

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I had always liked horses. Ever since I was little, I wanted to ride, and I devoured everything to do with cowboys and westerns growing up. I guess a lot of kids go through phases like that, honestly, but that is what I wanted. Of course, growing up in modern suburbia didn't leave me with much opportunity to interact with horses, or even see them much. The highlight of my young years were when we went to the Stock Show and Rodeo, and I got to actually be around them, even for a little while. The ranchers in the show areas were only too happy to let me pet their horses, and when I was ten, one of them even offered to let me sit on the back of the huge stallion he had brought. I never forgot how it felt to be up so high, feeling the strength of the big animal beneath me as the rancher led the horse around in a small circle in the temporary paddock. I had never been so intimated and so pleased in my whole life.

Well, fast forward a few years into high school, and my friends who had liked cowboys and horses had moved on to other pursuits; fast cars, girls, the so called 'gangsta' life style, girls, punk music, girls, and so on. Not me. I still wanted to be a cowboy, still wanted to be around horses, still wanted to be a rancher. I didn't understand everything I was feeling at the time, but I started having dreams about that day I had ridden that stallion around, even slow at a walking pace. But after a while, my memories seemed to take a dramatic turn in my dreams. No longer did they focus on the height of the animal, or the feel of its short fur beneath my young hands. Rather, my dreams began to delve into the sleek appearance of that huge stallion, the curves of its muscles, and most of all, the sheer strength and power of the horse beneath me. I could picture how it would feel to ride at a full gallop, the muscles and tireless stamina of the horse, the sheer exhilaration of a run. It wasn't until I woke up in the middle of the night, my heart pounding, having made a mess of my sheets did I start to make the connection.

I didn't quite know how to react to that idea, but I knew enough to know I absolutely should not tell anyone about it. I kept it a secret, but I started exploring the idea on the internet. Smart, right? Well, looking back, it was damn lucky I had always had a thing for horses, because my internet search history would have probably freaked out my parents big time otherwise. I figured out quickly enough that mares didn't do it for me, at least, not to the extent of those dreams I had. I still admired their form, and their strength, but it was always stallions that made my heart pound, made my blood burn. By the time I was in senior year, I had acknowledged that I was gay, and though I didn't know the term at the time, a zoophile. But I knew by then that my dream of being a cowboy or rancher wasn't likely to happen, not for a city boy.

In college I resolved myself instead to doing something that I would enjoy, looking into zoology, or wildlife biology. I even considered becoming a vet, but something about that didn't quite fit. Still, the study materials alone let me explore far more than my fellow students did, the desire still there. It never left me. When I moved into an off campus apartment with a friend of mine, being truly out on my own as it were, I wanted more than anything to experience my fantasies, to really make it happen. Late night online searches led me to sites where I could get toys that would let me feel at least a fraction of what I dreamed about. I think you can imagine the mistake I made then. My first toy was a full, life size cast of a big stallion, like the one I had ridden all those years ago. One very painful lesson involving the elasticity of human body parts later, and I reordered a much smaller one. I was persistent though. One mistake wasn't gonna stop me.

Well, a few years later, after graduation, I managed to get a job working with the department of wildlife, and I finally managed to move out of the suburbs, into a smallish house in a new subdivision on the outskirts of vast ranch lands. By then, I had graduated in my play from small, pony sized horse toys to a medium one, and finally to the big one I had gotten originally. I had even come up with the perfect fantasy to get off on. I would imagine being on the back of a big stallion, always a

rich chestnut, racing across the plain with wild abandon, then finding a place out of sight, with maybe a tree or some rocks at just the right height to brace myself on. There I would dismount, take the saddle and tack off the horse, then we would switch places, with him as the mounted rider, and me as the mount. The fantasy never stopped being satisfying, and I thought to myself that I might just have a handle on this thing, for once in my life.

Then, one day, while I was out jogging along the edge of the neighborhood, on the side facing the range of the closest ranch, I suddenly stopped dead in my tracks, stunned. There, standing just on the other side of the fence, was a stallion. His back easily came up level with my nose, his pelt chestnut brown and beautiful, with a little white diamond on his forehead. He looked like he was in his prime, big, strong and powerful, no excess paunch in his belly, every muscle toned and sleek. And, oddly enough, he was watching me, just like I was watching him. As I watched, he took a few steps towards the fence, and bobbed his head at me, clearly a greeting. Walking up to the fence line, I reached out over it and the big creature moved to my hand, resting his velvety nose against my palm and snorting. After he let me rub his nose, he came closer, and allowed me to pet him, stroking his neck and his flanks, admiring the movement and play of his muscles beneath my touch, the horse nuzzling my chest in appreciation. I was way too enraptured by the unexpected experience to notice that I was sporting a raging hard-on. Hell, I probably wouldn't have noticed if a marching band had suddenly struck up a rousing march behind me in that moment. A minute or two later though, the spell was broken, the sound of hooves striking dirt in the field bringing me back rapidly to reality.

"Hey, youngster." The rancher greeted from the back of the grey gelding he was riding, coming over the little rise and into view. "How ya doin'?"

"I'm doing good." I managed to say, making an effort to adjust myself to hide the almost painful bulge in my shorts while his sight line was blocked by my idol. "How are you?"

"I'd be better if Samson here would be a little more cooperative." He said, dismounting and patting the chestnut on the side away from me. The horse snorted and gave me a look out of one eye that screamed 'Yeah right, old man. Make me.' "Keeps running off the second the gate is open. Doesn't matter who it is that is going to handle him. Seems he likes you, though."

"Well, Samson has been very friendly." I replied, rubbing the stallion's neck once again. He nuzzled his great head against my chest once more as I did, giving a short snort and the rancher smiled.

"Names Jim. Jimmy Calvert." He said, offering his hand, which I shook, "Ever work with horses, uh..?"

"I'm Mike. No, I haven't, much to my regret." I replied, noticing that Samson the stallion was flicking his tail in a frisky fashion as he nuzzled against me again, giving another soft grunt. "I have always loved them though."

"It shows." He replied with a smile, looping a rope low around Samson's neck so he didn't hurt him, starting to guide him away from the fence. "I gotta get back to things, but you have a nice day, Mike. Its was nice to meet you."

"You too, Mr. Calvert." I replied, my eyes on Samson as he was led back towards the rise by the rancher. Samson was still flicking his tail around, his steps almost a strut as he walked. I couldn't help but stare appreciatively at the show he was giving me, my thoughts falling rapidly down the rabbit hole of my long fantasies. But, just as he reached the top of the rise, the horse paused, looking right back at me, his tail flicking upward in a motion I had never seen a horse do before, giving me a glorious look at his huge pair of balls for a few moments before going into a trot, up out of sight over

the rise. I stood there for a full minute, my heart pounding away like I was running at full speed still.

I knew from my studies that that wasn't exactly normal behavior from a horse. But that thought didn't last long in my head, another, wilder, impossible thought taking its place. Had Samson been *flirting* with me? It had to be my imagination, but it certainly seemed like it. Turning back around, I ran home as quick as I could, quite a feat considering I was still hard. I had played last night, and my backside was still a little sore, but that didn't stop me for one second. This time, my fantasy wasn't some strange, anonymous horse, and that made it all the more intense to think about.

Over the next couple of days, I passed by the spot again, taking the same route at about the same time of day, and I swear I managed to be only mildly disappointed when I wasn't greeted by my new desire. It was silly, and I knew it. There was no reason for me to do it, no reason to expect that he would be back, or that even if he was, that he would continue his odd behavior. Yet I still did it, and then I would come home and fantasize and enjoy myself, and come back the next day. I briefly considered hopping the fence to go look for him, or making up an excuse so I could show up at the ranch house, but reason asserted itself quickly enough to remind me that that was a dumb idea. Then, about a week later, my new jogging route stopped being so silly.

That day, it was overcast and cool, rain threatening all day, so most people who were home were staying inside. I even considered skipping my run so I wouldn't be running when the storm hit. I ended up being glad I hadn't because this time, Samson was waiting for me, just like he had been the first time. This time, I walked right up to the fence line, but he didn't walk right up to me. Instead, after giving me the same head bob greeting as before, he started walking around a short distance from me in a sort of short loop, first around one way, before turning back, showing me his other side, clearly strutting all the way. I stood there, transfixed, watching his muscles shift and flex beneath his hide, but after he had strutted past in both directions, he turned his back to me, and did that frisky tail flick thing again, teasingly giving me a look at his backside once again, and I felt my heart start to thunder in my ears. This time, I noticed as my body showed its appreciation for the display, feeling my face flush even as blood flowed elsewhere. I almost expected him to keep on strutting and showing off, but instead he turned around and started walking straight up to me again. But this time, there was a difference that I would have had to be blind to notice. I wasn't the only one sporting a hard-on this time, and damn, he was every bit as big as I thought.

"Samson," I began, surprised that my words were coming out so steady, keeping my voice soft as the horse strode purposely up to my hand, nosing it as he had the first time, letting me rub his nose once more. "You really are showing off for me, aren't you?" He didn't say anything, naturally, but he leaned forward over the buck and rail fence and nuzzled my chest again, giving a deep huff instead. My heartbeat was a roar in my ears, and my entire body urged me to climb right over the fence and do what I had dreamed about for years and years. But again, reason prevailed in my head, barely. Instead, I rubbed his belly, refraining from touching his massive erection in public, much as I would have loved to. Then I shivered, Samson dipping his head a little lower, bumping his snout casually against the tent in my shorts. He was making it crystal clear what he wanted. Teetering on the brink of giving in, I managed to whisper. "God I wish we weren't in public. If we had some privacy..."

The big horse raised his head back up, giving me an inviting look that spoke volumes. I'm not ashamed to admit that I almost did it. I almost gave in, climbing the fence so he could make me his mare right then and there, and to hell with the consequences, but a few moments later, I heard Jimmy Calvert's voice from over the rise and Samson looked back over his shoulder, his huge pride deflating in disappointment. If only I had the same ability to let my arousal go, I wouldn't have had to hurriedly adjust my shorts yet again before the rancher could see how turned on the stallion had made me. Recognizing me, he waved as he dismounted.

"Hey Mr. Calvert." I said, offering my hand as he came up.

"Hi Mike." He replied, shaking my hand. He gave the brown stallion a glare as he turned to him, Samson returning his stare evenly, his ears giving a dismissive flick. "Samson, buddy, you gotta stop running off like that." Scratching the horse's mane, the rancher returned his gaze to me. "I believe in teaching horses, not breaking them. Breaking horses may accomplish the goal, but it doesn't do them any favors in personality. I always thought that treating them like that is kinda cruel. They are smart enough to learn, if you teach them right. But Samson here is proving to be something of a class clown."

"Maybe he is just not ready to learn." I suggested. *Maybe he is just horny...* I added in my head.

"Maybe." The rancher acknowledged, looking me up and down for a moment. I couldn't help but swallow nervously, hoping he hadn't noticed something damning. But after a moment, he just cocked his head. "And maybe he just needs a different teacher."

"Huh?" I asked brilliantly, not daring to hope.

"I've got a favor to ask." He said, and my heart lurched. "If you have some time one of these days, I'd like you to come out to the ranch and give me a hand with him."

"Well, I told you I have never worked with horses..." I said, Samson giving me what I chose to take as a 'are you really gonna say no?' look.

"That isn't a problem." He said, shaking his head. "If you are willing to follow instructions, I'll teach you what you need. If he still misbehaves, well, we tried. But if I'm right, and he likes you enough to listen..." *Oh, I'm sure he likes me plenty. Just not the way you mean.* "This might solve the issue."

"Well," I began, trying not to seem as eager as I was. "Ok. I have the day off tomorrow, if that works."

"Sure, sounds good." He said, again looping the lead around Samson's neck. He didn't resist at all as the rancher turned back. "See you tomorrow then, say nine?" At my nod, he swung up into his saddle and waved before turning back to Samson. "Come on, you punk. Time to go."

Samson glanced back at me again as the rancher led him back, but this time, he met my eyes steadily, lifting his tail up to give me a full view of the fact that he was still partly aroused, holding it there as if to make sure I saw. That message crossed species boundaries clearer than anything. There wasn't any doubt in my mind this time. Hell, that wasn't even flirting, that was a full-on promise. Grinning to myself, I turned back for home once more, cutting my jog short. Tomorrow couldn't come soon enough for my tastes.

That night was one of the most difficult I have ever experienced. I was so nervous and excited I couldn't drop off for hours, and when I finally did, my dreams were every bit as intense as the ones I had had when I was a teenager. For once in my life, my alarm was a welcome interruption in the morning, any annoyance I might have had at my lack of sleep overshadowed instantly by anticipation of the possibilities. I tried to keep my mind on the knowledge that it was extremely unlikely that I would have the opportunity to do anything today, but the fact that, for the first time, there was actually a chance of it made me so excited that I skipped breakfast. And still, though I knew it was a very long shot, and probably a stupid risk to bring at all, I tucked a small bottle of J lube I had been using in my play sessions into one of my cargo pockets. Odds were, there was no chance at all that I would be able to use it, but merely the thought that it was possible made me so excited I was shivering.

Its kinda funny, for all of my nervous anticipation, I can't remember most of the morning. I clearly remember leaving my house, and I distinctly remember coming up to the edge of the churned up dirt of the large circular paddock where Jimmy worked with the horses, where Samson was waiting. I remember his enthusiastic greeting as I climbed over the fence into the space with him, the stallion almost prancing as he came up to me. Fortunately, both of us managed to act like we were just friendly with one another, not flirting, though he gave the same soft grunts as he nuzzled me as he had before, giving me the same look he had yesterday when he had been showing off. I also don't remember the lunch I was offered after working with him all morning. Other than that, the first clear memory I had was in the early afternoon when the rancher helped me settle the saddle on Samson's back and had me swing up into it.

I will admit that that was a scary moment. I had only ridden a horse once, and that was one that was used to a saddle. I fully expected Samson to shake me off his back like a fly, or worse, buck me right onto the ground, obvious desires notwithstanding. I think the rancher and his hands thought so too, the lot of them gathering around to watch. Which made it all the more amazing that he didn't. Instead, Samson let me direct him around the paddock like he had been wearing a saddle and being ridden for his whole life. He even gamely moved into a trot around the paddock on his own, my body settling into the rhythm of his stride like it was the most natural thing in the world. But, though he only trotted around the enclosed space, I could feel that he wanted to run, and I wanted to let him run. But I think Samson really was smart; no, scratch that, I knew he was. I think the rancher and his hands' problem is that they didn't give him nearly enough credit. After the trot around the paddock, Jim guided me through a series of tasks, and Samson was tame and compliant beneath me, though I could feel his restless energy in every step he took. But he certainly didn't act like he was spoiling to run off this time, playing his part like a master actor.

"Well, I will be damned." The rancher finally remarked, his hands on his hips, shaking his head as Samson came to a stop before him. I leaned forward in the saddle and patted the side of his neck appreciatively, giving thanks in my head that he was being nice to me. I would have loved to claim that his compliance was me being a natural cowboy, but I knew better. The horse was the one in charge. He knew it, I knew it, and I was hoping like crazy that he wouldn't decide that he was done following orders, because there would be nothing I could do if he did. "You have the touch, Mike. I've never seen anything like it." I smiled at his praise, and the rancher looked consideringly at Samson, the stallion giving him an even look in return. "Well, that should be enough for the day..." His pronouncement made my smile flicker a little, my heart sinking. But only for a moment. Today had still been one of the better days of my life. "Unless..."

"Unless?" I asked, that old, familiar hope kindling in my heart. I was so close to it already, closer than at any point in my life, how could I not be hopeful?

"Well, as you know by now, Samson loves to run." He commented, and the horse snorted, apparently agreeing. "Good behavior should be rewarded, so normally, I would let him out to run the range, and get it out of his system. But, since you two get on so well, I think he would let you ride along while he runs."

"You sure about that, boss man? None of the other horses are gonna keep up with him if he runs off." One of his hands asked, surprised. That was when I realized how odd the suggestion might be. The hands had been tolerant of me all day, especially since Samson the Troublemaker seemed to like me, but I was very much the outsider. But Calvert glanced at him, and nodded.

"Yeah." He replied. "I have got a good feeling. Of course, that assumes you want to, Mike." It took every ounce of will power I had not to shout 'Oh good god, yes please!!'. I also managed to camouflage the sudden flare of arousal at the very suggestion that I might be getting my greatest

fantasy as merely shifting my position in the saddle.

“What do you think, Samson?” I asked, leaning down to pat the side of his neck, feeling the whipcord tight muscles practically shiver as he anticipated the run. Or maybe he was anticipating something far more intimate, if the look he gave me when he turned his head was any indication. After a moment, the horse gave the same head bob he gave me in greeting, walking over to the gate of the paddock on his own. “I guess that is your answer.”

“I guess so.” The rancher replied with a chuckle, walking over to open the gate. As he pulled the locking pin, starting to swing the metal section open, he continued. “You can try and rein him in if you are nervous, but if you want my advice, let him run for a while at his own pace before you do, if you can. It will do more for him that way.”

“OK.” I replied, my heart hammering inside my chest. In truth, it might have been the height of stupidity, but I had no intention of reining him in. Samson was nice enough to wait until there was more than enough space before walking through the gap. But, the second his tail cleared the fence of the paddock, he started picking up pace, moving into an easy trot and to maintain the fiction, I tapped my heels to his flanks. He didn’t need any encouragement though. Already, I felt the thrill I had always imagined building in my frame, his long strides taking us not only away from the paddock and the buildings, but in a completely opposite direction from my neighborhood. As he cantered up another rolling slope towards the flat top, I found myself relaxing, matching the bounce of his stride. When the ground leveled out, Samson’s stride slowed slightly, and he glanced back, looking at me again.

I nodded in encouragement to him, the powerful beast beneath me almost rearing up in excitement, practically leaping forward at my gesture. As he took off at full tilt across the top of the ridge, I distantly heard the calls of the hands and the old rancher, cheering as Samson ran. For my part, I relaxed as best as I could, letting him have his way, hunching a little on instinct so I was more fully behind his head and neck as he ran, streamlining our shared profile. It was everything I had imagined it would be, the pounding pace, the wind whipping by, even the bounce of each stride. As Samson ran full out, reaching the end of the rise and dipping back down before starting up the next one, I felt a wild, elated grin come to my lips, and I very nearly let the reins go entirely, but I knew not to do that, even though I wasn’t planning to use them. The all out sprint couldn’t have lasted more than a few minutes, but it was a wonderful, heart pounding experience, making me forget all about everything except Samson and the wild, pounding run. But then, Samson slowed his pace slightly, turning from his straight course and running down the slope of the current rise to what looked like it might have been a creek bed once, though now it was all grass and silty dirt. Finally, he slowed to a walk and then to a halt, breathing hard from the exertion, but keeping his head held proudly high.

It took me a few moments of panting to get my own breath back, but when I did, and I looked around, I was shocked. This spot was...perfect. Eerily like what I had dreamed of so many times. The hills surrounded us like walls, giving us all the privacy we would need, and there, just across the clearing, was a dead hulk of a tree. It must have been struck by lightning at some point, and most of the trunk had to have snapped off, leaving a long, thick log a short distance away. But the base of the tree was still there, and there was a branch sticking out that seemed just about at the right height. I couldn’t believe it, but I wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth, so to speak. Pulling one foot from the stirrup, I slid myself out of the saddle, sliding down to my feet to at least let my legs rest. I might have taken that process a little more easily had I had more experience as a rider though, because my legs, unused to the posture of being on horseback while at a full gallop, were not kindly disposed towards the idea of standing just now. I stumbled, managing not to sprawl flat on my face only by catching myself with both hands in the fine dirt, scraping my palms in the

process. Samson made a chuffing sound then, and I could almost swear he was laughing at me.

That notion changed instantly when I pushed myself back up onto my knees and looked at him. He was looking back at me with that same look he had been giving me yesterday, and again, his huge dick was stiffening. But this time, though we were outside, we weren't in public; this time we had all the privacy I could ask for. He snorted at me, seemingly in expectation and I immediately got to my feet as if commanded, walking over to him and stroking his neck with my hands, carefully removing the bit from his mouth as I slid the bridle off of him, tossing it aside so it landed against the fallen log. I took my time then, moving along his flank to the belly straps of the saddle, stroking and admiring his powerful form, sheened as it was with sweat.

My fumbling with the buckles was only partly due to my inexperience with them, but it wasn't hard to undo them. The saddle was heavier than I had thought it was, but when it was off his back and in my arms, it wasn't so bad to carry it to the log and set it down. Then I turned back, admiring the magnificent animal as he stood, almost shining in the sun, naked of any human equipment. He snorted again, bobbing his head as he watched me expectantly, and I knew it was my turn. Taking a deep breath, I kicked off my shoes, then undid my belt, sliding off my pants. My shirt followed after, and then my underwear and I was almost nude in the sunlight, leaving only my socks on my feet. My heart was pounding like a jungle drum in a tribal dance, and I collected the bottle of lube from the cargo pocket, and then paused to slide my feet back into my shoes. Horny and excited I might be, but I knew the silty soil was full of rocks and burrs, and either could easily ruin this experience.

Then, I walked over to Samson once more, taking the time to admire the muscles of his powerful form, petting my hands gently along his flanks once more, resting my cheek against his neck, feeling the warmth coming from him. The stallion shivered at my touch, grunting, turning his head to look at me, and I smiled at the look in his eyes. He was right, it was time for both of us to stop playing. Almost in one motion, we both turned and walked the short distance to the tree base, and finally, I reached under him, the stallion twitching as my hands caressed his impressive equine endowment. I had imagined this moment for years and years, and I savored the feeling of his smooth, stiff flesh in my hands, sliding them along it from the base, over the medial ring to the tip and then back upward to the base once more. Samson's penis almost slapped into his belly when I did that and I grinned to myself at his soft whinny. He really did want this, and I did too, oh so much.

But there was one more thing I was going to touch before I moved on. Reaching out, I cupped his huge balls in my hands, each one the size of a baseball, admiring the feel of them. Samson tensed some muscles in his hind quarters, making his scrotum leap up, his cock slapping into his belly again, but he snorted, lowering his head at my touch, making no move to go anywhere. I could have stood there all day, caressing and admiring the stallion, but I was as hard as a rock, and my heart was thumping away in my chest like a jackhammer. All the years of fantasies bore down on me all at once and I knew there was no way I was going to be able to wait much longer. Finally, I uncapped the lube I had brought, anticipation making my hands unsteady. First, I squirted some on one palm and worked it around my pucker, rubbing it inside with a couple fingers, taking a few moments to stretch myself a little, using more lube than I normally did. Then, I poured more on my palm and reached out, using both hands to rub it onto his rod, starting at the base and working towards his tip so none of it went to waste.

From everything I had ever studied, and every fantasy I had ever had, I expected Samson to thrust himself into my palms, confusing the slick touch of my hands with a mare's passage, but my soon-to-be-lover didn't move his hindquarters at all. Instead, he turned his head, nuzzling my shoulder in appreciation. If I hadn't been sure that we were both on the same page before, his hot breath on my skin would have done it, a shiver so strong it almost knocked me off my feet running the length of my spine. Finally, I capped the bottle and set it down between two roots, where it wouldn't get

stepped on. Then, I turned, leaning over and bracing myself against the tree, drawing in a deep, shuddering breath. This was it.

Samson didn't keep me waiting. I had barely settled into position before he moved, his nose brushing my back between my shoulders before he reared up, his belly clumsily bumping his weight against my frame. I had been ready for that, keeping myself stationary so he could adjust, his back hooves taking a small steps forward, his front hooves hooking in against my sides, short, rough hairs scraping against my skin. What I wasn't prepared for, much as I might have thought otherwise, was the sensation of his massive shaft missing its target, sliding between my legs, lifting my balls on top of it. Samson grunted at the sensation, readjusting, and this time his tentative thrust slid up the crack of my butt, grazing his target on the way past, and he snorted, seemingly pleased at the sensation, but I wasn't. My whole body felt like it was on fire, and despite having the heavy weight of such a large animal settled on me, I let go of the tree with one hand, reaching back as he readjusted a third time. This time, I guided his tip so it rested against my pucker, barely remembering to relax as much as I could before I felt his hips tensing behind me.

The third thrust of his hips was as tentative as the first two, an inexperienced stallion lining up his mare, but it was no less effective than I thought it was going to be. There was no hesitation at all as his head made itself welcome in my butt, the sudden penetration making me gasp, the stretching stinging a bit. But Samson wasted no time, his hips giving another jerk forward and at least the first seven inches were inside me. I gasped, my ass clenching up on instinct on the mass of horse flesh inside me. Samson grunted appreciatively, his hips withdrawing a few inches before slamming them back in along with a couple more and I felt my eyes bulge, his head pressing hard against the inner barrier already. I had practiced for this, but my body wasn't quite with the program just yet, resisting the massive intruder. But as Samson grunted again, beginning to withdraw his hips, his hooves readjusting his stance, I knew what needed to be done. Even as his change in stance pulled all but his head out of my rear, I too changed position, lowering my torso, spreading my legs like a good mare would, mentally relaxing my muscles as much as I could.

This time, he didn't just thrust with his hips; instead, Samson stepped forward with his back legs, his belly coming down harder onto my back, almost knocking my hands off the tree, but the combination did it. Suddenly, Samson's whole length shoved its way into my guts, his head shoving its way past my inner sphincter, the feeling of the medial ring and the broad base of his penis making their way inside me, battering my prostate on the way past, making my eyes squeeze shut instead, my balls leaping for the base of my shaft. As I felt Samson's huge balls slap against my butt with the force of his thrust, I cried out, not in pain, but in ecstasy, cumming hard as the stallion took me fully. I quivered, fully impaled on his shaft, barely holding myself up, and Samson grunted again, lowering his head, obviously savoring the sensation as well. Then, he withdrew his cock again, sliding almost all the way out before slamming all the way back inside and I cried out a second time, everything ten times as sensitive from already having climaxed, and this time, my hands really did lose their grip, and I expected to collapse, my point of support having left me. But I did no such thing, the knowledge that Samson's cock was keeping me upright enough to almost make me climax again.

Samson was panting above me, his body heaving with anticipation, his tail starting to flag, and I knew what would come next. And I wanted it, bad. Samson withdrew his massive cock from me again, then threw himself forward with what felt like even more gusto than before and then I felt the head of his cock flare wide inside my guts, his dick pulsing and jerking. The powerful horse on top of me lifted his head to the sky, neighing loudly, and I actually felt a sensation like spreading heat in my tightly stretched guts. And it really hit me, right then and there. I had done it. I was being bred by a big stallion, like I had always wanted and my body seemed to convulse around him, shuddering as I came again, my voice joining his in exultation.

Then, it was over, both of us panting and quaking as we came down from our peaks. I managed to get my hands back on the smooth surface of the tree and braced as Samson rested his weight on me for a few moments, my knees barely keeping me upright. Then, as his rapidly softening penis slid out of me, leaving me feeling empty, he backed up, resting his weight on his own hooves again. I couldn't move, my knees quivering as I took stock of my body again. I was actually shivering, goosebumps appearing all over my body. Then, Samson nuzzled my head, giving a soft snort, his velvet nose brushing the back of my neck before he moved away from me a few paces. Finally, taking a deep breath of air that smelled distinctly of sweat, sex, and satisfaction, I forced myself to straighten up, turning and facing my lover. Samson was standing behind me, proud as can be, the look in his eyes matching my own.

Moving away from the tree and the puddles that had collected in the fine silt, I walked to him, resting my forehead against his, brushing my hands along his neck once more. I wanted to say so many things at that moment, none of them remotely sufficient to what I felt. But Samson nuzzled against my chest again, softly grunting once more, and I decided I didn't need to say anything either. Instead, I sat down on the smooth surface of the log, not far from the saddle, letting my legs rest and the evidence of our illicit act to ooze out of me before I tried getting dressed again.

The ride back to the ranch was much more sedate, Samson seeming to have expended all his restless energy, something that my sore backside very much appreciated. When we finally got back to the ranch buildings, Mr. Calvert was waiting, waving at me as I pretended to guide my stallion down the slope towards the stables, trying not to sit gingerly in the saddle, knowing I had to behave like I hadn't had a massive horse dick inside me a short half hour ago or so. Samson gamely came to a stop in front of the big building, and the rancher grinned at me as I dismounted again, taking it easier than I had out in the stream bed and thus managing not to fall.

"So," He began, as I brushed the underside of Samson's neck with my hands in thanks once more. "How was it?"

"Everything I could have wished for." I replied, and Samson snorted, seemingly in agreement.

"Good." The rancher said. "You did good today Mike. Tell you what, if you take him over to the stables and give him a brushing before you leave, you can come back any day you like and do this again."

"Absolutely." I replied, Samson raising his head at the statement, his tail flicking again. It might have been my imagination, but as I walked him to his stall in the stables, I could swear the other horses were giving us odd looks. Maybe they could scent our sex on us as we walked by, but I hoped the hands wouldn't take much notice of it. Finally, when we were in the stall marked with his name, and had a little privacy once more, I took the saddle and bridle off of him again. When I had the stiff brush in hand, I relaxed a little, a curious idea coming into my mind. As I brushed my lover down, I whispered softly to him so I wouldn't be overheard over the sounds of the building. "You are going to brag to the other stallions about getting laid now, aren't you Samson?"

The horse gave a short whinny and a flick of his tail and I laughed, finishing off the brushing before bidding him goodbye until next time, the chestnut horse nuzzling me again as I said it. When I got home finally, and took a shower to get the sweat and sticky residue of sex off my skin, I realized that, for the first time in over a week, I didn't have the urge to play. Actually, I would have been surprised if no toy ever did it for me again. All I knew was that I very deeply resented needing to go to work tomorrow. But then again, it was only a standard work week. I could last for five days before seeing Samson again. Couldn't I?

The End