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The days following Sarah's encounter with Thunder were filled with a newfound energy. Her chores seemed lighter, her mood brighter. Yet, beneath the surface, a storm of desire churned, more intense than anything she had ever felt before. Every time she thought about the stable, her pulse quickened, and her mind drifted to new, even bolder fantasies.

One afternoon, while cleaning out the barn, Sarah's eyes fell on Duke, their gentle pony. Unlike Thunder, Duke's stature was much smaller, more manageable. A wild thought crossed her mind—perhaps Duke's smaller size would be easier, less overwhelming. The idea both thrilled and scared her. She couldn't shake the feeling, though, and as she fed Duke that evening, her decision was made.

As night fell and the farm grew quiet, Sarah found herself standing before Duke's stall. Her heart raced with anticipation and nervous excitement. She opened the stall door and stepped inside, the earthy scent of hay and horses enveloping her. Duke greeted her with a soft whinny, unaware of Sarah's intentions.

With trembling hands, Sarah stroked Duke's mane, whispering soothing words. She knelt down, her eyes level with Duke's belly. Taking a deep breath, she reached out and gently touched the pony's sheath. Duke shifted slightly, but Sarah's touch was calm and reassuring.

Sarah's hand moved slowly, coaxing Duke's penis from its sheath. It was smaller than Thunder's but still impressive in its own right. Veins ran along its length, pulsing with life. Sarah licked her lips, her mouth watering at the sight. She leaned in, her tongue flicking out to taste the tip. The musky, earthy flavor was different but equally intoxicating.

Instead of taking him into her mouth right away, Sarah decided to explore. She ran her hands up and down Duke's length, feeling the heat and texture. She could feel every ridge, every pulse, and it made her pussy throb with need. She started to kiss along his shaft, her tongue tracing the veins and savoring the taste.

Duke responded to her attentions, his body shuddering slightly. Sarah's kisses became more passionate, her tongue swirling around his length, teasing the sensitive underside. Duke's cock twitched, and she knew he was close. But instead of waiting for him to cum in her mouth, she pulled back and stroked him with both hands, her movements quick and firm.

With a sudden jerk, Duke came, his cum shooting out in thick, powerful streams. Sarah was ready this time, her hands directing the flow so it splashed across her chest and face. The hot, sticky fluid coated her skin, and she moaned in pleasure, her fingers rubbing the cum into her breasts.

"Oh fuck, that's so hot," she panted, her body trembling with excitement.

Driven by her need for more, Sarah stripped off her clothes and positioned herself in front of Duke. She guided his cock to her dripping pussy, gasping as the head pushed inside her. The stretch was intense, almost too much to bear, but the pleasure was overwhelming. She rocked her hips, taking him deeper, her pussy clenching around his girth.

Instead of riding him as she had with Thunder, Sarah leaned forward, her hands braced against the stall wall. She moved her hips back and forth, grinding against Duke's cock, feeling him fill her completely. The angle allowed him to hit new spots inside her, and she cried out in pleasure.

"Fuck, you're so big," she moaned, her fingers digging into the hay beneath her. She could feel every inch of him, the thick veins pulsing against her inner walls. The pressure and fullness were beyond anything she had ever felt.

Duke thrust into her, his movements quick and eager. Sarah matched his rhythm, her cries of pleasure growing louder. The sensation of his cock stretching her open, filling her completely, was driving her wild. She felt her climax building, each thrust bringing her closer to the edge.

"Oh yes, Duke," she panted, her body trembling. "Yes, just like that."

With a final, powerful thrust, Sarah came, her pussy clenching around Duke's cock. The orgasm was intense, waves of pleasure crashing over her. She collapsed against the stall wall, her body spent but her mind racing with excitement.

As she cleaned herself up, Sarah noticed something out of the corner of her eye. In the adjacent stall, one of their mares, Bella, was watching intently. The mare's dark eyes seemed almost knowing, and Sarah felt a strange connection.

"Did you see all that, Bella?" Sarah whispered, stepping closer to the stall. "Oh, darling, I've seduced your stallion... let me make it up to you."

Sarah opened the stall door and approached Bella. She ran her hands over the mare's smooth coat, feeling the warmth and strength beneath. Bella nickered softly, her eyes following Sarah's every move.

Sarah knelt beside Bella, her hands moving to the mare's hindquarters. She gently spread Bella's legs, revealing her wet, glistening pussy. The sight was intoxicating, and Sarah's arousal surged anew. She leaned in, her breath hot against Bella's sensitive skin.

"Oh, Bella," Sarah murmured, her fingers tracing the outer lips of the mare's pussy. "Let me take care of you."

Sarah's tongue flicked out, teasing Bella's clit. The mare shuddered, a low whinny escaping her. Sarah smiled, encouraged by Bella's reaction. She licked deeper, her tongue exploring every fold, tasting the sweet, musky flavor of the mare's arousal.

Bella's body responded eagerly, her hips bucking slightly. Sarah's fingers joined her tongue, rubbing and massaging Bella's clit while she continued to lick. The mare's pussy was hot and wet, the juices coating Sarah's lips and chin.

Sarah's own arousal grew with each passing moment. She moaned against Bella's pussy, her free hand moving to her own clit. She rubbed herself furiously, her body aching for release. The combined sensations were overwhelming, and Sarah felt herself nearing another climax.

"Yes, Bella," she gasped, her voice thick with lust. "You taste so fucking good."

Bella's body tensed, a high-pitched whinny filling the stable as she came. Sarah continued to lick, drinking in the mare's juices, her own orgasm hitting her like a tidal wave. She cried out, her body convulsing with pleasure.

Exhausted but satisfied, Sarah pulled away from Bella. She lay on the stable floor, her body still tingling from the intense orgasms. She looked up at Bella, who nuzzled her gently, as if in gratitude.

Sarah smiled, feeling a deep sense of contentment. She had crossed another forbidden line, but instead of guilt, she felt liberated. The neglect and loneliness that had plagued her for so long seemed to fade away, replaced by a newfound confidence and sexual freedom.

As she dressed and returned to her chores, Sarah felt lighter, more alive. The farm was no longer just a place of work and routine; it was a place of discovery and pleasure. She eagerly anticipated the next time she could explore her desires, whether it be with Thunder, Duke, or Bella.

The boundaries of her desires had been pushed once again, and there was no going back. Sarah was free, and she intended to enjoy every moment of her newfound liberation.

To Be Continued...?