

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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A month or two had passed since my chance encounter with Dad at the motel. He never mentioned the episode again and shied away from every attempt of mine to broach the subject. It had created a tension between us which badly needed breaking for both of our sakes -after all, we were the only family we had left.

The opportunity came when I had to look out my graduation certificates when I was applying for a job. "They're in the den" said Dad "Look in the desk drawers." He had converted our basement room into his study/den and the main item of furniture is one of those massive old-time roll-top desks -you know, the one the sheriff always has in his office in westerns.

I tried all of the drawers in turn until I came to the bottom drawer, which, in my haste, I pulled hard out so that it hit the stops. All the drawers are really deep, so that things tucked at the back rarely see the light of day. Right at the back, behind a homemade wood partition, I saw about 6 or 7 videotapes. From their size and shape I realised that they were the old Betamax type, long gone from the stores. Glancing up, I saw our old Betamax- player still on the shelf -Dad NEVER throws anything away I thought, as I replaced the drawer and went back up with my certificates.

For the next few days I puzzled over those tapes: We didn't own a video camera until fairly recently and anyway, if they were 'family' tapes, why would Dad hide them away so carefully? I didn't want to play them in secret -I guess I'm not that sneaky, but I really did want to know what was on them! It was only a few days ago that I finally found out: Late afternoon I was helping dad on the garage roof -the winter gales we've had recently had lifted quite a few shingles- when our conversation came round to the movie we had all been to see the night before: "I might get the video when it comes out." Said Dad. "Sure, it'll be good to watch it again." I said. Then -after a deep breath. "I wouldn't mind watching those old Beta tapes, either!" (I can't believe I just said that! I thought in panic.)

There was a pause, then Dad muttered, "Oh.... so you've found them.... They belong to Uncle Bob...I must give them back sometime." Dad doesn't lie a lot -he's not very good at it and I knew that this was one of those times. "OK" I said casually (although my throat still felt tight with anticipation) "But make sure you let me see them first!" He must have read something in my voice, because he just nodded slowly and turned back to his hammering and the subject was closed.

Later that evening, Dad and I cleared up and settled down for an evening alone. I'm still waiting to hear about my job and I started to read up on the company while Dad was watching some garbage on TV. He was obviously getting as bored as I was and said over-casually. "You still want to watch a video?" (YES! - I could hardly stop myself from giving an air-punch.) But I said equally casually "Sure, why not."

The den is next door to the boiler and warm -too warm for me- so I slipped off my tee-shirt and made myself comfortable on the old chesterfield. The leather felt warm on my naked back as I watched Dad set up the big silver Betamax video.

I remember noticing that the Sony badge had fallen off the front, but everything else seemed to be working fine. The screen was high up on the shelf next to the player and caught the glare of the main light, so Dad switched on a small reading lamp instead and the den became gloomy. The first video was not very good -a poor quality copy of an n'th degree copy, but the second one was great and we both watched spellbound as some good-looking guys wanked and sucked and generally horsed around. The second part featured a trio of handsome black guys who started to stroke themselves and each other into a frenzy.

I was only wearing a pair of jogging pants and when I slipped my hand down past the waistband to clutch at my aching balls I saw Dad glance over and give me a shy smile. In the gloom I heard a click as he undid the fastener of his jeans and the quiet “zeep” as he opened the fly. He lifted himself off the chesterfield and slipped his jeans down to his knees, his white legs catching a greenish glow from the lampshade as he sat back. His cock was already standing stiff above a jungle of thick hair which glistened in the soft light and his ball sack drooped low, resting on the leather seat between his spread thighs.

Taking his cue, I quickly slid my pants down and we both sat there, each waiting for the other to make a move. Eventually, after a long pause, Dad’s fingers slipped over his cock and began to stroke gently up and down, making his balls bounce lightly against the leather seat with a quiet slapping sound. He kept glancing over at me and watched with a slight smile as I began my favorite two-handed stroke.

The black guys were still sporting with each other and I remember thinking enviously “Why does God gift only some guys with cocks like that?”

I saw Dad’s hand begin to move faster and faster in rhythm with the show on the screen, so I reached over placed my hand over his and stopped him, shaking my head and mouthing “Not yet”. He twitched nervously at my first touch of his penis but he loosened his grip reluctantly and we both went back to our stroking. But now it was different: It was my hand firmly wrapped around Dad’s thick cock while he was making his first tentative exploration of mine.

Not long after, the video finished and Dad’s hand slipped away from me and he looked at me enquiringly. I noticed the appeal in his eyes -he didn’t want this to end any more than I did. My mouth had gone dry, so I only smiled and nodded “Yes” and he got up to get another tape out of the desk drawer, holding up his drooping pants with one hand. While he was busy, I went up to the kitchen to get us some beers, hoping that one of us had remembered to draw the shades, since I was nekkid as a jaybird and it’s a nice neighborhood.

When I returned downstairs, Dad had stripped off his jeans and check shirt and was lying naked on the couch. I noticed with some pride that he hadn’t let himself slide into that middle-aged flab you see on so many older guys and his body was still in good shape. He was lying full length with his eyes tight shut, one hand lifting his balls while with the other he pinched at the tip of his long foreskin, stretching and relaxing it in a slow insistent rhythm: He hadn’t missed me, that’s for sure!

I put the beers down and knelt beside him, gently moving his fingers away and replacing them with my mouth. As I began to explore him, he began to lift and buck his body in time with my sucking, all the time giving out little grunts and gasps of pleasure. When he had relaxed, I held him gently between finger and thumb while I burrowed through the hood of his foreskin with until I found the smooth silky meat beneath, feeling the soft outer skin stretch as I slid my tongue from side to side.

I used all the tricks I had learned from my jerking days at college, so that soon Dad was whimpering with ecstasy as I gave him my all. I had always loved my Dad, but never so deeply as then and I felt a desperate need to prove to him that his son could give him that height of pleasure only another male can give.

He arm slid off the couch and I felt his fingers scrabble across my belly, catching and tugging at my bush, searching and urgent. As I shifted round to face him, I couldn’t keep back a groan of delight as I felt his cool fingers fold round me. He tugged on me gently, lifting me, so I straightened my legs until I was leaning over his chest in a sort of stooped crouch. I felt the brief rasp of his whiskers on the sensitive tip of my cock as he drew me into his waiting mouth. (Dammit Dad, why couldn’t you

have shaved first!) I thought, before I was engulfed. We stayed like that for a long time-a father and son lost in the wonder and enjoyment of sharing each other's bodies.

It was a good hour later when we could take no more and sat facing each other, watching our separate strings of sperm make a glistening crisscross on the old blanket we had placed on the floor, while on the shelf, the old Betamax video sat hissing to itself, its tape long finished. I was so aroused that some of my cumming had splattered over my old man's thighs, but his hadn't quite reached me - his sperm was thicker and tended to bubble out, rather than spurt in a thin jet like mine. We had been sitting cross-legged for some time so that when Dad got up get a box of Kleenex from the desk he moved stiffly and I could see little pearls of my sperm glistening on the curly hairs of his legs. As we wiped ourselves off we smiled at each other, both wondering what to do or say next.

Now it was all over, I guess we both were going through that post-sex feeling when, for a while; your body seems to lose interest. I saw that Dad was getting embarrassed, searching behind him for his discarded clothes -was he already regretting this lapse with his only son? If I didn't do or say something, he'd retreat back into his shy, repressed, shell and I'd never know another wonderful session together. Impulsively I went over and hugged him hard, feeling the warmth of his groin press softly against mine -the hug I got in return told me that I had done exactly the right thing.

By now it was in the early hours when we both showered and went off to bed -not together, I'm sorry to say - I guess Dad still makes the rules there. I slept soundly for the rest of the night and for once, I didn't wake up with my morning flagpole salute. This morning, Dad has been his usual self and hasn't mentioned last night, but the occasional shy smile he gives me tells me that last night won't really be our last.

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Some months have passed since my first wonderful encounter with my Dad in the den. Since then I can't say that we've had as many sessions as I would have liked, but he is a lot more relaxed now. Even so, his shyness still wont allow him to talk much about them, so we have developed a sort of signal code which doesn't need words. Often it's just a raised eyebrow and a quick glance at the door leading to his den that tells me when he's in the mood. We still watch the old Betamax tapes - It's become almost a tradition although we both know every scene off by heart.

We had just finished a short but intense session and were dressing to face the real world once more after our latest fantasy trip. I watched as Dad carefully stripped the last few drops of cum from under his long foreskin and tuck himself back into his shorts. As he dropped the damp Kleenex into the bin, he looked up at me and said casually. "When we next visit Bob I'll ask him if he's got any more tapes we can borrow." My ears pricked up at the "we" part - I was definitely being included in the deal.

Uncle Bob is my Dad's older brother by a year or so and he runs the family farm in the next state. I had virtually grown up there and spent every summer playing with my cousins and helping round the farm. For me, no summer camp could ever compare with life on the farm and the carefree evenings we shared after a day's work. I hadn't visited much while I was away at college though, and during that time my three cousins had either moved on or gotten themselves married, leaving Uncle Bob to run things alone except for a few migrant hands.

It was some weeks later that Dad and I took the long highway to visit with Bob. I was in my final year and would be staying on, but Dad would have to return to work at the end of the weekend. The miles drifted by until we finally turned off onto the long blacktop that led up to the farm. The long journey had made me feel incredibly horny -the movement of the car and long periods of inactivity

always seems to have that effect on me together and I had already had the hint that this visit could turn into something special.

Several times during the drive I slid my hand into my pants to rearrange myself, but Dad was too busy driving to notice and didn't suggest we make a 'comfort stop' along the way, so I just nursed my aching balls in silent agony. Eventually the familiar white gates came into view and we turned down the track to the long, low farmhouse that was Uncle Bob's home. He had seen the lights of our approaching car from a long way off and stood waiting for us on the porch steps.

He isn't the typical image of a rancher; no dungarees or straw hat for him. He's stocky and tanned with curly hair that was just beginning to go gray round the temples. He was wearing a smartly pressed check shirt -and were those designer jeans tucked into his polished boots? He and Dad had earned the reputation as being a pair of hell-raisers in their youth and they had remained close buddies into their middle age, so the welcome we both got was warm and genuine and we were ushered into the house, where Carrie, Bob's Filipino housekeeper, had prepared a gigantic meal.

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For the next two days, Bob kept us well fed and entertained and we spent most of the daylight hours exploring the beautiful country around the ranch. Church on Sunday gave me the opportunity to meet up with a lot of old friends and I was quick to notice that some of the girls I remembered as gawky teenagers had bloomed into real lookers. I collected no end of invitations to visit -my vacation was getting off to a good start already.

Sunday evening came and Dad left for the long journey home. Bob and I watched his departing plume of dust as it trailed all the way up to the highway. A gorgeous sunset had thrown the distant mountains into sharp relief and cast long shadows over the upland pastures. Freed from the smell and sounds of the city, this was a paradise for me -and now there was only me and Uncle Bob left to share it. I was roused from my romantic mood by the sharp hiss of an opening beer-can which was thrust into my hand with a smile.

"Sometimes I think that there can never be another evening as good as this." Bob opined. "But sure as hell, along comes another even better the next day." He had caught my mood exactly and I nodded slowly saying nothing. We made ourselves comfortable on the porch chairs and watched the sun setting over the ridgeback of hills. A set of lights turned off the highway and made their way down the track towards us. "That'll be my new foreman." Said Bob. "I told him to come up for a beer after he has checked the stock."

I gave him a quick look of surprise - he was generally reckoned to be a good boss but I'd never known him to socialize with his farmhands before. Seeing my surprise, he added. "You'll like him, he's different." A dusty red pickup turned off into the yard and we heard the door slam. A while later a figure approached from the barn, climbing the long flight of steps up to the house. Just as Uncle Bob was no typical rancher, his foreman was not the grizzled old-timer that I had imagined either. He was tall and lithe with the high cheekbones and long black hair that declared his Native American ancestry. Peter Long Wolf was very proud of his Nez Perce roots and I was to learn that he had inherited all his peoples' legendary skill with horses. No wonder he got along so well with Bob - they were soul mates.

The introductions over, Peter settled himself in one of the chairs and helped himself to a waiting bottle of Coors. From his casual manner, I gathered that this had become something of an evening ritual for them both. As Peter savoured his first beer of the day, I studied him closely, trying to guess at his age.

His smooth unlined face made it difficult, but I finally put him in his mid-thirties. Until then, my only contact with Native Americans had been at my local drive-in, and this guy, with his long ponytail and richly decorated shirt, could have starred in any screen western. Realising that I was staring, I busied myself with my beer while he and Bob began to plan the work for the next day. "I'll head into town and pick up those trailer tires." Bob said, adding. "Perhaps Mark here would like to ride out with you to check the out-bye herd." I caught the hint of a strange smile on Peter's face as he nodded his agreement. Thinking he was about to poke fun at a tenderfoot, I said defensively. "It's been a while since I last sat a horse."

"I can take the pickup if you like." Peter replied. "But your ass might be just as sore by the end of the day!" I joined in their laughter, not appreciating the joke at the time.

I was up early the next day and made my way down to the barn where Peter was already waiting. He had selected a gentle old roan mare for me and after an hour or so my riding skills returned and I relaxed in the saddle and began to enjoy the countryside. Peter kept the pace slow, although I guess he could have made far better time on his own, but it gave me time to get to know him. He didn't seem much into casual conversation at first, but as the day grew older he began to open up and I started to get more than a 'yes' or 'no' to my many questions.

He told me about his life as a boy on the reservation lands, where money and opportunities were scarce and how his father had left the family never to return, leaving his mother to bring up a family of seven alone. Peter had been shipped off to a State boarding school at an early age and from the little he said, I guess it had been pretty tough. Dragged away from his tribal culture and forbidden even to speak his own language, it was to his credit that he had not become resentful or bitter but had gone on to do well. He left school for agricultural college, gaining a string of diplomas along the way. After a disastrous marriage, he had struck out on his own, first as a traveling rodeo rider and then as a combine driver, following the ripening grain ever northward up the Mid-West Corn Belt.

Although he never mentioned it, I suspected that he had run into a lot of discrimination in his time and he spoke warmly of the easy-going Bob who treated him with genuine friendship and mutual respect.

It had taken most of the morning to prise Peter's life story from him and by the time he had finished, our trail had led us to the outlying herd. While Peter busied himself checking them over, I went down to the riverbank deciding to cool off with a swim. The feel of the water on my naked skin was a real tonic and I stayed in until the chill finally got to me and I made for the bank to dry off. I was just rubbing myself down with my shirt when a deep voice growled. "How! Paleface!"

Startled, I looked up to see Peter grinning down at me. Dammit, I hadn't heard a sound. Definitely an Indian thing! I thought. He tied up his horse next to mine and made his way down the slope, remarking dryly.

"Better not stay like that too long in this sun or you could get burnt in some funny places!" Then he walked round me, studying me appraisingly, as if I was one of his prize heifers.

I felt my cock begin to react to his inspection and tried to hide it under my damp shirt, but his sharp eyes missed nothing and I saw a faint grin appear on his impassive face. Ignoring my growing embarrassment (which wasn't the only thing still growing) he sat down on a low rock and pulled off his boots. I heard a sharp click as the buckle of his belt hit the rock as he slipped his jeans down his long legs.

Like many experienced male riders, I could see that he was wearing a jockstrap under his shorts,

which, much to my disappointment, he kept on as he made his way gingerly down the stony bank and into the cool water. He plunged forward, his long hair floating behind him on the surface and water droplets sparkling on his brown back. He wasn't a great swimmer and after a few minutes he made his way towards the bank. I watched keenly as he stood up in the shallows, silvery trails of water trickling down his arms and chest. Dam' that jockstrap, I thought as I tried to imagine what lay hidden in that well-filled black pouch.

He waded out onto the bank, wringing the water from his hair and lay down beside me. Was that just a little too close? I thought hopefully. He drew his knees up close to his chin and I heard a kind of elastic snap as he slid the damp jockstrap down his long legs. He looked over at me with a smile that was half-teasing, half-mocking as he dropped the flimsy garment by his side with a slight flourish of his hand. Dammit, he must have known exactly what I had been thinking!

What the hell, I thought. My uncontrollable cock had already given me away so I gave up pretending and studied the naked brown body beside me with growing excitement. He was hairless except for a halo of thick black hair around the root of his cock, which seemed much darker skinned than the rest of his brown body -almost black. Having got my undivided attention, Peter began to show himself off to me, gently sliding his foreskin up and down, making the purple tip bulge and disappear by turn. I could feel my own pecker throbbing with excitement and slipped my hand down to comfort it, matching Peter's stroking with my own.

For a while we just lay there, enjoying our own pleasures until Peter raised himself to look over at me. There was no mistaking the enquiry in those oriental looking eyes. Yes! Damn right, Yes please! My mind raced as I nodded my consent, He knelt beside me and slipped my cock into his eager mouth and I felt the end of his tongue begin to tease me gently. My groping hand closed around his magnificently thick cock and I felt his hand slip away to allow me the freedom to explore. His head began to nod, drawing me deeper and more deeper so that I could feel the tip of my cockhead press against the back of his throat while all the time I was squeezing and pulling and coaxing his splendid manhood.

After a while, he lifted his head and drew away from me, planting a quick kiss on the tip of my cock as it emerged. Then he began to explore my whole body, sliding his hands gently over my skin and making me tingle with anticipation. Quickly, quickly, just do it! My whole body seemed to scream, but it wasn't going to get the release it craved just yet. I let go of Peter's cock and lay back, reveling in the feelings flowing through my mind and body as his hands continued to stroke my chest and arms, sliding lower and lower until he could cup my balls in his hand. I felt a sudden weight on my chest, as he lay down on top of me, belly to belly so that our two cocks pressed against each other. He lifted himself slightly and I felt his hand slide in between us to enfold us both in his tight grasp.

The feel of our two cocks moving together felt wonderful -it was another first for me and I just lay back enjoying this new sensation to the full. His damp hair cascaded over my face so that all I could see when I looked up were his dark, almond shaped eyes gazing into mine. But even as I watched, their gentle expression began to change and a sudden lust overcame him. His weight on my chest eased and I felt his hands burrow urgently under my body to lift me and roll me over onto my stomach. My front pressed against the hard stones of the riverbank so I tried to make myself comfortable, only just aware that Peter was now sitting astride my legs. He leant forward and I felt his sharp fingers prise my butt cheeks apart and a sudden warmth as they squeezed back over his unyielding prick.

God! I'm being raped! I thought with alarm and I shouted desperately at him. "No Peter! -Godammit, No!" He made no reply and I could feel his hot breath against my ear as he leant his chest forward to press down upon my arched back. He was aroused beyond any reasoning and I could feel his prick,



like a rigid iron bar, sliding up and down through the warm slipperiness of his pre-cum juices and the sound of his frantic panting. I strained upwards with all the power I could muster with my arms and legs and managed to lift his heavy body just enough for me to land a really sharp jab with my elbow into the soft space below his ribs. It was a good hard blow and I heard his breath hiss through his tightly clenched teeth before he rolled off me onto his back.

For a moment he lay there, his eyes wide open in pain and surprise, then I saw his cock suddenly buck upwards, loosing stream after stream of milky white cum on to his heaving chest. As if it had been a signal, my own cock decided on its release and shot forth a steady stream that splashed in white blobs over Peter's brown thigh.

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I stood up, undecided and more than a little bit afraid as Peter lay recovering, his breath making a whooping sound as it forced oxygen back into his starved lungs. The handsome cock that I admired so much had slumped limply over his emptied balls, and was lifting and falling in time with his labored breathing.

Frustrated and angry, I turned away and climbed the slope to where the two horses stood patiently waiting. After a couple of hefty swigs from my canteen I began to calm down and to think straight once more. What's with this guy? I wondered. Am I safe with him? I was miles away from anywhere and I needed Peter to show me the way back. But what if he tried it on with me again? Sure, I was no virgin, but my pleasures have always stopped at mutual jerking and I had no desire to try anything else.

I went over to Peter's horse and with trembling hands I slipped his old Remington rifle from its boot, knowing inwardly that I would never have the balls to use it. I had finished dressing when Peter climbed up the bank and made his way over to where I stood by the horses. He saw my tense expression as I clutched his rifle, and backed off, holding his hands up in a gesture of surrender. "It's OK.... OK.... It's cool," He said softly, as if he was quieting a restive horse. Then he noticed that my hands were trembling slightly and added.

"Are you alright, kid?"

"Yeah, No thanks to you." He nodded slowly and turned away.

"Kinda loused things up, didn't I." Was all he said.

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We rode homeward with scarcely a word and it was only when we could see the lights of the ranch ahead of us that Peter broached the subject again. He cleared his throat a couple of times then said quietly. " Uh. Mark?"

"Yeah" I said, still not willing to budge an inch.

"Mark...will you say anything to your uncle about today?" There was no hint of pleading or regret in his voice, so I decided to make him suffer a while longer.

"I'm still thinking about it." I said shortly. He fell silent once more and steered his horse away from my side. 'You bastard'! A little devil-voice inside me nagged. 'You know that this could cost him his job. Now would be a good time to forgive him'. With devilish logic, it added. 'Besides, he owes you - you might get to enjoy this guy's wonderful body again, provided you set some ground rules first.



It was an argument that clinched it for me.

“Relax!” I called over to him. “I enjoyed it. It’s just that I’m not into that ...er.. other stuff, OK?” The look of relief he threw me made me feel a heel for keeping him guessing for so long, so I tried to lighten the conversation.

“So, don’t ever try to pay me back for Custer again – Tonto!”

His white teeth gleamed in the evening light as he grinned at my playful taunt and replied in kind..

“My people weren’t there, Quimosabe. I guess we missed a real good party!” He had enjoyed the joke and the relief that we were friends again showed in his voice, but I never could resist having the last word, so I added.

“Anyway, I’ve seen enough of your ‘little big horn’ to last me for now!”

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The day had been sultry and airless and the evening promised to be no better. Blue-black thunderheads had gathered over the mountains and sparks of lightning made the sky grumble ominously. Uncle Bob had come in from the fields tired and irritable and I thought it best to keep out of his way and give him time to relax. With every window wide open, my room still felt like an oven as I stripped and drew on my Speedos, intending to head for the pool. As I grabbed a towel, I took a long look at myself in the closet mirror. Not bad! I thought.

I had been blessed with an athletic build and while I was no college jock, I wasn’t ashamed to show myself at the pool or the beach. ‘Just as well.’ retorted my little devil-voice. ‘You ain’t keeping much hid!’ I had to admit this was true: My pearl-gray Speedos had been carefully chosen for their style rather than their modesty and they barely covered my favorite playthings. The thin gray fabric clung to me like a second skin and when dry showed off a marvelous outline -when they were wet the effect was something else!

I turned sideways on and looked over my shoulder at myself in profile, smiling at the way I filled out the tiny pouch. Okay, so who isn’t in love with themselves at 20?

Out of respect for Carrie’s catholic upbringing, I put on a robe for decency as I made my way through the back of the house towards the pool. The water was blue and inviting with scarcely a ripple on its surface and giving a yell of delight, I threw off the robe and dived straight in, striking out strongly for the far end. When I touched the tiled wall, I stood up, smoothed back my hair and wiped the water from my eyes. It was then I noticed Uncle Bob lounging in one of the poolside chairs -he’d had the same idea as me. He was sipping a drink from the long glass and lifted it up as an invitation for me to join him. I swam over to where he sat and leant my arms on the tiled edge, not wishing to leave the cooling water just yet.

“Beat ya’ to it, boy” He said cheerfully. It was obvious that he had recovered from the heat and the cares of the day. He nodded towards the house and declared. “That crazy woman in there has cooked enough to feed an army. She’ll kill us all for sure -unless I get rid of her first!” The thought of Bob ever winning that argument with his tiny Filipino housekeeper made me laugh out loud.

“You wouldn’t dare Unc. And in any case she wouldn’t go!”

“Dam’ right” he agreed. How Carrie had arrived at the ranch was a story in itself. She had been there ever since I could remember and was devoted to Bob and my aunt Bethany. When Bethany

died, it was she alone who had nursed the grieving Bob through his depression and heavy bouts of drinking. Bob would have sooner shot all of his beloved bloodstock than part with Carrie. In her quiet unassuming way, she could twist my uncle round her little finger -and he knew it!

He poured another glass of iced lemonade and reached over to pass it to me.

The sweet, sharp taste refreshed me and flushed the bitter chlorine taste out of my mouth, but as I looked up and smiled my thanks, I noticed that he had only worn a pair of boxer shorts for his swim. Without an inner liner to conceal them, I could hardly miss the sight of two large creamy-coloured globes, covered in coarse hair and another limp white shape pressed against his thigh. My vantage point in the pool below him meant that I could see right up his leg. I decided to stay in the pool a while longer and do a bit of research.

It had been a few days since my trip with Peter, busy days when I had hardly seen either of them, let alone talk with them, so Bob was curious. "How did you get on with Peter?" He asked. There was a strange tone in his voice and I swear I saw a slight stirring inside the leg of his shorts -he knew something. I decided to play it cool. "Oh, OK.... Yeah, he's a nice guy." I got the impression that this wasn't the answer he was looking for, because he changed the subject.

"It was good to see your Dad again." Adding pointedly. "He tells me that you and he get along just fine." Again that strange tone and, yeah, his cock was really moving some now, pushing his ball sac to one side as it slowly stiffened, but if he noticed me staring, he gave no sign. I could feel my own prick hardening, pressing against the thin stretch fabric of my bathers. I can't get out of the pool - not like this, I thought, feeling slightly panicky. Bob took another pull at his drink and finally seemed to notice his growing erection.

Ever so casually, he pulled at the leg of his shorts to make himself more comfortable, dragging the hem further up his thigh in the process so that the tip of his cock was almost in daylight. This time it couldn't be a mistake, could it? My stylish figure-hugging Speedos had become an instrument of torture, trapping and bending my erection in directions it was never designed to go, so I slipped my hand past the waistband and shifted my rock hard cock to one side. Looking up again I saw Bob looking down at me and, yes! There was no mistaking that strange smile again as he decided to go in for the kill: "Your Dad told me that you're into videos: Well, I've got a few you haven't seen. We can watch one tonight, if you like"

I stammered out some sort of answer, hoping that my tan was hiding my blushes.

My Dad must have told him everything! If his invitation didn't clinch the fact, the sight of his erection certainly did. There could be no doubt any longer. His cock had lifted itself almost upright making a great bulge in his shorts. Looking up from the pool, I could see a big blue veins pulsing along its underside and those enormous balls were doing a slow waltz as they rearranged themselves. Bob patted the empty lounge beside him and said huskily.

"Come up here and we can talk about it."

I needed no further urging and pushed myself off the floor of the pool, twisting round so that I was sitting on the edge. As I stood up, Uncle Bob got his first sight of my skimpy gray Speedo trunks and the revealing shape of my rigid cock trapped underneath.

"Whooooee, ain't that something!" He said in awe. "Your Dad must be as jealous as hell. He's got nothin' to match that!"

I looked down at the bulge made by his own barely concealed weaponry, and replied.

"I see you've got nothing to be ashamed of down there, either."

Behind us a bell clanged, warning us that it was near dinnertime and I saw a frown of annoyance cross Bob's face as he got up reluctantly, rearranging his shorts. He put his arm over my shoulder as we walked back to the house and said in a low confidential tone.

"Looks like we've both got a pleasant surprise coming to us both then, don't it?"

My throat had got suddenly tight, so I could only gulp and nod my agreement.

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Dinner was usually the high point of the working day on the ranch and today was no exception, but I hardly noticed. I ate as quickly as I could, but that only meant a long wait as Bob made his leisurely way through the courses. He didn't seem to be in any great hurry to keep the promise he'd made by the pool, but my balls had ached with anticipation ever since and my errant cock had firmed up more than once since then at the thought of a whole evening's pleasuring.

The meal dragged on and on and it seemed like midnight before we sat over a final cup of coffee. Carrie got up and started to clear the table and I -acting the perfect guest -helped her to take the dishes to the kitchen. We had just got started when a pickup pulled up in the yard outside. It was too shiny to be Peter Long Wolf's and turned out to belong to one of Bob's neighbors. To my intense frustration, his visit turned out to be a long one and the two farmers chatted for an eternity, debating the merits of some damned machine or other. I could only grit my teeth and wait....and wait!

Finally I heard the crunch of tires on gravel as our visitor finally took his leave. Bob came back into the lounge and gave a broad grin as he saw me sitting there, pretending to read. He guessed my thoughts and gave me a broad grin saying. "He's a great guy, Frank, but he's got no sense of timing!" He had all the patience of a farmer and for him, the long wait had only seemed to add a savor to the occasion.

But the time had finally come and Bob led the way to his office, built onto the side of the ranch-house. It was a large room and furnished in the old style, with plenty of wood paneling and a big stone set fireplace. Bob went over to the large picture window and pulled on a cord and the drapes drew across the night-time blackness with a swish. The chances of anyone looking in on us were about the same as on Mars, but I guess we both felt a lot safer with those brown velvet drapes closed and the bolt snapped on the door. A gas fire made to look like burning logs hissed cheerily in the fireplace, making the room look cozy and warm. In fact, if you were in the mood for some secret sex, you couldn't do much better than this, I thought.

Bob went to a cupboard and returned with a bottle of bourbon and two glasses. I'm not into spirits as a rule, but there didn't seem to be any beer on offer so I took the generous slug that was handed to me. After beckoning me to a comfortable leather armchair by the fire, Bob excused himself and went down a short corridor to where I knew there was a small bathroom after a pause I heard the splashing of a shower as Bob prepared himself for our tryst.

"I'll take one after you," I called out and heard the rumble of his reply over the running water. In my earlier haste, I hadn't showered after my dip in the pool and my hair felt sticky and stank of chlorine. Bob reappeared wrapped in a fluffy terry towel robe, rubbing his curly gray hair with a big towel. I dodged past him and hurried into the steamy shower stall. I was eager for action and didn't want to spend too much time in there. When I emerged, I looked for another robe to use, but all I could find was a large towel, which I wrapped round my waist.

As I came back to the office, I saw that my uncle was sitting comfortably by the fire in the twin of the chair I had occupied, so that when I sat down we faced each other. There was an awkward time while each of us wondered how to get started. Bob solved the problem by untying the belt of his robe and spreading the two sides wide over the arms of his chair.

After all my eagerness, Dammit, I was feeling shy in front of my uncle's nakedness and took a while before I slowly pulled aside my towel. We examined each other with interest: I had seen most of his bulky frame before but apart from my peeking at the poolside I wasn't prepared for the sight before me: Dammit, his cock was enormous! It was more square in shape than round and its foreskin had drawn back slightly to reveal a broad coral-colored head from which a tiny clear bead of moisture hung.

If I was impressed with that great shaft, when I turned my attention to his hairy balls I dam' near fainted with wonder and delight. If any screwy scientist ever made a study of how far a man's balls could hang away from his cock, my uncle would have won hands down! The long skin bag that housed his two treasures dropped a full handbreadth down from the base of his hairy shaft. I know because later on I measured it!

Several large folds of hairy skin supported the weight of those testicles and if you can imagine the size of a two large hen's eggs you would be about right for size. My fully erect cock was also under scrutiny and I saw Bob lick his lips furtively at the sight of me lifting up my balls, where my excited sweat had stuck them to the leather seat.

A part from a few slight moves, his cock hadn't been stimulated into an erection yet, but Uncle kept his hands away so that I could admire those truly wondrous genitals. Then as his imagination kicked in, his cock stirred lazily, flopped over to one side and then started to lift slowly out of the deep hollow above his low slung balls. I pulled my chair closer and watched entranced as it make its slow journey to full erection before I wrapped my fingers around its base. As I gripped him, I could feel Bob's racing pulse in the hard pipe that ran under the length of that thick oval cock towards its broad, mushroom-shaped head.

There began a long period of sheer delight for us both as we probed, stroked and pulled at each other's manhood: an uncle and his nephew both sharing the mystery of being male. I started to shudder with the approach of my ejaculation, but Bob released his grip and reached into the pocket of his discarded robe to hand me a small brown bottle. In my comparative innocence, I hadn't encountered 'poppers' before that night and I waved his hand away. I have a thing about drugs, so it took a lot of persuasion for me to take a tentative sniff.

I reeled at the sickly-sweet smell and handed the bottle back with a look of disgust. Bob made me watch him as he closed a nostril with one finger and sniffed heavily from the bottle through the other. A smile of satisfaction crossed his face and his erection began to droop slightly. He took another hard sniff and handed me back the bottle with and said encouragingly. "Give it another try."

I needed something to distract myself from coming, so I took a hefty sniff, the way he had shown me. The smell didn't seem so bad this time and just when I thought nothing would happen, I felt a warm glow come over me and my head began started to swim and throb with a gentle pulse. I decided that I could get to like the feeling and needed no further urging. I lay back in the chair in a dreamy haze with all my senses working overtime. My cock had softened and I felt it flop about as Bob worked on it steadily. When I felt the damp warmth of his mouth enfold me I couldn't keep from groaning with sheer delight as my heightened senses screamed messages to my brain -I had never been sucked like this before in my life.

Soon -too soon for me- the effect began to wear off and almost frantic with lust, I attacked Bob's cock. Soon we were writhing on the floor in front of the fire, stroking and sucking each other with growing excitement. Time and again we had to resort to the little brown bottle to stay our climaxes for just a little longer. Bob was over-enthusiastic and rough in his love play -he had a tendency to seek his own gratification savagely and selfishly without too much thought for his partner. He grunted, bit and scratched at me until he couldn't last any longer and drew his hand away, leaving me to follow his example and work on myself.

With a groan, he lay back on the carpet, his hands a blur as he attacked his thick shaft mercilessly. His balls were flying about uncontrollably from side to side as he pulled faster and ever faster, making his big, red cockhead pop in and out with a wet slapping sound. Finally he let out a roar, and I looked up from my own approaching shoot-out just in time to see jet after incredible jet fly high in the air to fall back on his hairy chest in great globs.

My cock took up the hint and I rolled over and shot my load onto the warm hearth, watching with bleary eyes as the long strings of sperm begin to steam in the heat. We stared glassily at each other, panting and unsteady from our efforts and the effects of bourbon mixed with poppers. My first ever jerk off session with my uncle had turned out to be an awesome experience; We had worshipped and ravaged each other's bodies, leaving them spent and satisfied. Bob slapped my shoulder and used it as a prop to help him stand up. The look he threw me said. "This has got to happen again."

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The clink of glass against glass woke me from my reverie and I sat up, my head still muzzy from the heady mix of liquor, poppers and sex. Bob was pouring himself another bourbon from the bottle on his desk in a pool of light cast by the antique desk lamp. His face was in semi darkness but the desk lamp showed up his hairy thighs in sharp relief and his large deflated penis drooping down over that long scrotum. It looked wrinkled and a bit sad now, especially when only a few minutes before it had been standing proud and erect, forcing out jets of thick grey-white cum from those gigantic balls. His body may have lost the grace and beauty of its youth but I think that by gratifying himself with my youthful, hairless body had added to his pleasure.

Bob went down the short corridor towards the bathroom and I heard him urinate noisily into the bowl. I gazed around the office, taking in the familiar scene: the wall covered with a rainbow of different colored prize cards and rosettes; at the Winchester 'yellow boy' carbine that I coveted, and at the bank of high-tech equipment on a shelf by the window. There was the low rumble of the flush and my uncle reappeared. He had left the bathroom light on and was silhouetted in its glow as he stomped back along the corridor. With those long dangling balls swinging from side to side as he walked, he looked like a shambling great bear on the prowl and I couldn't contain my laughter.

"What's so funny, Bub." He growled. His voice made me think of bears even more.

"Nothing" I said between a fit of the giggles. "I've just never pictured Smokey Bear looking like that before!"

We began to exchange cheerful insults. "OK, OK, funnyman. Let's see if you can 'cum' like that when you're my age, you one-shot wonder! I can make it again anytime you're ready -buster!"

I could never resist a challenge, especially one that promised still more pleasure, so I boasted. "One-shot wonder? Huh! I'm like that cistern in there. You can almost hear my balls fill up again!"

But despite our brave words, neither of us was really ready yet, and in any case, I rather enjoy that lazy satisfying time recovering from a good jerking session, so I tried to change the subject. Pointing

to a bank of small TV screens on a shelf, I said "They're new."

"Yeah," He walked over to a small console by his desk and scratched his furry chest before adding. "We had some guys stealing from farms in the County a while back, so I got a company from Berneville to come out and install all this. -Here, I'll show you." He pressed a few switches and the screens flickered into life.

Pretty soon I began to make out familiar scenes round the yard and the main buildings. Bob was fond of gadgets and lost no time demonstrating how he could pan and tilt the cameras, adjust the lighting and even record on to tape for later playback. To be honest, I was beginning to be sorry I had asked, but something Bob said made me prick up my ears;-

"...I've kept these cameras secret -no one else even knows they're there." His voice dropped low so that I had to strain to hear. "And you'd be surprised at what some guys get up to when they think no-one else is around!"

"Too damn right, Unc.!" I agreed. "Look at the pair of us!" He laughed with me, but then he started to look uncomfortable and I got the idea that he had let slip more than he meant to. Since our first encounter by the pool, I had noticed a subtle difference in his manner toward me; the bluff 'uncle to nephew' act he had always put on with me had toned down one helluva lot, replaced by.....just what? He was now treating me as an equal - like a fellow conspirator in some great secret.

Yes, that was it! I suddenly realised that the same thing had happened with Dad.

It was as though I had somehow been initiated into some great campus secret society.

The liquor had loosed my tongue so I asked bluntly.

"So what do you mean by 'guys getting up to things'?"

It's hard to fathom how anyone could look any more embarrassed than when they are standing in front of you butt-naked, but Uncle Bob gave it a real good try. A look of pain passed over his face and he muttered. Oh,...you know."

"I don't!" I persisted. "Whaddya mean?...Wanking? Fucking?...What?"

"Let's leave it be, shall we? I don't think you're ready for it."

"Bullshit! Here we are dressed only in our skins, recovering from one of the best jerk-offs I've had in months and you say I'm not ready? What else is there for chrissakes? Anyways, if you don't tell me, you can solo jerk for the rest of my visit!"

'Blackmail, even' my little voice joined in. 'Whatever next?'

Blackmail or not, my argument seemed to work, for Bob took a deep breath and after a long pause for thought, finally said.

"You know I asked you about Peter?" I nodded, encouraging him to go on.

"Did he try to do...anything with you?" I had to think quickly but I reckoned that it was OK to come clean. Bob must already know something about his Native American foreman that I didn't -or why did he bring it up now? I took a deep breath and lied in a matter-of fact way.

"Sure, we jerked each other off ...It was great. I enjoyed it." He looked surprised and a bit envious

that I hadn't wasted much time in getting it together with his foreman. "Why do you ask?" I enquired with fake innocence.

He seemed lost in thought and it was a while before he drew a deep breath and started on his tale.

"One night, a while back, I left the cameras running in the barn. There was a mare about to foal and I wanted to keep an eye on her as she was getting close to her time. She didn't foal that night, so I rewound the tape. That was when I saw something strange as the pictures whizzed by -It was Peter in the barn."

"So what?" I enquired. "Knowing him and his horses, I expect he was keeping an eye on the mare too."

"No way." Said Bob, sounding like Perry Mason at the end of a case. "He was leading another mare into a loose box." He paused for dramatic effect adding slowly. "And....he was stark bollocky nekkid!"

"Wowie" I said, but my voice was husky with excitement. This was really gross, but why was my cock getting so stiff? I couldn't stop myself from asking. "Did you keep the tape?"

"Dam' right I kept the tape" Said Bob. "Although there wasn't much more to see since the camera only covered the corridor. I checked the timestamp on the tape and it was about 20 minutes later before Pete came back into view, still as naked as a baby. He drew some water from the faucet and washed himself down and...."

He paused to see if he still had my full attention - He sure had!

"...He made dam' sure to see that his prick was clean."

I was fondling my cock by this time as he was telling the story, and I could see that it was having an effect on Bob's hardware too. That big square-looking cock was steadily rising from its forest of curly gray hair and pointing towards me as he looked to see my reaction to his tale. Somewhere in the house a clock chimed and I mentally counted the strokes -there were eleven. It was late -very late for this early-rising household and I hoped that Bob hadn't noticed and bring an end to his fascinating tale. I doubted that I would ever get to know the end unless I could keep his whiskey-fed eroticism going.

"Have you done anything about it since, Unc?"

A faint smile -almost a leer -changed his expression. We were fellow conspirators again.

"Dam' right I did!" Again that leer. "I moved the camera and I keep the tapes running every night since then!" He went over to a gray filing cabinet, his stiff dick pointing the way like some obscene banner. If I hadn't been so aroused myself I would have laughed at the ridiculous sight. There was a dull rumble as the drawer rolled forward and Bob fingered his way along a row of tapes and pulled one out. Sliding the black plastic cassette out of its cover he inserted it into the slot of player.

The screen came to life showing a row of horses standing quietly in their stalls. Bob had spared no expense and unlike the small security monitors, this picture was bright and crisp -and in full color. Bob picked up the remote and came over to sit beside me. The tape speeded forward until he stopped it when the timestamp showed 22:45. The date was about three months earlier. After a minute or so the real action began on the screen.



Peter came into the barn and walked up the aisle checking each box as he went. The horses watched him with lazy interest as he passed them by but it was clear from his purposeful step that he had one particular horse in mind. Bob had done his homework well and the camera zoomed into close focus as Peter stood almost underneath. The sound was muzzy and picked up a lot of extra noise but we could hear Peter's deep voice muttering little endearments as he nuzzled his head against one particular horse. "That's Lucy May" growled Bob in my ear.

For a long time, Peter nuzzled and patted the mare's head and I could see that she was relishing the attention. He moved away slightly out of shot but I could just see him slip off his buckskin jacket and hang it on an old lamp bracket.

He drew his shirt over his head and his long ponytail disappeared through the collar hole only to reappear cascading down the magnificent back I had caressed only a few days before. I had been too interested in the action taking place before me to think about myself, but I becoming aware of a dull ache in my balls. They had been licked, sucked and fondled by Bob earlier -they had even taken a beating from his last crazy masturbatory strokes .Now, as they regained their potency, they were letting me know they were ready for more action.

I glanced quickly over at my uncle: He was leaning forward, entranced by the sight of Peter slipping out of his jeans -this time there was no black jockstrap to spoil the view, for he wore nothing underneath them. I didn't know it then, but he had different riding in mind that night. You may think me naïve, but don't forget that I was a city boy and knew nothing of bestiality -I wasn't even sure that it was possible for a man to have sex with animals.

What was taking place on the screen was totally new to me and I was hooked! There was a snick from the soundtrack as Peter unclipped the mare's headstall from the rail at the front of the box and gently shooed her hindquarters round so that she stood almost square on to the camera. He left the box and returned with a straw bale from the stack by the door which he placed behind the mare's hind legs.

All his preparations made, Peter began to stroke the mare's neck, slowly working his way down her chest towards her forelegs. All the time he was crooning softly to her in words I couldn't make out. From the slow repetitious rhythm I guessed it was a love song or lullaby learnt from his Indian mother. Lucy May turned her head round towards him and I could see her nostrils twitch as she sniffed at his naked body. Peter gave a short laugh as her whiskers tickled his side and turned towards her questing muzzle. I gave a gasp as I watched her long pink tongue came out to explore him and saw his balls lift and drop as she licked the salt from his sweaty groin.

Peter arched his back in sheer delight which gave us an even better view of her licking at his dark brown cock, just like a kid with a candy bar. A long gasping groan came from beside me as Bob took in the scene. Uncaring of my presence, his eyes were fixed on the screen while all the time he kneaded and tugged at himself, totally engrossed in the scene being played out before him. Peter seemed to be close to a climax and it took an obvious effort of will for him to pull away from the mare's questing tongue, but he stepped out of her reach and stood back for a while, recovering.

After a time, he squatted down and stroked the mare's belly, close to where I could just see her two black teats. As he fondled them, the muscles of her leg twitched and she straddled her hind legs wider, making an easier for those searching brown hands to explore between them. Peter was in no hurry and it took several minutes before he started to work his way steadily upwards between her wide straddled legs. She responded by lifting her tail like a flag and letting loose a stream of yellow urine. Peter rebuked her gently as he retrieved the wet bale. The damp floor was not to his liking, especially to his bare feet, so he placed the bale in a dry spot at an angle to the wall.

For a moment I thought we wouldn't get to see any more and I slumped back in my chair, disappointed, but I soon leaned forward again with a jolt as I saw that Peter had turned the mare's hindquarters so that her haunches almost faced towards the camera lens. I could hardly believe our luck when the camera refocused to a shot of the mare's leathery vulva glistening with a stringy clear discharge. Her vagina twitched a few times then seemed to pout, exposing its pink inner surface as though it was winking. Bob leaned towards me and cleared his throat, "She's telling him she's ready." He whispered hoarsely.

The tall Native American stood for a while, working furiously on his dick, bringing it to its full hard size before he stepped up on the bale. His body shut out our view for a while but when the mare shuffled sideways a step or so, we could see that Peter was teasing her, slipping his hand right inside her up to his wrist, thrusting it back and forth in a steady rhythm as old as time itself. Lucy May held her tail to one side and humped her back in time with his thrusts, seeming to relish her human lover's attention. He didn't fail her and withdrew his hand, only to replace it with his rampant dick, sliding it in and out deeper and deeper with each slow stroke until his balls were squeezed tightly between their two bodies. He gave a long deep groan and the muscles of his buttocks began to clench and release as, slowly at first, then faster he began to pump at her willing rear end. A minute or so later and it was all over: Peter gave a series of loud grunts and his legs twitched rapidly as he found release. Totally spent, he collapsed forward over the mare's haunches and lay there with his chest heaving.

His panting seemed to ease and he straightened his back slowly until I saw his cock slide out of the mare and drop limply onto his scrotum. The muscles around the mare's vagina relaxed and she expelled a string of Peter's sperm, leaving a row of pearly drops trapped in the tiny hairs fringing her long leathery slit. I felt a chill on my leg and looked down in time to see a steady stream of my own sperm tracing a path down the leather seat of my chair towards the cleft of my butt.

Worried that I might mark Bob's favorite chair I looked over at him in time to see him perform a real neat trick: He had pulled his long ball-sack out as far as it would stretch to catch his cum in the hollow it made between his two balls as each pulsing jet splashed off his cupped hand. In our excitement, we must have both shot our cum in time with Peter, but neither of us seem to have noticed, so engrossed had we been in watching his dramatic climax. Uncle Bob stood up, still holding his ball-sack out like a hairy cup, and rummaged on his desk for a pocket pack of Kleenex. He tore the film wrapper open with his teeth and threw half of the contents at me and we began to clean ourselves up.

"Well, whaddya think of that?" Enquired Bob. "Ain't that something?"

"That was truly awesome" I said sincerely, excited beyond measure.

"But ain't...er, I mean... isn't it illegal? I asked faintly.

"Not if they don't catch you at it, it ain't." He said in a droll voice. His cheerful acceptance of what we had just seen phased me and I could only stammer. "So! Er, ....what are you going to do about Peter?"

"Nothin'." He lifted his softened penis carefully and mopped a blob of cum from the underside. "I reckon they both enjoyed it, and she sure as hell won't have no foal by him!" He laughed heartily, relieved to see that he hadn't over-stepped the mark by showing me the tape. But my mind still buzzed with questions and I said, half to myself. "I wonder what it feels like?"

"It feels pretty good, boy...pretty good. That's the hottest piece of pussy that you'll ever taste in your

lifetime.”

“You mean.....you’ve done it too?” I asked weakly. This was getting surreal.

“When I was young and horny like you.” His look told me he wasn’t joking. He leaned over and touched my arm and looked earnestly into my eyes before saying quietly. “But, hear me boy. Don’t you go trying it out on your own. Not without me or Peter being there. Guys have gotten themselves killed that way.”

My mouth went dry and I could scarcely whisper. “You mean ..you mean you’d let me try it? I gasped. He couldn’t mistake the anticipation and eagerness in my voice.

“Happen I might, if you’re still of a mind to and we can find a mare that’s willing to stand for you. It seems that young Pete can spot ‘em when they’re ripe and ready.”

He picked up his discarded jeans and I knew that our evening was coming to a end, but Bob hadn’t quite finished yet. He drew his belt tight round his ample waist and sat down again beside me. “Some time back, I was reading up on the life of the plains Indians - It’s a kinda hobby of mine, finding out how folk lived here before we arrived. Well, it seems that the young men of certain tribes, (mostly the unmarried bucks, but I reckon some of the older ones couldn’t kick the habit, neither).

They used to service their mares when they were out on long hunting trips or on the warpath. They didn’t see anything wrong in it. They saw it more as a spiritual thing, a bonding, if you like - of their spirit with the spirit of the horse. By planting their seed in a favorite mare, they believed that they could plant in her some of their bravery and honor as well. That way they figured she would breed real war ponies for them, as fit and strong and brave as themselves.” He stood up and turned towards me.

“Perhaps Peter sees it that way -who knows?” Then with a roguish grin, he added. “Or mebbe he’s just a horny bastard!”

His laughter rang down the corridor as he turned out the lights behind us.

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I lay on top of my bed and thought about the mind-blowing events of the evening. My whole groin ached from Bob’s over-enthusiastic attention and I was much too excited to sleep. I had never had such an incredible evening -not even with my Dad, although I much preferred his more gentle touch. I had been really turned on by the sight of Peter humping his mare and I started to scheme ways of making uncle Bob keep his promise to let me try some horse pussy. It wasn’t going to be easy: Peter lived in what had been the old bunkhouse in my Granddad’s time.

It was close to the barn, so he had to be kept out of the way somehow or he might come in at the wrong time. I could see problems with that scenario for both of them, should he catch Bob and me....What was that phrase?....In flagrante. The benefits of a college education! I smiled to myself and to the sound of horses calling to each other outside, I fell into a deep sleep.

A few days later Bob announced over breakfast that he would be going away for a few days to a convention up- State and asked me if I would be OK in the house alone.

“Sure..no problem.” I said trying to curb my excitement. I had spent another heavy evening with Bob the night before, and while we had both enjoyed ourselves, I had found myself yearning for Peter

Long Wolf's lithe body writhing in ecstasy beside me, rather than my uncle's heavy frame. I knew that Peter was still wary of me and he had rejected every one of my unsubtle hints that I would welcome another session with him.

Only the day before, I had been out with him in the old red pickup to renew some fence posts in the far pastures, ready to move the stock. It had been another hot day and we had both stripped off to our shorts. The sight of Peter's torso and thick brown legs started my hormones raging and I almost drooled whenever I watched him. His muscles rippled as he banged the posts in with a double-handed contraption and with his sweat-dewed back, he looked like a supple well-oiled machine. I could see the waistband of the familiar black jockstrap appear as his shorts were dragged down slightly and I had to curb my disappointment that I wouldn't catch a glimpse of his beautiful cock by accident.

On the other hand, I had already made my preparations in case I had a chance to reveal myself, hoping that it would be enough to stimulate his interest in me once more. I was wearing nothing underneath my old cutoffs and could feel every movement of my cock as I held the posts upright for Peter to knock in.

We broke for lunch and I perched on the tailgate of the truck and attacked the small mound of sandwiches that Carrie had packed for me. Peter was squatting on the ground, Indian fashion, facing me as we ate and yarned. Hoping to copy Uncle Bob's revealing pose by the pool, I hitched up the leg of my shorts and was rewarded to see that Peter was watching me with his hooded eyes. My erection was growing at a fast rate and if unchecked it would soon be poking itself out of my shorts, but I pretended to be engrossed in my sandwich, while continuing to secretly watch Peter's reaction out of the corner of my eye.

His tight jockstrap hid any physical reaction to the show I was putting on, and his impassive face gave no sign of interest. Just when I was about to give up, Peter rose and went over to a clump of bushes as if he was going to take a leak. He was gone one helluva long time -surely no one spent all that time having a piss! He eventually returned and gave me a slow smile of triumph as he passed. Dammit, the bastard's jerked off! I thought angrily and that was the end of that: If he was playing hard-to-get to rouse my longing for him to fever pitch, then he was dam' well succeeding!

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I was still surly with disappointment at Peter's rejection of me that night as I tried to think of any way that I could get together with that handsome Native American. I even started to blame myself for not giving into him and letting him have his way by the riverbank that first day. But no, I couldn't contemplate doing that with anyone -not even with this bronze-skinned Adonis that held me so enthralled. My only hope lay in the thought that Bob's absence might just give me the slight chance I needed.

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Uncle Bob's departure was quite an occasion. I looked admiringly at his best outfit as he climbed into his car ready for the long drive North. "You look like Roy Rogers." I said as we made our farewells. "Sure hope not!" he retorted. "He's dead!" He grinned and handed me a set of keys saying that I could use the Cherokee whenever I wanted. As I thanked him for his generosity, he added that he might stay on up North for a few days more to 'take in the scene.' The conspiratorial leer he gave me suggested that some gambling with his stockmen cronies or even sampling a couple of hookers was what he had in mind.

“OK, Have fun!” I said as he gunned the engine and pulled away. A cheery wave was the last I saw of him for the next six days. Without his larger than life presence, the house seemed strangely empty and quiet as I went back in.

Later on that day, I went up to my room to shower and change before taking a trip into town in the Jeep. I was drying myself off, when I took a closer look at the bunch of keys on the dressing table. They must have been Bob’s everyday set, because the ring was packed with keys of all shapes and sizes. Among them I recognised the long shafted key that fitted the lock of the office door -yes that one had become very familiar and scenes that room had witnessed recently flashed through my mind.

It was then that I had a real gem of an idea!

\* There was not a sound inside the house as I made my way stealthily down the back stairs towards the office. Outside I could hear the distant blaring of a cow as she called for her calf and I thought that it must be the loneliest sound on earth. The brass key slid smoothly in the lock and I was in. I went over to the window and drew the drapes carefully. There might be a faint chance that Peter might make a late night check of the buildings - I had seen the lights were still on in the bunkhouse as I returned from town. I switched on the security cameras and one by one, the little monitors lit up with a blue- gray glow. They gave out just enough light to see by, so I settled down and started on the sandwiches that the ever-thoughtful Carrie had left out, together with a Thermos of hot coffee for my return from town.

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Needless to say, nothing happened that night, nor the next and I was beginning to call myself all kinds of a fool for thinking my plan had any chance of success. The only bit of excitement I had was when one camera caught sight of a small herd of deer making their way across the empty yard. This third night was definitely going to be my last, I decided. I had become irritable and scratchy through lack of sleep and frustration and only that morning Carrie had laid her hand on my forehead, inquiring. “You not well?” You’re right, I thought.

A sudden movement on one of the screens caught my eye. The light of a small torch wavered its way steadily along the wall of the barn, leaving a whitish streak on the screen as it moved. I tried to zoom in with the camera, wishing that I had watched more closely when Bob had shown off his new toys to me, but by the time I had got it sorted out, it was too late. I saw a small square of light as a stealthy figure opened a little gate in one of the huge barn doors and passed through. I turned my attention to the little screen that covered the inside of the barn, just in time to see Peter Long Wolf pick up a bale of straw and carry it along the line of boxes. This is it fella! I nearly hugged myself with excitement and glee. Christmas had come early!

Timing and stealth were crucial now. I went down the familiar little corridor and past the bathroom to the door that led out to the yard. Trembling with anticipation, I cursed as my fingers fumbled to find the right key. “Oh God, what if there isn’t one on this ring.” But I needn’t have worried -the third one I tried slid sweetly into the lock and a swift turn let me out into the cool night air. My sneakers made no sound as I crossed the yard into the dense shadow of the barn. I didn’t use the same door as Peter, but slipped round the side to a wooden stairway that led up to the hay loft. The steps creaked loudly and I froze, my heart thumping loudly. No more scares please! I pleaded.

I unlatched the door at the top of the stairs and made my way along a wooden catwalk until I was almost over Peter. The noises of the horses in their stalls had drowned my stealthy approach and I could see from his casual manner that he was still intent on his own pleasure and had heard nothing.

From this angle his bronzed body looked even more magnificent: His naked torso tapered sharply to a narrow waist and the smooth swell of his buttocks gleamed in the dim lights of the barn. I nearly gasped in awe, but I lay still, trying to control my panting breath and waited for the crucial moment.....my special moment!

My cock was screaming for attention, but I was determined to ignore it. I needed it to be at full strength for later on. If I got my way, I would give it the treat of its lifetime. I checked the pocket of my jeans and felt for a cold round shape. I had prepared everything down to the last detail and had even lifted one of Bob's bottle of poppers from the small store he kept in the office ice-box. I was going all the help it could give me if I had any hope of making myself last beyond first base.

Below me, things were following the same pattern as before. The big haunches of Peter's chosen mare for the night were directly underneath and I had already recognised them as belonging to Candy, the horse I rode.

From my scanty knowledge, I counted this as a definite plus -she would know me and, hopefully, would stand quietly for me. I watched as she stood placidly looking out over the box while Peter stroked and teased her belly. Things are moving on nicely, I thought, but I was determined to wait a little longer. This was going to be pay-back time for Peter: I'd teach him a lesson for treating my advances so coolly. I waited until he started to bring himself up to his full, erect self, watching hungrily as he drew his hands slowly and lovingly along his dark brown shaft. Judging my moment to a nicety, I called softly. "Hi Peter!"

He started and gasped in horror while his back went rigid as if he had been shot. His long ponytail thrashed about his shoulders as he turned his head round, looking for the source of that mocking voice. "Look behind you!" I said in a childish sing-song and he turned to see me standing above him, one hand leaning against a beam while the other was caressing my cock through the gaping fly of my jeans. He gulped and said in a hoarse tone.

"Jee-zusss Mark, Don't ever, never ever, do that to me again!"

"I won't" I said agreeably and slid nimbly down the wooden beam to land on the straw by his side. Already I could feel the heat from his naked body through my thin shirt.

"Don't let me stop you." I added innocently.

"How....er...How long have you been there?" He stammered, totally thrown.

"Long enough." Then I paused dramatically. "But on the other hand: not long enough: -If you catch my drift."

He was recovering his composure and tried to bluff it out, although he had literally been caught with his pants down. I would have loved to have heard that excuse -it would need to be pretty convincing, but I was far too impatient to press home my advantage. The shock of my sudden appearance had made his cock shrivel and withdraw so that it hung like a brown fruit over his balls. I bet they're really aching now. I thought smugly as I reached forward and lifted his cock, letting it fall back on his balls with a slight bounce.

"I haven't done that much good, have I?" I breathed and dropped down on my knees to take it into my mouth. It took a long time for it to respond -I must have really phased him. I thought as I sucked greedily. Then I felt Peter's body begin to relax as he realised that his secret might still be safe. I looked up into his puzzled brown eyes.

"Relax buddy...It's OK...Really it is." I breathed, my voice husky with lust.

"I'm here for the same thing as you are; I want a piece of the action too."

For a moment I thought he would refuse, then his face cleared and he said softly.

"You sure about this? Don't you want to talk about it first? I shook my head.

"Nope. I've been watching you and it has really turned me on." I didn't want to beat about the bush any longer so I said bluntly.

"You are going to fuck Candy, aren't you?"

He nodded slowly.

"Me too." I said with more confidence than I felt, then I suggested.

"You go first and show me what to do."

He studied my face with those deep brown eyes for a long time, then amazingly a broad grin transformed his features and an excited tone came into his voice as he said briskly.

"OK kid. Let's do it!"

I watched spellbound as he stepped up on the straw bale behind the waiting mare and began to gently touch her with his long brown fingers. Candy turned her neck and looked at me with her gentle, blue-black eyes as I ripped open the buttons of my shirt and undid the fastener of my jeans. Peter looked over at me, his cock in his hand, smiling as if to say, "Wait your turn, I won't be long."

I caught a quick glimpse of the long pink lips of Candy's vulva part before Peter inserted his exposed cockhead into the void. For what seemed a long time, he played with her, varying the depth and speed of his strokes and thoroughly enjoying himself. His head was thrown back and his eyes tight closed as waves of pleasure made him shudder, then for one brief moment he looked at me and smiled before he started to thrust savagely into the mare. On the video I had watched with Bob, I hadn't noticed that Peter had been particularly vocal, but having a spectator may have had an effect on him because he began to grunt and mutter as he began to thrust faster and faster.

"Yeah....Yeah....Oh...Jeeezzzzuss!" A long moaning cry announced his climax and he fell forward onto Candy's rump, just as I'd seen him do, days before. Eventually he pushed himself up and looked over at me with a smile. "That's how it's done, kid." He panted, adding with a grin. "You want to try it now? -I've warmed it up nicely for you!"

As I entered my first ever mare, my first impression was one of intense warmth and the feel of a strong grasp on my quivering cock. It wasn't at all like I imagined and the thought that the slipperiness I was feeling was probably due to Peter's cumming only a few minutes before was a real turn on. He was standing right behind me, his hands pressing against my buttocks, encouraging me to push and withdraw, push and withdraw. The feeling was so strong that I span the lid off my bottle of poppers and took several hefty snorts to slow me down.

Whether it was that or just my excitement, but my senses reeled as I felt my cock push past the hard ring of muscle just inside the mare's vulva and into a warm cavern beyond. She wriggled her haunches slightly and for an anxious moment I thought that she was going to refuse me after having already been ravished by Peter's long tool. But it seemed that she was only making herself more



comfortable and she stood placidly as I began to slide my cock rhythmically back and forth.

Another quick snort of poppers steadied me for only a moment before the inevitable happened: I was not prepared for the intensity of my climax and let out a series of long drawn out “Uhh...uhhs!” as my dick throbbed its release.... It felt incredible and my nails dug hard into Candy’s ample haunches as I screwed up my face in ecstasy and pain, unaware that Peter was supporting me as I arched back. I didn’t want to leave Candy’s warm tunnel of love but she gave me no choice: A series of pulsing thrusts spat out my softened cock and followed it with a long string of my cum, which dribbled down my bare legs. Peter slipped his arms under mine as I stood gasping and I clung on to him tightly until I recovered. He bent his head and whispered in my ear.

“Was it like you imagined, Mark?”

“No way!” I answered, my voice still panting. It was ten times better than that!”

He face broke into a broad grin and he slapped my butt playfully. “Guess so.

I’ll see to your new girlfriend here, then we’d better go clean up.”

*The End*