresh meat at a sex club.

"Can I play with you, my lord?"

Sultan struts forward. I back out of his way. He trots through the doorway in a flash. With one deft thrust of his hind leg Sultan shuts the door behind him. He advances, snorting at me. I retreat until the rough planks of the wall stop me.

Sultan's funk fills my nostrils. There is nothing human about his smell. No whiff of soap or deodorant. No linen-fresh fabric softener and no body wash. He stinks of testosterone and brutal strength and jizz.

What an animal. All stud. There is no compassion in Sultan's eyes. I am meat. I am pussy. I shiver. Goddamn. I'm doing it. I'm going to get fucked by a stallion...

Sultan's nostrils blast hot air on my forehead. His lips are gentle and curious as they nuzzle between my eyebrows. I hear a sound, like two pieces of oiled leather rubbing together. He neighs. He's quite clear about what he wants me to do. I kneel, and look between his forelegs.

Yeah, I've seen Sultan's cock dozens, even hundreds of times. I've seen the stud in action, slicing that giant coltmaker in and out of drooling mare cunt. I've even seen his colts emerge between the straining lips of the vulvas he's ruled. But this moment, when I know for sure I'm going to be his mare — fuck, man, this is one goddamned sweet dream come true.

I crawl under him. Sultan doesn't bother to ease his forelegs apart. He wants me to work for it. I crawl over the fresh hay. My cock leaps free of my jock. The pouch cups my balls while my shaft smacks my belly. Yeah, the damn stallion is just as hard as me. His fucking shaft is rigid as an arm. A strand of juice leaks from the asshole, wriggling to get free.

His cockhead reminds me of a flower peeling back from a central bud. It is the central bud that leaks

Sultan's precum, and it dominates my vision. The business end of a stallion. I can't look at anything else. Who the fuck would ever want to look at anything but a stallion's glorious cock? He gushes cum through that hole, and Sultan's cum is the most precious thing on this ranch. Hell, Forest is in the house right now, adding up how much money each spurt of Sultan's silver has increased his bank account.

I've always wanted to do this reverently, slowly, as if I were in church, but fuck when there's a three foot long horse hardon in front of your face, how do you goddamned keep promises like those? You do what the moment demands. I fasten my lips to Sultan's cockhead, sucking in that nipple that leaks his fluid, and I slurp down his offering.

Bam! It's like experiencing again the first time I'd ever ridden a horse. The exhilaration of flying through the fields. The heights. The heart pounding excitement.

It drives him nuts, too. Sultan lets out a trumpet that makes the planks shake. Hooves stomp in anticipation. His cock jerks, slapping against his belly. Planting my lips back on the head, guzzling his juice like beer from a bottle, I watch his hind legs shift. Watch his bloated balls surge like water balloons ready to be tossed. Watch his belly quiver. And swiftly get drunk on stallion precum. Sultan is like a thirteen year old kid, about to blast a wad just because he'd seen one of his buddies dive into a creek, wearing nothing but briefs. He's that damn horny.

"S OK, my lord," I breathe, wiping stallion precum off my lips. "I'll make it last. I know you want it."

I start pleasuring the stallion, lapping at his dong like a retriever slobbering over salami.

My lips are sliding up and down Sultan's shaft, and my mouth is alive with the taste of hay and grass and oil and sweat, when the voice speaks.

"That's enough, Horseboy."

Sultan doesn't move, merely turning his head to see who's at his stall. But I scramble out from beneath the stallion, my face pinker than the animal cock I'd been slobbering on. Forest stares at me with narrow eyes. My gleaming hardon tells him precisely how much I'd been into what I'd been doing. But, of course, he already knows this. I'm embarrassed because I've been caught.

"There'll be time for play later," Forest growls. "Get the damn mares' stable cleaned out."

I scramble to my feet. I throw him a salute. "Yes, sir!" I reach for Sultan's bridle —

"I'll take your boyfriend out to the pasture, Horseboy."

Sultan snorts, disgusted.

I strip off my jock and the kerchief before entering the mares' stable. I'm not feeling embarrassed any more. I still got the taste of Sultan's cock in my mouth. I strut as I go about my work. I show off for the ladies. I do little dances for them, grinding away in front of their stalls like a stripper, thrusting my hardon at them.

"Come on, girls," I growl. "Get a lock at this big monkey cock! You know you want it!"

Goddamn. Did Ekaterina Magna want me baaaad. I do my dance and, pregnant or not, she squats and pisses herself. When she's good and drenched, all wet and ready for her stallion, she gazes back at me, tail raised, vulva winking. I enter her stall pumped up and ready to go. I don't make a move to

get a stool or a bay of hay. Heh. I've learned how to tease. I've been taught by the best. I set to work. She whinnies in frustration. She whirls. Her nostrils oscillate between my stinking pits to my greasy balls. She whinnies again, pisses some more, and displays herself, shoving her hungry ass into my face.

"Sorry girl," I chuckle. "I know you want my ape dick. But Horseboy's got chores."

Fucking slut. I watch Ekaterina Magna after I lead her to the pasture. Ekaterina Magna thunders past Sultan, who stands alone, thoughtfully chomping grass, his cock still hard as a baseball bat. She kicks in front of Sultan's face. *Look at me! I'm frisky! Come fuck me!* Sultan turns and chases after her. They race to the far end of the pasture. Sultan mounts her, stuffs her, and churns away in her pussy. Thor runs toward them, his dong streaming like a flag between his legs.

Ekaterina Magna is the last mare I return to her stall. Ten fingers of stallion jism crawls from her cunt. It bubbles like thick glue. But two hung studs — or more, because I think some of the other stallions had a go at Ekaterina Magna, too — hadn't satisfied her. Once again, she looks back at me, still horny for monkey cock.

Fuck Forest! I have to do it. I know I don't have time to hunt for a bale or a stool. I leap and grab. I manage to link my hands beneath her belly. I stab in. Fuck! Fresh, hot horse jism oozes round my cock. I hammer her so hard I heard Sultan's cum sloshing in her womb. She whickers softly as I drill her. But I don't satisfy her. Can't satisfy her. I'm far too hot. I blast after a dozen strokes, sending a gallon of monkey juice into her cunt.

When I dismount, she looks back reproachfully. Fuck you, bitch! I stomp out of her stall and latch the door behind me. Stallion jism runs down my thigh and drips from my softon. My pubic hair is matted. Jism sucks on my balls like a hungry jellyfish.

Forest, pumping himself a cup of water from the well, stares at me as I emerge from the mares' stable.

"What the fuck have you been up to?"

I just grin.

That night Forest fastens me in a bridle. He's rough pushing the ball gag into place. I'm naked and hard, jumping from foot to foot, as he buckles the collar round my neck. He doesn't need to use the leash to drag me to the stallions' stable. He restrains me instead, because I keep running ahead. A couple of times he almost pulls me off my feet.

I'm crazy. I know it. And I fucking love it!

"I'm going to teach you," Forest growls, shackling my ankles and wrists to the sling's frame, "who you're supposed to be breeding."

I'm secured in the frame, unable to move, my hardon straining. Aching. Leaking. The stallions are free, milling around. Except for Sultan, who stands stock still, watching as Forest turns around and impales himself on my cock.

I bust a giant nut as soon as I'm sheathed in there, but that doesn't even slow me down. I strain against the manacles. I pound like an alpha male and that son of a bitch Forest teases *me*, tearing his ass away right when I'm about to soak his rectum with my kids. He stares at me over his shoulder the way Ekaterina Magna did. He backs up, because Forest needs my big dong. He rides

me, grinding away, shouting for more. I give him what I've got. After his guts have been soaked four times with Horseboy's patented babymaking sauce, he must feel it sloshing inside like Coke in a half-filled three liter bottle.

I don't make a sound when Forest pushes me back into the sling. My body convulses when he slides his fist up my ass. Pow! Fireworks again. Put something big up my butt and I'm the Fourth of July. If I'd been able to speak — if Forest had taken that damn ball gag out — I would've begged for a second arm up my ass, and I know I would've shot my wad again.

But Forest is on to me. For the next few days he won't let me be alone with the horses. Yeah, he's a little jealous of the mares, of course, but he's far more jealous of the stallions. There isn't anything I can do, except trade secret looks with Sultan. Caress his thigh when Forest has his back turned. Flash the horses my ass. I know Thor wants in on what I'm putting up for grabs, and Shaka Rex — all of 'em, I think, want to sink their horsecocks into me — but they're gonna get sloppy seconds. My ass belongs to Sultan.

Forest is a smart guy. The bastard. All the errands he used to run himself — driving into town for grub or mail or picking up sacks of feed — the motherfucker assigns to me. He is alone with the damn horses, not me. Forest, not Horseboy, alone with all that succulent, surging power.

Am I jealous? No. Forest might dream of taking horsecock up his ass, but he isn't going to do it. The Mr. Hands thing scared him off. Am I pissed? Hell yeah. I'd planned to use my alone time to sneak beneath Sultan, grease up that gigantic cock, and try to catch that stud's baby.

Damn Forest. I drive that truck for days with my frowny face firmly pegged in place.

Sultan is getting pissed, too, stalking around his stall with a hardon, or staring at me from the pasture, twitching his cock, or whinnying at me as I walk through the stable following Forest. Sultan doesn't give a fuck what Forest thinks of his display. He's a stallion. Few rules governing his life. Most important? Be horny. Secondly — be eager to breed. Third: show off how much a stud you are. And: any time you can, pump sperm into any cunt you can nail. A stallion's worth is measured in how often he breeds.

Sex with Forest becomes scorching. He's never been keen on whipping, but the more I make it clear I want to cheat on him with a big cocked dumb animal, the more pissed he gets and the more the idea appeals to him.

One day Forest — having lashed me to the stallions' stable door, where I can smell them but can't get myself fucked by them — drives back from town. When he steps from the truck he cracks a shiny, brand new whip. My hardon nods eager agreement. That night, Forest shackles me to a post in an unused stall, lets the stallions out, and stripes my back. Through my pain and my tears all I see is an endless parade of dripping yard-long animal cocks as the stallions circulate through the stable, peering in. When I cum — he impales himself on my hardon, grinding away like a lapdancer moving to a slow beat — I just about blasted Forest across the length of the stall.

This situation keeps getting weirder. I don't know why. I mean, Forest has no problems with me fucking a human, either some guy we've picked up or an anonymous thrusting through a glory hole in some truck stop. It's the horses that make him jealous.

I keep working it.

One day, Forest orders me — yeah, *orders*; he isn't sweet and kind Forest anymore; he's Whipmaster Forest, worrying that his Horseboy is gonna commit adultery with the livestock — orders me to drive

into town and fetch the vet. Forest needs to know *exactly* which of the mares is pregnant. When they're gonna drop their foals. While he explains I grin, picturing my kid, drowsing in Ekaterina Magna's womb. He asks why I'm smiling. I tell him. He snorts. He doesn't believe I can sniff a mare's cunt and tell him *exactly* that she's pregnant and that Sultan, or Thor, or whoever, studded her.

I'm dressed in what has become my customary uniform. Jockstrap. Hat. Boots. Sweat. Tanned muscle. I climb into the cab. My naked buttcheeks squeak on the vinyl seats. Nonchalantly, I ask him to throw me the keys.

He blows up.

"You stupid goddamned fucking retarded cowboy! You can't drive into town like that! Dammit, Horseboy, you've lost all sense of reality!"

Maybe I have. Whatever reality I'm in comes complete with spurting horsecocks. But I sense how I can regain the upper hand. I hold my hand out, cupped to catch the keys. Forest curses, he yells, he even throws his hat into the dust and stomps around it. Fuck no, Forest, I refuse to put on a shirt. Or jeans. He grabs my arm, hauls me out of the cab and into the house. It's impossible for Forest to wrestle me into clothes. I flail my arms and I kick. Perfect imitation of a *grand mal* seizure. Forest can't wedge me in place long enough to slip sleeves over me or get my legs in my jeans. Heh. There's an advantage to living in tight Levis.

"You son of a bitch!" he snarls after giving up. He stalks from the bedroom.

But he doesn't give up trying to keep me out of Sultan's stall. He doesn't tie me up. I don't know why. After calming down, he leans from the truck cab and dictates a long list of chores. I mean a motherfucking long list. Mend this. Fix that. Clean this. Polish that. None of them — not one — takes place in either stable. All these chores need to be done in the house or in the garage or even out in the corrals or the pasture. Steel glints in his eye, promising me that if I don't have those chores done — worse, if I fuck up even one — there will be hell to pay. I get a cold chill. Hell, if I don't do what he tells me, I might become the Cityboy formerly known as Horseboy. And then how will I get stuffed with yard-long horsecock?

After Forest tears off down the drive, I shoot around that damn ranch like an ADHD kid who's just got his first nosefull of cocaine. I. Am. Motivated! I swear I cut and install a new rail in the corral fence in five goddamned minutes. I don't know how I keep from slicing off a finger. Hell, I'm shaking like Tokyo in a Godzilla rampage.

You can talk about a man being ruled by his cock, but a Horseboy is ruled by his cunt.

Forest isn't back by the time I'm finished. There's a moment after I'm done, after I've checked all my work to make sure it's up to snuff, when I start bouncing from foot to foot. I grin. An evil grin.

Yeah. I'll do it.

I'm careful. I put up all the damn tools, clean everything up — scraps of lumber, bits of wire, the brooms, the pitchforks, the saws.

When I open the door to the stallions' stable the smell of horses makes my heart soar. It's a sunny day. Golden motes of dust drift in sunbeams. The stallions thrust their heads out of their stalls. Lust glitters in every pair of eyes. I strut into their sanctum. Yeah. They want to fuck me. My jock reeks of sweat, cum, and piss. And my armpits? Christ, man, let a high school soccer team play at the height

of summer without deodorant and maybe, just maybe, that team might've been riper than me.

Sultan sees me. Sees the passion blazing in my body. He whinnies and spins away from his door. I feel like a boy again, so I leap the door, thudding onto his turf. He whickers. Sultan sounds the way a dude does when hot porn begins to roll.

We stare at each other. Two tiny flames burn in Sultan's eyes. The meaning is clear. Rape. He's just as frustrated by Forest's bullshit as me. Sultan quivers. My breathing intensifies as I imagine the power Sultan barely holds in check.

Sultan is the master. He has his own idea of how this scene should play out. The stallion advances. He nudges me, butting me against the wall with his head. When I try to turn around, Sultan neighs in my ears. The sound was erotic. *You're gonna like this.*

I'm cool with rape. If it's done by a horse. And he's brutal.

"Do it, Sultan!"

I rest my forehead on my folded arms. Sultan's breath rasps in my ears. I moan when Sultan's tongue slithers across the back of my neck. I kick my legs apart and whore my ass out. *Look at them globes, horsie. They're gonna treat that shaft right.*

"Come on, buddy," I plead.

Sultan is a master. He takes his time. His nostrils inhale my funk and his lips and his tongue slurp my sweat. He grunts when he drinks the sweat beading my armpit tufts. I groan — gotta show appreciation to a top, especially if it's an animal — but Sultan thinks I'm getting a little uppity. He asserts dominance, nipping the skin between my shoulder blades. The bite hovers on the edge of pain. I shudder. I know he can chomp down hard if he wishes. I've seen how Sultan treats mares that refuse to submit to his urge to breed. Looking back, I see one of his fore hooves paw the floor, raking up straw, and I hear that wet, meaty sound that means his gargantuan cock is slapping against his belly.

"Yeah, Sultan. You know what I need!"

Briefly his bite intensifies. I whimper. Sultan releases me. Down that tongue slithers. It feels like a globule of warm oil rolling down my back.

"Please," I beg, bouncing on the balls of my feet. "Do it!"

Sultan's tongue pauses at the entrance to my buttcrack. His breath puffs against me like steam. He bites my right buttcheek. I jump. Then he chomps the left, and I jump again. Then ... nothing. He's still, waiting to see if I'm going to try to escape his equine lust. I arch my back, spreading my legs wider, showing off what I want him to have.

"Hell no! I'm going nowhere, buddy!"

I belong to this stallion. Any stallion. I'm their mare-on-demand. My cunt is hungry for their spunk.

Sultan's tongue licks down my cleft. Sultan is direct. He goes right for my ring. Sultan, this horse, this stud stallion, tastes my pussy. One lick, savoring my sweat, then he thrusts. My hole gives way. A lewd neigh bubbles from Sultan. A relieved sigh escapes me.

Goddamn! Fuck gerbils! If you want to feel something alive in your butthole, let a horse stuff its tongue up your hole!

I turn my butt up and give Sultan better access.

“Oh, yeah, eat it!”

Three, four, five inches of horse tongue sink inside me, flailing around. The tip finds my prostate, pummels in, then creeps inward. My nails claw the rough wooden wall. Sultan’s velvet lips kiss my asshole. My cock geysers precum.

“Come on,” I beg, “*please*. I wanna have your colt!”

I hear the stable door creak open. Heh. I wonder if Forest is alone. I grind my ass against Sultan’s lips.

“Just go on to the mares’ stable, Doc. I gotta check on something.”

Cunning bastard. Fine. If he won’t let the Doc see me and Sultan, I’ll make sure *Forest* sees.

I spread my legs even wider and throw my arms out. I’m a saltire, plastered against the wall, while Sultan munches between my buttocks. As his tongue churns, Sultan sounds like a dog drinking from a bowl. You might think I’d been raped by a motorcycle gang and I’m whelping a cream pie.

Yeah, Forest. Yell. Don’t be shy! A stallion’s nose buried between your Horseboy’s buttcheeks. Sultan’s tongue bugging my ass. My eyes rolled in a sex-crazed delirium up. Watch me hump, Forest. Watch me hunch back at the beast.

Forest slaps jeans and a shirt on the stall door.

“Get dressed. Play time’s over.” He turns on his heel and slams the stable door behind.

Sultan looks at me reproachfully, smacking his lips and tasting my ass, while I dress. A long precum serpent sways from his cockhead.

“Sorry, my lord,” I say, pulling on my shirt.

Sultan steps forward. He pushes his nose between the halves of my unbuttoned shirt. He nips my left nipple. Then my right. *Don’t forget*. He raises his head and looks down at me. I button my shirt, staring up at him, curious. What’s on the stallion’s mind? Sultan lets me finish, watching thoughtfully.

His head descend. I get spooked. Fright punches me in my gut. I don’t know why. Maybe because of the tender look in Sultan’s eyes. The softness. The warmth. It’s too fucking weird! I scramble out of his stall and race after Forest.

Forest doesn’t say anything to me while the vet examines the mares. I follow along, trying to be a good obedient Horseboy, racing to fetch whatever the vet needs.

But my heart throbs for Sultan. His giant cock. His stud balls. But what about the look that emanated from his eyes as I dressed? I swallow. I picture things. Really weird things. By the time the vet leaves, a fist-sized precum stain darkens my jeans.

I remember staring at the stallions’ stable before following Forest into the house, wondering,

panting, fascinated by that *look*.

Swiftly, Forest acts to regain the upper hand, thinking he'll thwart me by refusing to make trips to town. That means we're cut off. That's fine with me. Let him stare at me as I muck out their stalls. Let him! Let him think he's winning!

I bide my time. Each day the stallions eat. Every other day something breaks that needs replacement. Mail piles up at the post office. I know he can't keep this up.

"It'll happen, my lord," I tell Sultan, caressing his face through the stall.

"Keep your hands to yourself, Horseboy!"

On the day when Forest finally caves in — he'd busted our last band saw blade, and we need a working band saw — I'm carrying an armload of lumber towards the mares' stable. I wonder what he's gonna do. Forest stands by the pump, arms, folded, tapping his feet. He looks natty in plaid shirt and jeans. Me? Well, I'm wearing a coating of sweat and my jockstrap. And my tan. I've turned dark gold over the preceding days.

For a second I wonder why he's staring down the drive. Then Blacky pulls up, eyeing me shyly from the cab. Turning around, he almost takes out the front porch. He doffs his hat at me, those teenage eyes glowing as I swing my heavy jock his way. I still want to nail that tight brown ass. A man can hanker after cowboys and horses.

Forest walks to the truck as Blacky shuts off the engine.

"Here you go," says Blacky. He passes some packages to Forest. "Make sure I got the right blade."

Forest pecks him on the lips. The kid giggles. He watches me as Forest opens a package and eyes the shiny blade.

"Come on, Blacky," Forest says, opening the cab door. "Let go up to my room." He leers. "I'll make a deposit."

"We going to play with Horseboy too?" Blacky asks, climbing down.

"Nah," grunts Forest. "Horseboy's going a little crazy."

Blacky casts a look over his shoulder as Forest, hand resting just below the kid's broad leather belt, guides him into the house. The boy reminds me of a mare.

After pitching the lumber in an untidy pile, I emerge from the mares' stable. I look up at our bedroom window. The curtains are open. Blacky supports himself on the window frame. He's naked, and his cock swings between his smooth thighs. Forest saws away behind him.

I shrug. If it's meant to hurt me, it doesn't. The porn show makes me stiff. I fish my cock out of my pouch and let Blacky get a good look. He grins and I see those supple hips start working Forest's shaft. I jerk my thumb up. You keep Forest entertained, Blacky, and I'll make it worth your while when I can.

As I open the stable door, the smell of stallions pours over me thick and pungent as piss.

The frustrated stomp resonates like a gunshot. Sultan. He stares at me from his stall.

I've been summoned.

I race to him. Sultan backs away. I vault over the door and gaze up at him.

"Yes, my lord?"

The look in his eyes is so strange, so alien to his masterful presence, that I don't at first recognize it. It is soft. It is tender. It is the same look that had spooked me a few days ago.

We stare at one another. I feel my heart racing at sixty miles an hour. Sultan's ears swivel towards me. His tail swishes. For some reason, I think he's struggling to come to a decision.

Sultan advances. One hoof plants itself between my boots. Sultan sniffs my ears. Velvety lips nuzzle one. His tongue slurps, and I giggle. He makes a sound — hard to describe — but I'm pretty sure he's trying to imitate me.

Sultan pulls back, and he looks down at me again. Silence. His lips work. His tongue moistens them. With his eyes bright as comets, he bends his head towards my face.

The stallion's lips touch mine. I part them, and feel the animal's tongue flow inside my mouth. The kiss fills me. It's the first time I've ever kissed a horse. Sultan is gentle, like a boy first exploring another boy's mouth. We savor it. He tastes human warmth and I drink the sublime power of a stallion. His saliva cascades into my mouth, thick as syrup. It tastes the way grass smells. My throat works, greedy for everything the beast is giving me.

I slip my arms round Sultan's neck. My fingers intertwine with his mane. His tongue continues to explore me, seeking to sink down my throat. I stroke his fur. The muscles of his neck quiver as I caress him.

Sultan is hungry. His lips slobber on mine as if he is gnawing a peace. I breathe his exhalations. It makes me dizzy, and hot, and I lean forward into the kiss, inviting Sultan to take more. To take all that he wants.

When I hear him make that sound — it's like a whimper crossbred with a thunderstorm — I know what it is, and my own balls respond. Sultan's ejaculation splashes between his legs. My own blasts against his chest. We never break our kiss. We shoot in perfect unison. Sultan's giant meat thrashes. Sometimes he fires his cum along his belly, sometimes balls of it skid through the hay, sometimes gouts of it douse my balls. I spew strand after strand of my juice, painting him from the base of his neck to the upper part of his forelegs.

When our orgasms subside, we pull away. Sultan pants, looking a little scared at what he's just experienced. I'm pretty sure Sultan sees the same expression on me. I mean, it's one thing to take an animal's cock up the ass. But to kiss one?

His stall reeks of mingled human and horse jism. Mine clings to his fur like the strands of a spider's web. His spooge drenches everything — what you'd expect of a stud like Sultan.

I give him a peck on the lips. I lay my cheek against his, caressing the opposite.

"I'll come for you, my lord," I whisper to Sultan. "Before dawn."

He neighs. I almost bust my nut again. Sultan's promising me I'll have his colt in my guts in just a few short hours.

I pull Sultan's lips to mine, and I give him another long kiss, thrusting my tongue between his big teeth and exploring his mouth. He responds to it with a whipping tail and hooves that rise and fall like pistons moving in a great machine. He trembles as if delirious with joy. I sense his happiness. He's gonna fuck a human. The thought turns him on.

Goddamn. Sultan thinks I'm hotter than the mares he services.

I break away. Strands of horse saliva link Sultan's lips to mine. I crawl back over the door of his stall.

"Before dawn," I whisper. "I promise."

Blazing eyes say: *You'd better, hot ass.*

I wake, just as I knew I would, without need of the alarm. My hardon tents the sheets. I ease myself out of bed. Forest, worn out after a marathon session in the sling, snorts once but doesn't wake. I creep into the bathroom and douched the lower ten feet of my colon. No shower, of course. Sultan and I love how the other smells.

I dress in old denim cutoffs. Way too tight. They'd been cut from jeans I'd worn as a teenager. They'd been a great way to pick up men. Heh. Now I'm moving beyond mere human meat. They'll carry me to the realm of horsecock. Then boots, and a hat, because cowboy.

Before I leave I glance at Forest. I'm sure when he wakes he'll wonder where I've gone. He'll guess what's up as soon as he sees that Sultan's stall is empty too. But he won't know where I and my new lover have gone to mate.

I stuff two full bottles of lube in my backpack, sling it over my shoulder, and go out to meet my destiny.

Sultan waits for me. I open his stall door. Out he struts, tossing his mane and curling his lip. I caress his ball sack. The motherfuckers are huge. Swollen. The size of grapefruits.

"Gonna drain 'em," I promise him.

Sultan trumpets. He knows I will.

"No bridle for you, my lord." I unbuckle the offending leather contraption and drape it on the stall door for Forest to find. When I'm done half a foot of limp horsecock protrudes from his sheath. The head clenches, releases. I stroke his flanks. Sultan's heartbeat feels like a herd of stallions racing past.

I swallow. Goddamn. What have I got myself in to?

I lead him outside, giggling as he nips playfully at me. I leap, leading with my right leg, and I swing onto him. Bareback. I lean forward. My denim-encased hardon throbs against his coat. I clasp my arms round his neck. I nuzzle his ears.

"Let's go, stud."

Sultan shatters the pre-dawn with a tremendous trumpet. He rears and off we go.

Sultan, galloping flat out, turns this way and that as I tap his neck. On the far side of the pasture there is a segment in the fence where one of the rails is poorly fitted. In seconds we're there. I drop

from his back, remove the rail, and coax Sultan over the lower one. He's frisky as all hell. I slip the rail back into place. Before leaping up onto Sultan's back I cup those balls again. Wow. Hell. In just a few minutes, what's in Sultan's nuts is going to be swimming in my colon. I can't let 'em go without kneeling and licking them. Sultan whickers, spreads his legs, and lets me pay homage to his supreme power.

I don't know who owns the land we gallop across. It's open country, sparsely crossed by dirt roads and hiking tracks. As dawn begins to turn the east as pink as Sultan's cock, I hear the gurgling of the stream.

"Slow down, my lord."

Sultan drops to a canter. He's frisky still, bouncing on his fore hooves, eager to rear up and drive his titanic shaft into my hot monkey ass.

I tap his neck. "That way."

The path snakes its way through a thicket of bush and skinny young saplings. We'll have privacy. Though let me tell you privacy is the last thing I give a fuck about. Personally, I wouldn't mind a camera crew from a news network, reporting live from, well, Times Square or, better still, Salt Lake City. I laugh at the picture. *An American Dream: Stallion Fucks Man*. An earnest anchor: "Has American liberty gone too far?" Sperm-covered Horseboy, grinning wildly as he saws his ass on horsecock: "Hell no! American liberty don't go far enough! Don't spay or neuter your pet! Let 'em fuck you in the ass! Buttfucking is nature's way of birth control! *Bring on the stallions!*"

Large blocks of stone lay strewn along the banks of the stream. One of these is going to be the altar I sacrifice a cherry to my equine god. Which one? Think, Horseboy, think. You want this to be right for Sultan. Yeah. There's one, about waist high, not too broad, not apt to topple over as Sultan powerstrokes me. A few feet away there's a taller stone, so Sultan can take me when I'm on my back. If, of course, he wants to.

I grin. This is going to be a long, heaven-sent day.

As soon as I slip off Sultan's back, he whirls. His giant cock is hard and dripping. The head flares, contracts, and then flares again. He advances, strutting, bouncing, grunting. *See me, little monkey? See my big horse cock? I'm gonna put this thing up your pussy. You ain't gonna leave this place till you got Sultan's colt in your butt.*

I stumble backwards. Demonic light flickers in Sultan's eyes. "Easy, boy, easy -"

Sultan reigns in his passion. He halts. His chest works like a bellows. I lick my lips. His head rears up as I approach him. He peers down. His ears rise like the decorations of a crown. I slip the backpack off my shoulder and let it fall to the ground. I spread my arms, palms open.

"Take me, my lord."

Sultan lowers his head. His tongue dances across his lips. I open my mouth, ready and eager to receive his kiss again. But this morning my lord Sultan isn't about tenderness. About love. Sultan is here to fuck me.

Sultan's teeth clamp down on my left nipple. I screech but he doesn't let go. He's got the pressure perfect. I'm on the far side of pain, but not too far. Tears form in my eyes and begin to leak. Sultan gives me a brief respite, laying his nose against the side of my head and puffing furnace-hot breath

into my ears, before treating my right nipple the same cruel way. I know he wants to be rougher, but I know he knows he can't. It saddens me. I'd give anything to be able to take what he can dish out.

When Sultan's finished with my nipples, his nostrils drop right to my crotch. His lips gnaw at the outline of my hardon. His breath puffs, hot and heavy, against my shaft. His teeth clamp to the waistband before I have a chance to push the bulge into his mouth. Snap! One flick of his head and they tear free.

Started laughter escapes me. Hot shit. Sultan's gonna pound me!

Sultan stares at my cock, flailing around because I'm getting frisky as him. It's a little funny, watching him, because his nostrils are so close he's looking at my cock cross-eyed. Sultan's tongue slides out. I stop my dance. It plucks the pearl of precum my pisslips offer up to him. I gasp. Sultan rumbles, savoring the precum he's smelled but never before tasted.

Sultan's eyes blaze. Then he surges forward and sucks down my cock to the root.

Oh fuck, I wasn't planning on this. A blowjob from a stallion. Fuckin' wow. I writhe and I twist and I quickly go out of my mind. My balls are just as overstuffed as Sultan's. I can't take this pleasure. I thrust in Sultan's mouth, feeling him grunt. My balls pound the stallion's lower lip.

"Fuck! I'm coming!"

I feel Sultan gulping down my juice, and his liquid cheeks and sin-obsessed tongue milk my spurting shaft for more. I shoot the hardest I've ever shot in my life. It almost feels like someone's punched me in the gut. Sultan likes what he tastes. His long tongue slips out and curls under my balls. I feel the tip poking at my asshole.

Sultan releases my cock, smacking his lips and belching. Once again that head rises. His hooves shift. His shaft throbs between his hind legs.

Get it ready.

You didn't have to be into beastsex. Any idiot can read that message in his eyes.

I back away, my cock as rigid as ever and shiny with stallion spit. I dig a bottle of lube out of the backpack. I grasp the head and fight his cock away from his body. I pour the liquid along Sultan's cock, emptying about half the bottle. I work it in. Carefully, because from the way it quivers and surges in my hands I know Sultan is about to spooge.

Sultan trots after me to the stone, nudging me, nipping me, bouncing, his breathing loud as a tornado. You don't see the kind of passion that blazed in Sultan's mind except in the best porn.

"Hang on, my lord. Hang on!" I pour a handful of lube and grease myself up. I cram about half my fist into my ring. Maybe I could've taken more, but then it wouldn't be tight, and that's what my lord wants.

Sultan trumpets at me to hurry it up. I swear he's as loud as a motherfucking *T. Rex*.

Sultan noses me back until my legs collide with the stone. I turn and plant my palms on the rock for support. I feel alive, man. Alive! Sizzling with electricity and power. I think back to the first time I ever took a human cock up my ass, and I didn't feel as right, as thrilled, as enraptured, as I do right now.

He's bouncing on his fore hooves. Fuck, I know he wants to mount.

"Sorry, my lord," I call over my shoulder. "I'd take your weight if I could."

His teeth clamp on my shoulder. I've been told to shut the fuck up.

I expect Sultan to be rough. He exceeds my expectations. It starts with Sultan frantically he snuffles in my ears. It proceeds to teeth raining love nips everywhere: back, flanks, buttocks. I writhe, a plaything for his equine lust. My asscheeks taunt him.

"Bite 'em harder!" I growl.

Sultan goes after my thighs and even my calves. Sultan sounds like a volcano building up to a world-levelling blast.

"You're my lord, Sultan, and I'm your mare!" I call at him.

That seems to focus him. Sultan has asserted his dominant over me. He doesn't have to pretend to submit to human rules. It's his giant horse dong that rules this sweaty, smelly Horseboy.

Sultan eases himself over me. His fur scours my naked back. I tense, waiting for the punch of that first thrust. I remember how my lord likes to treat his mares. I'm a kid again, eager to receive three feet of horsecock up my ass for this Christmas in July.

There it is. I sigh when I feel the horse's giant cockhead pressing against my greasy asshole. A little high. I shift, and it's centered. The stallion's heart thuds against my back. His legs quiver round me. I feel his flaring cockhead spreading open my asscrack. His pisshole drizzles hot stallion precum right into my squirming socket.

Wow. Goddamn. Wow. Here I am, under a stallion, ready and eager to get horsefucked. I've wanted this all my life, ever since my dreams of the white stallion helped me anoint the bed sheets with my first loads of spunk.

The only thing separating Sultan's leviathan and my guts is a tiny ring of muscle.

I feel the power building in him. I picture his eyes slitting over in anticipation. I brace myself.

Sultan doesn't punchfuck. He ease forward, as gentle as that raging beast can be. My asshole dilates and dilates. I feel his hot flesh levering me open. Wider. Wider. Goddamned. Can I take this? If it's too much, can I escape? Oh, shit, I can't. I can't back out now. I'm mounted by a stallion. I've got to take the horse's cock!

"Oh fucking Christ, give me that cock!"

Right on the verge — right when I think my ring is about to rip — Sultan's cockhead pops inside.

"Goddamn," I murmur.

Sultan squeals. I hear him, and I feel him through the giant instrument prying my ring open.

That makes it real for me.

I've got a horse inside me!

Even if somehow I couldn't guess from the sheer size of the thing Sultan's shoving into me, I'd know it was animal cock. His body temperature is far hotter than mine. Christ, my ass must feel like a cool Fleshlight being slipped onto his coltmaker. And his skin is different, thicker, more corrugated.

There's pain, too. You remember that first time you took a man's cock up your chute? The pain is like that, but magnified. A throbbing ache that reverberates like a drum. But there's something about that kind of pain that makes you want more.

Sultan shakes himself as if he can't believe we're actually doing this.

On it comes, inch after inch. My ring contracts as the thinner shaft enters me. The agony fades. I can concentrate on the horse's dong. The texture of Sultan's cock feels like oiled leather.

Sultan grunts and thrusts. I'm expecting about two feet of cock. He gives me only half that. I lose control of myself. I feel my rectum struggling to throw out this monster. Sultan squeal with delight, loves my struggles.

Suddenly Sultan pants, then roars while stamping his hooves — and floods my guts with horsecum.

I've never felt anything like this. The stud stallion pours more juice in one blast than I've ever held inside me. It lodges like a slime cannonball far up my guts. Sultan grunts with each cumshot, jerking forward, his giant weapon sinking deeper and deeper into my colon, sliding along a pathway of sin greased by his own breeding sauce.

"Yeah!" I cry. "Breed me, Sultan!"

As Sultan advances, I feel my innards realign as his exploding, titanic, triumphant cock makes its way home inside me.

Even though I'm deliriously happy — shit, has my breeder launched a pound of jism up me? two pounds? — I know Sultan's disappointed. He's a stud. He doesn't like to be thought of as a premature ejaculator. But when any male — human, canine, equine — finally gets what he's been hankering after ... well, we've all been there. You just gotta shoot and paint that cavern with your finest offering.

I squeeze out, "'S OK, my lord."

Sultan's violently juicing horsecock makes it easy for my colon to accept the organ. The slime tide coating my guts makes me hungry for the whole goddamned shaft. It's like I get drunk on horse jism. I back down the road. My guts rumble ominously. Sultan's flared cockhead pushes the horsespooe lake deeper inside. I feel my belly swell and sag. Sultan's shaft feels thicker than a bodybuilder's thigh.

"All of it!"

Sultan presses forward. I press back. We both want it. The fullest joining possible.

Sultan's sheath docks between my buttocks.

"Fuck yeah!"

I anoint the stone with my seed. My prostate twitches furiously, crushed by his gargantuan shaft. My orgasm engulfs us both. Sultan, tortured by my contracting colon, screeches then unleashes another

flood.

A brief respite. My legs quiver. So do Sultan's. Sultan's smooth inner thighs shift on my buttocks. His cock feels like half a telephone pole is lodge up me.

If that stud feels embarrassment at again coming so quickly, he recovers. His giant shaft begins to move. I whimper. Instead of insertion, its withdrawal, and it's the saddest thing I've ever felt. Cum gurgles within me, chasing down my colon after Sultan's retreating cock. I feel empty and void as space itself. Revolting noises blast between buttocks. But the noise makes my heart soar, because it's the sound of Horseboy, copulating with a stallion.

The cunning bastard lodges his cockhead right at my ring. Sultan saws minutely, pushing the flared head in and out of my cunt. I fart fat dollops of semen between my boots. I squeeze. Rivulets of slime pour down my thighs. Sultan senses my challenge, and punches back inside. Who the hell am I to reject Sultan's proud fuckshaft? It's my first powerstroke. I take all of him in one brutal thrust. Air whooshes from my lungs. His unborn colts bluster out of my hole, streaking his legs wit spunk. Ropes of stallion cum sway from Sultan's fat balls; they grab my asscheeks like tentacles when his sheath once again kisses my ring.

"Come on!" I grunt. "Fuck me!"

Sultan trumpets his conquest. And he goes mad. Energy bursts from him. He churns, whinnying and neighing and screeching. His tail thrashes.

"Hell yeah!"

My fingers claw the rock. Getting fucked by Sultan is like being God's condom. When that giant dong moves, I move. When it pours more spunk in me, I bloat up to contain it.

I can't tell you how long Sultan and I were together that first session. It is just one, long blissful coupling of a horse and a boy. We were each other's favorite drug. Giant dong, tight butt, spurts spunk. Groaning human rolling eyes in bestial delirium. Puffing stallion, thrusting madly.

I'm pretty sure I'm clinically insane, out of my mind with pleasure, while Sultan fucks me.

Each time Sultan cums, I feel it blooming inside me as if an atom bomb has gone off in my soul. The heat, the wetness, the slime, the sense of being obliterated and made a prisoner to stallion spunk. I try to keep count of how many times Sultan impregnates me. Four times? Five times? That stud never misses a stroke, pumping away at me, tail thrashing, his lips drawn back to reveal his teeth, his head craning skywards as he saws away at the tiny figure abasing itself between his studly legs. Sultan is happy. He's doing what he's here to do.

Sometime in the mid-morning my stud needs a break. So do I. We've been screwing each other for hours. Sultan pulls out, grunting as he yanks that flared cockhead through my hungry ring. My asshole gapes, vomiting horsespunk. Sultan bounces away from me, joy radiating from him. He stops, and then he starts to strut, tossing his mane at me. I swear he grins as I straighten up. As he wanders into the stream, Sultan's cock doesn't retreat to his sheath. It hangs in a long, proud arc, slathered in cum.

I wipe drool from my lips. "Awesome cock, my lord!"

He snorts. He buries his muzzle in the water, drinks, and then raises his head. He stomps a hoof. That's a command. I follow him out into the stream.

We drink our fill. Sultan acts a little surprised when I peck his lips. He stares at me, eyes hooded, and then he bends down and scoops a mouthful of water from the stream. Tightly closed, his lips seek mine. His tongue forces its way between my lips. Water gushes into me from Sultan's mouth. I stroke his chest as I gulp it down. Sultan is about to pull away. No, my lord, no. I slip a hand around his neck and pull the stallion back. It's a very long kiss, and when he breaks it he struts back to the bank, his hardon jutting long and powerful yet again.

I follow Sultan. My hands caress his body, moving inevitably to his balls. He whickers, knowing what I want. Grinning, I turn towards the stone where we mated. Teeth dig into my shoulder, halting me.

"No?" I say, looking back into Sultan's fierce eyes.

Sultan's dong has softened and swings between his legs. His eyes fix on me. Mischief smolders there.

"Hot damn!"

I dive and scurry beneath him. The stallion times it perfectly. Sultan's piss bursts across my face like a sunflower. I laugh, open my mouth, and gulp down the stallion's golden wine. I grab his limp dong and put the head right to my lips. Hit piss is more refreshing than the water he gave me from the stream. I drink and I bathe, wallowing in sin.

After his bladder drains, Sultan circles round me. Thoroughly drenched with stallion piss, brimming full of stallion cum, I'm reclining on my butt, my palms supporting me. Just savoring the moment. Sultan forces my knees apart with his head. I expose my cock to him. The stallion stares at my junk.

"You want it?" I grin at him.

Gently his lips enfold my meat. He even sucks up my balls. His tongue laps at the spunk sliming my taint. Our eyes lock. Golden morning light twinkles in Sultan's eyes.

"Here it comes!"

I sigh and relax, and let my piss flow. Sultan does a great job lapping it up. Some escapes, of course, contaminating the stallion piss beading on my skin. But Sultan drinks most of my flow. By the time my bladder is drained, my cock throbs. So does Sultan.

I caress his face. "My lord," I whisper, "I don't think I'm pregnant."

Sultan snaps his cock against his belly. He knows how to fix that.

I try to get him to fuck me while I'm lying on my back. I think it'd be awesome to look up at his surging body, to feel his torso contained within my legs. But Sultan snorts derisively when I lay back on the convenient rock. *Stupid monkey. Roll the fuck over.*

I roll the fuck over. As soon as I put my ass in the air the way Sultan wants, he spears me, uttering a triumphant neigh that reverberates along the stream. He huffs and his powerful hips churn. I'm the one who squeals as his cock plunders my cunt. The breeding resumed. We rut and we growl so much it's a wonder the whole county didn't hear us.

I'm sure Forest was watching the pasture from our bedroom window. He walks out the front door just as I leap naked off Sultan's back. Forest puts two and two together, and gets three feet of horsecock.

"So you fucking did it," Forest muses.

The evidence? Well, the pie-plate sized puddle of horsecum balanced on Sultan's spine leaked from my pussy during the gallop home. Tentacles of jizz streak Sultan's flanks and belly like mud on an ATV. Goo still bubbles from my ass as I essay a grin at Forest.

"Hell yeah, we did it!" Laughing, I throw my arm round Sultan's neck. "Didn't we, stud?" I touse his mane.

Sultan neighs, nips playfully at me. *Damn right we did, monkey slut.*

"Took the day off," I say. "Sorry I didn't tell you." I glance at Sultan, who seems to be grinning stupidly, like a kid who's just got his first piece of pussy. "This way, my lord." I jog towards the stable. I know the stallion's tuckered out.

Silently, Forest follows.

I put the bridle back on Sultan and make sure he's got plenty of water and plenty of feed. I hear Forest's boots clomping behind me.

"You did it, didn't you?" Forest quiet voice states the obvious a second time.

"Yep," I say. "Just me and the stallion." I latch Sultan's stall shut then turn. "Horsecock up my ass all day. Did better than Mr. Hands, huh?"

Forest clouds over at the reference. That's a touchy subject. "What about me?"

"I'm pretty sure Sultan wants to nail you, too," I say. "But he's a bit worn out right now."

Forest follows me as I head towards Thor's stall. "You could take a freight train up that ass," he says.

"Heh," I laugh. "I felt like I *had* a freight train up my ass. Sultan's a stud, Forest! Motherfucker's got it where it *counts*." I thrust my arm — fist clenched — straight up into the air. "I didn't think I was ever gonna get those balls drained!"

Thor's lips curl as I approach. He breathes in my funk. Human sweat, human ass, but most powerful of all: Sultan's jism. He shifts. He almost jerks away when my lips press against his, but as my tongue slithers along the inside of his lower lip Thor realizes something very odd is going on. Something odd, and pleasurable. He pauses. He pushes back at my kiss. Thor's lips work. He likes it, and soon Thor and I are swapping saliva.

"Come on, buddy," I croon to him. "Sultan nailed me eleven times. But you know what?" I grin at Thor, and he shifts his ears quizzically. "I still don't think he got me pregnant!"

Thor vigorously nods his head. He backs away. I climb over the stall, feeling a belt-length strand of Sultan's sperm slither from my cunt.

"So what am I supposed to do?" Forest asks, taking my place at the stall door.

Kneeling under Thor, my hands caressing the stallion's cock as it slips free of the sheath, I grin. "Watch. And join in, if you've got the balls."

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## Part VI - 6 Locked in the Stable

Thor. One sexy fucker. And he knows it. Always strutting, tail high, showing off those spunk-filled balls. Sheathing and unsheathing his cock. Pissing a flood. Watching me, bestiality incandescent in his eyes. That horse likes this boy. That horse knows this boy needs what's sprouting between hind legs.

But Thor is only one of a small herd of stallions. Most have turned on to bestiality. Turned on to me, that day after I came back, an ocean of horse spunk bubbling from my butthole. Stallions aren't gay or straight. They're breeders. Built to fuck. Find it. Fuck it. Fill it. Forget it. Best thing about getting it on with horses? They don't want your love. Your affection. Their looking for tight, hot hole. And when they're done it to you, they're ready to do it again.

I never knew God till I knew stallion cock.

I'll blame that white stallion who prances through my dreams, tail swishing, balls swaying, cock dripping, his shaft long as a baseball bat but thankfully thicker, the head flaring as big as a dinner plate. Yeah, that sexy bastard. *He* made it happen. I know it.

After me and Sultan got to know each other biblically, I'd been pretty sure Forest would join in. Though he's always had a harder time facing it, he's always hankered after big cock. Otherwise I wouldn't be slipping in his damn bed. Heh. I remember, after climbing over the gate into Thor's stall — how he'd watched as I tried as hard as I could to blow that dumb, arrogant god of a stallion. How hunger shone in Forest's eyes as he watched me give up on the blowjob, turn round, bend over, and let Thor's cock sink into my spunk-sloppy ass. How drool ran out of Forest's as Thor's haunches roared into action. How Forest face had shone with awe and envy when, after absorbing Thor's load, I bent over, pulled open my buttcheeks, and showed him the gaping crater of my butthole. Bubbling with horse cum like lava.

Thor would've done Forest. I swear I saw the stallion pawing the floor, snorting, eyes heavily lidded, cock twitching between his hind legs, limp but not finished. All Forest had to do was hop the gate. I'd have lubed him up. Loosened him a bit, slipping my hand into his rectum. I could tell by the look in Forest's eyes he knew it could happen. But fear prevailed. Forest sighed, turned, and walked out of the barn. When I hopped back out of the horse's stall into the human part of the stable, I found Forest's jism streaking the stable door. I grinned. Yeah, I guess Thor and me had put on one hell of a porn show.

Taking different tactics, I tried again that night in bed. After fucking him — I swear I juiced Forest's ass with half a gallon of patented Horseboy spunk — I murmured, "You know if you do it right, it won't be like it was over there in Enumclaw."

Forest didn't say a damn thing. His eyes went incandescent. He went down on me. Sucked me hard. Rolled off, meaty ass in the air. I bred him again. When I invited him out to the sling in the stables, he just shook his head. And moaned in dreamland, and left out sheets soaked with torrents of jizz.

So. For a while, I had the run of the stables to myself. That didn't last long. The transformation starts, of course, in the stable. Starts with Thor. Starts on a sunny afternoon. Starts with chores.

I now wear either nothing, or a jockstrap. Ah, yes, good rich funky jockstraps, crusty with dry horse jizz that's leaked from my cunt. I made it clear to Forest that hat, jockstrap, nudity, and boots were *me*, now. Who I was. Don't ask me to change. So, all off-farm duties have devolved onto him.

Forest seems resigned to my addiction to horsecock. Wistful. Without shame I let the stallions breed

me. Strut for 'em. Beg for what they got in those bulging sheaths. Forest has caught me time after time in one stall or another, neglecting my chores, helpless, moaning and whoring myself out for arm-sized animal dick. A horseboy's gotta do what a horseboy's gotta do.

Where was I? Chores. Afternoon sunlight. Jockstrapped horseboy. Stables. Horses. Chores.

Thor eats like a god. Not surprisingly. Something's gotta fuel the creation of all that luscious horse semen. Keep them muscles primed and ready to pump. So the day this transformation happens, I tote a bag of feed on my shoulders, emptying it into his feeder. I've left the stall door open in case I need another.

Thor's frisky. Think of a horny, dumb, blond, stoned teenaged surfer with balls the size of cantaloupes. Bobbing on his hind legs, he wants to mount up, drive it home, and ride me to mutual bliss. I grin to myself. The sight of my pucker turns on Thor. He's behind me. Watching. I feel his thoughts crackling in his mind. *Yeah, monkey, I wanna open that hole up again. Yeah, monkey, you smell sexy, but I don't smell my colt in you. Yeah, money, just bend over a little more and I'll give that hungry little cunt the best a stallion's got.* Thor keeps sticking his tongue in my hair. Nibbling on my neck. Slithering his tongue down my spine. Nipping at my buttocks. He wants me spread wide, looking back at him, hunger blazing in my eyes. That's a moment every stud lives for.

The horse's naked lust always puts me in the mood. Heh. Like I'm ever not in the mood. When I finish emptying the feed I reach for my bottle of lube. I always carry lube with me now. I'm going through this stuff like George W. Bush does cocaine. You need a lot of lube to grease up horse dong. I wonder if they sell it in 55-gallon drums. Yeah. Not a bad idea. Set it by the sling. Stick a hang pump down the bung. I grin, picturing my solemn face as I pump out handfuls of lube, a line of stallions waiting, cocks extended, tails twitching, grunting impatiently. Needing service.

I step out of my slimy jock. It reeks of Shaka Rex's jism. I've been straining to keep that beast's load where it belongs, but I've leaked plenty of it anyway. Still, it feels like I still got a thousand dollars of stallion spunk in my rectum. The scent of stallions drowns out my own natural crotch funk. This is right. I wanna be a horse.

Turning to Thor, I grin.

"Let's party."

Thor tosses his head. A stud eager to breed, he struts towards me. His huge, fat dong slaps twice against his belly and begins stiffening. I'm about to pour a dollop of lube out when his teeth close on my left nipple. I let out a groan they must've heard all the way in town. Thor's bite is way over the line, well into painful territory.

"Christ, Thor!" I growl. But a moan escapes me. This isn't a bad excursion into something beyond. Thor — hell, all the stallions — knows my vulnerability. I'm sure Sultan told every one of 'em. I've seen them congregate in the pastures, heard them whicker as they look at me, and watched their cocks drop. A team of breeders, exchanging pointers on how to get that horny Horseboy to do what they want.

I ride the pain until, like butter, it melts into pleasure.

"Oh, that's nice, buddy." I pull back, stretching flesh. Yeah, you make it with stallions, it's all about being stretched.

*Crash!*

What the fuck?

I shake my head. Christ, I swear I hear cartoon birds twittering as they orbit my ringing head. As soon as I realize I've backpedaled into the wall, I start thinking Thor's ripped my nipple off. The pain's that exquisite. Quick check. No blood. Whew. Above me Thor's head looms. He sneers at me, twisting his head, shaking his mane. His lips curl. Then he whirls. His hooves clatter as he dashes through the stall gate. He gallops down the stables.

"You teasing son of a bitch!"

It must've been a ridiculous spectacle. Me running after Thor. Wearing nothing but boots, a hardon, and carrying a bottle of lube. When they finally make sitcoms about bestiality (Mr. Ed, dumb but sexy, was just a tease) there'll be a scene just like this. If HBO ever contacts me about this idea, I'll let you know when it's scheduled to be broadcast.

Shit! Dammit! Shit! Here I am, all primed for horsecock, ready to get bred, and my studfucker's playing games. I just know I'm gonna run out of the stallions' stables and see Thor, tail streaming like a knight's gonfalon, darting through the gate, kicking up dust, horse dong surging as he charges off to rape the world.

Can't blame Thor. Hell, if I was a horse, that's what I'd do. Or maybe I'd be kicking my hooves at the door to the mares' stables. I grin to myself. Yeah, buddy, there's some fine pussy in their too. Can't say that I blame you for wanting a change of pace.

Chest heaving, I dart out of the stables, pause, sweeping my gaze around the farm.

I chuckle. The breeding corral. Thor must've jumped the fence. I chuckle. Well, I guess we all got our fantasies. He's cantering in a circle, cracking his tail like a whip, ears laid back. Impatient motherfucker.

Question is — should I?

What a stupid fucking question. Of course I *must!* I run for the fence.

One foot on a rail, and I freeze, hearing a phantom admonition.

"If you're going to fuck my horses," Forest told me while I was wiping stallion juice off my face, "you do it *inside*. Don't play that game you played with Sultan. The hills have eyes. You never know when some damn camper or Mormons on a hike will be out there. And if they see you with horsecock up your ass — they'll freak and the cops'll swoop in and tear this place apart. I'm not gonna let you destroy my life because you've got a hankering for horsecock."

Good point. It's happened before. And now that I've started, how can I live without big throbbing horse dick?

I look at Thor. Wild. Free. Powerful. Those flashes of balls he shows makes my mouth water.

Fuck it. That damn stallion wants to breed me, and goddammit I wanna feel his cock doing something unnatural to me.

I hop the fence and trot after Thor. He wheels. He's ready. Impatient. Bucking up just a bit. Showing off rippling muscles. His sleek coat. Powerful haunches. That cock. Goddamn. When he breeds me that motherfucker's going to blast me into the next county. His cock's so swollen from excitement



his sheath looks overstuffed. Thor's almost flaring. A fat warm of equine precum shimmers on the end of his twitching dong. This is gonna be a rough, brutal fuck.

The way we both like it.

Thor settles down enough for me to grease up his shaft. He loves it, thrusting his haunches forward as my fist slides over his superheated skin. No need to anoint my asshole. There's plenty of lube there, refreshed by the sweat that's bloomed between my cheeks during my chase. A handful of Shaka Rex's sperm dribbles from my hole. I giggle. Hell. My asshole's winking like a mare.

I bend forward. I ease under Thor. Immediately his cockhead begins stabbing at my butt. Missing the mark. This is always the hard part. Thor can sense but not see the hole he wants. His instincts are gauged more to serving a mare.

"Settle down, dammit!"

I brace one hand against Thor's left foreleg. With my right, I guide his cockhead against my cunt. For a brief moment it feels like someone's trying to shove a watermelon up my ass. Thor cries out, thrusts, and skewers me.

"Fuck yeah!"

From zero percent horsecock to one hundred percent horsecock in less than a second. Man, that's a transformation that'll make you feel like a god.

Thor ain't gonna wait for me to adjust. Let the fucking begin! The horse's huge cock churns lube and sloppy cum into froth. I brace my right hand against Thor other foreleg. Shut my hunch back into his thrusts.

The only disappointing thing about being sodomized by a stallion is that I can't feel his big balls bouncing off my cheeks. That's one advantage getting manfucked will always have. The damn sheath is awesome. It reminds you that an animal's fucking you. Something perverse. Something alien. But fuck, I'd love to hear the smacking sound of horse balls against human ass. Feel those sizzling hot orbs brand me.

Thor dishes out maybe ten long fuckstrokes, full stallion length. I think he's getting in the groove. Savoring the tight tube that's worshipping his horsecock. But no. Thor's horny as shit. Ten strokes and the damn bursts. He erupts in me, displacing the remains of Shaka Rex's hot slime. Giant dollops of horsejism fart from my asshole, painting Thor's sheath and our thighs. His cock, fully embedded, throbs in me with each jet. I swear the head flares somewhere just behind my sternum. My humanity seems to be crushed out of me, leaving just a horse-hungry void in its place.

I want more. Fuck, I need more!

"You can't be serious, stud!" I groan. "We're just getting started."

Thor whickers. A warning sound. *Don't talk back, mare.* His hardon quivers in the bubble of horsespunk sizzling inside me.

"You ain't done, are you?" I yell. "Shit, boy, I barely even felt that!"

Thor's derisive snort resonates through his cock into me. A hind hoof stamps in irritation. Clearly he's feeling a little shame. Embarrassed, maybe, that he blew a load so quickly in my ass. Hmm.

Wonder why. Dumb, stoned, surfer teen mentality? Possibly. Could it be because he's never gotten sloppy seconds off Shaka Rex? Heh. Sexual tension between the stallions. I'll have to keep this in mind, when the next batch of mares lifts their tails for their allowance of equine jizz.

I feel Thor's hardon slithering down my guts. My ring strains to constrain his flared cockhead. Jets of semen burst from my butthole.

"Come on, Thor! Fuck me!"

*Wham!*

"Oof!" My guts blaze with pain.

*Wham! Wham! Wham!*

Thor's back in the saddle, hammering away. My butthole bubbles like boiling stew.

Fuck, yeah, man, this is what life's about. Making it with equines. Damn fine beasts. Perfectly proportioned. Those noble heads. Those sleek bodies. Shapely legs. And their raison d'être: giant cocks. I don't want mere dogcock. I don't want to camelcock. I want horsecock!

I squeeze my ring on Thor's shaft and skewer my tender flesh on his bestial thrusts.

Man, I gotta wonder what some dude working in a shadowy room in the National Reconnaissance Office thinks when his photo recon satellite cruises by a hundred miles overhead.

*Commander, looks like we have suspicious activity going on out west. May be terrorism. Can't tell. Looks like a horse having a fit.*

*Side scan, lieutenant. Magnify and enhance. My God! What the hell is going on?*

*Looks like a horse fucking a dude. Holy shit! He's taking the whole motherfucking thing!*

*Jesus H. Christ, this is so fucking wrong, I dunna, alert somebody!*

*Fine. Umm. who?*

*One damn minute, soldier. Christ, I gotta think! An avuncular hand claps a uniformed shoulder. A horse. It's a form of transportation. Call TSA and let them handle this.*

*Holy Mammoth Cave, commander, they'll need a goddamn searchlight for the cavity search!*

*They got 'em. The US Government's ready for anything.*

*You, uh, mind, Colonel, if I run to the bathroom? I gotta take care of some ... business.*

*Keep your pants on, soldier.*

We're grunting so loud — bullshit, I'm too wrapped up in the feeling of horsecock up my butt — that I don't hear the roar of Forest's pickup coming up the lane. Don't hear the brakes squeal. Don't hear the door slam. But goddamned if we don't hear Forest yell.

"Goddammit, Horseboy!"

Thor doesn't give a fuck. He saws on, slicing his big cock through the tightest hole he's ever drilled. He's a stallion. He's doing what comes naturally. He keeps churning away. I think I hear him chortling above me. But me? I jump. Squeeze down with my rectum. That gets a reaction from Thor. More furious pounding. That makes me forget Forest. My back arches 'cause I'm Thor's mare and he's fucking me. My hardon snaps against my belly. What a sight we must've made. Thor's foam-flecked balls, swaying as he saws away. His body, surging with power. My own balls, barely contained in a jockstrap slimy with a cup of horse jism. Neither of us giving a fuck. Stallion and slut Horseboy, too wrapped up in giving the other what he wants to worry about some bitching, screaming farmer.

"Horseboy!" Forest sounds like a drill sergeant.

"Just a minute!" I yell from beneath the stallion's belly. "I'm kinda busy!"

Thor's really the drill sergeant here. Expert at it, too. He's working so hard at pumping my buttohole sweat's frothing his coat.

"Now!"

"Dammit, Forest, I'm fucking a horse. I can just tell him 'scuse me' and walk away!"

After a few more minutes of hard equine pounding, Thor empties his balls into me, roaring like a blast furnace. When his fat cock stops filling me he doesn't move. Doesn't take it out. I sense his head turning to stare contemptuously at Forest. I feel his heart hammering against my back. Attaboy. Thor's not about to give up. He's still got plenty of ammunition in his balls.

"Horseboy!"

"Goddammit," I mutter. "Sorry, Thor." I start to ease forward. Cum gurgles inside.

Thor neighs, forbidding me to move. He stuffs him in deep. Damn. That's sweet. I writhe against his back.

"C'mon, Forest, let us have another round!"

"Horseboy!" His roar echoes like thunder.

Playtime's over.

I ease forward, ignoring Thor's warning rumbles. Pop. Half a gallon of Thor's jism blusters out of my asshole. I feel like Old Faithful must feel when it empties itself. Groaning, stretching, I stand up. Thor awards me a light love nip on the back of my neck. As I walk towards Forest — who's standing with his folded arms resting on the fence — I brush horse hair off my back. Not easy, given it's plastered to my body with sweat.

"What did I tell you, Horseboy?"

Imitating Dennis the Menace handling Mr. Wilson, I hang my head. "Not to fuck the horses outside."

"Climb over the fence. Get over here. Christ. I think he's gonna rape you."

I glance back. Yep. Thor trots after me, rearing, bouncing, cock still hard and draped with jism. He's gonna fuck me. I stick my butt out. I too can be a tease. *Wanna fuck this cunt, stud?* Before Thor can mount up again, I shakily climb over the fence. A tail of spunk dribbles from my crater. It plasters to

my thigh as I jump to the ground.

“Turn around.”

I sigh. I turn. I brace myself against the fence. Forest really lets loose on my ass. A two handed spanking. It doesn't do a damn thing to cure my hardon. But it does seem to fascinate Thor. He trots close, still sporting a slimy horse boner. He watches Forest beat me raw, snickering, whickering, grunting approval when Forest lands a good blow. How dare I leave him unsatisfied.

I'm about to spew a river of my own slime across my belly when Forest decides I've had enough.

“Did I make my point clear?” he growls in my ear.

“Yeah.” I rise up on the balls of my feet. Crank myself over the fence. “Take a look what the horse has been doing to me.” I wink. “I got molestered by an animal, Forest. Can you believe it?”

“I know what he's been doing to you. And you're the molester.”

I look at Forest over my shoulder. Flex my buttocks at him. “You want to fuck me? Get sloppy seconds off one of your studs?”

“What's the point? I wouldn't feel anything. Come on. I got you a present.”

“What?”

“It's in the back of the pickup.”

Forest makes me fetch it for him. It's obvious what it's for. The contraption's basically built like a tall sawhorse. One end is taller than the other. The crossbar supports a long, black leather pad, firm as any barber chair. There are leather sockets where you can place your knees. Strong wooden platforms snap down near the high end. They rest on fold-down supports.

“What is it?”

Forest grins. “Your breeding station. I get tired of seeing all your spunk ruining my hay,” Forest says.

“It doesn't ruin it. Besides. It wasn't all my spunk.”

“That may be, but when the vet shows up, how am I supposed to explain it?”

“Where'd you get this?” Someone built this contraption. Someone built it in accord with Forest's specifications.

Forest grins. “I ordered it off Amazon. The bestiality section.” He palms his groin. “Take it in the stables. We're gonna try it out.”

Hot damn. Grinning, I call over my shoulder, “Hey, Thor!”

The stallion's ears perk up.

“Playtime's not over. We're gonna -”

Forest chucks me on my buttcheeks. “When you're in my breeding station, Horseboy, I pick the

damn stallion. Now. Hurry up. I'll stable Thor."

"Be careful. He might fuck you."

Forest chuckles.

"You want him, don't you?" I ask.

"Why isn't your present in my stable?"

"Your wish is my command, Mr. Boss Man!"

This motherfucking breeding station isn't light. It's also bulky as hell. Good thing I've kinda gotten use to shouldering a horse on my back. Forest leads Thor into the stables while I'm still wrestling my new toy towards the door. Thor, his dong hanging in a long, sweet arc between his hind legs, looks wistfully over his shoulder at me. He kicks as he vanishes through the door. I hear Forest telling him to settle down. Thor farts derisively.

I set the damn breeding station down near our slings. The stallions watch with bright-eyed interest. Sultan nods his head, seeming right away to guess the thing's purpose. Shaka Rex stares at it with eyes slitted with suspicion. Red Peril, our ornery bastard, kicks at his stall door, staring at it, neighing, whirling away, and returning to stare at it again.

Forest claps my ass. His fingers roam towards my crater. Pulling them away, he grins.. Spaghetti strands of horse jism stretch and stretch.

"Damn, Horseboy. Which of 'em's fucked you today?"

"I started with Shaka Rex. Then Thor. Then Thor wants to do it some more. He's a nice horsie. I think I'm his bitch."

Thor whickers at us over his stall door.

Forest pulls my face to him. Kisses me with a lewd, wet tongue. He grins. "It's hot watching you with the horses. But I'm gonna show you who's boss here. Climb on board."

I shrug. What the hell. Sling for horses. So long as I get the meat I crave, what does it matter? I plant my knees in the cups and ben forward. The leather feels cools against my chest. That won't last long. The thing elevates me a bit. Which'll make it easier for the taller stallions, which have to squat a bit to cram their cock in my hole.

"Hey, you know," I say, "if this thing had a cover, you know, a support to take his weight ... they could really lay into me."

"Thanks for the suggestion, Doctor of Horsefucking," Forest says. "Ready for your first customer?"

"Bring 'em on!"

Forest, chuckling, heads to Red Peril's stall. That feisty son of a bitch comes out bouncing. Ready to screw. It quivers like an iron beam between his legs. Flared — damn, these studs are doing a number on my poor anus — and drooling. He lets out a fierce trumpet and surges against Forest's. Forest manages to keep him under control.

"Horseboy," Forest growls, "he's gonna fuck you. There ain't nothing I can do to stop him."

I laugh. "That's what I'm here for."

For a moment the stallion stops and stares. His ears shift. Red Peril picks up the purpose of the breeding station real quick. He shakes his head, freeing himself of Forest's grasp. He trots up. His eyes are manic. He sniffs between my buttcheeks. Snorts. He's getting sloppy seconds again, and I can tell he's getting tired of this. Red Peril wants a fresh asshole to breed. Too bad, buddy. You got too many sexy stallmates.

Is Red Peril going to say no to my tight hole? Fuck no. He's no idiot. Maybe a cum-sloppy human asshole isn't his fantasy, but it's a hell of a lot tighter than a mare's cunt. And he knows I love to milk stallion cock.

Hmm. Wonder what Red Peril's fantasy is? Betcha it's him and a herd of mares. Yeah, I'm pretty sure Red Peril really likes the mare. Sure, he'll service me, but he'd love to spend his hours sawing away at a mare's cunt. Having done the deed myself, can't say that I blame him.

Red Peril hops up. His hooves thud onto the supporting platform. He hunches forward. His cock skewers up my back.

"Hey, Forest," I call from beneath the grunting stallion, "help this dumb bastard."

Forest grasps Red Peril's cock and realigns it. That fat cockhead burrows between my cheeks. Sensing a soft ring, he jabs two feet of it inside. His hot breath explodes from him. His bristly fur scours my back.

"Oh, yeah, baby!" I holler. "Come on, do it!"

Shuddering, the stallion lunges forward. The lips of his sheath kiss my ring. He convulses. He whimpers as if this is the best thing he's ever felt. Goddamn, that means something, coming from studs like this, which spend their entire lives fucking. Red Peril's thrusts come like a tank brigade. Metallic. Unstoppable. Brutal. Thundering.

Forest watches, palming his crotch. "Goddammit, Horseboy, that's hot as shit."

"Can't ... talk," I grunt. "Breeding ... time."

An earthquake spasms through Red Peril. His cock lurches. His whinnying brings dust down from the rafters. Red Peril floods my guts with cum. His tail thrashes. He whips his dong out of me. Damn. I've been used as a jackoff toy. I feel sordid. Heh. That's a great feeling.

"Fetch another one," I say, propping my cheek on my fist. "I barely felt that!"

There's a gleam in Forest's eye I like a lot. "Tell ya what," he says. "I'll let 'em all out. Let them decide!"

Forest moves as fast as I've ever seen him, running down the aisles, undoing the latches on the doors. The stallions emerge. Heads turn. Whickers rumble. A throng of hard-ons comes towards me. It'd be a sinister sight, if you weren't crazy for horsecock. Like me.

"Bring 'em on!" I breathe. I arch my back. "Come on!"

The gangbang begins. Shaka Rex is first to mount up. He works me, snorting, puffing, his black coat glistening over his muscles like liquid obsidian. Having emptied his balls earlier he takes his time.

But the time he juices me I'm almost sore. But that's not the end. Next in the saddle is Steely Dan, an older stallion, father of many colts, some of whom have won races. Man, the old guys still got it. Two in a row from him. After him, I kind of loose track. A horde of horsecocks assaults me. I dissolve into bliss and ecstasy.

Sultan hangs back, watching the show. There's an evil, glittering look in his eyes that makes me horny.

Finally I call a halt. Forest seizes Red Peril's bridle. Yep. He was back from another sloppy fuck. Forest hauls him away.

I stand. My cock is soaked with sweat and precum. Ropes of horsejism hang from my balls. I brush bits of horse fur off my back and butt. Stallions swarm around the breeding station. One or two lift a hind leg, making sure I get a good look at their cocks. There's plenty of rape in the air. I feel like the new guy in the prison shower.

But. I gotta show appreciation for my new toy.

"All right," I growl, pumping my hips at Forest. "Horseboy wants to do some breeding."

He grins. "'Bout time. Hardest thing in the world is getting you to top."

"Once you go horse," I say, slipping out of my jockstrap, "everything else seems trite." My cock smacks my belly. "Come on. Let Horseboy teach you how to get bred."

Forest starts to undo his belt. Shaking my head, I stop him. I take him by the shoulder, and guide him into place on the breeding station. He fits his knees into position and leans forward on the support. I take two good handfuls of his jeans and rip. The waist doesn't yield, but I don't give a fuck. His beefy butt's right in front of my hardon, ready for breeding. I pound my chest and let out a Tarzan yell.

"Ready?"

"Hold on," Forest says. "Lube."

I wink. "Gotcha."

I think my innovation really gets Forest going. When Forest sees my hand reaching towards the horsespunk-dripping cunt I got behind my balls, his eyes get real wide. They way yours might when you see a hot piece of male flesh strutting down the beach. My butthole sucks up my hand inside. I'm that loose. My fist emerges coated with rich, creamy semen. I smear the amoeba of cum all along my shaft.

"Damn," Forest breathes.

"You gotta get to know your beast."

I smear the remainder of the stallions' jism on Forest's asshole. His cunt slurps that stuff up. I line up. And I ram home.

"Shit!" A big puff of air escapes him.

"Sorry, man," I grunt, churning in his guts, "but I ain't in the mood to be kind and loving?" I spit on the back of his neck. "You fuck animals and you start going crazy, you know, Forest!" I jab so hard

my balls crack like a whip against his. "You know you like it."

"Take it easy! Damn! Let me adjust. Christ, Horseboy, it's been weeks since you -"

I snarl, "This is gonna be rough, Forest. Gonna be the roughest you've ever had!"

I seize his hips. Growing, I fuck crazily at his asshole. Forest writhes beneath me. Jizz is really too thick to make good lube. Maybe I should spit in this stuff, but fuck it. I like the sensation of sliding on horsespunk.

Man. I really wish I had a bigger cock. Forest's just not as tight as I'd wish. Even after going some time without fisting him, he's still got a loose hole. Not a complaint. Fuck. It's awesome to be on top. To be in charge. To look down and see some weak, helpless creature, writhing on your cock, hands clenching, clawing at the leather, so eager for your cum. For you to hose down those guts with your hot sauce. For him to feel your life entering him, invading him, taking him over, and repurposing his existence to serve you.

I look over at Sultan, who's watching me. His big head nods. So does mine. We know what the other one's thinking. His cock twitches. Is he asking me for permission to climb aboard next?

Sweat dribbles down my nose. I lean forward over Forest, jabbing and stabbing at him. His grunts turn to pleas for mercy. Fuck that shit! Horseboy's breeding the boss man. No one's getting any mercy!

A potent, funky fog surrounds us. Man, the smell is heady. Trippy. Quivery. Unreal. Most of it is due to me. I stink of horse. Forest might pungent as any high school quarterback's jockstrap, but the musk of horses overpowers what dregs of humanity still cling to me. *Horseboy* is my true name — finally. Horse first, human second. I seem hypersensitive to odors. I recognize fragments of Thor and Shaka Rex. Remnants of their sweat — worked up while buttfucking me — wrap me like a second skin. Even Sultan who, I guess, since he was the first stallion who took my cherry, retains some claim on ownership.

From my jism-soaked jockstrap a vortex rises. Pure equine. Horsepowered poppers. What feeble scent my own sweaty balls might emit is masked.

Suddenly things get very, very, *very* weird.

One moment: I'm looking down at Forest's butt. My cock, shiny with horse juice, slices in. My nostrils, filled with stallion musk. My body, sopping with sweat and crispy with horse fur. My brain, dissolved into a stew of mindless lust.

The next moment: I'm somewhere else.

Damn. My old bedroom. When I was a kid. When touching myself where they warned me not to touch felt so damn good. Things I haven't smelled in years surround me. Clean cottony sheets. Crisp white underwear. Fresh white socks. Soap. Goodness. Home. Classic American vision of sane life. Damn. I even remember my own crotch, fresh from the bath. Getting adolescent funky, since I'm frigging myself.

My bedroom door creaks open.

It's a bizarre image. That white stallion trots through the door to my room. Erect, too. He's always erect. Fucks everything with a hole. He looks right through me. He whickers. I hear his command,



and I obey. I shuck off my tighty whities. My smooth, skinny legs rise. My feet plant themselves beside my head. This beast wants my hole. Wants to fill me. Possess me.

The next moment: I'm looking at my scrawny self from across the room. Gallons of blood surge into my cock. My hooves make a muffled sound on the carpet as I strut towards the bed. I swish my tail. I straddle my own bed. I see the look of recognition in my teenaged self's eyes. I nestle my unbelievably huge cockhead against that impossibly tiny pucker. I whinny and ram home.

The next moment: the stables. Something so tight squirms on my cock. Goddamn. I want to fucking breed the rest of my goddamned life!

But something's wrong. No. Different. I'm not looking at the back of Forest's head. I'm looking right down at flecks of hay strewn on the stable floor. Something warm and tiny writhes against my belly. I churn my cock forward. Foot after foot after foot —

Holy shit.

I shift. Hooves clomp on the supports —

Hooves. I freeze, my giant cock throbbing in Forest's guts. I stare. Fucking horse hooves. No shit.

I crane my head to look under my belly.

Forest stares directly at me. His eyes are wide as diner plates. Shocked. Stunned.

My body's black-and-white fur grinds against Forest's sweaty back.

No wonder his damn cunt's never felt so tight.

"Horseboy," I hear him say. "What the hell just happened?"

I emit a neigh. A whiff of Forest's funk tickles my nose. Fuck yeah. Aw man. That's nice. This cunt's more breeding. My upper lip curls.

Fuck this mare!

I really start to churn my big dong. Pure fucking heaven resonates through my body, from withers to haunches. Yeah. I'll show him. Fucker's been begging for it. Telling me I can't do this. Telling me I can't do that. Goddamn, if I wanna breed with a horse in the goddamned open, I will! Who the hell does this mare think he is? He lives only to service my cock!

"Goddamn, Horseboy! You're killing me! Take it out!"

My head cranes back and I send a trumpet that echoes through the stall.

I churn. I fuck. My balls feel the size of watermelons. Fuck! They are the size of watermelons! My cocks as long as an arm!

Shit yeah! I'm a stallion!

Orgasm roars through me like a hurricane. I breed that fucking tight asseed faggot. I pour gallon after gallon of juice up his fucking goddamned sweet monkey butt. I juice for five minutes straight. It's awesome, man. Feeling my own cum back flushing from his butthole. Twitching as red-hot worms of jism pain my thighs. Smelling the sizzling stench of my own damn horsespunk!

I dismount from Forest with the lewdest squelch you can imagine. Forest doesn't move. Just reclines on the support, panting, trying to regain his wits. I trot behind him, edging Sultan out of the way. Yeah. Look at that hole. So deep, so wide that if my mare had opened his mouth light would've shot out his ass. Heh. Wrong. Look at that cum, man, crawling out of him like an albino anaconda. Fuck! Forest is Horseboy's spunk from his goddamned asshole up to his damn lungs!

I stomp a fore hoof and roar in triumph. The other stallions begin to cavort around me.

Forest rolls off the breeding station, collapsing to the floor. He stares at me as I trot towards him.

I brandish my big cock, still solid as a fence post. Wanna fuck, puny human? Come on, let me do you again! I don't think you're pregnant enough.

"I don't know what the hell's going on," Forest gasps, staggering to his feet. "But this is fucking crazy shit!"

He turns and races towards the stables door.

Come back! I got something to give you! Heh. Fine. You wanna play that game, I'll play too. But I'm not going to go easy on you this time! I'm really gonna dish it out. I'm gonna fuck you so hard my cockhead pushes all the way through you and comes out your mouth!

I charge after Forest. My cock slaps against my belly. Is that my cockhead, pushing between my forelegs? My balls are almost too damn big to stay tucked between my thighs. My tail kisses them.

Framed in the door, Forest looks back at this new stallion — the stallion named Horseboy — cantering towards him. I skid to a halt ten feet away. I trumpet to Forest, stomping my hoof. Come back here, you hot assed mare! I got a couple yards of horsecock that wants to seed you! Make you the mother of my colts. Come here, Forest! Horseboy wants to breed!

"You're goddamned crazy!"

He slams the door. The lock clinks shut.

Really?

You're gonna give me up? For what? A dildo? Bucky? You're the one who's crazy, Forest. Me? I'm blessed. Some god favors me.

I'm a motherfucking stallion.

I wheel. My hooves clop on the floor. My giant hardon feels a mile long. A stable full of stallions stares at me. I think they're as shocked as Forest. Smell 'em. Yes. The hay makes me hungry, but there's some damn sexy beasts locked in here with me. I neigh. Those horny bastards want it. Crave sex. Find their equine god in the pleasure they blast from their balls.

Well, boys. Let your new stallion Horseboy teach you a new kind of pleasure.

Neighing, I trot towards them. Sort of the tremble Nervous. Yeah. They'll be the bottoms. I squat. Let loose an ocean of pee. Smell me, boys. This is Horseboy. Then I trumpet loud enough to shatter the rafters.

Red Peril. I'm gonna buttfuck Red Peril. Hotassed son of a mare needs Horseboy's stallionfucker.