

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



As you walk through the Woods in the morning to get a breath of fresh air you feel the still cold breeze of the early summer. In the weather forecast, they spoke of a very warm day but these sudden changes of temperature and weather in the heathlands really wasn't something you were accustomed to. Remembering briefly why you chose to make a vacation here made you giggle in disbelief, but you did it anyways. So now you had a week to get to know the area, it's people and the chilling cold spring mornings followed by heatwave-similar afternoons.

As you passed the pinewoods and listened to the first swallows and squirrels heated exchange of opinions you can't help but fall in love with the sudden changes of ambience. A few more steps and you're in the beginning of a long clearing. Grass so long it is bent back to the ground makes it seem no soul ever touched this earth. The sun, although still weak and behind the trees starts fighting its way over the crowns of the highest pines right at the end of the other side of the clearing.

While you take a few more steps in, you notice the little creek that is let in through this clearing in two long curves, giving an already beautiful area the absolut idyllic finish.

While taking in the surrounding area and its view, you decide to stay at this place for just a while longer. As you just enjoy the silence that is only broken by a few birds chirping and the faint lapping sound of water making its way through the place, the sun starts touching your face for the first time this morning. Having the little cabin in the woods really was a great place to wake up in the morning. A total difference to your home, you had all the privacy there could be since the landlord of this property ensured you, besides a few critters, there were no living souls for over twentysix miles to come. The best way to enjoy your little vacation, but still get enough concentration to get some learning done without any major distraction.

Only the warmth of the sun suddenly reminds you that you are still outside and standing at the beginning of a wide open area. The sun already touches your stomach and now makes the thick jacket a little obsolete. Since you still have the long sleeve sweater, you decide to just bind the jacket at your waist and move on. How long have you been standing there, you can't exactly tell but the sun is now touching the first grass and giving the dew on the ground so much heat it vapors. The beauty of the scenery makes you smile. This absolutely was the correct decision.

You turn your face to the sun once again after looking at the million droplets of water being raised by the heat of the light. Taking deep breaths, you feel how the weather forecast will keep its word.

A loud snort cuts through your daydreaming and you open your eyes once again. The noise came from the other side of the clearing but from your right side where the sun now already is touching down as well. As the loud noise subsides, you see a bunch of birds raising out of the forest right where the noise came from. As you squint your eyes to adjust to the heavenly glow from above, you look a little further into the distance. You see something moving between the trees and running towards the clearing. Stomping, massive hooves and a shriek snorting once again disturbs the silence and now you can see what made this once so quiet place aware of the creature in every way. The big black and white horse stops right at the beginning of the clearing and stomps its hooves in a break to a complete halt from the gallop. Another earthshattering snort gets emitted and the clouds that spread from his nostrils are a great evidence of the huge amount of air in its powerful lungs. In the sunlight it looks like this magnificent creature is blowing fire from his body. He throws his head back and runs along the creek. The clouds get shot out of his nostrils, but the real optical illusion of fire are on his spurs. The white hair flowing behind his hooves as he starts to run again practically glow in the sunlight in a bright whitegolden shimmer. As if the heat of flames wasn't enough, his shiny white coat is nearly blinding you with the reflection of the sunlight, as he proudly prances

along the creek, watching you very aware of your presence.

You can't help it, but the sight on this clear and healthy looking green meadow, compared to the black and white horse gives your eyes trouble to focus correctly. Maybe it's just your mind playing tricks on you but something inside your pounding chest suggest you should move a little forward.

Just to get a better look, is all. Yeah yeah that'll do it alright. Just a to have a better look.

While your feet move in clumsy as the underground changes from a pathway to the grasfield with many rabbit holes and brances laying about, you are still mesmerized by the sheer power of this animal. Was it frightened?

Was it aware of its power? You estimate the distance between you, the horse and the trickling water to be about fifteen more meters on both sides as you stop and just awe at his shiny mane, his eyes now checking on you. Maybe he thinks you are a threat.

You use what you learned from the behaviour of other horses in your past and take a few casual steps to the side, slightly away from him and he lifts up his head and perks his ears into your direction.

Now you got his attention. As he inspects you thoroughly, his shiny blue piercing eye never lets go of you.

Almost dead silent you whisper:
"Don't worry, i mean you no harm..."

The high frequency pounding of your heart is confusing you. What are you so excited about? Yes he is beautiful but that doesn't explain the situation in your chest right now.

No harness, holding it back, no fence you jumped was in its way. This was a wild horse, but it looked so well groomed someone had to be taking care of it!

The sun is now already over the last line of trees and is heating up the little clearing. As you step in a little closer to the beautiful beast you cant help but check his physique. This was either a mixed breed of a couple of horses or it was a young wide breasted stallion with a slim head but very strong legs. The coat was short, typical for the summer time but the brushes on his hooves and his tail, as well as his mane were so long it just looked like someone was making sure it would be kept extra long. And the difference between the white part of the mane and the black in front was very clear. This looked to clean and orderly to be wild. You notice that the animal on the opposite side of the creek seems to have calmed down a lot. It's simply grazing nearly right in front of you. Oh if there just wasn't this natural border of the water. You almost reach out your hand as if you wanted to touch him, but then you remember that almost twentyfive meters still separate you.

Suddenly you hear a loud bubble from him. His head nearly skyrockets up as he steps towards you, eyes perked up. You freeze in place as you watch him make an effortless jump over the creek right towards you as he stomps right in front of you. A sudden chill runs down your spine as his nose gets very close to you and you feel the power of his breath on your hands as he sniffs at you. The loud breathing under this tense scenting of you is something you've only just once heard while a stallion was smelling a mare.

This, this can't be it.

But your body is reacting involuntarily.

Your skin starts to tingle and burn, at the same time as it is getting chill, nearly cold.

Your breathing is getting rapid as you start to shiver and get the urge to touch him, yet you don't even move.

His powerful thrusting breath finishes in the raising of his head, the curling of his lip and then a little sniff in the air. Shocked at what was about to happen next, you try to gather your senses, blurred as they may be.

You notice a sudden raise in his excitement as he tries to circle you. And by the heavens, this definitely was a male specimen, there was no more doubt about that anymore. His slowly emerging phallus is growing constantly almost a size of your forearm already dropping and there is no sign of him stopping where he's at.

You can't help but look at the sheer mass of manly flesh that is presented before you while you once again try to raise your hand. This time to finally touch him.

Your hand reaches his upper neck. He shivers under your touch and you feel his radiating heat. The touch does something to you. You feel heated as well. Instantly, you feel the urge to get yourself out of this shirt and pants.

But why? This was clearly going to be the warm day they warned about, but why now?

Getting naked? In front of a horse? Let alone a randy stallion? This was so wrong.

You scratch him, start to rub your whole armlength along his furcovered body and massage him.

His upper lip starts to curl under the treatment of your short but sharp nails. He really likes this. You look at his eyes once again and notice that only one eye is completely blue. The other has one half of brown, and one half of blue right in the vertical middle lane over the pupillary black spot. You smile at him while he starts to nibble lightly at you to return the favour of scratching. A slight pinch makes you squeal as he grabs you a little too harsh. Typical for horses since their skin although sensitive is used to hard treatment from their fellows far more frequently.

You rub your legs together as you bite your lip while you keep scratching him, nearly getting lost in these magnificent eyes. As you swoon a little you fail to notice that he takes a step to the right, setting a hoof right behind your right leg and shifts his weight directly over you, making you stumble a little. As you reposition yourself you talk to him soothingly.

"Hey now, don't make me fall over here i don't want all my clothes to get all dirty in the gras."

Yeah, yeah thats right, don't get the clothes dirty, that was a perfect excuse to put them aside.

Excuse? What the hell was the matter with you? Did you now need an excuse to get yourself naked in the close proximity of an aroused stallion?

Oh damn... where was your mind going with this?

As you bite your lip once again trying to get a grip on yourself you can't seem to help but scratch along his flank once again as both of you circle around each other a little, making you face the direction you came from, having the sun in your back now.

Yes this was a warm day and the intense scratching and grooming of this handsome and literally hot stallion was making you sweat a little.

"Ah heck, who am i kidding. This is going to be dirty if i keep going anyway. You are loosing so much hair!" You shake your hand once and release a cloud of white hair slowly falling down to the gras. As you follow the hair with your eyes, you lock them on the proud member of this stallion as you get a glimpse of it from the side once again. As if he'd noticed, a low throaty snickering gets emmitted from him as if he would have said

"I see you like what you're looking at!"

Biting down on your lip once again you nodd to yourself. The tender skin on it, the pink texture of his hanging member slightly filling itself with the strong pumping of his circulating blood.

"It is pretty, I'll give you that." Crosses your mind.

A tingling feeling shoots through your body as you imagine yourself beeing pinned down by this member only for a short second.

A sudder runs through your whole body as you realize that this was exactly what you needed to happen. Right now. Right in this second, you wanted this stallion. You needed him. You wanted to feel him, closely.

You don't even remember when but your sweater and shirt are already put aside as you lean in on him and enjoy the full radiating heat of his body against your skin. The long hair of his mane trickling along your thigh and your hands massaging him now way more intimate than you've ever touched a horse before.

Oh gosh.. how far were your fingers traveling there. He shifts his weight once again. His legs stand themselves apart a little.

Oh my, is he actually trying to tell me i should touch him .. down .. there?

Your mind starts to race as your right hand nearly stops scratching the base of his mane as you focus your attention and concentration all on the left hand under his belly.

This was it, you would do this in a few seconds. You would touch his throbbing stallionhood in all its shining glory and you would get a glimpse on what was about to be one of your most erotic yet forbidden desires. Suddenly it hit you. This was what your body felt before. Your body felt ... ready. It wanted to feel something so strong, so potent, so eager to feel you as well. Your hand inches closer and closer. The warmth of his fur, the hairs getting shorter and shorter down there. Then your Hand stops. Your index finger is touching the upper end of his rockhard member, you're feeling the warmth of his thin skin and the heat of his sheat on the edge. You turn your hand around and run it along his shaft with your fingertips. Sucking both lips inside of your mouth you press your body against his flank, closing your fingers around him in a heated embrace, barley reaching your thumb with the tip of your fingers.

"Oh my ... you are so big."

Another deep, nearly growling blubbering snicker. This stallion was far to understanding as he turned his head to look at you. You open your eyes and grin devilishly.

"You like that?" Asking him sheepishly as you start to grab him a little firmer and start to move the smooove skin a little forward and backward, just a little because it isn't nearly giving you an inch to be moved. He is very eager to have this happen to him so it seems.

As you look into his beautiful eye he blinks once. If it was visible, you could have sworn the other eye

must have stayed open and this would have been a wink. But that was just your perverted mind giving you more and more hints that you should do it.

You should go through with it

You should pleasure this stallion with your body.

Your hand starts to loosen its grip and it travels back a little. The furred skin on its sheath, the radiating heat that makes your skin wet already if it wasn't from the sun giving you small glistening drops on your forehead already, or was that out of excitement?

Your hand wanders back a little more. You touch the huge orbs, the center of his stallionhood and the response from him is both orbs being sucked up into his body once only to be dropped again and you feel their heaviness. Yes. These both were in desperate need of some relief.

Your knees start to bend a little and you can't fight the urge anymore. Just feeling it in your hand isn't enough anymore. You needed to see what was about to become the center of your attention.

His frontlegs reposition a little and this makes his stallionhood sway a little to the left and right, giving you a wonderful view of his glorious flesh. The small hairs on the Scrotum look a lot smoother than any of the human hairs you've ever seen in this comparable area. The skin feels tough, but the weight in your hand makes you quiver once more. By the heavens, this was a powerful example of a manly horse. The skin on his sheath was blistered with small spots of dried blood. Instantly you curse those ratchet pests in your head and even swear out loud

"Those damn mosquitos must be hell for you."

You decide to leave the balls with your left Hand and keep your right at his flank to ensure you're still there. Slowly you claw your way to the sheath and start to carefully treat his thick skin with your fingernails.

A rapid tensing and breathing of him proves his relief as you start to give him a wonderful sensation of an itch that was long overdue of a well deserved scratch.

His head lifts up a little and he starts to snort his relief into the air. This makes his already hard member twitch and wiggle while his breathing remains fast.

You grin devilishly while you watch his length move because of your attention.

Oh how you wish he would move a lot more, react a lot more.

While your left hand keeps scratching him, your eyes trail off to the throbbing member in front of you again. His length fascinates you. But what engulfs your whole attention even more are the beautiful outlinings of the veins that cover it. Sure this was an animal, but the resemblance to a human reproductive organ was definitely there. And the mixture of both these worlds made you all the more curious.

What would it feel like?

Would his flesh be soft to the touch on the outside, would the tip be soft or hard?

The tip of this stallions cock...

Your eyes get fixated.

A tiny drop starts to form on the very end of this large phallus and the reflection of the sun mirrors in it.

As you keep scratching and the length keeps being moved, it suddenly falls to the ground. You can't stop smiling to yourself.

Was he... excited by you that much? Was he actually starting to let go of a little lovejuice there?

The sudden realization stops your motions and finally the big stallion gives himself a moment to get a grip of all the tingling sensations. He starts to shake his whole body and lets loose a whole cloud of tiny hairs that almost cover the entire area that you're standing on and with a deep inhale and a long and relaxed exhale his motions stop for a moment.

Yes the spring was also arriving for the animals in nature, that's for sure. The winter coat that he had on him was already barely noticeable anymore. But now even the last remains were now falling down to the ground, forming a little halo in the grass right around the both of you.

As he shook himself you decided to just wait if he'd move but he just keeps watching you now. Curious as to what your hands might do now.

You swallow. This was it. You would do this. Your left hand lays itself down on the veiny length once again, this time seeing it, feel the tender skin move under your fingers ever so slightly only to be stopped by a rock hard, blood pumping hot erection. This skin wasn't even giving you an inch. He was very aroused and with this realization you wanted to even raise his arousal. Your right hand starts to slowly pet him at his flank again as you move in a little closer to take a better look.

The small ridges on the front of his phallus give a little hint what this magnificent piece of anatomy was capable of but you were even more entranced by the opening of it in the middle. Carefully directing the tip a little bit more to you you slightly bend his length a little.

Suddenly his body stiffens and the whole length shoots up under his belly. Your hand gets jerked up with it as he slaps his belly with his whole length and shoots blood into the front of his penis. You lose the grip and hold still for a second. The sight of the flare being exposed makes you once more quiver. Seeing it get enlarged this way makes you question all that you've done so far. How, how would you even be able to fit that in? This size was way too big for your tiny little entrance. Not even the slightest chance you could endure something like that. But then memories of the past shoot through your mind. No. Not a chance there. But...

This time it is your blood that shoots upwards into your face as you blush of the sudden realization. The playtimes you made in the past weren't centered around your most womanly parts, but a way darker, unholy desire. You cursed yourself for these thoughts in your early days but as you kept exploring it more and more you realized that this was what you've always wanted. You liked to be filled .. down .. there .. feeling the sensation of something expanding inside it made you shiver and shake so hard you almost passed out a few times in the past.

Now it hits you... and this lets your blood rush up to your face lighting it up like a bonfire.

This wouldn't need to enter you if it was already inside before growing.

Your breathing starts to increase in frequency as you grab a hold of him once more. You want to feel him once again. Do it once again. This was a wonderful sight and you wanted this to last for ever.

As you grip him lightly you inch closer with your face. The texture of its head, being a little black at

the base and besides that for the whole length skincoloured, the little hole in the middle already dripping in excitement, the look of the black sheath that this long heavy flesh emerged from and behind all that, his heavy pink nearly shining balls.

There actually were shining. The heat of this sunlight seemed to make him sweat a little. Same as you.

But the dampness in both of your laps weren't just from the sun, you knew that.

You rub your legs together and bite your lip. What could you do to excite him again?

Your thinking stops as you grip a little more tight around him and his hips jerk forward once more. This time, nearly knocking you of your feet. As you catch your fall, putting your hands right under him his long shaft sways against your shoulder and a stream of liquid trickles down your arm.

Your excitement shoots into your throat and lets you swallow heavy. Oh by the heavens, a stallion just lost a little bit of his most sexual substances on my body.

You look at your arm and can't help but smell the air around you.

Everything reeks of horse, naturally. But the thing that suprizes you most was there wasn't any part of it that sets you off. The smells around you were ... good. Nearly intoxicating when you gave it a second thought.

Waa everything smelling this good?

Almost instantly you sniff your arm where the glistening drops made its way to the ground. No real odour was emitted there. You look to your left and see the heavy swaying flesh only a and wide from your face.

Could... could you do that?

You get back on both your feet and kneel once again.

Were you seriously thinking about this right now?

You sniff the air, this intoxicating smell wasn't something you ever had around you, nor did anything ever smell so good, yet feel so wrong.. but so good on the other hand.

You close your eyes and move your head a little forward. One, more, closer, almost.

The tip of your nose touches the throbbing, veiny flesh of his soft tip. You inhale deeply.

Every neuron in your head that waa programmed to recognize a fitting partner lets lose a bunch of hormones telling you that this was it. This was the one. This was the one you were looking for all the time. The crackling shiver that walks down your spine and heats up your inner self lets you moan involuntarily.

You press your face harder against him, feel his strong length, the hot and veiny skin and your left hand once again holds him slightly to further enhance the contact.

Suddenly the cock stiffens again and you almost get knocked over as he slaps his belly once again, this time touching your lips and cheek while shooting up.

Again you witness the glory of his delicate flesh being stretched and see the flare once again only to be released once more while a little liquid trickles out of him. Your face already is burning so hot, you can't seem to find a way to think straight anymore.

It was almost in your mouth!

Oh gosh would that even be possible?

You lick your lips at the thought of it entering you this way.

This was so wrong, but then again, here you were, under him, naked, from the waist up and already wet from his lovejuices.

You breathe in deep a few times and watch him. This time you'll keep your hands off you tell yourself.

As you inch closer once again you close your eyes and smell the air once more.

His scent was already at your nose. The strong musky odour of his shaft intoxicating your senses, making it unbearable to stop now.

A little closer.

You already feel the radiating heat of his flesh being so very near.

A little more.

The nose already touches his most manly part once again.

You open your mouth a little and try to touch the tip with your tongue.

The heat inside you lets you breathe the hot air against his vulnerable part but all he can feel is the tender sensation of your wet tongue tip. You touch it with your lips and give it a very gentle kiss.

Nothing happens. You smile to yourself. By Lord you actually did it. You inch a little closer and kiss him once more, this time, a little longer. The skin on him feels so very gentle and soft. You open your mouth a little more and try to get a little bit more of him inside you. Keeping your eyes closed you remember how big he is but now, feeling it with your lips makes him seem even larger. You try to suck him inside your mouth and feel the tip of it slightly entering your soft lips as you lean in a little closer.

Birds chirping, the creeks trickling water, the wind blows. Everything is shut off. You only hear the rushing blood in your ears as you feel the pumping of his blood at your lips.

You had this stallion inside your mouth barley at the start of his cock but yet you could already feel his powerful heart pumping the blood through it.

You move your head even more onto him, feeling the edge of the upper ring on his tip entering your mouth. Your tongue touches the skin of it inside your mouth and you explore it, moaning again as you find the little hole in the middle and tickle it with your tip. Already opened as wide as you can you try to engulf even more of him as you bend your neck a little to give him entering your mouth a better angle. He slips in completely. Slightly sucking on him you feel almost drugged, as he grunts his approval in a low and throaty nicker. You feel your mouth watering as he lets out a little bit of the droplets you've already seen. Surprised by it you release him from your mouth and get back to your knees, sitting back on your ankles. The cock in front of you lets out a few more drops and a string of

saliva made glistening by the sunlight between you and the tip, giving a little impression on what had just happened. The now wet and shining tip sways a little to the left and right, cutting the string of liquid.

Yes you think to yourself, you just had this magnificent piece of stallionhood inside your mouth. And it felt everything you dreamed of. And you wanted even more.

Leaning in again you start over, this time a little more enthusiastic. You reach one hand to the base to feel his sheath while having him inside your mouth. The edge of his unflared head pops in again and you play with your tongue on him once more. Pressing it flat against him while giving his sheath a slight stroke you can't help but moan out in lust once more, sending a low vibration through his veiny thickness.

As your left hand reaches back a little more it barely reaches the scrotum and you cup one of his massive hanging testicles while sucking on him once more, allowing him a little more entrance into your mouth. As you feel him stiffen once again at the excitement you provide, you also feel a sudden loss of weight in your hand as the inside of the sack you were holding gets sucked up into his body. A sudden rush of blood makes it clear why. You feel the flare expanding inside your mouth and panic a little, as he thrusts, you release him out of your mouth but get sprayed with another little stream of pre-cum while he thrusts the air. Grunting, this time in frustration you can't help but smile to yourself once again. He hit your left eye with it. Since the liquid is mostly containing of a salty body liquid it doesn't burn in your eye but you wipe it away with your left hand, letting go of the once again filled skin of his sack.

While you watch in awe the deflation of the phallus, you miss how the great stallion turns his head to you and nudges you strongly with his head once. Almost being pushed over you look up to him. If there ever was a time when a horse made clear to continue on a path, this was it. He nibbles at your pants.

Your demonic grin is enough to know deep inside, you agree. This was gone on long enough.

You decide to leave him alone for a second to relief yourself from your last restraining clothes...

As you slide down your jeans, the tingling sensation of the skin being brushed by the clothes is paired up with the warmth of the sunlight that touches your skin afterwards. You can't help it but feel a burning from your skin making its way into your body, firing up your instincts and desire even more. What you were about to do was so forbidden, so depraved, so absolutely lust-driven, it makes you almost drip at the sheer thought of it. Looking at the throbbing erection in front of you while you step out of your pants you again marvel its beautiful colour and sheer mass, as well as the terrifying, yet mesmerizing length. Thinking of him entering your most womanly inner parts and how he would completely and totally destroy you makes you quiver once more. Your plans that would unfold in the next minutes however put a huge grin on your face, as well as the red burning cheeks being fired up once more. Oh he could destroy you alright. Just not ... there.

You step out of your black panties as well and kick them both off to the side. Marvelling at him once more you lean in on him and wrap your arms around his barrel to completely feel the mass of his body, the warmth of his fur and your legs start to rub against each other.

A low throaty grunt from the stallion reminds you that this is indeed not the time to cuddle anymore. No more hesitation. You were to become his mare now. As you bend your knees once again you take a grip of the male organ and once again insert it in your mouth.

Moaning mad of lust you try to engulf even more of it this time, pushing it against your throat. A

thrust of his pelvis to try and enter you even more makes you gag as he pushed it against the back of your mouth. As you release him, a thick stream of precum shot directly out of his pulsing veiny flesh sprays against your breasts and the stream runs down between your legs. The sensation of his warm juice lets your spine raise up the hairs in excitement. Your right hand cups your right breast and smears a little bit of the liquid onto your humble mountain and you pinch your sweet point under an uncontrolled moan while you grab his phallus tight, making him jerk his hip again. More of the liquid sprays out and this time you can't even control the urge any more. Sticking out your tongue you catch the salty mess and lap it up, swallowing his wet arousal. The sudden realisation hits you and you blush out even more while at the same time getting more and more wet yourself. Oh gosh, what would it feel like to have him spray your insides like that?

How could you have done that now? You just drank a horse's sexual arousal in its very essence!

You let go of his member and your hand slides down on your belly, rubbing the most sensitive part of your delicate flesh and smear his wetness onto you, mixing it with yours. You raise your hand in excitement at the realisation how wet you actually are and a small sticky drop of liquid runs down your hand. This moment, this stallion, he was making you so wet like never before. Every inch of your body wanted him to enter you, make you his completely. You start to play with yourself like the many times you already did before, preparing you for what was about to happen. One finger, pushing through that tiny entrance, massaging your muscle, a second finger, spreading it effortlessly because of your frequent training in this particular area. You were more than ready. You felt ready

You stand up again and turn your face to his head. He's watching your every move.

As you smile to him and bend over a little he nuzzles your head as you put your left shoulder against his right front leg. Moving yourself under him, he stands perfectly still as if he knew not to get panicked by some creature moving to this place, nearly vanishing under him. Spreading your legs apart, you see his throbbing, pulsing, menacing twitching erect shaft and its tip right between your legs. You lift up your butt and feel his belly against your back, the weight of his bowels paired with their warmth is a wonderful sensation making you joyfully smile again. As you wrap your right arm around his leg to secure your position even more your left hand reaches back for his phallus. As you slightly touch him on the underside and want to grip him softly he once again reacts completely natural but violently, his member stiffens, shoots a pump of blood through the magical pink and raises him upwards to slap his belly. This time however, your body is in its way.

The enormous strength of the rock hard flesh smacks against your belly and right onto your clit. Almost painful, you twitch and moan uncontrolled as he jerks his hip forward, rubbing his entire upper side of his dick along your clit, giving you a glimpse on what he was about to do to you. The intensity of this moment nearly kicks you out of your mind.

Imagining the picture you two must be giving right now also does its part. The huge stallion with the raging erection, standing proud and tall and the miniature you under him, getting slapped by that massive organ only to drench it with your approval of his stimulation. Then, when he lifts up his tool and rubs it along your tiny body, absolutely dwarfing you under him. Oh by the heavens, this was so surreal, yet so exotic and arousing.

You adjust yourself a little as he holds still again and press his tip against your entrance once more, fully aware that this could never enter you this way. Smearing your wetness onto his tip you can't resist moaning onto his leg, pushing your face against his strong muscled furcovered skin that is giving you support right now. As you do so, you suddenly feel his lips on the back of your head. He's nuzzling you once again, Making it obvious that he's fully aware of your position under him.

This was it. You were about to become his mare and your whole body felt the need to become just that. You felt... ready.

You lift your hand from his enormous length and bring it up to your mouth to lubricate him even more. Leaving your saliva earlier from the little oral exploration and now your wetness from your very womanly place on his tip wouldn't be enough to go through with what you would be doing right now. Oh gosh this would happen right now, you would be really going through with this!

A stallion was about to be entering your body and you would enjoy every second of this forbidden act of mating. You would become the receiving part of a stallion's life giving load when he decides to grant you his gift of seed.

You would become a true mare for this powerful, magical creature that was so well mannered, yet so demanding in this moment.

The sun heats up your whole body on the side and your back still feels the wonderful sensation of his radiating body heat of his furry skin. However nothing could beat the radiating heat of your inner parts, burning in lust-driven desire to be embedded on his huge, with blood engorged pumping pink glory. You take a big blob of saliva to his tip and grab a hold of him before smearing it all over its front and around it. Again he starts thrusting his hip and you feel the tingling of excitement as you aim it just above your receptive organ already dripping of excitement. Your mind is burning. You would not let it in there, you would let him rut you in a far darker, even more forbidden way and close the circle of what most people would say was a ritual worthy of being called possessed by the devil.

But you weren't. You were obsessed by the calling of your nature, telling you that this was the right moment, the right time, the right place and yes indeed the right lover to finally give you the satisfaction that you were craving since you started exploring your true sexuality. You bite your lips in excitement. As you coat his long erection already probing for its release you can't help but moan by the slick feel of it, his tip being squished and nudged around and pushed by your fingers. Oh lord, this would feel so amazing if it was inside you, massaging your inner walls. You aim it at your tender skin. Feeling the heat and pressure of it and his slight adjusting movement up from above. You notice he took a step back a little, arching his back slightly and positioning his home legs away from each other just a tad more. Gosh this stallion would thrust inside you so very deep you were having last doubts about your actions. You see his swaying balls as you look between your legs glistening of pent up emotions and heat, see the sheath already coated by his sweat as well. The disappearing length of the pink with the slim dark lining on the underside now pointing with its direction right into your body, losing a drop of unidentifiable liquid. Was it your saliva, was it some of his excitement, or was it your wetness that was screaming to be used and filled, yet wouldn't be.

Time comes to a complete halt. As you direct his tip on your tender ring you feel everything at once. The heat from the sun, the heat from his belly, the heat from his length, dripping precum in excitement. The heat from your burning desire arching your back, giving him the perfect angle and then

his first thrust.

He pushes you forward but your shoulder locks you in place. His tip slips in.

The burning sensation of him entering you this way nearly knocks your mind out of your body. With a deep thrust you feel him stretch your tiny fingers around him, his gigantic roundness rubbing along them at the same time you feel it on your burning, quivering and clenching ring. Your insides

feel the intense pressure of the mass being pushed inside you and try to push against them. The pressure building up already makes you squeal out when you feel the rhythmic pulsing of your screaming love canal begging for release simply by feeling the filling on its backside.

Then he lunges back and removes three-fourths of his length and barely stays in. The Hand keeping his full length in place feels your heat on his engorged organ. You feel the ribbling length inside you leave the most irritating, disappointed feeling rushing through your mind as you immediately wish the fulfilling sensation would return, only to be rewarded. He thrusts again with a menacing grunt out of his lungs ripping through the quietness. Your face being pushed into his fur nearly biting through your lip you feel him once again entering so very deep. Then your eyes fly open. The shot of a stallion's heart lets almost a liter of blood rush through his organ and instantly expands his pointy head on the member, letting it flare up inside you and intensifying the pressure so much more.

This was it. You start to see stars as his flesh is rippling back again, tugging your whole insides with it, creating a suction with the flare and nearly knocking you back from his front leg. Your lust-filled moan of excruciating nearly painful burning desire gets charged with the heated flame of your womanhood feeling the pressure so very intense. You press your eyelids shut and try to accommodate to the feeling, feel every little second of it. The intense pressure moment of the blood vessel letting the mass transfer into his flare, the hardness of his dick increasing the moment he does so and your twitching, spasming pussy crying a silent scream of joy into the body setting you over the edge even though you're not even touching it.

His next thrust is paired with another grunting of his menacing low throaty voice of a stallion as you get pushed onto his leg again. Your hand clamps down on his leg, the other hand loses the grip on his dick and you start giving your mound a little rubbing as you want to ride this moment of pure ecstasy a little longer.

Then the next gush of blood hits you as he flares up even more. Your whole body tenses up. The crackling of thousand needles pinning you down on every single nerve, starting at your guts and rippling through your body all the way up even into your head making the skin burn and at the same time freeze nearly freeze the time for you once again as you look down between your legs.

The next lunge and thrust lifts you away from his leg and then slam you against it, followed by another rush of blood. You see the outlining of the blood vessel grow on the underside of his dick as he pushes himself inside you and feel the intense pressure inside your body grow even more. Oh my god you were going to blow if he kept growing. Suddenly your eyes widen even more. The outlining of his flare gets visible with that last pump of his massive organ. You can see the skin of your belly get lifted up as he retracts a little bit of himself out of you and then pushes forward again. The intense pressure is so unbearable your feet start to claw the ground as much as they can. Your bladder being pushed so hard by the flare as he pushes you with all his might can't hold everything and you start to squirt the gras between your feet. Your whole body clenching down on this massive tool, giving you the most unspeakable of pleasures that you've never EVER dreamed of. He was truly giving you the ride for your life.

Another thrust back and forth hits you unprepared. The flare almost gets out of your body if it wasn't for the bones in your body locking him in place. This seems to finally do it. The stallion above you changes his motions.

As another bloodstream fills up the flare to the brim, hardening his whole length so much that NOTHING can move inside your body anymore you totally get forced back and forth with his last full thrust. He curves his back, pushes forward as much as he can nearly bending his length as he buries himself inside his new mare.

You feel everything, your eyes nearly want to bulge out as he claims you, make you his. The contractions of your body making you shake as you barely manage to stay in your quivering feet as you prepare yourself of what you were sure what was about to happen. Your breathing was getting shorter and shallower with every second. Now your breathing is reduced to a high pitched moan with every rapid intake as you arch your back and feel the pressure. Seeing the flare outline of him buried inside you in your mind your body starts to convulse and rhythmically pushes down on your lover, starting to milk him.

Every contraction of your body shoots a starfire of sparkling light through your entire body as you receive every inch of him, secretly wishing for him to make you even more than his mare.

His mighty pushing of his pelvis, pressing you against his front leg with your shoulder starts to get faster and shorter as he nears his climax. Then he starts.

You feel the rhythmic pumping of a liquid heat getting shot through his rock hard veiny length fully embedded inside of you as his whole body tenses up, his hind legs start to tingle on the spot and his tail starts twitching, pressing the organs in his body that were sucked up from his testicles to now getting drained into his newly conquered mare. The first thick pumped spurt of cum literally drenches your inside and rewards the milking motions of your body that fully accepted this partner for the mating, even though you two couldn't be more different. You feel an indescribable intense feeling of joy as you notice the gift sprayed into your body. This again shoots your whole mind into another dimension, giving you such an intense orgasm that not any inch of his length in your body is able to move anymore. Instead, every little movement jerks you back and forth, pressing your insides on all the places you were never even thinking of being handled this rough and intense way. The visionfield gets dark on the peripheral surrounding and your whole mind seems to concentrate on the center that is filled with this stallion. The next gush of semen rushes with another mighty pumping and pulsing of his member and you aren't even able to bite down on your lip anymore.

„Oh god yes, fuck! Give it to me!“

Your scream of joy ripples through the silent clearing as the big stallion jerks his hips and ejaculates every little bit he saved up for you. Your intense climax makes you shudder, spasm and clench down on him even more as his last shots get lower in power and less frequent. Suddenly, the intense pressure of his flare inside you fades as he shrinks down fast. As he slowly retracts his organ you feel his flare one last time move the passageway that he took in your body and you look between your legs. As he plops out, a little gush of sticky white fluid drops out as well and, in a string, falls to the ground forming a small puddle. Determined to keep most of his fillyjuice inside you you clench your butt shut and hear a long breath of absolute relief from above that makes your heart bounce in joy.

You just satisfied this stallion to the absolute end. You became his mate and a true mare.

Finally you allow yourself some rest as your knees weaken. Feeling it slip out a little more you clench down harder. He seems to have loosened you up a little more than you thought but you couldn't be happier. Holding the right hand up between your bumcheeks you support your selfclosing a little while leaning your head against his leg. He turns without lifting it and starts to lower his head and touches your breasts, your face and your shoulder with his head, sighing another breath of his relief. The unspeakable joy your insides make you feel right now nearly let you cry.

This body language of a ‚thank you‘ couldn't be more clear. Your right hand leaves his leg and touches his face. While you kneel in the grass, you silently lose a tear of pure joy and kiss his long warm cheek.

„That was wonderful my love.“

As he nickers softly, making it sound like an amused little laugh about the obscurity, your smile gets even bigger and you yourself begin to giggle a little. Suddenly a little bit of the hot liquid passes through your bumcheeks and splatters your hand still supporting your sphincter. As you feel the hotness of his sperm you can't resist to blush intensely, when the amount hits your palm and completely covers your fingers. You didn't even think about the amount, but now you knew. There was so much of him inside you, such a big load. He completely drenched your tiny body. How, how could you do such an unspeakable act of pure debauchery? You've just let a full grown stallion use your body for his sexual relief and enjoyed yourself while he was inside you! The feeling in your hand was nothing you ever felt. The liquid was like a blob. You lifted your hand to look at it. As you did, the slimey liquid coating your palm ran slowly downward to your wrist and beyond. Extending your fingers made the liquid spread in wide strings and leave nothing to the imagination. This was his sperm. You really got his full manliness inside of you. Your head was now fully burning red. This was such a depraved lewd situation. You were fondling with his ejaculated liquid and thought of all the things you could do with this massive amount at your hand. What if you Touched yourself with this hand. Your face was already burning so hot with the blushing, the devilish grin in your smile didn't make the situation any better. You could taste it. Could you? No. No this was gone far enough. This was way beyond your limits! A crack in the woods makes you both lift up your heads. You look into the direction it came from but you see nothing. Suddenly, the beautiful stallion shrieks a mighty snort through the Woods and takes a few careful steps away from you, positioning him right between you and the noises origin. Seeing his mighty flank and backside you can't help but marvel at the sight again. As he flicks his tail from one side to another you get a glimpse of his slightly lifted balls, still shimmering with a slightly sweaty glow. They almost seemed a little smaller now. As if he completely drained them inside you. Looking at your slimecovered hand, that wasn't the last of possibilities, you knew.

You decide that it was time to recover though. Lifting yourself up, you suddenly notice how much he weared you out within the last minutes. Loosing a little more liquid that runs down the insides of your legs you feel like a complete slut, now blushing constantly. How, how did you become such a ... such a whore. An Animal, stallion, breeding whore?

Something inside you clicked. You needed to cover yourself, make this exposure disappear. Clothes. Where, where are they. You Panik. What the hell did overcome you, of God, oh heavens, what did you even think...

Grabbing the pile of clothes you tremble. Shaking and nearly loosing a tear you jump into your slip and pants, throw your top on and slip into your last, most covering fabric. As you step into your shoes again you throw a quick view to the stallion peacefully grazing near by. You can't help it. His beauty, his friendly nature, his completely nasty mind perfectly matching yours... you swoon a little. God damnit you felt like a freaking teenager! You approach him. He barely moves, besides his head taking notice of you closing the distance. As you touch his side and lean in on him, you breathe a little sigh of relief. He was like a grounding cable for you, connecting you with the earth and its surroundings to stabilise the flow of energy. Your heartbeat slows down a little. As you gain a little bit of your confidence back, you scratch his flank a little and kiss his fur. It was time to part.

As you start your walk back to the cabin in the woods, your mind screams at you to turn around, touch him again, feel his radiating body and loose yourself under him all over. You force yourself to not even turn around. You needed a shower, a bath, a new skin and most of all a priest to finally repent. How the hell would you live with yourself. The guilt from the situation was overflowing.

Opening the door of the cabin, the screaming silence of this place suddenly felt like it was judging

you. You swallowed hard. As you look around the place you notice the bookshelf in the corner of the living area with all the small books you said would be read when you needed some time to get your head free of your studies. Suddenly, you notice a little pamphletlike looking thing on top of the shelf. This area wasn't visible when you stood in front of it.

You move towards it, passing the grey couch and make your way past the kitchen table. You didn't really like the concept of the kitchen inside the living room because every dish you made was still in the air and on the couch two days after if the room wasn't given a good overall ventilation. But for a vacation and the reasonable price you made a compromise.

Taking a chair and carrying it towards the shelf you concentrate on closing your body even harder. The stallions fillyjuice really was pushing down on you. As you step up in the stool and take a look atop of the shelf, you notice a lot of dust. You grab the little piece of paper, turn it around and a little cloud of dust emerges, making you cough. That was a mistake you realize immediately. You have to cough and in this moment the pressure of your own body pushes a lot of the semen still in your body out and drenches your pantys and trousers. The only good situation about this was that you were on your privacy. Still you feel totally embarrassed. What a complete slut you are. Running around with semendrenched clothes, secretly enjoying the feeling of being covered with his smud! You lewd depraved little whore.! Stallioncumwhore! You step down from the chair and run towards the bathroom.

Undressing yourself, you notice the intense smell of sex. You absolutely reek of horse and when you take a look into your ruined panties and pants, you can't help it. You even acknowledge it yourself for the very first time now. This totally turns you on. You carried his load with you and the thick slimey mass sitting there in your jeans made you wet again already. You touch the insides of your leg and feel the sticky liquid still connected to your skin. Lifting your hand again multiple strings of liquid get pulled behind it. Oh lord, why was this such a big turn on. Why was having a stallions heavy thick creamy slimey load smeared onto your body such a huge sexual kickstarter for you? You put your hand onto your mist womanly part and start to rub yourself. The slick, moist sensation connecting with your own juice make a squishing sound making you moan out of supriz. This was such a depraved act of absolute tabu and you loved every second, pushing a finger inside you, you imagined the stallions sperm moving inside your canal, making its way through your body and searching for an egg of this mare to fertilize. You lay down on your stomach, rub your mound with the fingers and insert another one. Your mind was burning, as was your hand on your pelvis. Your circles and flicks of your clit started to get vigorous. Spasming on the bathroom floor you pressed yourself onto the ground, humping down on your hand and biting the fabric of the sweater as your orgasm builds up deep inside you. You contract your muscles on your stomach and push, hightening the pressure again. This time an eruption of stallion semen sprays out of you and coveres your buttcheeks, your legs and your pubic area beeing handeled by yourself. Everything gets covered with the slimey thick cream of the stallion that just impaled you merely an hour before.

The warm sensation and absolute tabu background of this all sends you over the edge. You really were a total stallion slut. You couldn't deny this any more. It made your senses burn, your mind race and your head spin. It made your desire even hotter and left you thoughtless except the long prodding throbbing tool between his legs entering you again and again. This wasn't just a one time thing.

You realized in this second you covered your whole slit in stallioncum, that you wanted this again. And again. And as soon as possible once more.

Showering with an intense grin all the time still feeling your throbbing twitching clit, you massage yourself with the showerhead once more to really and thoroughly clean yourself from every stench

and stain he left on you.

While the washing machine is running, the showerhead stimulates your nerveendings in your body and gives you another relaxing but intense orgasm that finally finishes the urge to touch yourself. You needed to get your head back on track. You were already way behind your learning scedule and this was what would take up the rest of your day. Besides, you pressured yourself to think, the stallion would need a little time of recovery anyway.

This thought alone helped you throughout the rest of the day keeping your mind off from wandering away to the clearing again. Simply dropping on all fours and giving yourself to your stallion lover once more.

It wasn't until you stepped out of the shower, this stallion in particular had another very VERY big suprize for you in stock.

As you washed out your shampoo and started with the conditioner, you thought about the different subjects to be studied before going to grab a bite to eat. Although still feeling a little stuffed, not really in need of something edible, you concentrate mostly on your math studies. While dry and not very exciting, it was the one thing you wanted to practice and study the most while you were in the woods.

The birds chirping always was a helpful noise of ambience. Washing out the conditioner and then grabbing a towel to curl it up in your hair you step out of the shower. As you stand before the mirror and admire your pretty slim body, you grab another towel and wrap yourself with it. In the reflection before you, you notice the little brown paper that you took from the bookshelf. After your hands are dry, you open the sunbleached little folded paper. Inside you see the names of different stallions and mares, breed descriptions all fitting the same lineage. A pure line of black and white percerons with a distinct description of their heritage and all certified. The writing style in this tree of ancestry seems very dated. Somehow you seriously doubt that any of these mentioned bred animals are still alive.

The last look trying to find a date of creation for this advanced birth certificate for a horse leaves you unsatisfied. Only the name suggests these were the papers for a Stallion.

,Sultur, trespasser at nocturne'

,What a terrible name' you thought to yourself. At least when given the name for a creature this should be a moment to grace it with a gift, not a burden. Who would ever think of something so negative, sounding near criminal, as s name for a filly?

You toss the papers away from you and decide to get yourself a cup of tea and start your learning.

Almost missing to turn on the light, you study the whole day till it turns dark way past ten. The growl of your stomach finally reminds you that you were long overdue for a little more substantial intake besides hot water and herbs. As you stand up and finally turn on the light, you look into the big livingroom window directed into the woods. You scream instantly as you see the outline of a horses skull with red eyes standing right next to you in the reflection. Turning your head to your side you stare at a wall with a deers trophy hanging on the wall. That was the only thing that was there. Still a little shaken you turn your eyes back to the window but there was nothing. Except you.

Starting the preparation for a low protein meal, you cut some vegetables and add few spices and

leafs from a basilica plant that was found outside on the terrace. While cooking you listen to one of your favourite songs while swinging your hips a little. After it's finished you get distracted by a popup and listen to a podcast showing the latest news and recent developments in the world.

It's a welcome distraction and your already smoking head is without a doubt finished with today's schedule. Finishing your meal and watering the plant you brought it outside again. When you set it down and look into the deep dark wood you shiver a little from the cold. Maybe it wasn't even really cold, since you were already tired and the overall body circulation may have been starting to settle for the night.

Just when you grab the handle of the door you hear the loud shriek whinny of a horse in the woods, followed by several birds being scared off and flapping their wings in terror. You hesitate and think about looking into the woods once more, but then you hear the massive clapping of hooves approaching. A shiver running down your spine and raising hairs makes you accelerate your doing and, once again, in panic, slam the door shut behind you.

What the hell was wrong with you? Were you beginning to get paranoid!? You had to blink thrice to accommodate to the light to finally see clear and straight but your heart was still racing. Was this some kind of cruel punishment from above for your recent actions? You decided to take your phone with you so you could call someone from your bedroom, in case of an urgent emergency.

After being finished in the bathroom and finally ready for bed, you lock the door with a slight grin. The house itself was locked. There was no way anyone would be able to enter here unless stepping through the window. But still, somehow, this felt a little bit safer. You close the window and only open the ventilation to a minimum so the air could be kept in a slight circulation. Tugging yourself in, you set your alarm clock to six in the morning. You wanted to at least catch a breath of fresh air before starting into the day. Yeah, that was it, fresh air, nothing else. While closing your eyes, you could have sworn you heard the shrieking voice of your stallion lover once more but your exhaustion and tiredness lets you slowly drift away from this realm and into your dreams.

~The cool air around your ankles reminds you that your decisions in clothing choices were still a little bit poor when it came to the fast shifting weather situations of the northern German territories. Glad you at least had your jacket, your morning stroll is aimed for a very well known place to get some good rest. Even if you still couldn't completely grasp why your steps took you further and further to a clearing where something so unholy, so degrading and unspeakably forbidden happened, you were dragged by your own torso and legs, like a moth, aiming bewitched and in trance to the light.

The clearing was still foggy, especially the little string of water that almost seemed icy under the thick cloud of hovering fog. The water looked like it was warm to the touch compared to the rest of your surroundings. A cloudless sky and the first lights of the sun, lighting it into the known blue, were a first warning that there might actually be another day after the last. No apocalypse was coming and indeed, no hellhounds would drag you away after what happened. Stepping onto the grass and waiting for the sunlight to finally approach you this morning, you inhale the clean air and sigh this was the right decision this area, the peace, the quiet. Everything was perfect for your coming week.

You wonder around for a short while, thinking of this place. Everything seemed a little off. Yes the day was still not completely there and the sun had not yet reached the height to finally warm you again. You sit down on a fallen tree, take a look into the sky to check the sun's position and lower your eyebrows.

What the heck was going on? Just this second, the sky was almost bright, now it was getting darker again?! There was no forecast for an eclipse! You stand up to see the sun. Suddenly the sky begins to turn rapidly, the sun rises from the east, almost rushes over the sky's clearing, lighting it up, heating everything for a few seconds and then disappearing in the west. The sudden movement following the light and the fast turn of your head makes you stumble. Falling over the tree, your knees get scratched at the wood and your chest stings at the touch of the bark. Where the hell had your clothes gone!?

You want to get up but the second you try to lift up one hand, it disappears in the mud. As you try tugging a little harder vines and roots suddenly shoot up from the ground, grabbing you and locking you in place.

Then there are earthshattering stomps. Loud and clear a massive hooved animal approaches you and his hot strong breathing brushes over your backside. Fixed in position, bent over this fallen wood and not able to get up you wimper a little but no sound escapes you. You try to take a look behind you. Shocked what you see, your eyes flew open.

There was the massive stallion from the day before, this time bigger, the colors completely reversed and where his head should've been seen, a great skeleton skull of a horse was covering his whole head. Red eyes were glowing emitting an aura of danger. The most terrifying part however was the reaction you could see this stallion get from you. Lifting up his head and curling his nose, you could see his strong phallic organ beginning to grow... and grow... Now you realize what was about to happen. No chance of escape, no control this time. This brute stallion was going to use you as his mare and satisfy his needs however he wanted. Shaking to the core you try to get free from your small grounded pillory. But all you could do is lift your butt a little. The strong snort of the stallion behind you shrieks through the clearing as you realize what you just did. Oh lord in heaven what was about to happen, why, no you didn't want it this way!

The first massive hoove stomps onto the fallen tree on the right side from you. You see the bark fly from the might of his step, then small pieces of bark are sent flying on the left side. Then you hear him grunt in frustration as his massive member starts to probe for you. He was going to do it, oh please have mercy! He was about to ravage me! No not this way!

His tip slushes between your cheeks and slaps your back as he lifts his huge tool only to lower it down. Oh by Jesus, he was massive! You feel a string of liquid coat your back as he sprays you and repositiones himself. His length rubbing between your cheeks all the way. Then you feel the tip slip between your legs and he pushes. Grunting again as you raise your hip you feel him press against your most womanly quivering, shaking entrance. Oh please let this be over quick! I don't want to die like this, he'll destroy me!

Thrusting forward he almost bends his dick with the force of movement as he slips past the entrance and shoots along the belly, coating it with his enormous tool. Suddenly you hear him grunt loud and feel his breath on your head. Out of sheer panic you hold completely still once again. As if he'd just wanted to make you understand to hold still...or else...

His legs behind you position himself again, the tip raised again, his hardness gets pressed against your wet entrance once more and this time he just thrusts his hip up while standing. The slurping sound of something wet slipping over your cheeks makes you bite your lip. Oh god this was torture! His movements just don't stop anymore, he starts to dryhump the air, straves your clit slips over your buttocks with the next thrust and hammers his rockhard erection against your belly. Being a little off guard you let your legs bend a little for a second. His tip hits you right at your rose and he slams it in. Again your eyes fly open and your breath gets pushed out of you. The next thrust is even

harder and deeper. Oh god please have mercy with me, please let me survive this. Another thrust as he steps closer with his hindlegs. Suddenly he withdraws almost half of his inserted length. Your inner walls just start to cramp as you embrace for the inevitable. His next push smacks your body against the wood and he pushes himself in so much you feel the smack of his balls against your wetness. Then the tube in his dick starts to bulge and his whole member stiffens even more. Sharp teeth suddenly bite into your neck and grab a good hold of your hair on the backside of your head. The pain is nothing compared to the massive pressure that suddenly shoots into your body. Another thrust and his flare starts to emerge and grow inside you. He pushes himself in with all his might. The next thrust is shorter but more violently, you have the feeling the whole inside of you gets dragged alongside with his flare as he pulls himself out only to crush your pelvis once again. The next pump of him makes it feel like there is a glowing rod of iron inside you, burning you up as he starts to jackhammer inside what he had already filled to the brim. Your whole body gets rocked back and forth as the flare isn't able to move anymore, the suction and pressure however is followed by his huge ejaculation as he pushes himself inside with all his power, making you finally scream out in terror, agony and complete exhaustion.~

Sitting upright in your bed you gasp and pant heavy, almost choking for air. You rip away your sheats with your right hand from the feeling of anything touching or covering you. The second you finally realize it was a dream you look at your left hand and also look between your legs. Everything was soaked.

At the second you realize that you did all this to yourself you start sobbing uncontrollably. Damn these thoughts, damn these feelings! Damn this dream of insatiable lust. What the flying fuck was going on with you?!

Sniffing and rubbing your face, shoving away some tears and also pushing the relentlessly poking pitchforks of guilt aside, you step out of the bed. Still leaking between your legs your face gets burning red again. This stallion had such a power over you, how? This was unbearable. You couldn't endure this any more without some kind of closure. Grabbing your phone you begin to search for this kind of topic. While you sit in the bathroom waiting for any remaining fluid to leak out you can't believe what you are seeing. It turns out, animals and human sexual encounters, especially in ancient times were, in some cultures, common practice and even encouraged by a few people. You decide to avoid graphic material that also pops up with the first search of this topic being totally not in the mood to watch something so depraved and lewd, feeling guilty enough for having done this yourself. While reading, you learn that ancient texts and scrolls tell from fertilization rituals. Certain individuals drinking the sperm of horses for example was a common myth to increase the potency of their own ejaculation. Other rites included stallions or mares going to battle would be more brave if they were previously satisfied and mellowed out. In this specific article it said that even in dearing times when there were no sexual counterparts at hand, the animals would be allowed to even breed slaves. Finishing this article, you were already dripping again. You imagined to be one of these breeding slaves for a split second and cursed your retched brain for even having this kind of impure deviant thoughts. It was time to get this day started, beginning with washing the sheets and preparing a hearty breakfast. Damn you really were hungry. Given the wild dreams and the actions from the previous day and night, you had quiet a void to fill. You decided to start with a few scrambled eggs, some bacon and two slices of dark bread with cheese to really get some substance in. Starting the day off with another quick shower and avoiding your pubic area from any touch by the showerhead or your hands, you tried to focus on your learning scedule. Physics were maybe a tad too hard to be focusing on right now, so you decide to keep your learning subject on some foreign languages.

As you try focusing, it gets harder and harder to neglect the poking thoughts of your previous endeavour and the scripts that you've read didn't help that either.

What did other countries with this questionable historic lore? Clamping shut your book after reading a German poem about a rider on a horse with his son, being followed by an evil entity, you finally decide its off no use. Throwing the book onto the couch next to you, an annoyed sigh leaves your throat. The damn thing reminded you of him. Everything here did. You stand up, rush to the door, grab your coat and the keys and step into some slippers. Even when you didn't plan on a long walk, at least the fresh air should be enough to literally blow away these heated thoughts.

Striding through the bushes and trees you specifically choose a different path to not go to the clearing again and try to avoid even the direction of the path leading to it. While on the walk, you notice that the vegetation and plants change rapidly. From many leafed trees covering a very distant area in the woods to very close standing needle trees, like pines on each side of the path. It was suddenly barely possible to look through the rows of them. Also, the light from above got seriously blocked out. It was a little bit creepy and started to remind you of your half-nightmare. Turning around, you see the border of this part of the forest only a couple hundred meters away. This seemed to be a purely economically used forest, profitable to the maximum. Yeah a 180° turn probably was the best idea and so you wouldn't go to the clearing again, but you wouldn't get lost in the darkwoods either.

Stepping out of there kinda felt like leaving your dream again. Leaving the darkness behind, the fear you felt and the sheer helplessness from the unavoidable situation. You were raped in your dream. You were still feeling achy from the first time it REALLY happened but this, this was so completely different. Nothing of these two incidents could be compared to each other.

The first encounter with the stallion was filled with love, trust and compassion. It was an example of giving each other time and also caring for the significant partner in time.

You feel the first ray of sunshine break through the ceiling of leaves and enjoy the warmth they bring.

Yes, this was the complete opposite of the darkness you fell into, when this stallion savagely intruded your dream and took the rest of the night from you.

Watching a few squirrels chasing each other on the trees, this part of the woods even seemed to blossom with critters and, in a way, life itself. Each mushroom and bush had no chance in the lightabandoned darkness from before. There was nothing good that could emerge from there, with the exception of the wood itself.

Suddenly you came to a complete halt. This feeling of guilt, slowly but surely subsiding, left for a much much deeper, stronger feeling of devotion. Devotion for something - someone so special, he shared that intimate moment with you. It wasn't fair of you to just feel guilt and negativity, this creature had done much more than just relief himself with you.

He nuzzled you right after you were finished, carrying for you, looking if you were okay. The second a distant sound was heard he stood in between you and the source, almost in a guarding way. He was so much more than just a brute force of sexual desire and you owed him to at least be a decent human being and cherish this behaviour. For sure this wasn't done by only feeling guilty and making a totally miserable sack of sadness out of you. That was just not fair.

Looking into the open forest with a small smile, your steps accelerate once again. You needed to get home. There was still a lot of sorting out to be done but right now you decided that this damn guilt would not be depressing you for the rest of the day. In addition, you needed to drive to a store and have to get some groceries done and most of all, you needed some carrots.

Clothing for the suburbs of the countryside and grabbing a backpack you sit at the busstation,

patiently waiting to get on the next line, that should arrive in just about five minutes. This really was a big difference to your home. The infrastructure in this country was totally lacking, especially when it came to public transportation. The bus here was driving three times, two times in the morning and one time in the very late afternoon. The buses back to this station back were not any better. As you see the bus from afar, a little sigh of relief escapes your lungs and you raise from your seat. Nearly there you notice a person running to your position. It's an elder woman trying to catch the bus b you assume.

Stepping into the bus you pay for the ticket to get inside the little village and notice the driver not giving a rats ass for the person running.

„Excuse me, there's someone trying to catch the bus.“ You point into the direction of the woman and immediately understand that this part of the countryside didn't really seem to pay any attention for their workers to be bilingual. Instead, the busdriver just shrugs and shakes his head, activating the door-closing mechanism. You look into his eyes, iccold and take three steps backward. The door gets jammed by your backpack and immediately reopens again.

„Hey, was soll das denn?“ asks the busdriver obviously angered. Since you were giving the woman a few more seconds to catch up, she rushes in behind you and shows her permanent ticket. You give a triumphend smile with a hint of annoyance to the driver and look for a seat. The bus was already pretty stuffed. Taking a seat in the middle, one of the only two rows left empty you see the woman directly behind you. Smiling a little unsure she looks next to you at the seat where you placed your backpack.

„Entschuldigung, ist da noch frei?“

You immediately take down the luggage and place the empty container between your feet, pointing next to you with an open hand. A big smile appears on her lips and she sits down next to you. She thanks you in German for helping you with the driver and tells you that she almost missed because she was in a stressed situation at home. You don't understand everything, but as soon a she notices you're not from here, she speaks a little slower and the little chitchat between you starts to get really enjoyable. Even when you don't fully understand each other you make yourself clear by also communicating with your hands and feet, using gestures and for the last resort try to use a translator tool, even if that's nearly impossible because the connection for mobile Internet is nearly non existent. On the half hour ride to the center of the village Katarina tells you that she is working on a farm and is usually able to use one of the cars.

Today however there was some kind of emergency and all cars were used, so she had to get into the town and contact the police. You later find out that on the farm there was an electrical problem and so not even phones were working, wich made the situation a lot more dyre because someone went missing. Telling her that you were there for a two week vacation and only choosing this place so you could relax and study a bit in private, you also mention that you found a few very nice places to relax nearby. When she asks if it was the small cabin in the woods you tell her that's the place you were staying in, she also suggests that you could even be of help if you saw anything.

„Uhm, sure, but how would i be able to contact you?“ you ask a little confused since not even a telephone worked.

„Oh that is easy,“ the older women tells you. „You know the path to the south, away from the cabin leading into the very shadowy thick woods with needle trees?“ she tries to explain in her best ways to translate.

You nodd.

„Just follow this path for ten minutes and then follow the left turn, you can't miss it. This is the only path you can follow and you will get to our barn.“

„Okay, what would I have to look out for?“ you ask genuinely excited at the thought that you would maybe even be of help.

„We have a little problem with one of our Stablehands. He's a young boy in his twenties, he messed up good and went missing since two days. He's a red haired pretty heavy boy. His hair is so orange, he'll totally poke out.“

Taking a mental note you nodd again and promise to help her if you saw anything.

When it's time to part since you arrived at your destination you invite her to come over for a cup of tea and visit in the evening when she would find some time. She sais something about doing that after finding her lost goods. You don't really understand what that means and just accept these terms, wave her goodbye and then leave the bus. You don't hesitate and look for a store to get some groceries, blushing at the thought for the special vegetables, you clear your throat once before dwelling further into the thoughts of this specific subject. Your heart was already beginning to race just thinking of seeing him again. You decide to look into the little village a little further and notice that, besides a pharmacy, a little vets office and some homesold beehive signs or fresh eggs there wasn't really anything that could be bought.

A minute you hesitate. Should you do it? Was this the sign you had to accept and go forth with your head held high? The windows were so bright and shiny. From your point it seemed the tower was nearly touching the sky. Out of all the buildings in this village, this was the one of prestigious glorious presentation of might. You look into your phone and see that there is almost no signal. Oh well, time to do it. No further avoidance. You step into the big stoney arch and carefully take on the ornaments and religious figures portrayed on the walls and those carved as stone figurines. When you sit down on one of the benches, you notice that a confession box is missing. As if Jesus was giving you a few more days to think about your behaviour, you kneel down into the bench before you and pray. Although today, even with his dead stare he seemes even more judging, while he's hanging up there.

Distracting yourself with a little music you walk away from the church and start the grocery shopping.

As you enter the store you see the post office is also cramped inside the store, as well as the lottery point, a copy shop corner and even a seasonal toy stand for small children was there.

This really was the only place to buy daily goods, wasn't it? The Backpack stuffed with things you like, as well as four pounds off carrots, you make your way back to the bus station. On the ride back you notice the area for the first time. Since you were pretty occupied the last time, the drive into this village was mostly you concentrated and invested in the conversation with your new friend, not paying any attention to the outside.

Now you notice several barns, a lot of livestock and many horses. Nearly home your throat cloggs shut. Driving past a paddoc you see a big guy with red hair handling a black and white horse that looks like it's not having fun at all. The horse is rising up and turning his back to him, even trying to kick him all the while he wields a whip and shouts like a maniac. You immediately think this might be the stallion you've met, but the next closer look makes you question yourself since the patches don't add up. Still your heart races for a split second. As the bus passes, you notice you had your

nose pushed against the glass and were glaring angrily at the window. Surprized over yourself you sit down a little bit baffled. What in God's name was going on with you? You never had these impulses of anger before. You also never ever in the slightest thought of screwing around with a horse! Now, two days in you already made sure your lover would be eating the finest carrots and... yeah, and what exactly? You stand up and walk out of the bus, making your way back to your little House.

Upon arrival, you notice that the basilica plant and the pot it was in was destroyed and was laying at the front porch. Strange, you think to yourself, the usual standing place was the terrace at the other side with the garden. Most of the leafs were ripped from it, wich could only mean one thing. You only hoped that the thiev didn't also break a window with the pot.

The silence in your chest gets replaced once again by a rapid beating of your heart. The whole garden had hooveprints all over, two even were set down on the wooden Terrace. This was his size there was no doubt about it. You decide to tell your friend about the guy you saw at the bus ride, but not before you had yourself a meal. Closing the door behind you, the remains of the pot and the plant in your hand, you make your way to the kitchen and throw the pieces into the garbage. Lifting your backpack up to the kitchen counter. While unpacking your mind begins to race. What would you have done when you were home when he visited? Oh gosh, would you have had sex with him again? Could you? No! Get a hold of yourself. You couldn't risk this kind of indecent exposure again, knowing this could and probably would be seen by someone! That's not the point you horse slut! The voicees in your head began to debate whether it even was morally questionable or if not just downright wrong yet again.

Annoyed you sigh hard to relief some stress and chop down your anger on some vegetables, preparing another fresh meal for you. This psychological carrousel of doubt, guilt, lust and acceptance was really nerve wrecking. While eating you debate if you should mention the destruction of property at your place. Even if there were no fences, the land lord surely wasn't to fond of having his whole garden redecorated by a fully sized stallion.

Finishing the meal you immediately get some shoes back on and make your way through the dark part of the forest. Your new friend was right. Katarina had not lied when she told you that the path would curve to the left and you couldn't miss it. The only path ahead was closed by thick vines, fallen over trees and some bushes already hatching out of the fallen stumps and branches. Nobody had used this way for at least ten years. Arriving at the mentioned property you notice three buildings. One is a big barn where some heavy machinery is stored, another one looks to be a stable and the middle one looks like the house with a living area. Upon standing in front of the biggest of the buildings, the stable you see an older guy working, shoving some hay into the single parcells, each holding at least one, some even two horses, a mother and her colt.

„Hello!“ you make yourself seen audibly. The man looks up and greets you, looks a little bit irritated and punches the pitchfork into the hay. He comes over to you and takes off his gloves, stretching forth his right hand.

„Hallo, was treibt sie denn hier her?“

„Uhm, iehch habe Katarina getroffen!“

The man smiled amused and blinks.

„Getroffen, but that was pretty good! Don't worry I understand some English. Hello the name's Manfred.“

Oh that's good, this would habe been hard to explain. You describeweh that you have seen the red

haired guy from the bus and where exactly that was and soon, the amusement from his face diminishes, but not his friendly manner. As you further describe what he was doing he asks something you find rather funny.

„Were you able to see if it was a stallion?“

„Uh, no, why does that matter?“ you ask slyly, a bit shy and also already starting to blush a little.

„Because he’s the damn idiot that left the door to the stallions barn building open. We’re missing one of our animals!“

Suddenly it all made sense. The well groomed hair, the clean fur, the good behavior to a human. For a split second, you wonder what else people were practicing with the horses at this barn. Already blushing bright red, you swallow the next question and decide to leave it at that. Now you feel guilt even more than before. These people were worried sick and you just had a sexual endeavour with a lost soul of theirs. Now you kind of feel like the abuser. Your stomach begins to turn. Ashamed you just say: „oh well, i hope i could help at least a little, I-“

„If you see this stupid animal or the caretaker again maybe even together, do me a favour lady, will you?“

Why did he call the stallion stupid. Was it just out of anger? „What would that be?“

„Stay as far away as you can from either one of them! The stallion is a notorious biter and the guy has a brain size of a pickle!“

You try an amused smile as best as you can but fail on the honesty. So you bid this man farewell before any further conversation takes place and gives away more of your thoughts than you want.

„A biter, notorious...‘ you thought to yourself in silence on the way back to your cabin. „This couldn’t be the stallion I’ve met.‘

He was a kind and gentle horse, he took care of your wellbeing, he tried to protect you. Never even once you felt his teeth on you. You remember the wild dream of unleashed lust that beast executed upon you. His teeth biting down on your neck when he uncharged himself in your tiny body, the pain mixed with the super intense feelings. You bite your lip. Damn this was a hot thought. Getting grabbed by his teeth while he thrusts inside you. Perhaps you should make a ponytail next time, maybe he’d bite down on it, pull your hair while flaring up and cumming inside you?

Oh gosh this was so forbidden, how could you even think of something so perverted. Maybe next time you’d take a busride to a bigger village for a real confession within a church. That poor priest, what he’d have to endure.

While strolling back to your residence, you cross the fieldroad to the closed up path again and turn right. Looking into the path for a second, it almost seems as something crawled through one of the bushes. Maybe there actually was some wildlife still using this path. While moving through the darker part, anticipating finally arriving where the sun would shine through again, you remember the words of the man. „Left open the doors.‘ He said. So he had a building all for himself? If he was found, would you be able to visit him? Your mind starts racing again. Starting to think of how you would meet him in the building, slowly undressing for him, presenting yourself for him. Walking sure was getting harder by the minute with that kind of dampness in your pants. Christ in heaven, why was it so hard not to think about these unholy urges!?

Blushing hard with both, resentment and excitement, you take your steps a little faster and rush to

the privacy of your four walls. Every second more with these damp panties is like a torture. When you finally arrive at the door, you thrust in the key, slam the door shut behind you and rip away your clothes.

Suddenly a movement behind the bushes in the garden alarms you. There was someone there.

Frustrated you grab your coat again and take a closer look. You can't really make out who that was but as soon as you notice another speckle of orange color you get furious. Opening the door, screaming out of your lungs with full force you roar: „Get away from here you creep!“ slamming the door shut again you make the glass vibrate for a second. Gosh this felt good. All these pent up emotions desperately needed some ventilation. A short toilet break after your outburst later you clothe yourself in a running outfit, grab a few of those carrots, in each hand three for some extra weight and start your run towards the clearing.

Your plan was simple. Distract yourself from the recent urges, bring the carrots to the place you've first met the stallion and then leave them there and getting your head straight by a little exhaustion. Sadly you don't meet him at the clearing and while running over it you notice that the place you last made love has since been deserted. At this exact location you drop the carrots and continue your run without any interruptions. After nearly an hour, the circle is almost completed and you near the finish

A minute before arriving, you see Katarina again. Smiling and waving towards her as she is just leaving your place she also smiles and returns the greeting.

She tells you that she's sorry if she came too early and that you could get together at another time or day but you just cut that short.

„Nonsense! I've got news for you anyway. Come inside, just let me grab something to drink and then I'll make you some tea.“

The two of you head inside and you immediately get into the kitchen to get a quick drink of tap water, before turning on the teawater for your friend. She's looking around the place for a short time and then looks into the garden, already noticing the destruction of the grass.

„So this is what you wanted to tell me huh?“

Nodding once and then adding about that intruder hiding behind the bushes you see a spark of anger.

„Since you've already told my husband, I'm sure you know to stay away from the both of them, right?“

„He told me about them not being the best company.“ That was not the whole truth you knew.

„Listen, I'm sorry I didn't tell you who and what exactly we were missing. But I doubt that we'll ever find the horse again before anything bad happens. But since, for some reason he decided to take a liking to this area, I mean why else would he trample down every last daisy? Maybe you could be of help again.“

Katarina looks at you hopefully.

„Uhm, yeah sure I'll do my best when I see him again “ Oh you would do your best to treat him right you added in your head. If it was possible, you'd even show her how relaxed this big beautiful

stallion was with her.

„Have you seen him?“ Katarina asks a little suprized.

Blushing a little bit you almost think you outed yourself as already been in contact with the stallion. You try to make a confused face and just repeat: „The orange hair boy?“

„No, not him, the other one.“ She says while pointing outside.

Not sure you understand correctly, you just shake your head a little.

„The stallion that did this mess, he’s black and white, he has a pretty wild temper and nobody really knows where he’s from. We just took care of him for half a year and since we couldn’t find out to whom he was registered to, made a deal with the vet to take care for as long as the owner would be found.“

Your heart begins to race. This stallion really was a wild heart. He was her wild, free spirited Stallion. Deep down inside you already knew it. That you were destined to see him again and finally accept the fate that was now unraveling slowly. He took you, chose you to be his partner. Never in your life you felt such a tingling sensation in your belly right now.

„Something funny?“ Katarina suddenly asks.

You didn’t even notice untill now. The more she spoke to you about how he ruthlessly pushed aside workers, almost bit her finger off once and nearly crushed her husband while he was in one of the stables earlier this year while giving him food, the more your face lit up and your smile got bigger and bigger.

„Uh no, sorry. It just sounds so surreal. Like he is an absolute ruffian.“

Over the next couple of teas, you finally calm down from your run and also the high of beeing the chosen mate to such a magnificent beast of raw unchained power.

When the sun slowly settles Katarina suggest she’d be going back to the farm, before her husband started worrying. You escort her to the door, tell her you’d visit her at the farm some day and finally start your evening routine.

Starting with the long sleeved shirt with the stretchy fit, perfect for running, you throw it to the basket where the rest of the worn clothes were thrown. As you pull down your pants you notice the slight wetness between your legs again and finally, for the very first time just have to smile.

You just wanted to be ready for your partner, even if he was not the species that nature basically intendet for you. You felt ready, you felt accepting it and most of all, you were stopping to judge yourself in this moment for the very first time. To hell woth all these people judging, they had not heard what you just did.

He wasn’t just some circus horse trained buffoon that didn’t knew any better. He choose you. Only you.

Already playing with yourself you shake your head and pull the pants down completely, interrupting what you were doing. You had to get some more studies to attend to. You were behind your scedule because a lot of the day went into the investigations for Katarinas barnyard.

You slipped into some comfy pyjamas, threw yourself on the couch and spread a few cheatsheets around you, along with the math books. It wasn't until near midnight, that you finally couldn't keep your eyes open anymore and you drifted away into the shadows of your dreams.

~Standing in front of the crossing point from the path to the barnyard and the overgrown passage, you slowly bend down and slip through in between the bushes and branches. Almost like a hidden portal, the other side seemed to be even darker and less passable. With every step your knees got weaker and your heart began to race faster. You already felt it. Felt the presence. Something was watching you and you could feel its stare. While you push away the trees and scratch your naked arms on the branches you feel the almost gravitational pull. Your steps through stinging needles and scratching bushes, the pain, it doesn't bother you any more. You feel like every single pinch just makes your goals get closer, your journey more sustainable, because when you finally reach the point of no return, you shall be rewarded.

Something cracks a little stick on the ground next to you. As you look into the direction you see a red tail disappear between the trees. Wondering how many other critters there might be you start to fantasise. How many did watch your unnatural mating the last time? Did any human see it? Were some of them put off by it?

You didn't care at all. You just wanted to finally get to your precious big beautiful master of the night. Wait a second, you wanted this?

The last time you were bound to the fallen tree, he ravaged your tiny body and took advantage of the fact that the nature itself decided to end your days of control over anything. He penetrated you, while you were not even able to move away. The second he felt your delicate flesh he just rammed his enormous phallic burning beam of stallionmeat inside you and robbed you of all senses.

The walking was getting harder, the ground under your feet started to get slippery and muddy. The trees however did let you gaze a slight narrow tunnellope opening between all the thickly grown trees. When ever there was a tiny crack or a line of sight on either the right or left, in between the trees, you could've sworn you saw a little glimpse of the hooves, part of his mane or at least, for a split second, one of the red glowing eyes. Opening up a little further, the path slowly changes. The ground gets more and more swampy, the trees disappear and more open meadow covers the area. Suddenly your feet get splashed by warm water. You stand in the misty foggy little river that you recognize instantly. You were standing on the clearing. Even though this whole area was a lot darker and not nearly as friendly, the resemblance was uncanny. Mostly because everything in this area was looking like it was burned. The bushes were ripped, their roots laying free. Grass and other plantlife was torched and had just recently lost the last firey glow. You hear a rapid heavy breathing behind you. Stepping out of the water you turn around. It was the big, terrifying stallion with his massive figure and the frightening demonic glow in his eyes. The stance he had was an expression of power, alert and almost... anger. His head lowered, one hoof stomping the ground and scratching it made a few clouds of ash, dust and even sparks rise from the earth. The display of terror and destruction however wasn't disturbing you. You felt the disarray deep inside his roaming soul. Stepping out of the water towards him, your first touch to the ground with your bare foot lets vines and roots shoot out of the ground again. You see your foot get entangled, just like the last time and then look up to him. Your other foot steps out of the water. Even this one stepping a little further towards him gets rooted and trapped by the vines. The stallion before you snorts restless, violently he scratches the ground and tosses even more dust into the air. As you try to further move towards him, the roots and vines snap. Effortlessly you cut through the plants as if they didn't hold any strength in their grip, as you continue to walk towards the blustering animal. Behind your footprints and close around them, the scourged earth sprouts grass and small flowers, giving the clearing back its once healthy glow. With every step you take, the friendly green returns, dimishing the distorted

blackness of the irritated spirit in front of you and his trembling remains. The rapid breathing seems to calm a little,. Confident you move closer. The rolled down head and the ears tightly sealed to the head are a clear warning sign but you totally ignore it. You stretch out an arm, the palm directed to the ground and your fingers slightly spread you offer the hand for him to sniff. As he suddenly raised up in a burst of ash and dust, whinnying loudly you just stand perfectly still. The moment he comes down, the wind of his outburst brushes your skin and strokes through your hair. Closing your eyes for a second to avoid the dust entering them, you suddenly feel his nostrils being pushed against your fingers. The hot breath of his still pretty rapid breathing nearly blows away the dust on your hand. Everything that is happening right now looks and feels... right.

You step closer to him, slowly touching his head, slightly scratching his neck and stroking its mane. You feel the radiating heat emerging from this roaring beast. The last time, you remember, he frightened you, made you panic. This time you just feel like he's the one in panic. He's the one in need of a good overall relaxation. As you lean yourself against him he curls his head and nearly embraces your body with a hug of his flank and head. Lifting up one hoof, you feel him pulling you closer. Never in your life have you felt this much want. From yourself, for this unraveling, from him and also, of him. Your body was radiating of life and fertility, he was emitting more and more energy of pure emotional turmoil that was slowly changing into a clear trust for you, revealing also his securely hidden desire to finally claim you, make you his.

His rapid breathing changes into a short inhaling and scenting of you. While at it, his nostrils touch your back and slowly crawl lower to your butt, increasing the power and intensity as well as his breathing frequency. This time however, it was your response to him, that made him breathe for your odour heavily. The short bursts of snorting and grunting make you smile. He likes what he smells, he likes your reveal of sexual interest for him.

In the meantime the whole clearing has lost its destroyed look. The trees around it are back to normal, the whole grass beneath your feet feels wet, thick and healthy again. Bushes and shrubbery carry little berries again, instead of being looking burned and smoking.

Feeling his hot breath on your skin your whole body begins to shiver. This was definitely what your entire being was longing for.

Seeing him, feeling him, being with him but most importantly, knowing that he finally felt secure, relaxed and that he wanted this as well. Slightly looking down his belly, your smile got even bigger. The once shown insecurity and fright was replaced by a hot, steaming pulsing and twitching rod emerging right between his legs, enticing you to be free of any doubt, any remorse of what you ever had dealt with. Your immediate reaction stems from your groin, intoxicating the stallion in front of you, further heightening his arousal. With every little breath, he starts to sprout a harder erection. Your heart also betrays you, starting a faster pace and increasing the power of the beats. Your reactions to each others stimulations perfectly reflect the overall good response to each other. Your knees bend slightly and the urge to just wrap your hands around his growing shaft is so unbearable, that your fingers already scratch around in his short fur at the flank and his body. Gosh, this feeling of his fur, the soft tingling hairs, like silky needles tapping the skin of your body as if they would nudge you a million times in a second. You couldn't hold back anymore. You press your face into his flank to fully feel his warm fur, smell his strong musk and enjoy the radiating body heat. There was nothing like it. His nose nibbles your back, he turns his head around, trying to nudge you even further into that specific direction. Being pushed a little you turn your head to him and playfully bite back at him. He lifts his head, squealing at the play and shifting his weight to a better stance making his throbbing erection bounce to the side, clapping against your leg. The touch makes a wave of heat circumference your entire body. You weren't sure if that was from inside your own body or his pent up heat, all you knew was, you wanted it. You wanted this heat, you wanted his

desire, to feel it inside you. The once menacing red glow from his eyes was replaced with an interested look, a fiery spark of excitement. Nipping you slightly at your buttocks, he nudges you to go further with you do. Bending your knees further to finally reach for his cavernous body part. Grabbing him lightly with one hand you feel his power, feel his pent up excitement and energy surge through your fingers as the slightly thrusts once, surprised and enticed by the touch. Immediately a string of liquid leaves his tip, spraying your face and almost dripping into your mouth. Without hesitation you part your lips, use the free hand to smear his juice onto your breasts and practically engulf his length. Stuffing it inside your mouth, making it pass your throat and let him start to thrust inside you this way. Letting the hand slip further down his shaft, you pass the ring on his hard pulsing flesh, feel the ridges of his veins pumping the blood he uses to harden the shaft inside your throat and lay your hand onto one of the massive orbs, holding it. Closing your eyes you enjoy the feeling of him moving inside your throat. His massive ridges rippling through your mouth, the heavy thrusts of his pelvis making his balls sway and the beginning of his flare, being all the more noticeable. Then the first gush of blood ripples through his length. The outline of his bloodflow on the underside, the thick arteries pushing the blood with so much pressure it nearly unlocks your jaw as he thrusts inside you harder. The flare is beginning to grow inside your throat. Your hand reaches for your scrag to further support his lustful doing and for the first time, to feel his flare grow inside you this way. Suddenly the pushes get harder even more, the movements of the thrusts more powerful, the overall reach of his length deeper. His flare bulges out behind your sternum, pressuring your stomach, your lungs, even your heart. Almost starting to faint he lifts up his testicles, you press both hands against the last part of his shaft, starting to stroke it so he gives you everything you were longing for for so long. The first shots of his ejaculation are so powerful they force your head back, making the flare ripple through your throat again. Leaving your throat, the huge flare stiffens one more time and a thick creamy liquid white shoots directly at you. As your eyes flew open a bright white starts to fill your vision. Then the whole scenery before you turns so bright not anything could make your eyes adjust to this heavenly glow, you slowly awake.~

Sweaty and almost terrified of the reveal what has happened, you refuse to look down. The feeling of your burning wetness already tells you that you couldn't keep your fingers from yourself during the night. The expression on your face of absolute bliss and the rapid breathing tells you that, whatever it was you made your body feel or do, it was satisfying, to say the least.

„God heavens.. i wish i could let him throatfuck me like that.“ Saying this out loud you immediately cover your mouth. This stallion truly was the master of your nights, and you didn't mind interrupting then one bit.

While accepting the fact that you totally got turned on by your dream, you still felt it was unacceptable that you soaked the sheets yet again. Finally sitting up and looking down between your legs, the big puddle of mess was lighting up your face to a bright red. What a complete slut. Gushing and squirting because a stallion was arousing you. Biting your lip, throwing away the covers and getting ready to clean your mess you take a look at your phone. It was pretty early in the morning. You decide it was time to set your previous arrangements made to plans finally become a reality.

While cleaning up in the bedroom, stuffing the used bed covers, you fantasize how your second meeting with the big stallion would finally fall in place. Would it be in the wild? Would you meet him when he gets back into the big stable building? Maybe you wouldn't even see him again anymore because he went on. Never ever again. This thought left a sickening knot in your stomach and you decided to never give this a second ever again.

Scrubbing the mattress with a sponge smiling of the thought to see him alone you suddenly realize something. Were you... in love with this beast? The constant desire to be with him, the obsession making your nights hard, wet and unbearable, the immediate repulsive anger felt when coinciding

separation, this was beginning to feel like being a teenager first time in love all over again.

Making yourself a light breakfast you decide to skip the morning shower, grab your running clothes from the last time that had not been washed yet and go for a quick morning run before studying.

For some reason you really wanted to use the carrots as additional swinging-weight one more time so you grabbed three for each hand and jumped into your running shoes. Shutting the door and starting in the fresh air, noticing the day already getting warm you decide to grab the water bottle from the front porch and take a big sip before starting your run.

The sun was already rising between the trees, giving your exercise a very pleasant view time while you were beginning to notice some pressure building up from the early drink and the fact you skipped the bathroom in the morning. It wasn't bad, you were almost at the clearing where you wanted to take a break anyway so you didn't mind or thought it would matter. You could not know that you would be corrected in this term.

When exiting the woods and entering the clearing you immediately look for the place where you left the carrots last time. Noticing they were gone, giving your face a light smile and imagining the stallion munching on these delicious goods you drop a few of them again and look around.

The grass looked as green and pleasant as ever, the bushes weren't burned, the trees not ripped, like your imagination left a picture of them in your mind. Everything here was sprouting with life and energy. While sitting down and enjoying the scenery you were once again waiting for the sun to climb over the last leaves of the trees, finally heating your face with its embrace. When the sun finally covers you completely, you just decide to lay on the grass for a minute and enjoy the warmth on your dark top and pants, sucking up the sun's energy even more than your own skin. It felt really nice being heated in your clothes while the chill pointy ends of the grass tickled your neck.

It didn't take long for you to doze off for a few minutes.

A heavy snorting and breathing sound rips you out of your daily slumber, making you rise up instantly. The second you realize it was a nostril of a big animal noticing a familiar scent your mood changes. Excitement and also a tiny bit of regret not being awake when he first approached you, greeting him properly. That however was the only regret in this situation.

„Oh hello there lovely! So nice to see you again!“ you look him straight in the eye and stretch out both of your arms, for a greeting and to get some left over tiredness out of your body. The stallion in front of you pushes his whole head under your right arm, lifts it up slightly stepping forward and pushes his nose further along your body, nibbling at your clothes.

„Mhh I'm glad to see you too!“

Damn now you really needed to relieve yourself from the recent fluid intake. But scratching through his short fur, feeling his warm powerful body at your side was making you breathe in and out deeply, relaxing you even more. Pressing your face against his mane, inhaling his strong pleasant smell of a stallion in full blossom you quiver shortly. This exact moment you honestly have a hard time holding everything in. Biting your lower lip you press your legs together. He lowers his head a little further and makes another step forward, circling around you a little bit. His head turns ninety degrees and he begins to sniffle at your backside, starting an interested, rapid breathing at your upper leg area. With every stroke of breath you feel the heat of his bursts from those huge powerful lungs brush your skin even through the fabric. That's when it hits you.

„I know what you did last night.“ His eyes perking up, looking at you for a moment and then

repeating what he just did makes the expression of him all the more clear. Oh he knew all right, you realize as you hear the fast pace of his breathing again as he starts to smell you more aggressively. This time he shoves the fabric with his lips, even starts nibbling at it and grunts again.

The hairs on your body rise up, showing the excitement and tension. Damn it this bladder was making you crazy. He was driving you crazy. You press your legs together even harder and try to hold it. Suddenly he nips at your leg, pinching you. Out of a jolt you feel a few drops escaping you and wet your jogging pants embarrassed for a second, you totally ignore the fact that he just bit you. The reason for this however is that his nose suddenly almost pushes into your crotch and sniffs vigorously.

„Oh my gosh did... did you like that?‘

You remember seeing mares urinate for a Stallion so he could smell if the animal was ready to conceive. This makes you blush out even more and in a split second, even more aroused. Noticing you possibly weren't wet only because you ruined your pants right now, you quickly strip them off. The snorting and nibbling of your big lover next to you get more serious now. Supporting yourself at his flank with both arms, while trying to hold in what you could barely do anymore he starts to nuzzle and nibble your leg and ass again. His constant attention makes you moan and tense up even more. As if he knew you were on the brink of losing your battle, nudging you further to the cliff.

„Oh my, please stop it, don't do that again, unless... you... you like it.“ Slyly shifting your voice to a soothing tone at the end of your sentence you let go of another trickle and bite your lip. As soon as you did it, his nose pushes forward again and sniffs hard, his breathing gets rapid for a second and you look beneath his belly. A clear sign of his interest is already out and slowly dropping further. The glistening front of his head making sure that he and you would be prepared for what was about to come also loses a few drops. Suddenly, a very lewd and also pretty kinky thought crosses your mind.

No, no you couldn't present yourself to him like that! A little push from your stallion lover gives you a hint to finally let go of your last reluctance.

Oh yeah, you really needed to let go. Smiling devilishly, looking at his beautiful tool dangling between his legs, showing clear signs that he wanted this as well you take a few steps to a lying tree trunk. You hear his steps behind you, following close by.

The burning desire inside you, growing constantly, making your legs wobbly, your knees weak and the pressure from the fluid even harder, all was driving you to the trunk. Placing both hands down on the wooden bark, you bend over a little, throw your hair to the side with a swift movement of your head to look over your shoulder. Your stallion lover was standing alongside you, nuzzling your thigh and smelling you interested. His upper lip was trying to nibble you and once it twice you felt his teeth again, yanking up a little. You can see his already pretty low hanging erection, still a little bit flacid due to your neglect. Almost in sorrow you think about giving it a quick kiss but the sudden feel of teeth at your leg lets you forget that instantly.

Almost jumping on the sudden nip at your skin you lose another trickle from your bladder. Looking over your shoulder you see him follow the drops with great interest, smelling the ground where they fell. Oh gosh, he really was testing your cycle, he really was treating you as a mare and more important, he was making sure you would be ready to receive his semen to give him a colt. The thought alone sent you into sexual overdrive. Him treating you like a real mare, breeding you like one. You wanted him to freaking push himself inside, up to the base of his sheath. His dangling member became more stiff.

,Okay my love, you really want me to, don't you? Allrighty then, i will show you that i am your mare, I am ready for you.'

Spreading your legs further apart, bending your knees a little and shifting the position of your pelvis, you simply let go.

Immediately the ears of your stallion lover perk up, noticing the stream and switching his attention to it.

His snorting, rampid breathing, accompanied by the scratching of his right front hoof and the high tension noise he emmits would be sentiment alone or his approval. One more sign however was the now fully hardened, rock solid shaft under his body, practically glued to his stomach, even flaring up. Your face blushes once more noticing this. My gosh you've never seen a stallion this aroused before. He was near bursting point already. A little afraid if you'd even be able to fit him in like this you hesitate for a second. But your positioning doesn't change a bit.

Seeing his flare grow gives you a tingling sensation. You never thought it would look so sexy. Yes, this huge mqqnificent pleasure tool was inside you and gave you the most intense orgasm.

Lifting up his head from your little puddle and curling up his upper lip to inhale the scent you left, you interrupt the flow and observe him, study his behaviour. His still very hard member finally drops a little bit but is still a little flared up and bounces with every surge of blood beeing pumped through it. The thick veins outlined on the side are visible, giving this mighty tool an almost intimidating girth. You were already wet and anticipating the feel of them stroking your insides, making you squeal for more. He steps back a little, positioning himself behind you and pushing his wide chest against your butt. Understanding what would come next you lower your head so he wouldn't crush you with his hooves.

Instead of jumping onto you, he just slightly lifts his front and brushes over you, towering with his torso above you and probing your wet entrance with his long wanting flesh. He makes a step forward and puts the right hoof right beside your right hand onto the fallen tree. His engorged member slips between your legs and scrapes your belly, making you shiver. Your wet juices cover a small part of the upper side. Moaning at the moment of contact, your pelvis unvoluntairily shifts its position and presses your womanly folds onto this hot pulsing meat. Feeling his powerfull body above you, hearing him sniffle at you and making an effort to finally penetrate your body, you loose another little trickle of urine, making his massive errection lift itself up one again. His flare grows directly at your belly button. The contact on your clit, the hard pulsing you feel you can't help it. The urge to touch him is just to big. Letting his flared head lay in your hand, being pressed up against your stomach you moan again and bite your lip. This needed to be inside you. You longed for this so very much. His right hoof doesn't leave the position. However every other leg positions him in q new stance. His legs behind you spread a little giving him more secure support, you can clearly see his full length to the balls swaying a little as he positions the hooves. The left hoof steps back and you feel the receding flare leave your hand and belly. He lunges back, trying to find your entrance again. This time you wouldn't hesitate. Spitting in your hand and reaching for the tip, you coat his whole tip in a slick moisture keeping it in your hand and guiding him inside you. As he retracts a little further you loose your grip on him and see the full lenght bobbop and down. Almost a little frustrated you put your hand back onto the bark, then he puts the left front hoof onto the wood as well, lifting his massive probing rod once more and slapping it against your very mid. Your whole body jumps on the hard contact and you gasp when a shock emerges from your pubic mound allthrough your body. The next second the rockhard tool leaves your belly and he does it again, this time a little bit further back, slapping your cheeks with his massive tool, spraying your whole skin with his precum and preparing your already moist area for his arrival, another probing lunge and

strike puts his tip back onto your lips.

With a hard thrust he misses his target and shoots another fast stroking length up your tender skin, making you moan out loud about the hard treatment. Gosh if he kept this going and slapped your moist hole like this a few more times you'd help yourself to cum from it right then and there. You were so ready, so wet, so eager to finally receive him. You needed this pulsing hot menacing flesh of raw sexual energy between your legs almost as much as you needed the air in your lungs.

Speaking of which, the whole of it gets knocked out of your lungs when he thrusts another time, probing for your entrance and slaps his tip against your tender rose at your butt, slipping over it and making it part your cheeks. Oh god this needed to end. You couldn't wait anymore. Trying to grab his tip again you almost lose your footing as he lunged forward again, this time parting your wet lips and slipping beneath your clit again, making you moan as the wetness from his tip splashes against you and then rubs all the way up to your breasts. You can't focus anymore, the feeling of his hard member touching you so violently without even penetrating you was driving you insane with lust. Every single part of your body was beginning to vibrate with sexual desire. You were already close to orgasm.

You lay your fingers on the base of his hard flesh, feeling the pressure of his blood lifting it against you while he presses himself against your body. The trickling liquid being sprayed on your arm, the rock hard feeling of his massive tool, this was just too much. Grinding your pelvis on his erection you get yourself the first orgasm as you begin to shake and shudder, nearly fainting in this position from the sheer power of your feelings. This was the only manly part of any living being ever that made you quiver this fast.

Nothing could compete with it. You feel a gush of blood being pumped through his thick veiny shaft as he thrusts into your hand and against your belly. Letting go of him, feeling your juices drip down on his shaft you just don't care anymore. Yes you squirted onto him this very moment, but if there was ever a time when it felt right, then now it had come and so did you, hard. His erection is relentless. He steps back a little, probes again for your wet entrance and this time you wanted to be ready. Positioning yourself once more, shifting the direction of your pelvis to meet him with the perfect angle you align the position so he wouldn't even be able to miss again once he had the correct distance. His hip jerks again, his everhard thrusting member slaps up to your freshly squirt and juicecovered lovepearl making you shake and squirt again, this time out of sudden excitement. Then he thrusts himself down and up again, pressing the tip directly against your warm hole.

Your eyes fly open.

The first thrust is so hard and even so deeper than ever before, you feel as almost his entire length ripples through your insides. Every nerve in your body starts to erupt in a firework as he plunges inside you, already releasing a good amount of precum coating your insides.

The second he pulls himself out, the high amount of pressure in your body shoots your blood into every little corner of your body, making another orgasm nearly explode like a volcano as the long shaft gets thrust deep inside again, this time, greeted with a lot more lubrication from both you and him. The thrust makes your insides nearly burst. You feel how his magnificent rod nearly pulls you off the ground as he ravages you, screaming your orgasm out into the wild you feel a hard gush of blood entering your body through his really hard tool, starting to expand his flare. With a hanging open mouth you risk a look between your legs. As he withdraws himself a little you see the bulge in your belly move to your entrance and then get plunged back in. This time, the flare is too big to pass your pelvic bones and with the next gush of blood entering his burning hot tool, he locks himself

inside your pelvis. This was it. The moment you couldn't wait for anymore. The pressure gets so high your legs start to give out. They begin to shake violently and with every new thrust he makes he jerks you back and forth a little, making your body convulse and spasm. Another pulse of blood makes your insides burn like fire. Your orgasm practically gets pressed out of you as you squirt the last remaining liquids in your body against the flesh inside you, making him throb even more. The bulging outline of his massive tool in the middle of it, the long thick tube letting the fluid enter his flare bulges out hard and pressed all the right spots while you have a hard time to even breathe. He thrusts again.

Making your bladder pinch from the inside as it gets pressured hard again, making you squeal in pain and delight as the feeling gets so overwhelming that you can't stand anymore. Your knees already bent, give in even more as you try to get a little bit of strength again, only to slip once more. The pressure of his rock solid burning member inside you gets thrust again, this time your whole body gets pressed against his frontlegs. You feel how both legs are on either side of your ears. Suddenly his breathing gets close to your neck and you feel him grab your hair with his teeth. All at the same time, you shake uncontrollably, panic and yet, bent your back to give him more access.

Suddenly, the left hoof lifts itself and presses your shoulder back.

Oh by the heavens, was he, was he actually going to...?

The grip presses you harder against the flare. With the next thrust he pushes himself even harder and you feel his member bend right inside you, pressing your frontal parts even more and making you gasp out a choked scream as you squirt hard what you thought was already pressed out of you. His motions get faster and more aggressive. You didn't think it was possible but now his motions change from a deep long stroke with short pauses to a fast paced fuckmotion that doesn't seem to pause any second. All the while his flare is locked inside of you and rippling in your pelvis a little back and forth, pulling your insides with it when he gets near the exit. Your spasming insides burn so hot you are afraid breathing out might make your tongue catch fire. As you press your lips together and try to push back on your lover, making you, the mare, feel even more tight for him, his dick pulses again and he curves his back, shortening himself, trying to burry himself to the hilt. You feel his steps behind you stomping the ground fast as he pressed himself deep with all his might as the first jet of cum erupts from his flare and makes your insides explode. You start to scream your approval, finally being taken as his mare. His forceful cumming doesn't stop as he thrusts inside you with hard, short movements massaging your insides with a still rock hard flare but now making himself move again with the massive amount of lubrication. Your body feels like it gets bloated for a second. Another gush of semen, your head starts to spin as you get shot into the next powerful, merciless orgasm. You try to open your eyes but all you can see is how your vision turns dark on the periphery. Fighting against unconsciousness you try to push against his flare with your body again, making him ripple through your insides again as another thrust perfectly meets yours. The sudden pressure makes the liquids inside you move around the flare and you feel a little bit of it coat your legs as the next thrust presses him deeper inside again. You try to look between your legs. All you can see is a thick long string of slimey liquid, two big horse legs and a sheer never ending length of horse penis driven in and out of you with fast short strokes and thrusting. The sudden pull on your hair reminds you whose in charge right now as the final thrust makes the burning hotness of his flare shoot a last massive jet of creamy cum inside you and the pressure knocks you over the edge one last time. The creamy liquid running down your legs, coating everything between them, the massive pressure from this hot vein covered lovetool of this stallion. His rough behaviour showing you how a stallion and a mare do it right, making you his, the extreme short span of time between orgasms pressing out every last drop out of your body. You can barely keep your legs up, panting heavily. As you feel the pressure of his long shaft dimmish, you make yourself ready for a gaping pullout. Instead, he steps back a little, putting his hooves carefully not to crush you while his still

semi hard flare doesn't seem to fully go down. You have a hard time keeping this position up for long, which is why the pull of it again sucks every organ inside you back with the flare before he finally passes with a loud slurping sound. As you fall down face first, your whole body still shakes and trembles the only thing you're sure of is that you think you hear yourself tell him that he did good, he did everything right and he's a very good stud. When you try to look at him your vision finally gets darker and darker until everything is black.

The last thing you see is a slim shadow right next to a big black and white spot with a little bit of pink soil hanging beneath him.

Then there is nothing but silence.

You're awakened by a loud snort from your stallion lover. He munches on the thick grass, enjoying the full juicy fruits the clearing offers him. When you make a first attempt to move you immediately feel a sharp pain on your right shoulder and in your leg. The cramp burns and makes you pull air between your teeth with a little 'ouch' escaping you. Not even ten seconds later, the big lover is at your side and nuzzling you. As you try to turn around and sit up, you feel a warm sticky moist feeling between your legs. Also the very full feeling in your belly that reminds you of what just happened. Looking into the sky, the sun didn't move that much so you must have just been out for a few seconds. The tingling feeling you get as he nibbles and licks you makes you smile from the depth of your heart. The more aggressive he mated with you, the sweeter he seemed to be when he was done with it and at your side watching over you. The moment you lift yourself to sit now makes the pressure of all his left remains inside you noticeable. Oh my this felt good. You were pumped so full of his cum, you wanted to savour this. Your breasts and especially your nipples ache, they are so eager to be touched rough right now.

The thought of pleasuring yourself in front of him crosses your mind and makes you twirl in your head.

Lord almighty, what was beginning to form inside you? Were you going to be a full time stallion mare? Your face bright red you suck in your lips and bite down on them. Pressing your buttocks together you start to scratch his head and pet him slowly but strong. The feeling of his long mane tickling along your soft skin, brushing your breasts and your lower back as well as your legs makes you gasp. Every single touch he makes gives you the urge to slide your hand down to your moist, throbbing wanting hole begging to be touched. You look at your stallion's physique. His strong legs, the pretty hairs covering his hooves, the relaxed pose. One quick glance to the side between his legs reveals that a little bit of his manly flesh is hanging out. Too much to be of just a coincidence, but still pretty low on excitement. You think to yourself that even he must smell what just happened. You must really be smelling of him in and out. Slowly dropping more, he moves a little but away from you and you can't help but watch in awe and also arousal as his long flesh that pleased you minutes before sways with every step he takes from right to left just a little. He places each foot far apart from them and smells the ground right in front of the tree trunk.

„Mhh... you like the smell of the aftermath?“ your left hand kneading your right breast, finally giving that tender pointy mountain on it a good squeeze makes you moan the words. You spread your legs just a little watching him. His again low hanging round source of what is still slushing around inside you are clearly visible from this position. The strong, beautiful backside of him is making little adjustments with the tail giving you a very clear look on him now and then... He turns to the side, smelling the grass again. There had to be a strong musk of your recent relief still. Gosh this turned you on even more than it ever should have. Sliding your right hand down you are greeted by a slimey

sticky crotch. A little suprized by it you pull your hand away only to see dozens of small strings of sticky horse semen covering the area between your fingers, your palm and your sexual organ. Not thinking anymore you switch hands and cup your other breast with the now cum covered hand. Oh gosh this felt so disturbingly erotic and forbidden. Fixing your eyes on him again his long phallus has reached a good half of his fully errect lengh as he starts to position himself a little odd. Both legs stand themselves apart from each other wide and he tilts his back a little, directing his pelvic area to the ground. You circle your fingers around your throbbing lovepearl watching this strong creature that just have you the orgasms of a life time when he lifts up his tail a little and starts to release a torrent of his own bladder fluids. Your mind starts to race and spin while you can't help but put more and more pressure on your tender skin.

Feverishly rubbing yourself to the kind of erotic display, you think about the amount of cum inside you, watch him unload himself more and more, start to shudder and twitch as an orgasm rolls from the center of your pubic mound over your whole body. Clenching your buttcheeks together not to loose a drop you even press a few fingers into your very wet hole right at the second the orgasm starts.

All this time he still doesn't stop soaking the place. The moment you calm down and the orgasm subsides, you see his tail twitching and at the same time the squirts of urin stop. He retracts his organ and moves over to you. Stopping your fingers from what they're doing you immediately think about what you just did. What were you just masturbating to? Oh by the heavens, you really did come a long way didn't you? As the excitement lowers, you look for your clothes.

You really needed to get back now and get going with your plans. But this stallion was just such a wonderful beast, the best kind of reason to get distracted. Watching him move over to you, practically freezing in place, you wait patiently what he was about to do next. His interest is fixed on your hands and he starts nuzzling them again. As you try to reach up, your right shoulder reminds you of the very misplaced slumbering position you were in shortly after you were done with your lovemaking. Trying to adjust your legs and claim a standing position for yourself would prove itself rather difficult, because your right leg was also giving you trouble again.

This needs to stop. You can't destroy yourself like this in the complete open. Grabbing your clothes with hurting limbs you step into your pants and the stretchy top. As soon as you pull them up completely you get reminded of the small ammount of pee still sitting in the crotch area, that had passed into your panties earlier. Blushing hard you scold yourself a complete horse slut beeing turned on by the thought of it. Your stallion lover behind you gives your bum a quick nudge as he presses his nose against your behind just when the pants are lifted. Damn this insatiable beast, damn your endless appetite! You were already starting to get aroused again even though you still felt the presence of his previous teachings in your insides. Turning around you make a few steps and notice, no. This wouldn't be a run back to the cabin. You would have to walk. Slowly. And this would in no way be a pleasant feeling. Damnit that was the last thing you needed to happen. Getting sore and stressed out by failing your morning routines. Although remembering the usual routine didn't include hard intercourse with a beautiful strong stallion.

Making him stretch out his neck for you to reach the best part with your fingernails, he enjoys the scratching sensation and breaths faster while also lifting his upper lip and stretching it to the left and right from time to time. You have to smile on the display of the high enjoyment. He really likes to be touched, regardless of the area you choose where to do it.

Patting your lover goodbye you soothingly tell him you would be there the next day even if you weren't sure if that would be the case.

Damn this tense muscle really was slowing you down.

As you exit the clearing and step into the woods you hear him follow you close by. Blushing with the feeling of total heartwarming joy that he's so trusting he'd just follow you, you can't help but nearly jump a little in your walk, even though your right leg still reminds you very clearly that you shouldn't.

While the walk back to the cabin you begin to doubt him and his intentions as well as yourself. What would you do with him after he stands on your porch? What were you supposed to tell him? Would he even follow you that far? Maybe he was very hungry and the grass wasn't enough? Did he have a medical condition? Maybe he needed something?

Well, he definitely wanted something. When ever you were looking back you could see him catching up with you, nibbling and nuzzling into your direction and trying to brush you with his nostrils. Also a few times you could notice that he had slightly dropped his tool again for maybe half of his length. Walking all the while he did it that looked pretty awkward, swinging from one side to the other but it was also a pretty enticing kind of awkward.

As you finally arrive with an aching back, a nearly burning cramp in your right leg and a gorgeous horse still at your heels you notice a yellow piece of paper ducttaped to the door.

*

„Phones are working again.
If you read this call this number immediately, we need to talk,
Katarina.“

*

Besides a phone number and her signature there was nothing more written. While reading the little paper the Stallion moves around the building and seems to aim for the already once visited garden.

Strange, this sounded a little urgent and you didn't really know where to go with this but if one thing was certain, there was a stallion happily eating the remaining grass in front of the terrace. Smiling you open the door, let it fall shut behind you and grab the phone from the House.

Only a few seconds and the call is answered. While greeting Manfred and starting slow with a short smalltalk you are a bit suprized to hear him ask if you're alright a couple times.

When he mentions that they found the stable hand guy that messed up the stallion gates you are almost relieved that it's not about anything else. Reaching into the upper kitchen drawer to get yourself some teabags you pull air through your teeth as a sharp pain shotss through your shoulder

Manfred asks: „What happened? Did something hurt you?“

„No it's, it's just a nasty cramp i have from running. I think i slipped on a mudpuddle and fell.“ You respond, in no world was there a possibility that you'd answer that question truthfully in this second. Still, a little smirk crosses your face.

He makes a suggestion: „You know Katarina was a therapist before settling down with me, she used to practice chiropractic and manual therapy. Want me to bring her over and you two can discuss what can be done? She can also tell you what is about to happen with... him.“

In your brain are a few transmissions turning and twisting. You really wanted to tell her about your current visitor but you also were afraid that he'd be gone forever right in the next second. Beeing

selfish wasn't a trait of yours. They were both probably worried sick and it was time that you made a decision now.

„Manfred, I have to tell you something. I...“

Silence on the other side for a few seconds, then a single question.

„What is it?“

You bite your lip and press your eyes shut.

The display of a peacefully gras eating stallion in the garden waters your eyes for a second. The turmoil of everlasting regret to the confession you're about to make, the point of no return your next words will utter might be another reason but after all. You have to tell the truth.

„I found him. He's in the garden again. Can you come and get him?“

„He is? Oh well that is a suprise! Do you have a few fruits, apples or something to keep him busy while I get there? I'll bring a foldable therapy bench for you. Move the table in front of the couch a little then my wife will be able to help you later on. I'll prepare everything to load him up!“

You felt the sharp pain in your lower back and leg but you totally didn't feel like getting a therapy session right now. More than ever you could have beaten yourself with something. How could you let this one time feeling of true love and compassion go? Stupid little brain of yours, your heart was sinking into your pants. Your sweat and urine soaked pants.

Oh crap! You still were a complete mess!

„Please, come quick.“ You just say and finish the call before running into the shower nearly bursting into tears.

Stepping out of the shower still clenching down your cheeks you smile for a short time thinking of all the little fillies in you, looking for an egg to fertilize. You immediately frown because it still reminds you that he'll be gathered shortly. Looking into the garden seeing him graze there you imagine yourself at home, buying a little place for you and him, having him greet you every morning from your very own garden. Oh gosh this was a dream too good to be true. Thinking of all the adventures you'd have with him it makes your tummy rumble. Putting a hand on your stomach you remember the bulge his flare made inside there. It was an overwhelming feeling, so intense but yet so satisfying. To actually see him get this kind of sexual relief with you was the ultimate satisfaction you had felt. Maybe that's why you were finally collapsing when he was leaving your insides. He was satisfied as well as you were.

Sipping on a tea and already setting up another cup for Katarina you hear a jeep arrive outside. You wobble-walk to the door and open, being greeted by Katarina with a very Serious face. In the background you see that her husband already is unloading a rifle. Your heart bursts out of your chest, adrenaline rushing through your whole body and before even thinking you burst out:

„What the hell are you going to do to him?“

Katarina immediately stops in her track and even freezes in the current position, with her arms slightly raised for a hug, now just holding them aside.

A little baffled she lowers them, pretty perplex, blinking once or twice and then she follows your

line of eyesight.

„Oh that’s a tranquilliser to finally get him and load him up.“, says Katarina

Your eyebrows lower and you look at the jeep again.

„You got a harness in that car?“

„Oh that won’t work with him he doesn’t let anyone near him without taking a little skin off, remember? He bites.“

Oh he bites all right, at just the right places at the right time. Pulling in your lower lip and getting reminded doesn’t help. You press your legs together and bite down on your tender skin.

„Just, let me try it, okay?“

The skeptical look on your friend doesn’t mean no so you go to the car while Katarina informs her partner about your plan in german language. A similar look on his face and a slightly amused „Are you sure about this?“ Is all that he responded while handing you the harness.

All three of you walk around the building and you tell them to stay at the corner to just stay out of his sight. As you move around the building he spooks for a second, but as soon as he recognizes you he calms down, makes an effort to move towards you and bobs his head up and down for a couple times. Stopping right in front of you, you pull the harness up and show it to him for the very first time. Practically freezing in place he doesn’t move anymore and as soon as you lift it over his head he almost pushes his head through the knit fabric. Petting him talking soothingly what a wonderful good boy he is you guide him to the pair standing next to the building.

Upon seeing them, he raises his head, practically locks his ears on the side of his head and snorts a little. Stopping, you soothingly talk to him to stay calm, making an effort to brush your shoulder against his big legs. He watches you, not them. He makes an effort to move in front of you and tries to turn around, showing them his powerful and dangerous hooves.

The both of them just stand there with a look of disbelief, Katarina a little bit less shocked, the Man on the other Hand just shakes his head and mumbles something.

„Wie hat sie das hinbekommen?“

„Gute Frage“ she responds and they both move out of the way.

As you give the leading line over to Katarina and the stallion almost shivers once you pat him at the side and all three of you calmly walk to the trailer.

Loaded up you stand next to Katarina with a very sad look on your face as you see her Husband drive away with the Horse of your dreams. Turning around swallowing your regret you make your way to the door pretty unelegantly. Katarina obviously notices your situation and allows herself a joke. Maybe, just maybe she even tries to cheer you up a little having noticed your obvious change of emotions.

„Damn girl did you study in the ministry of silly walks?“

Giggling behind you she takes her foldable therapy bench and follows you inside.

„You really don’t have to do that, you know...“

„I insist. Think of it as a payment for finding the lost animal.“

As you silently open the door and guide her to the place for the coming session you push aside the wooden couch table that you previously forgot to move. She puts down the bench and helps you. Out of the way, the table is used as a substitute wardrobe for your pants, your shirt and you start scolding yourself for not putting on any panties, but agree to just lay down on the bench with a towel wrapped around your waist.

„I still can't believe you just handled this stallion like you knew him since he was a colt.“ Katarina says with a little shake of her head.

„Yeah the moment he stood in - ouch - my garden i just stood at the terrace and he didn't seem to be scared of me at - ouhh - at all. I started to just talk to him for a while and - holy cow that hurts - he didn't mind me touching oh damn that is the spot!“

Katarina doesn't lose any time and takes good care of your shoulder. You talk about casual holiday stuff, the guy now being asked to give back any property of the barn and being relieved of his position as caretaker and the reinstalled powerlines. After a couple minutes she asks you to remove the towel from your waist and you hesitate for just a second. Since she's proven to be a professional, your shoulder, a perfect sentiment of it, you just think about that damn muscle probably making the rest of the vacation a living hell and let her push it aside. She keeps her main attention to the outside of the leg for a good amount of time and requests you to make a few movements here and there to show her which of the muscles are hurting and responsible for the wobbly walk.

When finally found, the real hell begins. It hurts. It burns, it is as if she tries to rip it out or turn it inside out. You try to bite on your lip not to get tense in any other part of your body but the pain only very slowly subsides.

„You know, I'm really curious. How did you know the Horse wouldn't hurt you, when we told you multiple times he'd do it?“

Katarina releases the pressure from the muscle and begins to massage your lower back and the glutes, concentrating on lowering the tension.

„I guess i've just gotten lucky. I had a good feeling on him and he didn't seem to be aggressive in any way.“ You respond while keeping your body tensed up on one particular muscle. The stallions cum still sitting tight in your ass was starting to pressure you. Why, why was it this exact time he'd decide to come out?

„Hmm.. still, that is a very risky behaviour. I don't believe you're so reckless to risk your life or skin for something that has no impact in your life at all.“

Her hands feel heavenly and you really can tell that your leg is better now so you try to avoid answering this very strange unasked question behind this sentence.

„Katarina I, I think i need to go to the toilet.“

You make an effort to rise up but her hands press you down in this second as she massages from your shoulders down to your lower back and over your bum.

„Hmm, yeah i guess that would be pretty important now, if you didn't let go in the shower.“ As her sentence finishes, her Hands are placed on both your buttocks and she squeezes them lightly.

What?!

Your heart begins to race.

What did this mean?

„Katarina I-“

She interrupts you, one hand moves up to your neck to the area the bitemark was placed, the other keeps her pressure right on your lower back.

„Tell me, how the hell did you even survive that?“

Your face was already burning red because she kept her hand on your cheeks for so long. You were glad you were laying on your stomach face down. Now you were beginning to panic a little. What was she talking about?

„I guess we can be thankful, since you decided to be honest about him following you.“ Katarina releases a quick amused giggle.

„I'm suprized you could even walk back. I had already thought I'd need to call an ambulance.“

Oh god, oh jesus Christ, oh holy fucking shit! SHE SAW YOU.

„I gotta admit though, it was pretty... fascinating. I mean. The sheer power, the size of it and then, you...“ Katarina speaks softly, no judgement in her voice and with her words.

Her hand on your lower back slowly slips between your legs and she circles her fingers around your rose. It's still feeling very used and tender but you already had trouble keeping it shut. Now with that enticing feeling of it being touched your own body was starting to betray you.

Trying to respond you mumble:

„I- I really need to-“

She cuts you off again:

„Oh you need to explain some things all right.“ Her hand on your neck was reassuring the pressure and slowly but surely, her fingers kept her relaxing yet circling motion.

Oh god this pressure was too much. You wouldn't be able to keep it for any longer.

She spreads your cheeks just a little with two fingers and pushes on your pelvic region, making it even harder to keep it shut.

„Katarina please, don't do that!“

To late.

The spread of your cheeks and you speaking releases the pressure on your sphincter for a short second and a small amount of the clear white liquid comes out.

„Oh wow, so he really did finish inside you, didn't he?“

She rubs the clear liquid over your hole, this time her fingers also slip lower and the sticky moist tips rub along your lips. They are now again screaming for attention. You have to suppress a moan as your feet curl and you bite your lip. Holy mother of God, a woman was touching your private parts and you could not even resist. You wanted to but now, oh gosh this felt so wrong and yet so very good. She was playing with his cum and using it as lube! This was so nasty, so taboo. So very erotic you couldn't even think straight.

A gasp escapes you as one finger slides inside of you.

„Wow, and i thought I would need some kind of help to get where we are now. You really did enjoy yourself out there with him, didn't you?“

At first you felt rashly uncomfortable being groaped by her. Now, with her finger starting to use her magic you didn't know what to do anymore. Part of you wanted to rush under the shower again, part of you wanted to disappear in the ground.

Softly moaning, part of you even wanted her to continue. Her thumb keeps rubbing over your little rose. All this with the juices of your lover stallion. The thought of another person using his semen as an aphrodisiac lube on you is so erotic to you.

„Damn his cum smells nice. But i guess you even know what it tastes like.“ Katarina murmurs mockingly.

„N-no.“ You admit while moaning.

„You're kidding me, you didn't want to try it?“

Katarina seems almost put off by your decline.

Her fingers press themselves on and into you with a little more pressure and you slowly begin to feel an orgasm building. Still remembering to clench your butt and keep it closed, you try to speak up. The hand from your neck finally moves away but to your horror, this hand also moves to your lower region. As she starts pressing on your lower back you can't hold anything any more and a big portion of his load gets released. Suddenly she inserts her thumb into your backside while running her fingers up and down your slippery moist. She cups it with the hand from your back and holds it under the headpiece of the bench.

„Wow, he really pumped you full... does he always cum that much?“

Seeing the white sticky creamy fluid that was just inside you, also now getting intoxicated by the smell you tremble. The hand raises even more and before she even reaches your lips you break. The orgasm ripples through your body and makes you arch your back, claw your nails into the bench and spread your legs only to clamp them shut with the hand still in between your legs.

„Y-yees-ohh-sheeeeet!“

You feel the hotness of the remaining horsecum get released by the pleasure along with a farting noise. The total amount of embarrassment was insufferable. You immediately wanted to cry, but the sensible parts of your body were given such a big lustful sensation. Torn between the fact someone just discovered your unholy secret, the fact that the same person just gave you an amazing orgasm you can't help but just burst up, look her in the eyes and still start to lose all self control.

„I'm -I'm so sorry! I didn't mean for all this to happen! I can't, oh god what is becoming of me!?“

You cover your face in shame, fear and also out of total disbelief. The whole world was just falling apart.

You were not a lesbian, but this woman just made you enjoy her sexual approach a lot more than you thought even possible. Also, you already felt yourself blackmailed and even saw yourself going to jail for your debauchery. Starting to whimper with a full body shaking, your cascade of emotions start to roll over you and crush your last resistances.

A little baffled and still with a cum covered hand she at first looks at you judgmentally. As soon as you start to break apart and sob uncontrollably, a warmth returns to her face and she simply hugs you.

„Hey, shhh... relax.... I'm not going to do anything to you, but we do need to talk about what is going to happen now.“

Sobbing and just letting your arms fall between her and you, you try to respond:

„Are, are you going to call the police on me?“

She tightens the hug and shakes her head a little.

„No, I'm not going to tell anyone what i saw today. After all, I thought to myself that what i witnessed was indeed pretty hot. I never thought myself as a sexual deviant but that... that was just out of this world erotic.“

Baffled by her words you lift yourself to sit upright on the bench and look at her again. She releases he arms from you and looks at you with a very dim smile.

„I guess now i know why he was such a sweetheart with you. Huh? I have to admit, i couldn't go all the way to handle a stallion like that. But i agree, if any horse owner would calm down their stallion like that, many wouldn't have the issues they have in their relationship.“

For the first time you have to chuckle as you see her smile with what she says. You wipe away a few tears and look at the bench. The puddle of horse semen is still there and everything reeks of sex.

„Go take a shower, I'll take care of the mess I made you do. After you're clean, I'll make us some tea and then we'll talk.“

You nodd in agreement and step out from the bench, slowly walking to the bathroom.

This time the pain in your leg is finally gone.

This woman seemed to be full of wonders.

Sorting out everything and sitting in the kitchen, drinking some tea was delightful. You were having a blast talking about all the stuff that had happened before and what you experienced so far. Reliving all these memories got you pretty worked up and even though your visitor seemed to be pretty open minded about this, she still was baffled that it was even possible for you to endure this kind of act. Finally, she came to the very conclusion that it was maybe out of a heated situation but also mentions again, that your behaviour in the situation prior to the treatment was very much that of a bear with cubs, downright aggressive. You nodd in agreement and admit with a lowered head:

„It's... it's because i really feel for him. I know this sounds totally stupid and i know I'm one step away from the love-myself-jacket, but when he's around i feel happy, appreciated, loved and even

wanted.“

„Well, he certainly wanted you i saw that.“ Katarina teases again but continues.

„How much longer will you be staying here?“

You respond with a sad voice and lowered head:

„Four more days, then I'll have to go back.“

Katarina leans forward, her nails scratching on the woods of the table.

„And...do you even want to return, or did your plans change?“

„I...“ Your hands shoot up to your face again, this was all so frustrating. „At first i was beating myself up all the time, like; how could I even do this, what was I thinking? Then my body just started to crave for him and i had these wild dreams of him and the more i tried to avoid it, the more he kept nagging in my brain! And now it's like I ... I can't think straight anymore, like I'm-“

„In love?“ Katarina cuts you short and raises her eyebrows.

Looking up to her, you still look a little confused yourself so you don't answer her immediately.

„I know it doesn't make any sense.“

Katarina leans back in her chair and raises her arms, crossing them behind her back and sighs heavy.

„So let me just get this straight; a wondersome stallion in the middle of nowhere starts to flirt with you, pushes the right buttons and sweettalks you into having sex with him and you battle against your own reasoning to give in to the temptation since you've always been more of a big guy missy. But after you finally had sex with a creature of a good ten times of you he feels like the right guy to you when nobody else has? And now you even have to battle yourself to go back from whence you came because you can't imagine beeing away from your stallion lover?“

Instinctively a nodded -mhm- escapes your body.

„Well... still a better love story than twillight.“

You look a little irritated but decide not to disagree.

A moment of silence and you two thinking gets disrupted only by the ticking of a clock.

„How did you do it?“ curiosity finally gets the better half of Katarina.

„I don't know, he was suddenly there and i felt like, just, you know, attracted to him.“

„Did you give him anything, smell like any other horse?“ Katarina asks again, the grinding of gears in her head was almost visible.

„Would you show it to me?“

Your face almost explodes with red. WHAT? Did, did she just auggest you seeing him again?

„Y-you mean, with- with him?“

She nods.

Oh...oh wow, oh my, oh for the absolute love of god YES! But wait, that would also mean she'd see you. The blushing starts to get more and more serious. Katarina seems to notice it and rolls her eyes.

„Relax girl, i've seen his monstrous cock slip out of your butt and had my fingers inside you a few minutes ago, there's nothing i haven't seen already.“

Although that maybe was true, the fact that she just spoke it out aloud wasn't helping in any way. And her blunt way of stating it, made you blush even harder.

„I don't know if i could, I mean, I want to see him again, feel him again, I want him at my side.“

The pictures of him engraved in your mind start to flash before your inner eye again and again. Glorious, strong figure, beautiful hair and breathtaking eyes. You rub your legs together and bite your lip. His menacing pose at the clearing, the wind in his mane and the length of his-

„Oh come on, you are totally lost in every way possible. Your practically in heads over heels? Besides, i know he'd like to see you again, and maybe this time he'll be able to fully concentrate all his attention on you, who knows? I bet you two would have a really good time in the secluded stable.“

Wondering about that, you ask what she ment by that. Her telling about the stable only for the stallions wasn't a lie, you didn't know for sure if you were already able to take him again but you didn't nearly feel as sore as the first time. Plus the reasoning behind her statement wasn't that far from the truth, you did want to see him again, you'd have more concentration for him as well and yes, you were mad in love. for each way around it, your head made another big turn for you to finally accept that your heart already made the decision a long time ago. You needed to see him.

As the night was slowly settling in and Katarina left with a wicked smile on her face you still couldn't believe that she offered for you to come by in the night. You told her that you would consider it. Her suggestion was to just meet at the stables door at ten o clock and then she'd take care of everything else.

Take care of everything else. What was that even supposed to mean? You couldn't focus. The books on the couch had a judging look on their covers, even if the geometrical forms and the simple designs needed a lot of fantasy to even get to that kind of conclusion, you felt as if they were indeed looking at you with judgement in thier scematic expressions.

Nine thirty. You couldn't really think anymore. Your skin got tingly and your throat dry. You got yourself a glas of tabwater, gulping it down to at least get the one part of your body to shut up about all the wild desires that were firing up. You'd actually see him again. Even if it wasn't for ever, you'd truly and without a doubt see him again.

Part of you still didn't think it was true but you didn't battle with this tiny fraction of you any longer. So what if she was trying to blackmail you or something? She had the chance to do so a lot longer ago now. So what if she got a kick out of this herself? To hell! The thought of her watching you was even slightly arousing you as well! Beeing openly intimate with your lover, showing what you really like him to do to you. You decided to run to the bedroom and to the closet, Stripping out of your lose clothes and opening the drawer with your lingere you immediately blush. Would he think of this as being sexy? Would he even like it? You chose white to be the colour of choice. Remembering how

much he liked the smell of you and your juices you skip to go to the bathroom and step into some leggings, a tank top and cover yourself with a jeans jacket. Breathing in deeply, your thoughts already circle around getting near him, petting him, letting him sniff you. Oh gosh.

It wasn't until you were already out of the door that you thought of Katarina being there, witnessing all that.

„Again, she would see this again.’ You had to remind yourself.

The dark part of the woods was nearly pitch black. You got your phone out and turned on the light. Illuminating the path you saw the left turn and the closed path ahead of you. It's not much more now, keep breathing deeply.

With the darkness before you, the lamp covered barnyard buildings were visible a lot sooner than in the broad daylight. Approaching them everything seemed vast asleep, even though you didn't assume anyone would be.

„This is it, no time to lose. Get in there and show her how much he really means to you.’ The voice in your head demanded.

Standing on the outskirts of the property, you were hesitant. Would this really be a good idea, to show yourself like that, openly and admitting to.. well.. everything?

It was quiet something else being seen by her, caught in the act. Oh just thinking about it made your head swirl again. Her watching you getting bred by this enormous beast must have been such a wonderful and at the same time completely surreal display of erotic entanglement.

Rubbing your legs together a little you already felt the heat in your groin rise up at the thought of him at your side, on you... in you.

A pinch from the pressure reminded you that the tea and water would finally have made their way through your body and it drove you to move forward.

It was indeed time. You looked at your phone. Two minutes before ten o'clock

Katarina was standing at the big gate in front of the stallion stable. Inside was a loud clopping and a snorting.

„I'm glad you came.“

The light inside the stables and in particular this riding hall was still lit. You lower your eyebrows.

„Is Someone still in there?“ you ask a little nervous.

„Well, ya silly, of course a certain someone is in there. We were not okay with him demolishing our stable, so we put him inside here so he could vent a little. For the past few hours he kept running around, screaming nearly every five to ten minutes, standing still and perking his ears up and then repeating the circle all over again. That big Bastard almost destroyed our trailer when we unloaded him. I thought that was because he couldn't stop himself to get to the other stable building. After running there and smelling the ground he just kept looking around aimlessly. We led him here and, well... that's all.. nothing else happened.“

Poor guy. He was restless again. He didn't like to be alone that was certain. But he didn't even stop when he was next to the other horses?

„Did he cut himself loose when running to the stable?“ You ask out of curiosity.

„Actually no, he just dragged my husband here, totally ignoring the leash he was on and went to sniff the ground in front of the stables, ignoring the other horses.“ Katarina says, a little amused. The picture of him getting almost dragged there must have been pretty funny. You take another look around the area and notice nobody else.

„Don't worry, staff's gone and my husband is out with the boys, having their occasional beer after work.“ Katarina says noticing your careful lookaround.

„O-okay then. I'm ready.“ You say a little nervous. She unlocks the gate and pulls the big slidedoor open just a little so you two can get in. Entering the riding hall, you immediately notice his massive form approaching the opening you just slipped through. A loud shriek whinny bursts from his lungs as he gallops over to you. Katarina stays behind a little, not moving away from the door. Either she was still a little afraid or she just wanted to test him if he'd try to escape. He didn't do either. Instead, he stopped a mere armlength in front of you and starts sniffing the air careful. You reach out your arm and a slight smile forms on your face.

„Sorry, i didn't mean to leave you.“ You explain almost whispering, knowing very well that he doesn't understand a word. The moment he smells you, he whinnys loud and a surge of energy gets released by him prancing, raising up and jolting. You don't move away, you just lower your arm. As he calms down a little he steps forward and presses his head straight into your chest, almost pushing you over. Embracing his head and scratching the sides behind his ears he sighs in relief.

„Wow, I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it right before me with my own eyes.“ Katarina murmurs.

„Did you miss me? I missed you too, my my, you're such an affectioned cuddleboy.“ Your voice calms him down a lot and his head starts to sink in your arms. Suddenly, his whole body goes down and falls to the side while he tries to nuzzle you from the ground.

„Oh wow, that... that is just unbelievable!“ Katarina just stands there, mouth open eyes fixed on you two in sheer disbelief.

„He- he's never done this before in front of me.“ You explain.

„Tzhe... I've never seen him like that, ever!“ Katarina just watched in awe.

You really loved seeing him so relaxed. It made your heart jump to hear that he was able to calm down this much, just because you were with him.

He still breathes heavily, was pretty worked up and almost dropping with sweat but you didn't mind. You got to your knees and returned to scratching and petting him all over. Keeping clear of the legs, you decided to just lean on him for a second. That's when he started to rise up again. It was only for a brief moment but the language of this animal was as clear as a starlit nights sky. He finally felt at peace, protected and yes, totally calm. That however was about to change.

„Well... if anyone had doubted you and your connection to this stallion, this would be pretty much the best way to prove them wrong.“ Katarina moves out of the door and closes it. Finally giving this intimate moment the privacy it deserved.

The stallion shakes itself and starts to nudge you again, this time, making a little more contact with your glutes through your clothes. The interested smelling and sniffing continues as you rise up again.

„My my ... you change mood pretty quickly today hmm?“ you ask jokingly.

Katarina nods, crossing her arms before her and watching you two practically making out.

„You want me to remove those, don't you?“ Your voice changed to a soothing tone, your nails now digging harder into his fur and scratching over the skin at his flank, making his lips twitch and jerk a little. He nips into your fabric and tries to pull it away. Yes, he wanted you to lose this.

As you scratch your way a little lower you raise one foot and step out of the shoe, making way for the first fabric of the pants.

He doesn't stop giving your body attention while his long hairs brush over your face as he lifts his head over you and tries to reach the other side, only to gently push you forward against him as he almost hugs you with his whole head.

„Mhh slow down, i need to get these off.“ You pull down your pants, step out of the first leg and stick your foot back into the shoe, now revealing a naked leg. This alone makes the stallion in front of you perk his ears up and start to grunt slightly. Yes he knew what this was meaning. He knew what the pleasures of your naked body could mean for him and most of all, he liked that he could see you bare it for him.

Just slightly, a little foreplay starts to emerge in his sheath.

„You gotta be kidding...“ Katarina bursts out in disbelief as she sees you getting him almost aroused in this second.

As soon as she spoke, the sheath retracts the tiny tip of his member and the stallion turns his head around to her.

„Oh sorry, i didn't mean to interrupt, just... I still can't believe what I'm seeing. Even though I saw it from very far away but- seeing it now, so close, that's just-“

„Magical?“ you cut her words and just lean into him again, laying your ear on his flank and scratching his belly and back at the same time. While stepping on the back of your other shoe to relieve yourself from the other part of your pants, you reveal the soft white fabric that you chose to cover yourself with.

Funny, in a way this felt like a very naughty wedding gown, almost too low on clothes to be even anything, you think of a mare covering her bits with such a constructed fabric and wearing a bridal veil. A totally unrealistic, stupid fantasy picture in your head but still, this kind of felt like a marriage with a witness. The only one missing, was a priest.

You blush as you see Katarina watch you get undressed. Leaning against the doorway, she smirks at you and shakes her head.

„Don't be shy or embarrassed, you two look lovely together, besides I've seen what you look like on your backside.“

As she keeps watching, you swallow and try to speed this up a little before you get the urge to grab the pants and run out with the horse at your side.

Lifting your clothing from your torso, you shake your hair behind your head and put the fabric down on the pants, creating a miniature pile.

„I'll take care of those.“ as Katarina moves forward, planning on taking the clothes the stallion suddenly shifts his stance, focusing Katarina and snorting loud. When you notice him getting almost angry, scratching the ground you talk to him with a calm voice.

„Hey, calm down, she's doesn't mean any harm.“ Petting his head slightly scratching the underside you keep watch. As he suddenly reaches for Katarina trying to bite her you express a very loud and clear ‚No‘ and grab him by his mane, jerking his head sideways. He stands there a little perplex and looks at you.

„I'm telling you, she's a friend.“ As Katarina bows down, reaching for the clothes, you gently touch her shoulder and also guide him by gently cupping his chin and leaning against him. Katarina doesn't let him out of her sight, but even she recognizes the change in his attitude. From the strong position and his ears layed to the side to a relaxed pose and interested, perked up ears.

Katarina slowly comes back up looking at him and trying to figure out the gears moving inside his head.

„If you just did it with this I want you to be our future horsewhisperer.“ Katarina says with a slight doubt in her voice, but she slowly reaches out her arm with her hand directed to the ground.

A slight snort emitted from the beautiful beast and his head slightly lifts away from the hand. For a second, he looks like he'll joilt away and burst across the whole compound. Nothing, he doesn't move an inch. The next couple of seconds, theres a definitive silence of tension and expectation. What would the other one do? The Stallion moves forward an inch and smells the hand, without any sudden movement.

Katarina really only starts to shake her head in disbelief a little bit. Not long ago she was afraid to get bitten by him. Now, for the very first time she actually felt a little comfortable in his close proximity. Maybe, that was even thanks to you now.

You calmly remove the hand from his mane, give him a few appreciative pets on the flank and talk to him with your soothing voice once more.

„See, that wasn't so hard now, was it? Look at how peacefull it can be. She doesn't mean you any harm?“ your talking makes his interest perk up and he even starts to nibble at the hand a little, showing first signs of a normal herd behaviour, trying to scratch her fur, if she were a mare.

Katarina pulls the hand back as she doesn't want to get any of her fingers into the harsh treatment of the horses teeth, even if that was ment to be in a grooming and caring manner, horses treatment by their teeth still were pretty harsh for the human skin standarts.

Your smile of appreciation for this whole change of attitude doesn't miss Katarina. She smiles back at you, still headsshaking a little bit.

„Yeah okay okay.. alright, you're obviously someone who can handle this big guy in front of and under him. Wow. I'm really impressed.“

Blushing a little by her words you bite your lip. Oh yes, under him, that was something you would like to do very much right now, actually. The reason for this simply was that you missed him even if it was just a few hours, you saw how stressed out he was before and you were pretty proud of him. He just accepted your guidance, he changed his mind about your friend following your orders and last but not least, you loved him.

As you keep petting him and look at the full scale of him you imprint his image once more into your brain. The short hairs, the patches of changing color and the sheer infinite numbers of them. The thick tough skin under them and the strong muscles beneath that layer. He stomps once and leaves Katarinas hand alone for now. Once again, he gets distracted by you petting him, brushing against him. You didn't even notice it until now but your whole upper body was indeed already once more pressed against him and your breasts were screaming to be released and feel the warmth on them. The hardness of your nipples almost hurts. Katarina smiles at you again and you try to hide it, but you keep rubbing your legs together and bite your lower lip.

„You want him, don't you?“ Katarina says with a wicked grin.

Nodding immediately, you can't help but moan slightly as you press your breasts against him a little. Damn this felt so great. His heat, the massive body, the muscles moving under them and the fast quivering of skin when he got touched slightly, as if he wanted to shoo away an insect. Instead he was making your skin burn even hotter by practically brushing it under the last restraining fabric.

Making your way to his flank and inhaling his scent, you notice he's still pretty worked up, nearly dripping with sweat at his flank and the heat radiating from him is even stronger than the first day at the clearing.

When you pet his stomach, lift your hand from it and take a look at your palm you almost gasp.

Katarina looks up and steps back smiling.

„Oh I told you before he was very worked up. He had a pretty hard time calming himself down in here even though he knew this place. I guess that could be a problem for you?“

You shake your head.

„No, no I, I think I actually like it. It's okay and, he just smells so good, feels so freaking good. Oh heavens what is happening to me i'm totally getting entranced by him!“

Katarina responds immediately.

„It's okay, it's fine, nobody's judging here and i think it's quiet clear that he feels the same. I mean, just looking at the two of you i can see that he feels secure with you.“

Listening to her you nod a little carried away. Back at petting his belly where he's already making your fingers wet beyond anything you've ever had before with him, your hand slowly travels to his groin.

Upon touching his sheath you bow down and take a look. This whole area was steaming in the dim light of the building and you saw the foamcovered skin of his balls dripping with his sweat.

Acting on impulse, you scratch further, making your stallion lover respond by stepping his legs apart and starting to sniffle the air in front of him, breathing rapidly. Your impulse to press your face into there only gets suppressed by the fact that you are still working magic with your hands there, but the urge to suck on the thick foamcovered skin is really something you can't stop pressing against your forehead.

„Yepp, that's the spot, he really likes that.“ Katarina says, a little further away now.

Finally, you can't take it anymore. Crawling forward with your feet and knees, you press your face

against the dripping sheat and give it a long, loving kiss paired with a soft moan and lick your way to his hot foamcovered sack that sets his balls onto your face with a very pleasuring feel of the weight inside there. Oh you would give them some place to relief them of their weight. You'll take care that they will be absolutely wiped clean, inside and outside. Licking the salty, steaming furcovered skin you moan again. As you press your face harder against the hanging parts of him you feel the inside moving. Gosh this was so intoxicating. You couldn't help but start to pinch your screaming breasts, knead them inside the holster and keep pushing your face into this wet heat harder.

The moment you touch his sheat with your shoulder, you suddenly feel something pressing back. The weight reminds you of what would be the most erotic thought that ever crossed your mind. He got aroused by you, taking care orally of his big hanging source of his stallionhood and the power he was emitting. He was getting hard for you, because you were riling him up inside. Lifting your hands to cup both of the heavy orbs and starting to massage them ever so slightly, you get your face away from them only to see the tip of his beautiful pink get out. Instantly you open your mouth and suck the soft tip inside your mouth, having trouble to get it all inside you feel the weight added every second get more and more.

Your head was starting to swirl. The erotic image of you down there, feeling his orbs in your hands and thinking of him releasing inside your mouth made you moan so loud even Katarina couldn't have missed that.

„Wow, he really does like you, doesn't he?“

Katarinas words don't get to your ears. Everything in your head was blocked by the rush of blood inside you. Your head, your heart, the noise of your blood almost deafening you, blocking out the bloodflow also causing your ears to ignore everything else. The rushes of blood letting the big piece of stallion meat inside your mouth grow however were making your eyes close and your hands slide on the slick fur on his balls to his sheat, leaving the furcovered part of his body and wrapping your fingers around his veiny, now rock hard flesh. As you press it he humps forward, thrusting a good length of your hand inside your mouth jerking your head back. You keep sucking. The pressure of the second thrust makes you almost gag as he pushes against the back of your head spraying your mouth with precum. Your body aligns itself with the massive hard length of his and you embrace his next thrust. As the massive flesh gets jerked back and your hands and your mouth follow, you open your mouth as wide as you can and he rams his erection down your throat, opening your eyes you feel the hardness ripple inside your tiny throat, expanding your insides and pressing his member into the depths of his mare in this unholy way. He pulls back and you rip away your mouth, coughing, gagging and almost spitting out a mouth full of his leaking fluids that were ment to lubricate his mare orifice to take.

„Holy shit I've never seen anything like that. Did, did you just depththroat a stallion?“

You stand up and he retracts his organ a little, blushing and smiling at the same time you can't help but loose a few tears because of the pretty exhausting ordeal you just have been part of. Yes, that was super erotic and very nice to be a part of but you didn't think you were ready for more of that. Besides, you had other ideas where he was supposed to penetrate you.

Looking at Katarina, you just grin, wink at her and get rid of your last remaining clothes covering the upper parts of your body. Reaching over the panties and bra, you move in front of your stallion lover that is looking at you very interested. He grunts a little as you hug his head in a wrong way, pressing his ears against your breasts and his nose between your legs. The rapid breathing you already know starts as he takes in your scent.

„You like what you're smelling hmm? Shall i make it even better for you, want me to show you how ready i am for you?“ leaning onto him you spread your legs apart just a little so he can push his nose up there. He does. The thick skin and the long hairs on his nostrils tickle the insides of your legs. You release your arms from him, step a few inches back and let him follow suit. Turning around you let him sniffle at your butt again. This time, Katarina can very clearly see what the reaction of this big beautiful stallion is. The slowly dropping erection that is still glistening by the saliva coating it since entering your throat, is dropping again. He lifts his head and sniffles the air, curling up his lip to enhance the strength of your odour. As you squat your legs apart a little, bend over and tilt your pelvis you wait for him to look at you again. He returns to your side and nuzzles your thigh, nipping at the skin.

You let yourself go and relief yourself for him, showing him you are ready to receive his mass, his lust, his semen. Oh gosh yes you wanted him to pump you full of his wonderful stallion juice.

As he notices you starting to signal him, he starts to breath in a fast pace, grunting and tensing up, lapping at your stream with his tounge.

„Oh my ... wow he really likes that, his tool is growing so fast, damn. Looks like he's about to burst.“ Katarina is standing there watching and commenting on it, but all you can do is think about his girth and the size fulfilling you, making you his mare.

As you keep going, his snorting continues and as soon as he lifts his head you stop. You hear the hissing sound. His lip curled up again, meaning he's intoxicating himself with the smell of you. He was going to be mad with lust and that's exactly what you wanted him to be. Kneeling back and crawling under him you spread your legs wide to be in the perfect position for him. The moment you slightly touch his massive tool it shoots up to his belly and glides up between your cheeks. You know what happens when you keep touching him like this so you shift your position a little. Pushing your butt against his stomach, you touch his tip again, one more time he lifts his member up to slap his belly, only to be stopped by your burning mid, longing for his arrival. The slurping sound of his head coming in contact with your tender flesh makes this lewd situation even more unbarable and you moan out of lust, even pushing your pelvis back a little. The stiffened length gets thrust forward by him but you're already to close. He misses entering you and rocks his length along your throbbing clit, the liquid sprayed from his tip wetting the ground. Oh god you wanted all of this inside you now. You move forward a little, position your butt a little bit more downwards and aim your cute hole to be matching the angle of his shaft once he lunged it up again. Gently stroking the underside of his phallus, you talk to him soothingly.

„That's right my beautiful big love, i want it, i want it all, give it to me you already smelled how much i need you to be inside of me. Now... fuck me, fuck your mare in heat.“

Actually saying these words felt so much worse, so good, so forbidden and lewd, but so satisfying. The Lust you felt was making you almost dizzy. You grab his length right behind the head and give it a good squeeze. The stallions reaction is immediate. He thrusts forward before lifting his length and thus, slapping the length against your clit and your belly, making you moan out loud. Putting the left hand onto his throbbing length, pressing it harder against you as you grind your pelvis against him, he starts thrusting a couple times. Each thrust glides along your lips and makes the wetness of your arousal cover him in juicy lust of yours.

By releasing him you wait for him to calm down a little. Finally, he lowers his length a little and you touch his tip again. Another pull of his member upwards to his stomach, the head of his massive stallionhood slaps right between your buttcheeks. You move back a little and he lunges, thrusting himself forward.

He rammed it in, he fills you with a good third of himself and you think of bursting right then and there. Instead, you get pushed forward just a tad, because his leg gets pressed against your shoulder after he presses himself into you. Not even a second later he lunges back and thrusts again, pressurising your sphincter massive and you feel his length ripple through your body, making you squirm. He keeps thrusting you like this for a couple of times until you can't hold in an exhausted moan of pleasure, then you feel something touching your shoulder. You look to your left and see Katarina standing next to you now leaning forward. She has an evil grin on her face and without hesitation, her other free hand puts itself onto your little lovepearl and starts rubbing it with the next thrust of the wonderful stallion above and inside you. Screaming out your orgasm you clench your legs together and tense up. Pressing your eyes shut and making the contractions inside, you start to stimulate your enormous lover even more. His breathing gets more rapid, tensed and he starts grunting again with the thrusts. The feeling of him delving into your tender insides are paired with the simulation of Katarina, pushing you to ride the wave even longer. Suddenly the thrusts get lower in depth, but he fucks you in a short jackhammer motion. The tingling feeling, almost as turning numb knocks the consciousness almost out of your body. With every circle she makes with her hand and every fistlength getting pulled out and thrusting into your pelvis again you near a point of fainting. The thrusts stop, he stays still and for the first time ever he exhales with a snort and almost sounds relaxed.

„Wow, did he just cum like you did?“ Katarina asks still with her hand between your wet lips and in your pulsing throbbing nub.

Trying to catch your breath you shake your head a little, you try to move away from his pulsing length and feel him slowly receding.

You knew how it felt when he actually came and this wasn't it yet. This felt more like a long overdue release of pent up tension and you were glad he could release that with your help. Katarina lets herself stand upright and lets go of your tender regions.

„N-no, he didn't, but wow that were some intense thrusts. Mhh... that made me feel good. I... i almost lost my senses there.

Slipping out of you, Katarina moves to look at the both of you.

„Wow, is all i can say... the fact that your body swallows all of this stallion meat is...impressive, really. And the fact that he's willing to mate with you. Damn... but i think maybe I'm the one distracting here.“

She steps a few meters back and you get into position one more time. Grabbing his great heavy length to guide him inside you once again let the fingers slide over his slightly engorged tip. You feel the little ridges, you feel the little hole in the middle. All this was driving you insane. The moment you set his length at your entrance he stiffens up and thrusts again. Beeing not a hundred percent at the correct angle he slips and sprays a good amount of precum onto the ground where Katarina is standing.

„You both are a perfect couple i guess. You almost soaked my hand as well when you felt very nice there.“ She sais with a grin.

Blushing because you didn't even realize it, your face turns to the ground. There wasn't much evidence but a little bit of fluid went down there for sure. You weren't sure if it was yours or your big lovers juices that got spilled there.

That however would change soon enough.

Spreading your cheeks a little to give him better access, you direct him to your little puckered butt once more. This time the reaction of the wet warm orifice is a powerful thrust and he slams it home with a huge burst of blood being pumped inside. You feel the flare expanding inside you, feel the intense pressure already making it very clear that he has been in there already multiple times now. He thrusts back again and pushes forward with a deep growling, menacing grunt from the huge lungs above and you feel the second rush of blood inflate the tip of his stallion penis even more.

„Oh my gosh, i can see the outline of it, he’s pumping you full, isn’t he?“ Katarina exclaims.

A muffled „hnngh-yes!“ is all you can give as an answer as he pulls you back with his next thrust, his flare already locked inside your pelvis, not able to withdraw anymore. The pressure of him inside you and the huge bulge he makes get visible with the next burst of blood. As he thrusts himself in as deep as he can, you can’t hold it in anymore and scream out of pure pleasure and pain as he squashes your bladder and forces you to squirt with your orgasm. The massive pulsing rod ripples through your canal, making you feel the big flare on every little place he rams through. With the next thrust, he tries to step back and thrust from further away, making your sphincter bulge out from the flare, only to have it rammed inside you as he forces himself deep. As the big flare is tugging at your tender hole, you feel your insides being dragged with it. The suction makes your heart skip a beat, your eyes see little stars all around you and the wave of an intense orgasm nearly washed over you then and there. You feel the flare pump one more time the moment he gets pressed inside, making your bladder empty itself again a little. The grunting in his breaths with every thrust start again as well as the super fast thrusts right when he rammed himself inside. The fast pace, the superhigh pressure inside your body, the knowledge of Katarina witnessing the breeding, of you, being mounted by your stallion lover, sends you over the edge. You scream out of pure joy as your insides start milking the stallion for his every drop. With every thrust, your bladder endures the rippling through of the flare and every time he forces you to squirt for him, squeal for him and cum under his efforts to impregnate this mare.

You’re breathing fast and rapid. In a hyperventilating pace as you notice the flare get rock hard. The pressure is so good your clit starts to throb and sends waves of pleasure through your body with every little short inhaling. As he thrusts one more time, you can feel the pressure ripple through once, pressing you against his leg with your shoulder, then he stands still. Clenching your teeth together, you start to grind your body on his length and play with his flare inside you. Your body already dripping from sweat, because the strength you need to endure such simulation makes your head swirl once more. You lower your head and look at your belly, moving forward just a little to see the bulge of his flare move. A short, less powerful thrust moves it back in deeper and you moan out of pure bliss. Another rush of blood makes his whole length and flare pump inside you.

The feeling is so intense, so good, you reach your left arm back to touch his rock solid erection that you are impaled on. Feeling his super hard flesh this way gives you another rush of emotions. This felt so erotic. This huge pole of stallion was inside you, this veiny pumping prime example of his raw lust filling you so good. You grab it firm and try to pull yourself harder onto it while at the same time pushing back your body. The moment you feel the flare get pressed against your insides, your pulsing aorta in your stomach even gets pressurised. Gasping for air you try to once again clench down on him with your sphincter. The blood pressed through the thick rod expanding the flare again, stretching it to the extreme lets the tube on the underside pulse and bulge one more time. The feeling sends butterflies and stars through your whole body. You do it again, this time he thrusts, almost bending his tool at your tiny used entrance and stretching it even more. You scream out of pleasure and grab his leg to support you while you convulse under him. One more time. The bloodflow sends the tingling feeling into every nerve of your body, sending shivers down your spine and making you gasp for air as the flare pumps again. You’re shaking. Your legs almost start to give out but the rock hard erection you’re impaled on is enough to give you a little bit of support itself.

Still you slide down from him a little, making the slick juices appear with a good third of his length until the flare is at your entrance once again. The suction feels so good, your hand between your legs feeling the massive flesh appear out of your body, feeling every vein, every ridge made solid by the arousal he's experiencing with you.

Your hand moves to your soaking wetness, circles on your little lovepearl as you pull at your own ass with the flare, making it pressure your insides even more again. It doesn't take long until your body quivers under the stimulation and your insides pump rhythmic, letting another orgasm ravage through your body and make you almost faint, only to feel the flare get tugged back hard as the huge stallion thrusts back and forth, pressing the huge flared head of his reproductive organ over your bladder and deeper inside you, making your scream and squirt, drenching your hand. You get pushed against the leg again and support yourself with both arms not to fall over.

The moment he has thrust forward, Katarina steps close to you two and grabs his length right at the base, squeezing it with both hands.

„I know you want it.“

A second of high pressurised silence, then a hard long thrust of him and he starts jackhammering again. His testicles lift into his body. Four hard fast thrusts ravage through your body, almost lifting you from the ground as he pulls back, making your belly stretch when the flare gets pushed back in. This time his hooves step closer to the front, he pushes your shoulder against his front leg as he presses inside with all his might, burying the flare as deep as he can. While his rock hard flare pulses, the solid hot length of him gets filled by the tension of his body and shooting the semen through it, the thrusting gets short, powerful, almost unbearable. Never did you feel that ever before. The eruption of his cum inside you knocks out your breath. You feel every pulse, every shot, the outline under his erect glowing hot stallion flesh pulses so strong, you feel the pressure the moment it gets filled all the way through to your clit.

„Ohhh yeeeeees! God YES give it to me aaaAAHHH!“

Riding the wave of this orgasm you try to stay on your feet, press your cheeks together, give him the most intense, best orgasm he can have with you.

Another strong pulse paired with another deep thrust from your lover presses the semen deep inside you.

Your belly already bulging from the flare, you start to feel the pressure of the liquid. The huge amount of semen he used to make you carry his offspring. You press yourself against him to make it feel complete, make him feel you're the mare that just presented her cervix for him.

With the next thrust he ripples his ultra hard length and flare over your bladder one more time, pulses and pumps another rush of the impregnating liquid into your depths and then starts to deflate.

Although you feel the last wave of semen enter you, you don't feel him exit your body because you faint by the last pulse of the exhaustion of the next orgasm washing over you.

As he retracts his organ, your muscles keep contracting themselves almost denying the flare the exit until he's finally swollen down enough to leave you. His whole tip is covered with a thick layer of slime, dripping in a string down onto your cheeks, now marking your body on the outside without you even noticing, as you just regain your conciseness.

Katarina is kneeling right next to you, patting the stallions belly and flank as well as slowly smearing

the remaining fluids onto your cheeks.

„That was, incredible. I’ve never thought I’d see something so surreal and yet at the same time, so erotic.“ She says smiling at you.

You feel absolutely bloated. Laying on your stomach makes the pressure inside you from the semen that was pumped in really noticeable. Your insides are burning with a seering flame of passion. The afterglow of this mating makes you feel complete, but also make your body still convulse every few seconds, as if the last orgasm is still not fully done with you.

„I... i think I need a minute to walk again.“ You respond a little unsure.

Katarina grins sheepishly, making her fingers travel over your cheeks, slowly going to the center.

„Oh you don’t have to stand up right now, your lover is already drifting to sleep.“ She points upwards, with the index finger of her left hand.

Looking up, Katarina was right. The stallions’ lower lip was already twitching now and then and his breathing was very relaxed. Still towering over you, you look at his magnificent physique from below him. His big belly, covered with tiny hairs, the outlines of his veins barely covered, the massive legs he’s towering upon, the strong muscles under the tough skin. Your look wanders deeper, the dark skinned sheat, still having a tiny version of his oversized lovetoole hanging a bit in total relaxation. There’s still a small droplet on it.

You want to turn around and at the same time, you don’t. Even though you were totally exhausted and used to completion, her hand kept massaging you very nice and didn’t focus that much on the center of your exposure. Even if she slid with a finger there now and then, you didn’t mind.

You didn’t mind her touching you in that way even though you barely knew her for a couple days. What a shameless whore you’ve become!

You decide to turn around and try to kneel. The pressure of the fluids almost too much to endure, you try to close yourself as much as possible. Her hand lets go of your bum and you look at her, then continue the travel of your eyes fixing on the little drop of semen still clinging to the tip. You can’t help it, finally, you want to taste him. Closing your eyes, you engulf the whole of his glans and press your tongue against his little hole. Being greeted with a very pleasant, ultrasweet taste and his musk in the air, totally surrounding you intoxicates you even more. You can’t help but suck on him, thus pulling it a little more out of his sheat and inside you. As you reach up to his testicles that are still totally wet you start to massage him slightly for a short time, then, finally, you manage to release his stallionhood from your sucking and grasp, letting it retract completely. You try to stand up and manage to lean against your lover, while facing your friend.

„So... how does it taste?“ Katarina asks with a wicked grin.

„Well, ...“, you respond a little light headed.

„It’s, it’s really just a little bit salty, but unbelievably sweet.“ You admit.

„Mhh.. doesn’t sound too bad. You know you really did look very sexy down there and even right now, i have to admit that.“ Katarina bites her lip.

The relaxation slowly creeps into your body and you hold a hand in front of your butt, making sure you don’t start leaking. Leaning over your lover you lay your head onto his flank and just smile very

happy giving Katarina a honest smile of appreciation.

„You- you really think so?“

Nodding she looks at your hand a little questionmark written into her facial expression.

You recognize and explain. „I have trouble keeping it all in again. You’ve already seen what he does... and... how much.“

The wicked smile returns and one of her eyebrows lifts itself.

She kneels and looks at his crotch area.

„Little bit salty and sweet you say, hmm? I would like to try it.“

Thinking of her kissing him didn’t set you off in any way. You were still in a state of constant bliss of afterglow. So you just shrug weakly and keep leaning on him, your eyes now closed.

She laughs shortly from the pure joy ahead and crouches behind you.

Little did you know, that wasn’t what she was planning.

She yanks your hand to the side, presses her face between your legs and starts to tickle your lovepearl with her tounge so expertly, you gasp before even realising what was happening. You twitch and look down only to see her right arm embrace your right leg and setting her fingers onto the front, starting to rub your little nub from the front while her tounge licks from behind.

„Oh god Kathaaa... what are you hnngh.. s-staahpican’t...can’t hold-hnngh“

Not even ten seconds passes as her strong wet silky muscle dances on your tender flesh, another orgasm is building up again. You’realready having trouble keeping the big load of the stallion inside you as she starts to press herself harder against your womanly parts and tickles your flesh with her right hand, while the left is spreading away your left cheek. Your nails claw themselves into your lover and the hand on your ravaged front, as she doesn’t show any signs of stopping and the pressure inside your body is rising. Trying to avoid her avalanche, you press forward in the hopes the stallion would budge away, to no avail. He is standing resilient, barley noticing your tiny, pathetic attempt to push him aside. Your upper body and your breasts press against the warm wet fur of your stallion lover, sending another shiver down your belly, colliding with the feeling of your pubic area beeing treated in all the right ways in this second.

As you press your lips together, biting them from the inside and try to force her hand away she finally gives in and you feel yourself a little sense of relief, a victory on your part, having pulled her hand higher. Little did you know, this was your doom.

She licks with her broad tounge one hard time over your clit all the way through your slit to your butt, pushes her tounge in and presses her thumb on your clit circling on it while pressing the hand into your belly.

The orgasm making your muscles inside your body spasm rhythmically , result in the semen getting pressed out of your butt, soaking, first her tounge, then her mouth and aftrr that isn’t even half of it, nearly her whole breast. A muffled groan of satisfacrion gets emitted as she starts to swallow the huge amount of the first gulp and continues to let her tounge circle inside you. The orgasm makes your legs wobble, crumble and finally, collapse. Both of you go down to the ground and while she

falls to her back, you finish on your knees and with your pelvis right over her face, totally drenching her in horse cum as the orgasm continues to ripple through your body.

Your ride her face as you start to squirt in a total collapse of your body and after the earthshaking orgasm, try to move your body only to collapse beside her.

Breathing heavily, thinking about what just happened you try to speak up.

„Ho- Holh- oh my gaaawd Katarina what, tha-“

Katarina cuts your words.

„That was amazin’...“ she almost yells, her fingers already spreading the horse semen over her breasts and kneading them through the fabric, one hand slipped into her pants. It doesn’t take a minute until she shakes, laying next to you finally getting some relief and as soon as she calms down. You both face each other.

„I- I’ve never had a woman lick me.. down there...“ you admit.

„And I’ve never tasted a stallions cum out of a girls ass before but I’m pretty fucking blown away. That was freaking great.“

Her wildly grinning and you also blushed but smiling you get up and she shows you the way to go now.

Taking care of both your clothes as well as hers, you use the shower in the stable to get yourself a little bit cleaned up.

After you two decide that this would be kept a secret between the two of you, she drives you to the cabin home safe so you could get to bed. This was a good plan because you already were totally and completely exhausted and even trying to stand was taking everything from you, including your last remaining reserves of strength

Awakening the next day, there was another little mess in the bed but you were not suprized at all.

Instead, you just focused on trying to start the day without touching any out your southern parts or even covering them with clothes. You called Katarina and told her you’d probably need the rest of the holiday to recover from the last day and spent the next two days grinning and learning, without the need of any distraction.

Epilog:

Looking at the trees and cars, getting smaller and smaller fast, you still couldn’t wipe away that smile on your face. The little round window and your seat were perfectly aligned so you could actually lean your head to the side of the inside wall While watching your altitude rise. When the seatbelt signs finally turn off with a sound, you decide to look into one of your scripture textbooks.

You were relaxed, mostly because you have had enough time in your last week to get everything done regarding your learning scedule. Also, you’ve had some very relaxing time having met some new, kind people who you’d sworn to stay in contact with. The woman named Katarina had a special place in your heart. Not the fact that she made you realize that true love didn’t always mean to be

there each day, but devotion to be there in your head, your home at heart. Not the fact that she made you realize Sex want just something you only shared with your significant other only. She had a special place in your heart because she was the one responsible for your loved one. She would take care of him until you would return.

Return you would. Your intentions upon arrival would have yet to be determined, but one thing was certain.

The little pamphlet from the shelf resting in the on board luggage, containing your backpack, would be from now on a forever future changing paper, making your true destiny shine at a place where you'd never thought it would be found.

Distracted by the thoughts of your significant other, you take out a little trinket of black and white hairs braided into a ring with a silver plate, that was carrying a little engraved prancing horse. The little sign of your binding was just a symbol, a little present Katarina made for you so you won't forget your oath. She couldn't know exactly how much the emotions binding you to it really ment for you. Nobody could. But that didn't change the fact that your future was for ever going to be bound to this symbol, the little sheet of paper in your backpack and your love for a certain living creature on the other side of the planet.

You knew that one of you would, sooner or later finally find a way to the other, finally closing the distance to each other and making your relationship complete.

You put on the ring again, touching the little engraved symbol and smile before getting out the little pamphlet, opening it again and looking into your future.

It was the ownership paper of a purebred gipsy clydesdale named: Sultur Tresspaser At Nocturne.

The End