

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Derek was a self-made millionaire, or rather, self-made billionaire. He seemed to have the golden touch when it came to creating new businesses. But the most successful business was the one that provided him with a private estate.

Derek created software programmes for people with problems, usually viral infections. At the time there were a number of anti-virus programmes on the market, some free, some expensive, mostly duds. But it didn't take Derek long to find the common denominator in all of these viruses and he set about eradicating it. In a matter of months it was cracked and overnight a whole new business sprang up.

He knew that, by solving the infection, he could charge the earth for it.

He didn't.

Derek sold it for just five dollars above marketing costs. And that put paid to ninety-nine percent of his competitors. The disc, which was housed in a crystal case and in a box not much bigger-another marketing ploy, shaving countless dollars off the cost of packaging-sold like hot cakes. Making a programme that sold at less than half the price of the leading brand-and came with a one hundred percent guarantee of solving the problem-made the entrepreneur wealthy almost overnight.

By the end of the first financial year Derek was a millionaire ten times over. He ploughed half of his profits back into the company and banked the remainder. To his immense satisfaction his competitors were grinding their teeth in frustration and fast folding up, going out of business.

Now, having amassed another fortune before his anti-virus programme, Derek invested heavily in those computer companies that had a name and a reputation to uphold. When they found out who their major stockholder was, the shit hit the fan. But, by then, they were making profits from his new product and unable to doubt the figures.

Computer viral infection became a thing of the past, although Derek kept his eyes out for potential problems.

Suffice to say that, if Derek had never invented another thing, he have enough money to last several dozen lifetimes-and it kept on increasing. All of this happened before Derek's twenty-fifth birthday.

Derek purchased a stretch of land with his money and had a huge house erected on the site. It had a private beach that was as secluded as untold millions could make it. It was next to impossible to penetrate the estate on account of the high fencing topped by razor-sharp barbed wire and a inner fence with a similar impediment. Between the two fences was a gap of twenty feet which was patrolled by a regiment of crack troops who had orders to shoot on sight if anyone failed to show proper credentials or be properly identified. All the measures were approved by the government who sold Derek the land.

Inside the house was a Great Dane named Samson-after the biblical hero-who was Derek's one and only companion. Given as to how secluded the estate was, one of their greatest pleasures was to walk nude along the beach with Samson on his hind legs. Samson had developed this ability some years back-along with a number of other talents.

When they did this Samson would place a well-developed paw on Derek's shoulder and stroll along beside him as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Walking upright he towered over Derek by almost two feet.

One day soon after they were married-in the enlightened age that Derek and Samson lived, this was a recognised practise-Derek and Samson headed for their favourite spot on the estate. It was a cave of such depth that no cold wind could reach the far end. In a few minutes of leaving the house the pair entered the cave and moved toward the far end. The walls of the cave gave off a glow that lit their way so there was no worry about being unable to see-added to that was the fact that both of them knew their way as surely as they knew their own bodies.

The sand was soft and malleable and it didn't take Derek long to press himself into it. Samson watched as he did this then, once he knew his "wife" was happy with the result, he lay on top of him, folded his partner in half and buried all sixteen inches of his cock in its usual hole-Derek's horny ass. His muzzle came down and pressed against human lips. Derek opened his mouth and allowed Samson's tongue to lick the entire crevice. His cock was performing a similar service down below.

Samson had considerable talent-and stamina. Normally able to fuck Derek for two hours or more without needing to cum, he dominated his partner utterly as he ploughed a furrow into the hole he was used to, the human cock trapped between their surging bodies.

But this time Samson set a record. Not once did his cock leave Derek's well-fucked ass in less than five hours! This surpassed his previous ass-fucking marathon by more than double. Not that Derek had any complaints; when Samson fucks, he was in it for the duration.

By the time the dog pumped the last of his seed into Derek it was quite dark outside the cave. But then the pair discovered they had a problem-Derek was unable to walk. He'd been folded in half for so long he even had difficulty in lowering his legs to the sand. And, when he finally managed it, they found he had lost the use of them.

But Samson was up to the task. Utilising another of his talents, he bent over, picked Derek up in his forelegs and carried him from the cave. He held his partner close and indulged in another favourite pastime; kissing Derek.

Samson carried him up the beach, their lips locked passionately together as they approached the house. Before too long Samson's cock had become tumescent again and was knocking on his burden's ass. Derek knew then that he was probably in for another long night of being fucked by his ass-loving paramour.

Once they arrived at the back door Samson hiked Derek over his left shoulder and opened the door with his right paw, his left clamped possessively on his lightweight burden's upturned butt. He locked the back door then went through the house, closing and locking windows as well as the front door. He left Derek on his shoulder while he was taking care of security. Finally, every task completed to his satisfaction, he carried Derek upstairs to the bedroom that was their ultimate love nest.

Tenderly-considerate of Derek's sore back-he lay him face down on the bed. Leaving him for a few minutes he went to their bathroom then came back carrying a towel and a bottle of baby oil. He climbed on the bed and got between Derek's splayed legs.

Derek thought he knew what Samson intended to do since, if he had other plans, he would have been face up and covered by his muscular body. He would also have kissed him senseless while rubbing Derek's rigid pole with his own. This time Derek knew that his husband intended to take him without foreplay. At least that was what he thought.

But he was wrong.

Samson dribbled the baby oil on Derek's lower back and spread it with his paws, pressing into the most sensitive parts of his body.

Derek was puzzled; why wasn't Samson fucking his lights out?

Samson continued his ministrations, kneading his paws into the small of the back where the pain had been at its most intense.

Then it hit the young man; Samson loved him so much he couldn't bear to see him in pain. His talent was so advanced it allowed him to administer some sort of a cure. On realising this Derek could have cried but, just then, Samson found the knot that had formed at the base of his spine and pressed hard on it.

Derek let out a shriek of pain and he heard Samson chuckle or, rather, chuffed, his canine way of laughing. But he didn't mind-the pain was gone.

Samson stopped when Derek moved to turn over. No pain at all! The relief he felt was enormous and, after the young man was on his back he held out his arms to his husband.

Samson replaced the bottle on the nightstand and dropped the towel on the floor. Then he covered Derek's body with his considerably larger one and fell into his embrace. He wrapped beefy arms/forelegs about Derek's torso and indulged in another mind-blowing kiss. He moved Derek's head into the crook of his left shoulder so he could continue kissing with minimum discomfort for either of them.

Having done with kissing-at least for now-Samson pulled him off the bed and opened the covers. Then he pushed the young man back into bed and followed behind. Before he resumed his position, he pulled the covers halfway up their bodies until the genitals were covered, then returned to the kissing, pulling his mate against him and covering his mouth with his muzzle.

Derek whimpered as Samson's tongue made its way through the oral cavity to his pharynx until it rested just above the epiglottis. Samson moved his seven foot-upright, that is-body down until he felt the head of his cock nudge Derek's ass.

Obediently Derek spread his legs and was rewarded by the Great Dane's cock sliding inside for the second time in six hours. Samson remained still and allowed his cock to soak in the warmth of his partner's ass.

In order to accommodate this fuck, Derek lifted his legs and twined them about Samson's hips-or what would pass for hips on a human, locking them in place with his feet.

Samson was still engaged in giving Derek the French kiss to end all French kisses. Derek really loved being dominated by him; had he been born a man he would have probably been as brutal as hell but Samson would have none of that. It was plain that he loved his human wife and wanted to give him nothing but pleasure.

So he did.

He had fucked Derek for five solid hours in the cave then followed it up with a further eight in bed. This meant his cock had been in Derek's ass for over half a day. At some point during the night, Samson turned Derek over and plugged him in the missionary position for the remainder of the night.

The pair had got into the habit of going out for a morning jog with Samson on his hind legs. When he first arrived on the estate he ran like a normal dog but, seeing how Derek's body developed while maintaining this jogging lifestyle, he took to emulating him. Derek was surprised when Samson started running on his hind legs. After a couple of months of this regimen both of them felt the effect of their workout whenever they made love; Samson would wrap his arms and legs around Derek in preparation for a rock-hard fuck.

The old adage is that dogs look like their owners and, after three years of jogging, fucking and wrestling—they did that, too—Samson did begin to look more like Derek every day.

This particular day—a week after their epic thirteen-hour fuck and nearly a year after their wedding—Derek and Samson had gone for their usual jog along the beach when Samson began to bark. Derek looked to where his husband was looking and saw a long spar of wood with something clinging to it.

Since they were both naked there was no problem for Derek to strip off his clothes before diving in. Man and dog plunged into the foaming surf and swam toward the spar. Derek was amused to see that Samson had reverted to the dog-paddling. Nonetheless, he was still able to beat Derek to the spar, given how strong his limbs were.

Although he couldn't make it out to well, Derek could see that the person clinging to the spar was young—and as naked as them. He pushed the spar toward the beach and Samson did the same, utilising his powerful jaws.

Once there Derek lifted the unconscious youth off the spar and laid him on the sand.

It was a young boy of not much more than fourteen summers. He was still breathing, albeit shallowly.

'We've got to get him warm Sam,' Derek told Samson. 'Run up to the house and start the fire in the living room. I'll bring him.'

Samson nodded and shot off, running upright toward the house. Derek picked up the boy and followed his husband, watching his charge for signs of recovery. One thing he noted was his genitals—they were extremely generous on one so young.

Derek hurried after his husband and reached the house not long after; his burden had been light to carry. Samson, after turning on the gas that fed the fire, had got some towels and blankets and laid them in front of it.

Because he was unable to speak, Samson and Derek had developed a system of communication that revolved around objects in the room. In a short while Derek divined that Samson was worried the boy would die.

'No, Sam,' Derek told him—the dog understood human speech well enough, 'he'll not die. It'll probably be a close-run thing, though. It might be an idea to warm up some milk and put a drop of brandy in it.'

Samson dipped his head in a nod and left Derek to dry the lad as best he could.

Suddenly their guest groaned and tried to move. Derek restrained him; he was in no state to refuse. 'Relax,' he told him. 'You're safe. No harm will come to you.'

His eyes opened and he looked at Derek; they were as grey as the sea he had just emerged from. 'Who are you, and where am I?' he asked, his voice hoarse.

Samson came back with a glass filled with milk and, judging from its smell, a generous portion of brandy. He stood-dog-like-just out of sight; Derek guessed he thought his size might scare the boy.

Derek took the brandy-laced glass of milk and said, 'Drink this, lad. It'll do you good.' He held the glass to his lips and tipped it enough to allow the warm milk to reach his mouth. 'Good lad,' he encouraged as he swallowed the reviving fluid. 'More?'

The boy nodded and took the glass. In a few seconds he had drained the contents. The brandy took control and he began to nod. In a few seconds he was fast asleep and breathing normally.

'That should do it,' Derek told Samson. 'Let's get him to bed; I'll set up the monitor so we can hear if he wakes.'

Samson nodded and picked the now-dry boy up. He carried him upstairs and into the spare room across the landing from their own.

At the time Derek had no idea why he'd had a baby monitor installed in every room, but now he was glad he had. It allowed them to track their visitor's progress. No sound would mean he was still sleeping.

Samson placed the teen in the bed and covered his naked form with the sheets and continental quilt. For a moment he looked down at him then switched on the first monitor. Derek retired to their bedroom; the events of the last hour had taken their toll—at least on him.

Derek switched on their monitor and slid into their marital bed to wait for Samson, who, mindful of fire, had gone down to turn off the gas in the living room. When he came back Derek saw that the events had had an effect on him, too; his cock was still in its sheath.

Samson closed the door and slipped into the bed beside his partner. He pulled Derek against his chest, kissed him soundly on the lips then closed his eyes. Derek's own followed suit and they were asleep in minutes—probably seconds.

Derek and Samson's visitor slept for three days straight. They checked on him frequently but, since he was still sleeping peacefully, his long blond hair spread attractively about his pillow, left him alone.

On the morning of the third day, just as Samson was inserting his big cock into Derek's ass for the fifth time since they went to bed, a sound came from the monitor: 'Where am I?' their guest said.

Samson pulled out of Derek and instantly went into dog mode. He had divined that, seeing a dog walking upright might be more than the boy could take. For now, he added, let him just think of me as your protector, he motioned for Derek.

'Which you are,' the young man told him, climbing out of bed and donning a towelling robe, 'and I wouldn't have it any other way.'

They crossed the corridor and entered the guest bedroom. When he saw them the lad looked as if he might pass out with fright.

Derek smiled reassuringly. 'My name is Derek Simmons,' he told him, 'and you're in my home. My

dog Samson and I found you washed up on our beach. You were clinging to a wooden spar. That's all that I can tell you, except that you've slept for three days straight and have barely moved a muscle. All I can guess is that you were in some kind of wreck; there was a storm out at sea the evening before we found you. Were you out in it?' he asked.

The boy nodded, tears coming to his eyes. 'My parents had a yacht and we were just going to take her out for a few hours. The storm caught us before we could turn around and head for the harbour.'

'You think maybe your parents are alive?' Derek asked him.

He shook his head. 'I don't think so. My father was knocked out and my mother fell overboard. She wasn't a good swimmer and didn't have a lifejacket on. I had gone down for a doze when it happened. I barely made it into the water before the yacht struck a reef and went down. Dad wouldn't have survived that, I'm afraid.' The tears were in full flow now.

Derek produced a box of tissues and handed him one. He took it and blew his nose. 'Thank you.'

'You're welcome,' Derek told him. 'Now I think the first order of business is to have some breakfast. I'd say that you're hungry,' he added, looking at their guest.

The boy nodded and began to get out of bed.

'There's a shower through that door there,' Derek said, pointing, 'and there are fresh clothes for you in that wardrobe. I took your measurements while you slept. They should fit. Later on we'll go into town and get you something more to your liking. Have a shower then dress. When you come down you should find the kitchen easy enough...just follow your nose.'

Before they left him to it, man and dog watched as he made his way to the shower room. He seemed a trifle unsteady, most likely from his three-day sleep, but managed to get there without too many problems. Derek nodded and they left.

Samson was setting out the plates for three when Derek looked at him. He shook his head implying that their visitor should know the true state of affairs in this house. Derek agreed and went on cooking breakfast.

When he arrived in the kitchen, Derek barely recognised their guest. His hair shone like spun gold and the clothes fitted him to perfection. He gestured to them. 'Thank you,' he said, 'I've never had such nice clothes before. Father spent every penny on his yacht.'

'He won't get much benefit from it now that it's resting on the sea bed,' the young man said. 'By the way, you haven't told me your name. After all, I told you mine was Derek. Fair's fair, after all.'

'I'm sorry,' he said. 'My mind's been in a whirl ever since I woke up in that bed. My name is Toby Carter, but I usually go by the name of TC.'

'Well, welcome to Bright Eyes,' Derek said.

'Bright Eyes? What's that?' TC enquired, seating himself.

'Bright Eyes?' Derek replied. 'It's the name of this estate. I named it after a song in an old late-nineteen-seventies cartoon.'

'I've seen it one of those new holographic TVs,' TC told me. 'It was the saddest film I saw in a long

time. But the song was so beautiful; I makes me cry whenever I hear it.'

'It does it to me, too,' Derek admitted, with a sidelong glance at Samson. He nodded; it was now or never.

Samson stood up and slid into his seat opposite TC's chair. The boy's eyes widened at this and got even wider when he picked up his knife and fork, dextrously cut a portion of his omelette off and popped it in his mouth. He rolled his eyes outrageously at TC and the boy, caught off guard, burst out laughing.

TC looked at Derek. 'I'd heard of dogs like him, but had never come across one before now. What's his name? I'm guessing he can't speak.'

'His name's Samson and we were married just over a year ago,' Derek replied; better to be up front about certain facts, that way there would be no surprises.

TC stuttered, 'Y...you're h...his w...wife?'

Derek shook his head. 'The proper term is, "civil partner" but we are mated. I call him my husband, however. Which is right and proper,' he added.

TC sighed. 'I hope I can make a similar marriage when I turn sixteen,' he told them in a wistful voice.

'Really?' Derek said, surprised. 'When do you turn sixteen? How long have you got to go?'

'Six months,' he said, stuffing his face with omelette. 'September ninth.'

'Do you really want to marry a dog?' Derek asked him; this was something of a revelation. He noticed Samson's eyebrows shoot up.

'Actually, I don't mind what sort of animal it is,' TC explained, 'as long as he's bigger-and larger-than me and willing to dominate me. It's a dream I've had since I discovered there were animals who could walk like humans. Actually a horse or a bull would fit the bill, at least for size.'

Derek scratched his cheek. 'There are some breeds of dog that are as big as a small horse,' he told TC. 'A bull might hurt you beyond your ability to recover.' He thought for a moment. 'If you want something really big, I suggest a neighbour of mine; my good friend Goliath. He's a breed of shire horse called a Clydesdale. He stands upright at nine feet tall. He's been on the lookout for a human male to be his mare, at least that's the word he uses, who is close to your age. He's so tall he has to duck his head in order to get through our doors.' he gestured toward the front door which stood at seven-and-a-half feet.

Toby's eyes glittered as he heard the details of Goliath's dimensions.

'If you'd like to meet him I could arrange for him to visit tomorrow,' Derek said.

'Why not today?' Toby said.

Derek laughed at his enthusiasm but shook his head. 'I don't think so. Now you've recovered it'd probably be as well for a doctor to give you a thorough examination. I'll call and see if Doctor Green can come over. Then, what he says we must abide by but, barring unforeseen complications, I could get Goliath to pay us a visit tomorrow. Okay?'

Fortunately TC saw the sense of this. `Okay,' he agreed.

Derek took his mobile phone from his robe pocket and punched in Doctor Green's number. The man himself answered.

`Our patient has recovered,' Derek told him; he had informed the doctor of TC's arrival and promised to let him know as soon as something happened.

`I'll be right over,' the doctor promised.

`Okay.' He snapped the phone shut then got off his chair and went to the phone that connected him with the gate guard. `Doctor Green will be arrive soon,' he told the man. `Let him in as soon as he get here.'

`Yessir,' the guard replied.

`I see no reason why TC shouldn't have visitors,' Doctor Green told Derek and Samson an hour later. `Just don't overtax him too much.'

Derek nodded. `Don't worry Doc,' he told him. `If I know TC, he won't be getting out of bed anytime soon.'

`That's fine. I'll see myself out.'

`Thank you,' he said, shaking his hand. TC shook it as well.

As soon as the doc had left Derek opened up my mobile phone then shut it again. `Maybe I'd better use the vid-phone,' he said. `That way Goliath and TC can see each other.' He nodded to TC and Samson. `I'll call when I need you.'

Derek left his husband and guest in the kitchen. Once in the foyer he pressed a concealed button on the frame of a picture. The picture was an image of the coastline below Bright Eyes. It had been painted by an unnamed artist; he-or she-didn't even sign their name. The image disappeared and a touch pad of keys replaced it.

Derek keyed in Goliath's number. He knew he'd be home; he was a writer of note-few readers realised they were reading a book written by a horse, even the publisher didn't know.

Unlike Samson, Goliath could speak. When Goliath answered the vid-phone Derek greeted him, `Hi Goliath.'

`Hi Derek,' he said, his eyes focussed on the narrow screen at his end.

He got down to basics. `I've someone here who might fit the bill with regard to your wish to wed a human male.' Derek went into detail about how Toby came into his care, informed him of his age and his desire to marry and be dominated for the rest of his life by a big animal. Derek told Goliath that he had recommended him.

Goliath was pleased. `I gather the reason for using the vid-phone is because you thought it'd be useful for us to see each other.'

`Correct.'

`But I think it best if I came over and see him-in the flesh, so to speak.'

`Can you take a couple of days off work?' Derek asked him.

`Not a problem,' Goliath told him. `I'm way ahead in my book-five chapters ahead. I think I can afford a couple of days rest.'

`I'm reckoning that, if you come here, you'll not get much rest,' the young man told him. `By the looks of him TC could give Samson a run for his money. The boy has energy to burn.'

`I can't wait to meet him,' he said. `Tell the gate guard to expect me in a few minutes.'

`Okay. I'll see you soon.'

Derek returned to the kitchen. `He's coming over. He didn't want to see you on screen,' he told TC. `He'd much rather meet you in the flesh. He'll be here in about five minutes.'

TC was hopping up and down. `He's really coming here?'

Derek nodded and picked up the gate phone for the second time that morning. `Goliath is paying a visit,' he told the guard. `Let him in when he gets here.'

`He's already here,' the guard informed him. `He's waiting at the gate. I was about to call you.'

That was quick. `Okay, let him in.' Derek heard the whirring of the gate before the sound was cut off by the guard replacing the receiver.

`He's here,' Derek informed Samson and TC. `He must have got his chauffeur to drive like a bat out of hell to get here this quick.' Clearly Goliath was anxious to meet this potential "wife".

Derek went to the door as Goliath's car pulled up. Max, Goliath's chauffeur, jumped out and opened his door, allowing the horse to exit the limousine.

Derek hadn't exaggerated Goliath's height to TC. True to habit, he lowered his head as he came through the front door and entered the house.

TC stood at the end of the hall. His mouth was open and his eyes were bugging out as they took in the size and muscularity of Derek's author friend.

`Come through Goliath,' Derek said. `We're in the kitchen. I was about to make a cup of coffee when you arrived. Would you like a cup? Or would you prefer your usual tea?'

`Tea please, if it's not too much trouble,' Goliath rumbled; his voice sounded as if it came from the bottom of his socks.

Derek and Goliath entered the kitchen closely followed by TC. Samson was getting out four cups and saucers; he knew Goliath's dietary prejudices.

`Goliath,' Derek said, beginning the introductions, `I'd like you to meet Toby Carter, better known as TC. TC, this is Goliath Hacker.'

Toby extended both hands to the Clydesdale stallion standing so impressively in front of him. `I'm pleased to meet you, Goliath,' he said.

`I'm honoured to meet you TC,' Goliath said, accepting the young man's two-hand greeting. Two hands was the only way to greet an anthropomorphic horse.

Goliath's tea and Samson's coffee were served; TC had milk while Derek settled for OJ. Then they discussed what had happened since the last time they were all together. Goliath included TC in the discussion whenever possible and the boy, who had been in awe of the horse when he first appeared, began to open up. He told Goliath about his father's yacht and its eventual sinking and this naturally led to his arrival on our beach. This segued smoothly onto the revelation of his desire to wed a big animal who would dominate him for the rest of his days.

'Would I fit the bill?' Goliath asked, looking intently at the youth.

'Most certainly,' Toby admitted. 'I can't think of anyone better. You're an answer to all my dreams.'

'And you're certainly the answer to my dream,' Goliath admitted. 'How about we spend a couple of days together-I'm sure Derek here has a room and a bed big enough for us-and see whether we're compatible, okay?'

'That would be an answer to a prayer,' TC told him. 'I think a few days with each other will bring about a marriage proposal.'

Goliath looked at Derek. 'Do you have a room and a big bed we can use for a couple of days?' he asked.

Derek nodded. 'It's in the annex to the main house,' he told them. 'Since it was originally a barn for hay and feed and such-that's when this was originally a farm-I had it converted into luxury accommodation for larger species of animal-such as yourself.' He pointed to a side door. 'Through that door is a passage. It leads right into the annex. Everything is laid on for visitors, including a tape measure as well as a gel to aid penetration.'

'I understand about the gel,' Goliath said, 'but a tape measure? What possible use could that be?'

TC smiled. 'I think I can guess.'

Realisation dawned on the stallion and he vented a roar of laughter that shook the chandelier in the adjacent dining room.

'Enjoy yourselves,' Derek said as Goliath moved to where TC sat and picked him up. Samson rushed and opened the door that Derek had indicated and the pair went through it, Goliath bending to clear the top of the doorway.

As soon as he had shut the door Samson began to clear the dishes and place them in the dishwasher. Finally, he added the dishwasher block, set the controls and let the machine do its work. As it started the dog turned to look at Derek, who was sitting there staring at the door through which Goliath and TC had gone.

'Do you think I've made a mistake-introducing them, I mean?' he asked his husband. 'Until I saw them together, I didn't realise how different they were in size. Goliath is nearly twice the size of TC.'

Samson pointed to the dining room.

'Good idea,' Derek said, rising from his breakfast stool.

Unwilling to enter the annex to see how boy and horse were getting on, the man and his canine husband entered their panic room. Here was contained all the surveillance equipment the place would ever need-including the annex. Not a single room-save for toilets-escaped the eyes of the

myriad scanning devices. And that included bedrooms.

‘I wonder which bedroom they’ll use?’ Derek said, switching on the monitors.

Samson, seated beside his wife, shrugged his shoulders and began the surveillance of the annex. Suddenly he chuffed. This got Derek’s attention.

‘What?’ he said, looking at his husband.

Samson expanded the image he was looking at and his partner saw the room-in pin-sharp detail-that Goliath and TC had decided to use in order to, “get to know each other.”

TC was about to undress Goliath. ‘Normally my butler or chauffeur would perform this function but, since they’re not here, you’ll have to do it. I always have difficulty with zips and buttons. The only advantage to being a horse is that I have no need of the types of shoes you wear.’ He looked up and was surprised to find that the ceiling was a single mirror. That way, whoever was flat on their back would get a full view of his endowment-and anyone else on top of them.

‘Not to worry,’ TC told him, busy with Goliath’s trousers, ‘if we do find we’re compatible and wed, I’ll insist on doing this for you every day.’ He looked up at the massive horse with desire in his eyes. ‘You are really a handsome horse,’ TC told him, ‘and I consider myself the luckiest person on Earth to have met you.’ The boy removed Goliath’s trousers and shirt and, as the horse lay across the large bed, gazed on his prize with love and lust warring for position in his heart. Then he too noticed the mirrored ceiling.

But what he wanted to look at was below him. Goliath’s body was truly magnificent. There was power in the play of muscles on his black chest, arms and legs and the thick black cock that had emerged from the pouch the moment Derek and told him about TC was enticing to the youngster. ‘How big is it?’ he asked, his voice croaking as he lost the ability to speak. He gazed intently at the massive cock jutting from the sheath. It was leaking a copious quantity of pre-cum.

‘Despite my body size,’ Goliath admitted, ‘I’m not really all that big down there,’ he said, gesturing. ‘Although I’ve not measured it, I’m guessing it’s about three feet long.’

‘We’ll find out later,’ TC decided. ‘Right now I want to see if I can take you up my ass.’ He began to shed his clothes, dropping them anywhere.

In the panic room Samson chuffed and Derek chuckled to see their visitor scrambling to rid himself of his constricting clothes. Finally TC was naked and his cock was rampant.

Goliath looked amazed. ‘You’ve quite an impressive cock you’ve been blessed with,’ he complimented the young man. ‘I think I might have to try getting it up my ass before these couple of days are up.’

By the time Goliath had finished speaking TC was totally naked and raring for the horse to take him. He moved around the bed and slid onto it-the size resembled a small field-when a thought occurred to him. ‘Didn’t Derek say there was a tape measure and some gel here?’ he asked the stallion.

Goliath nodded. ‘I believe he did.’

The boy looked at the bedside cabinet on Goliath’s side. ‘In there maybe?’

The horse moved, stretching all nine feet of him on the bed-it accommodated him easily-then looked

at TC. 'At home, all my wardrobes, doors and drawers have horse-easy openers. I just have to push them. I don't think I can open these,' he added, gesturing to the side of him.

'No worries,' TC told him, sliding on top of the sturdy body. 'I can open it.' He pulled out the top drawer and spotted the gel and tape measure immediately. TC took both and showed them to Goliath. 'What say we settle the discussion about our relative sizes before we use this?' he asked, shaking the gel tube.

His eager paramour nodded. 'Let's do it,' he whispered, staring at the young man's perfect butt.

TC slid from his body and revealed the massive cock that, seconds before, had been pressed against his abdomen. He rolled out the tape measure and placed it against the hard cock from its head to the furry pouch. He whistled with admiration and showed the result to Goliath, whose own eyes studied it.

'Two feet three,' TC confirmed. 'Your cock's bigger than I've had in me but, we should be able to make it,' the boy said. TC told him he was almost five feet nine inches, with his legs accounting for one third of the total.

'Don't worry,' Goliath assured him, 'I'll take it easy on you.' He rolled over, covering TC with his much larger body, lowering his muzzle until it came into contact with TC's face. Goliath moved his body and head until he had TC fitted between his right shoulder and chest.

The horse's tongue snaked down TC's throat and he moaned around the probing flesh, his cock as hard as stone. Finally, the kiss over, Goliath suggested they just lay there and get to know each other. 'I get the feeling we're going to end up married,' he said, nibbling TC's ear. 'Do you think you'd like that?'

'Why don't we say, "to hell with it," and get married anyway?' TC said, comfortable beneath the massive anthropomorphic animal.

In the panic room Samson and Derek watched the pair fall in love, their affection for each other obvious through the lens of the camera. 'That's it,' Derek said. 'They'll be married on September ninth-the day TC turns sixteen,' he predicted. 'I'll hire caterers to prepare the wedding feast and we'll hire a tent and have it on the beach. Nothing-save being made pregnant by you-will make me happier,' he said to the Great Dane who was his life.

Samson had understood every word Derek had said to him. Derek switched off the monitors and the happy pair left the panic room.

Once outside it, Samson picked Derek up, threw him over his shoulder and carried him up to their bed. His reasoning was obvious; since their guests were in bed, why shouldn't they be?

TC was still under Goliath, his arms twined around the stallion's neck. 'I think it's time we took internal measurements, don't you?'

The Clydesdale knew what the young man meant. He rolled over, taking TC with him. His future bride saw that he was still as hard as a rock. 'I think it would be as well if you were to ride this,' Goliath said, twitching his stiff dong and making it lift off his abdomen and chest. 'That way you'll be able to control how much you can take instead of me putting it in you with a single thrust that could damage you internally. The last thing I would want is that,' he added.

'Me neither,' TC replied, taking up the gel tube that he had placed on the bedside cabinet. He

opened it up and applied a generous portion to his ass before moving on to slather the meat below him with a similar amount. Then he moved up and sat on Goliath's chest, his ass poised at the cockhead.

'Take it steady at first,' Goliath said. 'It might be an idea for you to push out as if you were...'

'...Taking a dump,' TC finished for him. 'I've done that before.' He glanced behind him, saw that he was in position and moved back until Goliath's hard cock nudged his cheeks apart and made contact with the boy's puckered ring. Then he pressed down, feeling the hole widen incrementally as he tried to take the six-inch thickness into his dark hole. He closed his eyes, concentrated, then forced his ass to begin swallowing the stallion's meaty twenty-seven inch cock. Goliath watched his progress in the ceiling mirror.

TC moaned as the flesh spread his hole wider than it had ever gone. He wriggled his cute fanny and, determined to take every exposed inch of the horse, pushed down.

The pain was indescribable and it showed on his face. 'Do you want to stop and take a rest?' Goliath asked, looking up anxiously. 'I wouldn't object if you did.'

Sweat was standing out on TC's forehead. 'No,' he said, shaking his head, 'if I stop now I'll never get started again. Better to get the initial penetration out the way. If we do end up married I can decide just how much to take-or how little.' Having said that, he pushed down some more. 'How much more?' he asked, knowing the horse was watching his cock disappear inside his ass in the mirror above them.

'About six inches,' Goliath told him, impressed his young companion was able to take as much as he had. If he's able to take all of me, I'll marry him as soon as it's legal to do so, he thought. Although I'll probably marry him anyway-especially since he's taken more than anyone else managed in that talented ass.

Sweat was continuing to drip from TC's forehead as he determinedly bore down on the cock he was intent on having fill him. He moaned and closed his eyes, pushing, pushing, pushing.

'Nearly there,' Goliath told him, still looking at the mirror. 'This last part's thicker than the rest,' he warned.

With a scream that was clearly heard by Samson and Derek in the main house, TC forced himself to take the last inch or so into his ass. His hips reshaped themselves and he could feel the head of Goliath's sheath against his ass. Groaning-but feeling inordinately proud of his achievement-TC lowered himself until he was stretched full-length along his future husband's body.

Goliath licked his sweat-stained forehead, the taste pleasant to his tongue, and enfolded the boy within his white-furred forelegs. 'Well done, baby,' he said in the boy's ear. 'I have to admit that I didn't think you'd do it,' he added, seeing a slight smile tickle the corner of the boy's mouth. 'But you have and that's one of the most impressive feats I've ever come across. Would you object if I formally asked you to marry me?'

TC raised his weary head. 'Are you sure you don't want to wait until we see if I can take you fucking me?' he whispered. 'After all,' he added, 'it's one thing to be able to take all of your cock but it's quite another to fuck me with it.'

'Despite that, I'll repeat the question, "will you marry me"?''

`Yes darling,' TC replied, making his mind up, `I will.'

`And when would you desire that this happy event take place?'

`My sixteenth birthday is on September the ninth. How about then? I can't think of getting a better present than getting you as my husband on my sixteenth birthday.'

The pair kissed passionately to seal their pact.

Derek's legs were over Samson's shoulders as Goliath proposed. They'd been there for the better part of an hour and the dog was making inroads into his wife's rear. For his own part Derek was as blissfully happy as he had been the first time Samson took him—approximately one month after he came to Bright Eyes to live.

Derek had been looking for a cufflink that had gotten lost in the thick carpet of the living room. He had been getting ready to go out for a meeting of stockholders to one of the companies he had invested heavily in when Samson—still dog-like at that point—padded into the room.

All the dog saw was Derek's upturned ass, his arm underneath the walnut bureaux. He stared at it entranced—the shape was vaguely heart-like—then wandered over to take advantage of the offered portal he could see clearly between the parted cheeks. Accordingly Samson parked himself over the unsuspecting Derek then, with a single thrust—and an accurate aim—the dog penetrated the man's depths to the tune of ten of his sixteen inches.

Derek's eyes widened as his ass was invaded. Then pleasure washed over him and he vented his joy in a howl not unlike Samson's own.

Derek never made it to the stockholder's meeting.

Not that he regretted it since Samson insisted in occupying his ass—and his bed—from that moment on. The pair became passionate lovers and, when the dog began to walk upright and took to carrying Derek over his shoulder or in his arms/forelegs, his happiness increased ten-fold.

Before Derek taught him how to kiss, Samson's method of displaying affection had been to lick Derek's face. Gradually, the dog learned that the licking could be carried out inside his love's mouth and proceeded to explore it intricately with nearly a foot of oral canine flesh.

Derek couldn't get enough of Samson's lovemaking. The pair were intricately entwined at least three-quarters of every day—and many hours of the night—with the dog's stout organs invading both ends of him. Even when Derek was sat at his computer, Samson insisted on he being in his lap with his cock balls deep in his ass, securing him in place.

In this position Derek rarely got any work done so, instead, the pair would watch doggy porn. Dogs giving cock to men in any position they could dream up. There was even one couple—dog and man—who had their own blog and were telling everyone about how the dog dominated him and that they were about to be married.

That got Derek thinking; if that man and his dog were about to enter a marital arrangement, why couldn't they? Since he was teaching Samson to communicate—despite great strides in animal speech, they still hadn't managed with dogs—Derek considered asking Samson to marry him.

But, seeing what part of the blog had gripped Derek's interest, Samson pre-empted him. `Will you marry me?' the Great Dane signalled, prompting the man in his lap to twitch excitedly. Derek quickly

accepted Samson as his husband by saying, over and over, 'Yes, yes, yes!' his ass throbbing at the thought of being Samson's love mate for the rest of their days.

And so Derek and Samson were wed and, minutes after the ceremony, the human male was naked and having his ass pounded by Samson's tumescent tool.

In the annex TC had lifted himself off the chest of Goliath, supporting his upper body with his tiny hands on the horse's chest. The stallion's cock was still buried to the sheath in his ass.

TC, his eyes glazed from being able to accept every thick inch of Goliath's cock, looked down and smiled. He simply said, 'Let's turn over and you give me a good fucking.'

Goliath nodded. 'Your wish is mine, baby,' he whispered as he turned his body until the impaled boy was between him and the bedsheets. His muzzle descended and pressed against Toby's lips, sliding the tongue inside as he withdrew his lower muscle from his new-found love's hole. He continued to withdraw it until the point of contact would have been lost then, with nary a pause, plunged back in, ramming it home and ensuring TC was nailed to the bed.

Toby moaned around Goliath's probing tongue as his ass was ravished by the pistoning pole. He clung to the stallion's neck and tried to wrap his legs around the hips of the powerfully-fucking animal. In that, he failed and lowered them back to the bed. It didn't matter anyway since Goliath's cock was so long and so well seated that there was little chance of it being lost.

The image in the mirror above their bed was of a horse, mane and tail draped off to one side, thrusting into the bed below. All that was visible of TC was his arms twined about the black stallion's neck.

TC wanted nothing more than this. He wanted to be dominated-as per his dream-by this stallion for the rest of his days. Goliath's huge black balls, each one at least twelve inches long-twice the size of an ostrich egg-were being dragged across the bed, rumpling the sheets with the horse's to-and-fro movement.

Because he was in seventh heaven, TC failed to comprehend-at first, that is-that his future husband had begun to increase the speed of his fucking. By the time he realised it the stallion was pounding away, his hindquarters a blur of fucking motion. TC gave a squeak around Goliath's probing tongue and his eyes slid up until only the whites showed; he had been transported to heaven. Soon Goliath rose above the boy and increased the pounding, pile-driving his cock without mercy into the welcoming hole.

Finally, with a whinny of triumph, the horse thrust into TC up to the sheath and released all of his steamy cum in the lad's rectum, bathing the walls in a tide of hot stallion jizz. To TC it felt as if Goliath had dumped a couple of gallons of the potent life-giving fluid into him.

The session had excited and exhausted both of them. Goliath collapsed on top of TC, his equine heart feeling as if it were going at three times its normal rate. TC's heart was going equally fast and it was all he could do to twine his arms about the stallion he was going to spend the rest of his life with.

Goliath, heart still tripping, began to pull his cock from TC's ass.

'No,' TC whispered, his head lying in the junction between the horse's neck and his left shoulder, 'leave it,' he begged. 'It feels like it belongs there,' he added.

'It does,' Goliath said, stopping his withdrawal. 'And this is its new home from now on.' He gave his

cock a twitch, telling TC that he had staked his claim to this new territory. The stallion began returning the cock to its original place—there was still enough tumescence in the flesh to accomplish this.

Derek was still remembering his first few months of marital paradise.

Their honeymoon had been aboard a cruise liner that specifically catered for this type of clientele—animals and their newly-wed partners—and had a variety of staterooms for all types.

Derek and Samson spent three blissful months aboard the SS Gypsy Violinist—the longest a couple had spent aboard—at least in the history of its current Captain—a veteran of the cruise line who went by the name of Jake Allen. He had been aboard the Gypsy Violinist for more than fifteen years.

But the stateroom the pair found themselves in was opulent to the nth degree. The bed—yes, bed, singular—looked as if it could have housed at least a dozen Samsons and Dereks. The bathroom adjoining it—with the ubiquitous shower built, obviously, to accommodate a football team—had a bath of such proportions it looked as if it belonged on deck since it could have doubled as an Olympic swimming pool. Added to that were fresh flowers arriving every morning of their stay—where they got them from was anybody's guess since there were only approximately a half-dozen stops during the whole three months. Maybe they had a walk-in terrarium in the hold of the ship, Derek mused. Who knows? Who cares? he said, answering himself.

But it was the bed that held the honeymooners attention the most. And, during the course of that three months, Samson and Derek writhed all over it, the dog pounding his wife's ass almost to hamburger meat.

Derek returned home from his three-month honeymoon decidedly bandy-legged and with a blissful expression on his face. The bandyness soon went away and he and his husband set about making the place habitable for the pair of them. Because Samson had begun to walk upright by then, Derek ordered several new chairs for his husband to sit in. They had a small hole at the base of the back for his long tail to stick through without causing him discomfort.

Derek also ordered a new computer system—one specifically tailored to meet the typing needs of dogs. It consisted of a tower and a screen. But there was no keyboard—until the monitor was switched on. There, at the bottom of the screen were all the letters and symbols associated with a keyboard. All Samson had to do was touch the screen and a letter would appear on the desktop—or word processing programme. Then it was a simple matter of dragging and dropping the letter, or word, into place.

While he was slow at first it was only a matter of time before Samson became dextrous and proficient at typing. It was then that they discovered his final talent.

Just like Goliath, Samson was an author.

The first book Samson wrote he was too nervous to submit to a publisher or an agent. So, instead, he submitted it to an erotic story website. It was read avidly by any number of readers who complimented him—via e-mails—on his style of writing.

Soon regular publishers were battering down his door—his e-mail door, that is—and asking if he would let them be the ones to publish A K9 Romance for regular consumers to read. The fact that it was of a love affair between a dog and his master—and their eventual marriage—failed to deter the publishers one iota.

On acceding to the importuning of one publishing house Samson suddenly found himself on the way to becoming as wealthy as Derek-and he had only just started writing.

That was well before TC and Goliath appeared on their horizon but the dog-and Derek-were short of new and viable ideas to turn into a story. True, A K9 Romance was a disguised version of their own story but both felt they couldn't go on recounting events from their own histories.

TC and Goliath were about to change all that.

Two days after it closed the door to the annex opened.

TC and Goliath, the boy's face wreathed in smiles, came into the kitchen. TC looked at Derek, blushed rosily and said, 'Goliath has asked me to marry him,' he told the man and his dog-husband. 'I've accepted.'

Derek glanced at Samson who gave a barely-noticed nod. Derek got to his feet. He hugged TC then shook Goliath's hoof before he was swept into a bone-breaking embrace by the black Clydesdale.

'Thank you,' Goliath said, kissing him on the cheek. 'Thank you for introducing me to TC. Until I met him, my life was empty. True I have my writing but that can be just as empty.'

'But it won't be from now on,' Derek supplied.

Goliath smiled. 'Not now.'

'When are you planning on marrying?' Derek asked.

'On my sixteenth birthday,' TC supplied. 'As I told Goliath, I couldn't ask for a better present for my coming-of-age birthday.'

'The wedding will be held here, of course,' Derek told them with another sidelong glance at Samson. 'I insist on it,' he said when the pair of them would have objected. 'Over the next few months I'll make plans,' he didn't tell them his plans had already been fermenting in his mind, 'and we'll get together to discuss them. TC will live with us here-I don't think anyone will object to that-so he'll be on hand on the day.' He looked at them both. 'That's all I can think of at the moment. Feel free to pitch a few ideas in the coming months. I don't want to hog it all.'

Both horse and boy nodded then Goliath said, 'I ought to be going. I've already called Max, my chauffeur. He promised to be here in half an hour. That should be long enough for us to say our goodbyes, don't you think?'

Derek contacted the gate guard and told him to expect Goliath's limousine in a half-hour. When he hung up the phone he looked at Goliath and said, 'Tea?'

'Thank you,' the stallion said.

'OJ for me, please, Derek,' Toby interjected before their host could ask.

Derek looked at Samson and the dog indicated the coffee-making machine.

The half-hour passed swiftly and it was with a sense of shock that the gate phone buzzed to say that Goliath's limo had arrived.

TC kissed his future husband on the lips then pushed him out the front door, unshed tears making

his eyes glisten. 'The months to my birthday are going to be interminable!' he said as he watched the car drive his stallion away.

'They'll soon go, I can promise you that,' Derek assured him. 'Before you know it, you'll be his wife and taking care of his needs instead of his butler and chauffeur.' He placed a friendly arm on the fifteen-year-old's shoulder and moved him back indoors, closing the front door firmly behind them.

Epilogue

As Derek predicted the time passed incredibly fast.

TC found his days filled with schoolwork—he fully intended to finish his regular education before his sixteenth birthday rolled around. To that end Derek invested in a home-schooling tutorship and hired the best half-dozen teachers money could buy. He housed them all in the annex, paid them double their annual salary and kept them well fed.

For Samson, time seemed to hang heavily. Every day he sat in front of his computer and stared at a blank screen. But nothing came to mind.

Derek was heavily involved in all aspects of the upcoming wedding and spending money like it was going out of fashion.

When his schooling was over for the day TC seemed to become depressed. Only a visit from Goliath could pull him out of it. Fortunately Goliath had to visit several times a week to discuss the wedding plans.

Then TC's wedding day finally arrived.

A newly-laid path led down to the brightly-striped tent on the beach and was covered by an awning in the event of inclement weather. But the sky-unusual for September—remained blue with fluffy white clouds, so the ceremony was held out of doors.

An assembly of local gentry and official dignitaries sat before a gazebo bedecked with flowers from the nearby garden centre. Here the registrar, along with the groom and his best man—Samson—waited for TC to make his appearance on Derek's arm.

The hired organ struck up the traditional wedding march and TC, outfitted all in white, stepped out on the arm of the man who had plucked him from the sea and who had, in effect, become a surrogate father.

At the sight of his life mate approaching, Goliath gave a lusty sigh then stepped forward to stand before the registrar—also in white—who was to join them.

A few months after TC and Goliath's wedding, Derek's stomach began to swell...

Within a week of that news, TC's belly also began to bulge...

A new book was born...with two collaborators.

There are no prizes for guessing who they were.

The End