

NOTE: This story is fantasy, although parts of it are based on events that occurred in my youth. If reading about sex between men, boys and animals offends you, then you know where the back button is. Otherwise, start strokin'! ;)

Part 1:

This amazing chain of events would likely never have happened if I'd gotten around to oiling the track on the stall door.

It was about 2 am when I was awakened by a rattling creak. I opened my eyes abruptly and sat up, listening. About 2 minutes later I heard it again and realized what it was: the sliding door on one of my barn stalls.

Tack stealers! was my first thought. I left the light off and quickly dressed in the dark, throwing my jeans on over my naked lower half and skipping the shirt. I quickly pulled a pair of loafers on my feet, and grabbed my nightvision goggles and my shotgun, both of which I keep by my bed in case of animal or human predators.

I quickly went downstairs and quietly opened the back sliding glass door, switching on the goggles. I crossed the driveway and crawled through the fence rails, retrieved the shotgun from where I had leaned it against the post, and made my way up to the barn. The night was very dark but with the goggles I could see perfectly.

As I approached the barn I could hear a wet-sounding noise coming from the 12x12 middle stall. I crept slowly down the breezeway and went up to the stall window and looked in.

What I saw almost made me drop my shotgun in shock.

My mare had been haltered and tied to the ring in the back corner. Behind her, standing on a bucket with his back half-turned away from me, was a slim, smallish figure with dark hair, his hips thrusting feverishly as he fucked into her pussy. The only thing he was wearing were his white briefs, which stood out sharply against the tanned skin of his thighs where he had pulled them down. His eyes were closed as he focused on his passion, but even if he had opened them it was so dark he wouldn't have seen me standing there. The scene was very hot and my mare wasn't

complaining, so I lowered the shotgun and watched intently, my cock hardening in my jeans.

It was a warm summer night, and I could clearly see sweat dampening the hair over his forehead, and glistening on his back and hips. I was only four feet away and could easily smell the scent of wet mare pussy mingled with his sweat and the heat from his crotch. I knew he couldn't be very old. My cock was becoming painfully hard and a wet spot had formed on the front of my jeans as I watched him approach his climax. His slender body seemed to shudder and he let out a moan in a soft alto voice. He grabbed my mare's hips and pulled himself tight against her, as I could only imagine his cock pumping sperm into her waiting passage. I knew how my mare's strong pussy muscles would be milking his cock for every last drop. He finally sighed and collapsed over her back, and as his hairless and still semi-hard cock withdrew I could see it glistening with mare fluids and remnants of his cum.

He stepped down off the bucket and I racked the shotgun, but kept it pointed at the sky. Everyone knows that sound, and he froze instantly, then looked wildly around for the source. From the darkness outside the window I said "step away from the horse, kid." I took off my goggles and flipped on the stall light and he moved quickly away and pressed his back against the far wall, blinking his gorgeous dark eyes rapidly to adjust to the sudden brightness. I made sure the safety was engaged on the shotgun and slid open the stall door, entering and closing it behind me. My mare's tail was still up and I could see the pearly white traces of the cum he'd left inside her. "Turn around and face the wall," I said, and after he did so I quickly ducked my head under her tail and ran my tongue up her pussy and inside, deftly licking out the boy sperm inside. The sweet taste almost made me orgasm right there, and I took a deep breath and steadied myself with a hand on her rump before addressing him again.

"OK, turn around and keep your hands up," I said. He did so quickly. I could see that in spite of the shock of being caught and even though he had just cum, his hairless, wet, four-inch cock was still semi-hard. Ah, youth.

"That's a nice-sized penis you have...how old are you? And what's your name anyway?"

"Tyler..." he mumbled, and then raising his head he said defiantly, "I'm 12 next week."

"Well, Tyler," I replied, "you can put your hands down. Don't worry, I'm not going to tell on you for fucking my horse. In fact, I'll tell you a little secret: I do the same thing. You can pull your underwear up if you want." He quickly lowered his hands and began to pull his briefs up, then stopped as he realized what I had said. His semi-hard penis seemed to twitch a bit as he looked up at me and said, "You do?"

I nodded and moved my hand towards his still exposed cock, but stopped. This was dangerous territory. I was standing very close to him and the scent of his young sweat and sex had me dizzy. I stepped back and took another deep breath, then looked down at him sternly. "But we're going to have to talk about this trespassing. I don't mind you fucking my horses, but doing it like this could get you shot. You know everyone has guns around here."

He gulped and nodded, slowly pulling his underwear the rest of the way up. I adjusted my cock again inside my jeans and caught him looking at the very obvious bulge. He returned his eyes slowly to my face. "What are you going to do?" he asked quietly.

"Well, that depends on you," I replied. "You obviously know how to handle horses and treat them well, so I don't see a problem there." I sat down on the bucket with the 12 gauge across my lap so my raging hard-on would be a bit less obvious. "Where did you learn to fuck a mare?" He didn't answer. I snapped my fingers at him. "Look up there," I said, pointing to the top of the stall wall where my security camera was mounted. "See that red light? That means I have video of you fucking this mare, and unless you tell me the truth about everything I want to know, we'll just take a drive down to the Sheriff's John's office and show him that video. What do you think about that?"

"No, don't!" he exclaimed. "I'll answer you! I learned at my uncle's ranch in Kalama. He has horses and dogs there. But I only get to go there on school holidays. We don't have horses at my house, just dogs."

"Does he know you do it?" He chewed his lip. "Answer..." I said warningly. "Yes," he replied finally. "He showed me..." his voice trailed off.

"Do your parents know about this?" I asked. "No!" he cried. "And I promised never to tell. It's so much fun but I'm in big trouble now and we'll have to stop." He had tears in his eyes now and I got up and stroked his shoulder, inhaling his boy musk once again. Dear, God, what a heavenly scent! "No, not necessarily, but I do want to have a chat with your uncle about this trespassing issue, simply because I don't

want you to end up shot. Since he's doing it with you, I don't think you'll get in that much trouble, and neither will he if we handle it my way. What's his name?"

"Wilkes," he replied. "Wilkes," I repeated slowly. "You mean Clay Wilkes that owns the Wilkes Arabian Ranch down there in Kalama?" He nodded. "Damn," I said, whistling. That family was very well known. And rich. A thought occurred to me. "Does he play with you, too?" Tyler nodded again. That made things more complicated. Clay Wilkes definitely wouldn't tolerate letting the knowledge of his horse- and boy-fucking get out if he could help it. I would have to handle this delicately.

I looked at him again and said, "OK, don't worry, it'll be alright. I'm going to go talk to your uncle tomorrow, but I'm not going to get you in trouble, except you might get a punishment from your uncle for trespassing. But I won't do anything to stop you from having fun with animals and your uncle, OK?"

"You won't tell my parents?" he asked. I shook my head. He gave me a relieved smile and said, "Can I get dressed now?"

"Sure, if you have to," I said, allowing my eyes to linger at the bulge outlined in his underwear. He smiled at me again and moved to pick up his clothes from where he had piled them in the corner in his haste to fuck a horse. Even though there was plenty of room, he pressed against me as he bent to pick them up, his left hand trailing over my rock-hard cock. Damn, this boy was something!

He dressed quickly and opened the stall door as I watched in admiration of his well-built, slender body. Just before he left, he turned back to smile at me again, and I said, "remember, I have the videos. Keep this between us until your uncle gets back to you." He grinned and nodded, turned, and was gone.

I gave a shuddering sigh and grabbed my mare's tail, hiking it up over her ass as I buried my face into her pussy again. Her winking clit had moved more of his sperm towards the entrance and I licked every drop clean. My cock felt like steel as I finally freed it from my jeans, mounted the bucket entered her steaming pussy in one smooth motion. Her muscles grabbed my cock as I thrust into her. The thought of what I had seen, combined with the scent and feel of my beautiful mare, sent me over the edge in about 30 seconds, and I fountained thick ropes of cum into her, mingling my sperm where Tyler's had been.

Next Chapter: "Visiting Uncle Clay"

If you liked this story, or have suggestions or critiques, feel free to email me.

Horseboy30@yahoo.com. (no spaces).