

The Dark Horse Rideth

By Dookfiend

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Barnaby didn't like to be kept waiting. He was a busy man with little patience, especially in a nowhere town like this one. As the son of a wealthy oil baron, he could think of hundreds of places he'd rather be than the dingy, tobacco smoke drenched saloon of a backwards-ass podunk town. And yet, here he was, sitting in the back, spinning a gold coin on the table, tapping his foot on the floor, and studying the filthy reprobates drinking their troubles away at the bar.

He was approached several times by the saloon girls offering him a drink or a little bit of fun in the backroom. They didn't interest him though, and he bet that deep down the girls knew that. He'd discourage them with a shake of his head and a wrinkling of his snout. He couldn't blame them for trying though. He certainly looked the part of a well-off gentleman with his

bowler hat, black frock coat, and a cravat tucked neatly beneath his collar. Compared to the other denizens at the bar, he looked like a million bucks, and his attitude said the same.

He stared down his nose at the other patrons. A permanent sneer plastered on his face greeted every pair of eyes that so much as glanced at the ferret. He made it clear to them he took no pleasure in their company and to that they all kept their distance. Occasionally, he'd take a sip of water from the glass on his table and his frown would sour into a grimace at the taste. These barbarians couldn't even get water right. Why the hell should he pay money for a lager?

Finally, the reason for his business made their appearance. The stocky badger meandered around the poker tables in a chambray shirt he filled out completely and a duster that dragged on the floor collecting dust. Barnaby might've found him cute if the dingey atmosphere hadn't ruined his libido completely. The badger took his seat opposite the ferret and greeted him with an awkward smile that vanished as soon as he realized the feeling wasn't mutual.

"Quite the heatwave today, huh Mr. Kane?" the badger stammered.

Barnaby forced a sarcastic grin before pocketing his coin and placing his hands on the table. "Let's cut to the chase, Mr. Brimsby. I'm here to retrieve my father's earnings for the month. The sooner you hand over my family's rightful salary the sooner I can leave this hellhole you call a town."

Mr. Brimsby looked stunned by the ferret's bluntness. His surprised expression only amplified by the glasses resting on the edge of his nose. "Ah! Yes... your father's earnings. I-uh..."

The ferret's silver eyes dug into the badger like daggers as he stood from his seat and lurched over the table. "You DO have my father's earnings ready, yes?"

Despite the ferret's small frame, he could still bring an intimidating edge to conversation. This was clear in the way the badger winced and leaned away from the table. "I've got it with

me! I was just - the men were thinking that the discrepancy between their wages and your father's is... um... steep."

Barnaby took a deep breath, his grip on the edge of the table tightening before the exhale. "Steep? Did they make the initial investment? Did they put their livelihood on the line to provide jobs to your little 'community'?"

The badger could only get a grunt in before Barnaby continued. "No matter the case, this is none of MY business. If the men under my father's employ have any issue with his business practices, they can take it up with him. I'm sure between the lot of you, you can figure out the mail. Now, I'll take my father's payment."

Brimsby shifted in his seat awkwardly and fiddled with his glasses, and with a grim nod of his head he rose from his seat and beckoned the ferret to follow.

Suitcases full of double eagles and stacks of bank notes were loaded into the carriage under Barnaby's watchful eye. He investigated each one as they were brought to him, though only a cursory look at the contents was given before moving onto the next. His patience had worn thin hours ago and now with the late evening sun beating down on the carriage, it had all but evaporated. "Is that the last of them, Brimsby?"

The badger nodded his head. "Yessir, we're just waitin' on your escort to get here and then you can be off."

Barnaby pulled a pocket watch from his coat and glanced at the time. "They're running late as usual. Could you advise them when they're done entertaining the brothel tramps that they should return to La Piento homestead as soon as possible, lest they raise contempt with my family?"

"Uh... I wouldn't advise going on without them, Mr. Kane. Who knows what you might run into outside of tow-"

Barnaby interrupted him with a stern glare. "Mr. Brimsby, no offense to your township, but I can't imagine the world out there being any less filthy, repugnant, and lawless as your

so-called citizens. My father is already expecting me by noon tomorrow and I don't wish to disappoint him. I only wish the other men would take my father's demands as seriously as I. Perhaps he'd consider their pleas with more sincerity."

The badger's demure posture shifted with his shoulders bunching up and his plain expression contorting into a snarl. "Fine then! Go on and get! Hope you get everything you deserve. I'll tell your men what your shitty family asks of them."

Brimsby's rant continued on for an unknowable amount of time, because even as the ferret drove his steers further out of earshot, he could still make out the vague rumblings of a disgruntled badger.

Hours into his journey, Barnaby was convinced he never needed his escorts in the first place. After all, he'd taken this road to and from the small village dozens of times by now without incident, and he knew the perfect place to set up camp for the night. Without his escorts to cause delay, he already reached the site before the sun had truly set and he still had more than enough water for the rest of the journey ahead. By the time the last rays of sunlight were disappearing over the hills, the carriage was braked, the steers were fed, and a nice campfire was roaring in front of him.

He couldn't wait to see his father's face the next day. He imagined the praises that his father would heap upon him. "You drove the steers? All the way by yourself without incident? In record time too! Barnaby, my son, finally you're stepping up to the family name. How short-sighted of me to call you an embarrassment, a filthy stain on our heritage that'll never be washed out, and a creature undeserving the livelihood I've given him! Today, you are my son!"

The ferret sighed complacently and watched the vapor of his breath drift up into the cold night sky. He laid down on his back and stared up at the cloudless blue as his thick, fluffy tail swished back and forth between his legs. Finally, he was doing something right.

"Beautiful night, ain't it?" A baritone voice rumbled behind him.

The ferret propped himself up on one elbow and turned his head to face a shadowy figure. Whoever it was, they were massive. They would've towered over Barnaby even if he was standing up. The fact that the ferret was lying on the ground made his intruder seem even more ominous. He'd never run into company before - not on this road at least. Then again, this was his first time traveling alone. His swaying tail stopped dead in its tracks and while his heart rate reached speeds he didn't know were possible, he narrowed his eyes to get a better look at the stranger.

Firelight flickered over the shadow-man's features, providing ephemeral glimpses that the ferret desperately pieced together. He was a male horse, his fur was dark but the exact color couldn't be placed by the ferret, his chest was broad and he had a paunch that made the buttons on his shirt look like they might burst at a moment's notice. His long muzzle bore a proud smirk that simultaneously made Barnaby's heart flutter and blood run cold. He could see the long, whip-like hairs of the tail swat against thighs packed into jeans which left little up to imagination.

The stallion was a looker for sure and Barnaby couldn't see a piece on him, though he knew better than to assume his safety. Still, it was in his best interest to act friendly towards his visitor until given reason to treat him otherwise. "Sure is," he replied with a raspy voice.

Barnaby coughed into his sleeve and cleared his throat before noticing that his arms were trembling. Was it with excitement or fear - he couldn't tell. His ears and whiskers flinched as the horse took a seat next to him and aimed his palms toward the fire. "Hope you don't mind the company..." the horse's gaze was fixed on the fire as he spoke, "Nothin' good ever comes with a man bein' lonely, especially in a place as dangerous as this."

With the stranger's eyes off of him, Barnaby gathered the courage to sit up with the intent to run if need be. He kept his tone as calm as he could manage as he mimicked the horse and pointed his paws at the fire. "I- I don't mind. Not in the slightest." he strained a smile as he

lied through his teeth. "I was starting to feel a mighty need for some conversation just as you came by."

"That so?" The horse let out a belly laugh. "Lucky for you, I saw your fire start up when I did. I been hankering for some friendly companionship myself and a warm fire to go with it. Name's Dresden by the way. Pleasure to meet your acquaintance."

Barnaby bit his tongue before he revealed his identity. If this man was dangerous, he certainly knew the last name of Kane carried a healthy monetary value in these parts. "I'm... mister... Hearthfell. Magnus Hearthfell."

He awkwardly extended a paw as a sign of goodwill, though Dresden made no effort to accept it. Instead, he stretched his arms with a yawn and rolled his shoulders before scratching his belly. "Ain't it strange, Mr. Hearthfell? I came lookin' for a warm fire to escape the freezin' clutches of the night and now that I'm here, I'm sweatin' worse than a gambler with a losin' hand and not a dime to his name. You mind if I undress? Sure, it ain't nothin' you haven't seen before."

Blush gathered around the ferret's cheeks as he stared at Dresden's hand scratching around his gut which jiggled in the constraints of his shirt. "N-nothing I haven't seen before." the ferret responded awkwardly.

"Attaboy! No point in fearing the body in its natural state." Dresden was already pulling at the knot of his bandana and plucking the buttons of his shirt free. He tossed them into a pile on the ground before standing and sliding his trousers down his sturdy legs. The horse carried his nakedness without a hint of shame and once he laid back down next to the ferret, it was clear why.

The horse had a massive barrel chest that rose and fell dramatically with each heaving breath. He did have a belly on him, but it was a glorious thing to behold. He was a well-fed and well-worked man, with his stomach narrowing toward his crotch. His round, chiseled thighs were speckled with white blotches which emphasized the shapely cheeks of his rear. Lastly between

his spread legs was the largest uncut cock the ferret had ever laid eyes on. Even while it was still flaccid, it's impeccable shape and girth made Barnaby's mouth water. To complete this total package was a pair of plump balls that matched the cock in size.

To Barnaby's surprise, Dresden brought one hand up to his shaft, wrapping it tight in his palm before stroking up and down the length. The horse shut his eyes tight and groaned beneath his breath as a dampness gathered at the tip, glistening in the orange firelight. The horse's head rolled back into the dirt as his hips bucked into his clenched hand. Pre drooled into Dresden's grip, resulting in an even sheen of slipperiness to his member.

"This also something you've seen before?" Dresden's voice caused Barnaby's head to whip around to meet the horse's gaze. He wore a grin on his face that not only knew of the ferret's desires, it invited them to play along. "I can stop if ya' want. I just figured every man out here's jerked it in front of another fella'."

Barnaby shook his head and reached an apprehensive paw forward. "N-no. But would you be against," he gulped down the knot forming in his throat, "against some help?"

Dresden belted out another hearty laugh. "Well shoot! I knew you was a tail-raiser just by the looks of ya'. Get those clothes off and get over here." The horse pinched the base of his cock with a finger and a thumb then wacked it against an open palm teasingly.

Barnaby never undressed himself so quickly. He tossed his bowler hat to the side, shrugged off his coat, and hastily unbuttoned his shirt. Before the linen fabric could touch the ground, he was fumbling with unfastening his belt buckle and tugging at his trousers, earning a giggle from the prone horse as the mustelid hopped around. Finally, he could stand in front of the horse in his nude glory, the light of the flames bouncing off the subtle curve of his hips and the burgeoning arousal between his legs.

The horse examined him from top to bottom, lustful eyes studying his every detail with a lascivious smirk. He beckoned the ferret to his side with a nod and reached out with both hands

to pull him in. Barnaby let himself be shaped to Dresden's whims. He was placed on top of the horse, his knees straddling the broad chest, and his ass hovering above the equine muzzle.

Dresden gripped Barnaby's rear, kneading into the plush cheeks and spreading them to expose his ass. He dragged his fingertips along the cream-furred marking that surrounded his hole - the shape of a heart. The horse snickered with a quiet "Heh, figures..." under his breath. "Alright, Mr. Hearthfell, let's see how good that mouth a' yours is. Get to work on your fella."

No further prompt was necessary. Barnaby wrapped both hands around the base of the shaft, pulling the foreskin down from the tip. His mouth opened wide and he extended his tongue to lick around the head. His dainty tongue twirled around it and slipped underneath the foreskin. The shaft twitched in his grip as he dragged his soft tongue deliberately against the sensitive skin. He could still taste the pre on the horse - a salty taste with a musky aroma that drove his hormones into overdrive. His lips wrapped tightly around the girth and began their descent, when he felt a strong, wet pressure against his rear.

An equine muzzle pressed firmly between his cheeks and a strong, large tongue pushed its way inside him to explore his depths. A muffled moan escaped the ferret as it slurped and twisted around inside him. Dresden's hands kept the ferret's pert butt spread out while the horse stretched his pucker with each sloppy kiss.

Barnaby could hardly focus on the task that was still drooling pre into his mouth. He pushed aside the pleasure dominating his thoughts and pushed his head further toward the cock's base. The size of it made his jaw hurt, and to get past the two-thirds mark the shaft was pushing past his throat. It was the comforting pulse of the horse on his tongue and the flustered breaths beating against his tail that ushered him forward. Whenever he felt a pleasurable throb, a tensing of the muscles, or a rumbling in the horse's chest, it rewarded him with a sense of connection and desire.

He never made it to the base of Dresden's shaft - at least, not that night with his mouth. Dresden pried him off the twitching rod by grabbing the nape of his neck. He was practically

thrown to the side with his face in the dirt and ass in the air. While he was confused at first about what he did wrong, his worries were soon quashed with the Dresden's shadow looming over him.

The horse's dick landed between the ferret's cheeks with a wet slap as the back of his neck was gripped with one hand. "You want me, don't ya', Mr. Hearthfell? You ain't a breedin' mare, but I can tell you this view is mighty tempting. The way you was clenching 'round me and mewling like a jill in heat. Tell me ya' want a stud to give ya' a good time."

Barnaby could feel the horse's breath beating against the back of his head. Warm vapor caught in his hair, wetting it down gradually. His tapering, fluffy tail, thwacked against Dresden's erection excitedly as he dug his feet into the ground. "Yes... Please..." he muttered breathily. "Take me, and get all the pleasure you need. I don't care who hears. I need... something to fill me and I can't think of anyone I'd want more."

The horse's freehand dropped in front of the ferret's eyeline. In its grasp was the red bandana that'd been tied around the stallion's neck. The white paisley pattern was stained with dried sweat. His other hand let go of Barnaby's nape to take up the bandanna's loose end and brought the middle up to the ferret's muzzle.

Dresden leaned in close with his mouth inches from the ferret's ear and whispered. "You wanna ride the bronco? Bite down on the bridle."

The ferret did what he was told, too impatient to feel a hard shaft barreling down his tight passage to consider his options. His sharp, pearly whites dug into the fabric and his sensitive nose was greeted with the stench of a long day's work.

Dresden grabbed the ends of the bandanna in one hand and tugged the ferret's head up sharply while the other wrapped underneath the ferret's waist. He yanked Barnaby's rear backwards until his buttocks were flush with the horse's crotch. Barnaby could feel the thick, pulsating rod glide between his fluffy cheeks as Dresden's hips rocked back and forth. Deep,

lustful breaths bathed the ferret in warmth as the tip of the shaft was pressed down his crack until finding the puckered entrance still wet with spit.

“Fuck, you’re a handsome git.” the horse huffed with the crown of his member threatening to breach at a moment’s notice. Barnaby clenched around it before the pressure began to mount. Dresden’s weight lowered onto him, until the tightness of the mustelid’s hole couldn’t push back any further. A combination of heat, pleasure, and a dull pain filled him as a full inch of horse burrowed its way inside. The girthy tip stretched his rim wider than any tongue could and it came with a promise to go deeper.

Barnaby’s prick trembled and flexed with overwhelming gratification as pre spilled freely into the dirt. Dresden’s strained voice made his ears flinch. “Don’t get too comfortable now. You gotta long way to go...”

The horse thrust forward sharply, adding another five inches buried inside the svelte gentleman. Barnaby gritted his teeth together between the bandanna as the dull pain took prominence over the pleasure. Even with the endless amount of pre aiding the horse, it was a lot for the ferret to accommodate for all at once. He squeezed around the shaft, feeling the veins bulge against his insides as the horse’s heart beat faster.

It was easier to take the rest of the horse by comparison. Dresden only had to lean his weight down to earn more of the soft, smooth dandy wrapping snugly around his cock. The horse patted Barnaby’s bottom with his freehand before giving a hearty whack to it. He snorted as the smaller male flinched and tightened around his member. “Attaboy... You took me like a champ. Now for your reward.”

The initial pain of Dresden’s rough entry was starting to fade and as the horse’s hips rocked him back and forth, Barnaby’s prick was swelling with arousal once more. The long shaft rode his passage with relative ease though he still hugged it tight. The horse’s balls, taut in their sac, tapped his taint with each hilt. He could see the perspiration from Dresden’s nostril rise in front of him as one hand grasped his chest and the other pulled back on the bridle.

Dresden bucked into him with fluid motions. He slid a couple inches out and thrust them back in with the experience of a true stud. Muscular thighs rammed into his hindquarters with damp smacks which echoed around the plains. Barnaby's head was pushed into the dirt, mussying up his hair and putting further strain on the handkerchief in his mouth. Dresden's thrusts inched his upper body forward on the ground, only for the grip around the handkerchief to slide him back as the cock withdrew.

Barnaby felt the need to squirm, but the horse never gave him enough freedom to allow it. He was trapped between the rock-hard shaft fucking him like a mare in heat and the makeshift bit reigning him in. Dresden did more than enough to make up for the ferret's sacrifices though. He pounded into the mustelid's prostate relentlessly, causing Barnaby to twitch and clench around the shaft with growing regularity as he was propelled closer to orgasm.

The horse's pin-point accuracy began to slip as the pacing increased. While he may have missed the ferret's most sensitive spot, tucked just a couple inches inside his hole, Dresden compensated with passion. His hooves were kicking up dust which billowed into the wind and his breath was showering the back of the mustelid's head with dew. Barnaby tensed with pent-up eroticism. He could feel the stirring in his loins reaching their peak as his quivering cock held back the deluge desperately.



He whined around the bit, and through the corner of his eyes he caught a smirk on the horse's face.

"Just... a little... bit... longer..." Dresden grunted through gritted teeth. The muscles in the horse's face suddenly relaxed as he let out a long sigh. The orgasm was almost simultaneous. Warmth flooded his body and painted his insides white, and by the second wave fresh spunk was trickling down his taint and inner thighs - his body too full to contain it all. In the bliss of the moment, the ferret almost missed the fact that his own prick was spurting ropes of cum onto the ground beneath him. His body trembled with overwhelming pleasure as he emptied his load out into the dirt.

The horse pulled his softening cock - still at half-mast - out of the dandy young man with an audible wet schlurp. The heavy meat plopped down on Barnaby's exposed rear where the stallion could wipe himself clean. Without so much as a moment's rest, Barnaby could hear the stallion shuffling around and gathering up his clothes.

After a while, Barnaby stood to join him but found that his legs wobbled like they were made of gelatin. He stumbled forward after the horse, the equine's release drooling down his inner thigh from his gaping hole. Between beleaguered breaths, he called out for the stallion. "Dresden... Dresden where'd you go? Are you still here?"

A canteen of water slammed down into the Earth in front of him. He gazed up weakly to see Dresden looming over him, fully-dressed and with a bundle of clothes tucked under his arm - Barnaby's clothes. His voice was different now - lower with an icy edge. "Not for much longer, Mr. Kane. I got places to be and deliveries to make. Hope you don't mind if I borrow your steers."

Barnaby's eyes widened with realization. "Y-you know my name? My real name?"

Dresden nodded his head as he tossed the ball of clothes into the back of the carriage.

“Course I do, Mr. Kane. I was sent to fetch what you stole.”



The ferret's voice sharpened to a squeak. "Those clothes aren't stolen! My father-

"Your clothes... I consider payment for my services and a reminder for you not to do it again." Barnaby opened his mouth to reply, but Dresden continued to speak over him as he pulled out the brakes to the carriage. "Now I gotta' bit of advice for ya. Most folks who take a roll in the hay with yours truly need a bit of a rest before they start movin', but if you can get that tush of yours on the road within the next hour 'er so, you can make it back to civilization before

the sun can get to ya. Where that is exactly, I don't give a damn. As a kind gesture, you'll find all your water here, but I recommend ya' ration it out."

Dresden hopped into the front seat and tipped the wide brim of his hat as he turned the carriage around. Barnaby was too exhausted to do much of anything. His legs felt numb and his head was still cloudy with afterglow. All he could do was watch the carriage he rode in on, disappear into the horizon - carrying his father's earnings and his clothes with it.

Barnaby arrived back at the mining town in mid-morning, just as the townspeople were leaving their homes to begin their daily routines. His hopes of arriving undetected were quashed as the first hushed gasps greeted him as he strolled down the dirt streets in search of a general store. As more and more townsfolk filtered out onto the streets, his hands gripped tighter around his crotch while he tucked his tail between his legs to cover his rear. He darted from storefront to storefront finding that each business still had a couple more hours before they'd open for business. Just as he was losing all hope of scraping what little dignity he had left; he spotted the saloon from yesterday across the path.

He scampered over, head swerving left and right to confirm that he was still earning gawks and guffaws from the locals. He barged into the front door and blurted out, "Please, for the love of all that is good, tell me you have clothes to spa-"

The ferret froze up save for the twitching of one eye and the trembling of his whiskers. Sitting at the back of the saloon with hooves crossed on the table and a toothpick between his lips, was Dresden.

A wry grin crossed the horse's face, and he did little to hide his amusement. "Aye, I got a spare right here with me. What're ya' plannin' to barter with, Kane?"

Barnaby grimaced and his tail flickered behind him anxiously. "I - You took everything I had!" His voice cracked as he teetered on the edge of tears. "My clothes, my dignity... my body for what? I'm not giving you anything else to receive what's rightfully mine?"

Dresden placed his hooves on the ground and strolled leisurely up to the nude ferret. He brought a hand up to the mustelid's cheek and stroked it gently. "How's about this, I'll give ya a choice. I can give ya' your clothes back, and you can run tail between your legs back to your pa with nothin' more than your clothes and disgraced name with the understandin' ya won't return ever again. Or I'll give ya a new set of clothes and a place to rest your head every night."

The ferret was dumbfounded by the offer and he eyed the horse quizzically in response. "You think I would join you? After all you did for me? You think I'd forsake my father's name so easily? Pft - You're delusional!"

Dresden shrugged his shoulders. "Pardon my sayin' so, but your daddy didn't give you shit save for a silver spoon in your mouth, a bad attitude, and a complex larger'n the Louisiana Purchase. Judgin' by what I saw last night, ain't nothin' your pa could give ya that'd make ya' as happy as the piece between my legs."

That earned a cough from the bartender and a giggle from a couple of saloon gals huddling together backstage. The ferret's cheeks were burning red and he could feel his member threatening to expose itself from behind his clutching palm.

Dresden's smile grew warmer, almost fondly inviting the little thief. "I told ya' nothing good comes from a lonely man. Why not be a good boy for once. Whaddya' say, Mr. Hearthfell?"

From then on, the name Barnaby Kane was never heard from again outside of whispered gossip. While no reward was ever offered for his whereabouts, a bounty was placed on the ox and carriage carrying the elder Kane's salary. There was a carriage and a couple steers that traveled through the small mining town every now and then, but the patriarch's salary was nowhere to be found. All that carriage housed was a burly stallion and a small ferret.

The story goes they'd make their presence known whenever Mr. Kane's men came to collect his salary. The horse would keep them in line while the ferret would make sure Mr. Kane received a fair share - and not a penny more. Supposedly, if you ever make the journey into the

desert late at night, just a couple hours ride West of town, you'll find their carriage rocking back and forth long into the night with wet slaps echoing through the canyons

