

Fire and Ice

The day had come, as they both knew it would. His last day there, as summer began to wane towards autumn and the university year threatened to begin whether he was there for it or not. It was another reminder for her of the things that were between them. Age, experience, possibilities. His life was still a story to be written. She had more chapters down than she cared to admit.

A tinge of sadness hung over them, in spite of the perfect weather and the superficial happiness as they rode across her land, laughing and talking easily together as had become their way. The reckoning was there for them both, but particularly for her. So many mistakes, and she was supposed to be the wiser of the two.

They had picnicked by the creek, their horses tied to the fence line and nibbling the grasses happily as they stripped and made love under the sky. She lay him back on his haunches, lowering herself onto his massive length with ease borne of frequent practice these last weeks, and rode her stallion to a fiery orgasm, one shred of control left holding her back from sobbing. Then they remounted and trotted slowly back, silent and brooding, Rangi under her catching the mood making him fractious and wilful. What was it about fractious stallions she loved so much?

Now it was night, and they had shared a meal full of lingering glances. They had agreed, in the aftermath of the wild night they had shared when he had been her slave, her willing pet. One more before he went. The night was here.

Taking him into a soft kiss, she stripped her stallion, never taking her eyes off his muscled body as she exposed him to her touch. She had learned every part of him during their time together, every bulge, every line, exactly where to touch softly and where to go in hard. She could easily have studied him forever. That was not a thought that gave her any comfort.

She brought the bridle to his head again, this time with his knowledge and desire. He felt the leather on him, the way it felt and tasted on his muzzle, the smell against him. It smelled of her.

He was hard as a rock in moments.

She reached out to touch his length, feeling it rise even further in the night air, the end so impossibly wide. She still did not know how he had gotten that inside her so well so many times. It no longer hurt when he entered her. Instead it made her body sing, a chorus tuned to her needs and desires until the song reached a crescendo and left her satisfied but wanting more.

His soft sighs brought her back to focus, as her touch was having its effect, the end flaring even wider as clear excitement pulsed from the tip. He was so virile, and she had marvelled at it more than once. He always seemed ready to respond, over and over as many times as she wanted. He must be in his prime, a sexual athlete. She once again felt lucky, though it was not in her nature to understand that it was as much about what she did for him, as it was about his own skills. She had captivated him, until the mere thought of her naked appaloosa body gave him erotic dreams.

“Come now pet. It’s time.”

Smiling into his eyes, she took the lead and pulled him towards her bedroom.

“Close your eyes for me pet.”

He did not need the blindfold any more. He would walk across the highway with his eyes shut if she asked him.

He felt the hallway disappear, the subtle changes in the air as he entered the closed space of her bedroom. He could navigate his way around it in his sleep now, as he had done so more than once, too tired from their lovemaking to properly rouse himself as he half sleepwalked to the bathroom. Two short steps to the left, past the chest of drawers and the bedside table to the bed, a space leading to the wall and a bay window with a reading seat beyond. To the right, cupboards and a dresser. The room felt odd though, something unfamiliar making his mane bristle.

“Open your eyes pet.”

His vision was surprised by the sensations, taking time to adjust to what he was seeing. Her house was set in 600 acres, far from any big towns, and power

failures were a constant part of life out here. She always was prepared for any eventuality.

Candles of all types, every size and shape, colour and scent had been collected over the years as a backup in case of need. She had masses of them, more than she could possibly want, but she had kept on collecting convinced one day they would come in handy.

Tonight they had, and her room glowed with a warm orange light as the myriad of candles lit up the night for them, every surface it seemed bearing its own contribution to the gathering halo. She had lit them while he sat at the dinner table, lost in his own thoughts, nursing a beer than never seemed to end. He drew in his breath, captivated by the effect, myriad points of light reflecting in her eyes, as they did in his. She stared into those sea green depths, populated by a hundred little fireflies now as his eyes widened in delight. She would never get tired of that sight, one she would try to keep in her memory as long as she could, comfort on cold nights.

She drew him down to her then, kissing as much as the bridle allowed, her tongue forcing its way inside him as he responded with his sexy little whimper that populated her own erotic dreams. Then she led him to the bed, prepared for her stallion, her beautiful pet.

“Lie down for me pet. It’s time to get you ready.”

He obeyed, never taking his eyes off her, laying back on the mattress and spreading his big body for her, arms behind his head and legs splayed suggestively. His cock lounged against his belly, moving with his pulse, a sexy little waggle at the flared end to the adagio beat of his quickening heart.

She knelt on the bed beside him, kissing his sweet lips as she drew his arms out from behind his head, silken bonds tied to the bead head ready for him. She bound his wrists together, then drew the cords tight, drawing his arms out above his head, then licking down his chest to nibble each sensitive nipple as he groaned.

Next for his legs. She had wondered how to accommodate him, his massive bulk making it hard to properly constrain him on the little bed in her room, perfect double size for an appaloosa mare, but cramped for a Clydesdale

stallion. She had solved the issue by changing the rules, spreading his thighs wide and drawing his legs out and down, binding the feathered fetlocks to the base of each far leg. He was now stretched nicely, his body taut against the bed.

As a final little touch, she propped his shapely ass up with pillows in the hollow of his back, giving her just the right amount of access to the crevice of his ass. She drew his tail between his legs, brushing it with her own brush, the sensual caress of the bristles drawing a long nicker from his lips.

He was almost ready for her.

She kissed his body then, starting with his forehead, parting his cute forelock with her fingers, then down his muzzle, to devour his lips. Down again, along the line of his neck, biting gently to his chest, then licking across to his nipples where she made love to them with her tongue, his sighs and groans music to her ears. She nuzzled into his armpits, drinking in his musky smell, pulling a few souvenir hairs from him with her teeth as he gasped a protest. Then she stood back to look at him, eyes burning with desire.

She walked back to the kitchen, coming back swiftly with a few last preparations. A bowl, stainless steel, with a covering of mist. The surface shone with newly formed ice.

“I have some special treats for you pet. I think you are going to enjoy them.”

She placed the bowl on the bedside table, next to some candles carefully chosen. Then she removed his bridle. She didn't want anything to interfere with his muzzle. It would be needed.

She stripped for him then, until she stood before him, no longer self-conscious as she had been the first time. She hid her anxieties well, as any mare had to learn to do, and he never knew how much he intimidated her the first time she saw him naked. He had been too busy trying not to sob in admiration when he saw her perfect body, the brown appaloosa markings more beautiful than he even imagined. The little heart shaped mark at her breast drew his attention now as it did then, extra sexy detail for his fevered mind. She smiled and almost giggled, watching his cock twitch in response. How could she not like a stallion whose cock reacted to her like that?

With feline grace she straddled his head, thighs parting to lower herself down to him. He had been an enthusiastic if unskilled oral practitioner when he first came to her, but eager to learn. She had taught him well, until his tongue knew exactly how to drive her wild, and then she had taught him how to hold back just a little. He had taken to his lessons avidly, and as she learned the ways of his body and his heart she knew why. It was his nature to want to please, to draw his greatest pleasure from the act of giving it.

She had taught many stallions in her time, but she had learned one thing. You could teach them all the skills to give good head, but you couldn't teach them all to care enough to use it. That made all the difference in the world.

She dropped slowly onto his muzzle, a slow grin breaking out on her face and a soft husky moan as he opened his lips and went to work, using all the skills she had taught. Long slow laps on her outer labia, gentle, caressing. Then working to harder licks of her inner lips, parting the pink folds and seeking out the musky interior of her sex. Listening to her cries and moans, her reactions, until her noises, her scent, and the taste of her quim told him it was time.

Only then, would her swelling clit be ready for his attentions. He used his tongue to slide the dusky hood back and forward over her nub, masturbating her just as she would with her own fingertips at the start, then using his stiffened tongue tip like a finger, he began the hard insistent licks directly on her nub that he had learned to use to drive her to completion. He drove on and on, as she writhed over him, laying down on his stretched body, her belly against his chest, muzzle closing around his swollen stallion cock. She gave him encouraging licks and nibbles as he pushed her to her first orgasm of the night.

Her sex quivered to his touch, slick folds dripping into his muzzle as she came, her body shaking to his touch. She rode him like a bronco, until the magic point where pleasure turned to pain and stimulation became too much. He read her body then, as he had learned, and his tongue left her nub to lap around her mons, keeping her on edge but not in pain, as she gave herself time for the next lap of pleasure.

"Oh you have done well pet. Time for your reward."

His groan vibrated between her thighs, making her even wetter than before. She sat back a moment, taking the bowl and placing it between his thighs, then lifting one candle, watching its glowing wick with wrapt attention.

She bent forward again to him, but he could not see what she was doing from between her thighs, and he relaxed expecting her to take him into her muzzle again. Instead, he felt a burning heat spreading across his cock and let out a loud whinny, shocked and aroused at the same time.

“Some of these candles are special pet. Dark chocolate...and it looks perfect on your cock.”

She bent forward to suckle on his stallionhood, suckling deep and drawing sighs and moans from his bound body as she licked up the delicious covering, the warmth of her muzzle replacing the hot kiss of the candle. He responded with pure need, trying to force his length into her but unable to get much freedom of movement from his bonds. He was left to pivot his hips just an inch or so, driving the length into her an agonising fraction, as she moved then to suckle his balls, unable to take either fully into her muzzle but licking and nibbling them as much as she could.

His cry was louder this time, as the burning feeling now engulfed his balls, almost painful, almost ecstatic, as she poured a good amount of molten candle over his orbs and bent to suck off the coating, while he cried and sighed under her, tongue poking out to sample her slit again.

His cry took on a new urgency however as something unexpected followed next. A different burning, so shocking after the harsh warmth. She grinned at his reaction. This was going to be good, he was uncommonly sensitive.

“What was that?!?!”

“Shhh pet...the perfect antidote to heat...ice. I am going to enjoy using them both on you tonight.”

She held an ice cube between her fingertips, the numbness growing but ignored, as she traced a line across his sack, giggling as she saw his heavy balls try the impossible and attempt to withdraw into his body. Instead they just throbbed visibly under her attentions, leathery skin wrinkling in response, as

he writhed and yelped under her, his thrashing stimulating her like nothing else.

Taking pity on him, she engulfed his cock, muzzle driving down to enjoy the feel of him leaking into her throat, as she rubbed the ice cube between his balls now, pressing hard to drive it into the base of his cock, then draw it slowly down his taint, making him utter the most enticing sobbing whimper she had ever heard. She teased him then, letting the melting cube touch his muscled donut, feeling him jerk and thrust against his bonds. A shuddering cry made his breath warm and sweet tickle her pussy lips, building her towards the next orgasm for the night.

She wanted him inside her so badly. She wanted to cum feeling him against her skin, filling her and rubbing deep. She needed him.

Moving her lithe body over his, she straddled his hips, bowl still placed strategically between his thighs. She could reach it when needed. She brought his flared head to her, and held his gaze with hers, burning with what she saw there, and lowered onto him as he moaned. She felt the thick blunt head push her folds apart, well readied by his attentions, and she opened for him, taking the pulsing length into her to the medial ring before halting to draw breath.

She slid forward over his torso then, kissing him before pulling his muzzle to her breasts, making him lave her nipples with his talented tongue until she felt the burning inside her sex again. Then she rocked back on him, her nipples erect in the candlelight, soft night-time breezes bringing goose bumps to her skin, and rode his length slowly.

Bringing fingers to her steaming clit, she rubbed wantonly as she rode him, his cock just the right depth inside her to touch her where she needed it most. Her orgasm rode through her and she held on, deep cries filling the room as her head fell forward in temporary satisfaction. She let it rise again soon enough, wicked grin plastered on her muzzle much to his combined horror and arousal. What had he let himself in for this time?

She looked down on her pet, her stallion, taking in the sight again. It hurt knowing he was going. It hurt more than she wanted to admit.

He was still hard inside her, harder than steel. He needed release so badly, his tortured balls full to bursting after her teasing. She was not going to let him off that easy however, that much he could tell. The thought just made him harder.

He looked at her again, seeing her leaning down to him again. Both hands were full, one with a candle, one with a new ice cube. This was going to hurt. And feel like magic.

The burning enveloped his nipples this time, one each in fire and ice. He thrashed against his bonds as she used her toys on him, finally bending her muzzle to him, licking off the coating from one nipple, warming the other with her breath until he was near bursting point again. Then she leaned back into a riding position, ready to fuck herself on his length. She pushed down hard, driving him completely inside her with a whickering cry, her mane swishing and tail flicking, ears flattened at the stretching fullness of his cock pressed deep inside her.

Then she reached for the icy bowl for his next surprise.

He felt it first, tingling in the fine hairs of his crack, a sense of impending cold discomfort making him clench his pucker tight. The first contact made him cry out and lose his concentration, so the invading object entered him anyway, and he registered the incredible sensations all through his body.

“What...what...oh fuck.....what?!?!?!”

“A special present for you pet.”

She pulled the invading item from his tail hole, letting him see what he was experiencing. What appeared like a normal icy pole, sweet cold treat for a hot summer's day. This one was long and cylindrical, made in a mould in the freezer, complete with a stick protruding from the end. However, it was pure ice. And just the right size to fill his ass with cold, numbing and burning and tormenting at the same time. She gave it a long lick, savouring the taste of his ass, then winked as she brought it back to him and drove it home, his babbling cries adding to her enjoyment.

For the stallion, it was simply the most incredible sensation he had ever experienced. He felt it inside him, touching every nerve and sending it into

overdrive. Yet the sensation was like nothing he could pinpoint. Numb yet excited, filled yet empty, burning yet cold. Then as she slid up the length of his cock, she began to thrust the ice cylinder in and out of him, rasping across his pucker and pushing him into madness.

He did not know how long she used him like that, her gradual riding fucking building in speed and intensity till she came, then slumped against him only to begin again, all the while assfucking him with the icy dildo. As it melted slowly, he felt his anus fill with cold water, incredibly distracting, until she pulled a new one from the bowl and plugged him again while he whimpered and sobbed.

Her cheeks slapped down against him, rhythm building again until she was fucking with manic intensity. His ass throbbed and burned, the feeling making him simultaneously incredibly aroused and unable to cum as she used him. Scrabbling in the bowl, she brought out a handful of ice cubes and held them against his balls, the final painful touch making him lose control completely, thrusting his hips wildly as much as he could trying to escape the agony.

This final maniacal stage did the trick, his uncoordinated thrusting still feeling so good inside her. She thrust down hard, holding him inside, letting him do the work to bring her to orgasm. And it was a burning body filling orgasm, her spent form falling forward over him and riding out the storm, fingers digging painfully into his pectorals leaving hard bruises in their stead.

She lay against him, while he tried hard not to cry, still completely hard inside her, his cock so sore and sensitive. Fingertips played with his nipples, slowly circling the big areolae. Then she lifted off him leaving his heated cock pulsing against his belly.

She lay beside him then, kissing hungrily, as she stroked his cock. She pulled the last of the ice from his pucker, letting the numbness slowly dissipate, then looked him in the eye.

“I realised I’ve never actually seen you cum pet. You always cum inside me. I want to do this for you now, and see what it looks like. Just relax, and tell me when you get close.”

Her hands began a gentle caress, building in speed and tightening their grip, until she had his feel. She could sense his building excitement, the way his cock first thickened and hardened, then paradoxically softened a little as he neared the end.

“Mistress...I...its...close...”

She broke their kiss and watched, fascinated at the sight of a stallion cock in the throes of near orgasm, his balls drawing tight against his body. Then she felt the powerful throbs through her hands, his cock threatening to pull its way out of her grip. She held on, enchanted.

His deep impassioned cry was like none she had heard before, depth and breadth in his release, pleasure, need, torment released in a sound. Then the jerks in his cock suddenly intensified as the small slit on the end flared open like a flower and suddenly it was everywhere, his seed, ropes bursting from the tip to spray across the bed. She hadn't aimed very carefully and the first shot splattered straight into his face, then as she adjusted the aim they flew across his shoulder, then across his chest and belly, before finally pooling against his six pack to make a little puddle in his navel.

Her faced burned at the display of raw stallion, the power of his ejaculation. She reached out a finger to take a drop from his nose, hanging like a string, and brought it to her muzzle tasting his essence. Then she began to almost in a daze clean up every last drop of delicious stallion cum, licking him all over until he was groaning and hard again, and she had a muzzle full of stallion. She wasn't greedy enough to keep it to herself; she bent to lie against him again, kissing deep and forcing his own seed deep inside his muzzle as they kissed. He did the opposite of resist.

With the last of her strength she released him, untying the silken bonds and drawing him into an embrace, their bodies entwined. They kissed, and fondled, then lay nostrils touching, their muzzles communicating along with their eyes.

“Do you love me pet?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“No...do you love me?”

He waited then, her eyes begging the question, and he knew the answer. He wasn't asking him to love his mistress, though that was what her voice said. He listened to her eyes.

"Laura, I...I love you. I loved you almost from the day I arrived. Why do you think I agreed to be your slave? I'm already your slave in here and it hurts."

"I love you too Gabriel. And I know that hurt too."

She held him against her, their bodies moving together, each sharing comfort and hope with the other, until they could not hold back any longer and their bodies joined again, this time as lovers as well as mistress and pet. She guided him with her voice alone, no props needed for this play, and he responded, taking her and giving all of himself.

They mated sometimes wild, sometimes soft and slow. He took her in his arms, face to face, their kisses masking their sighs. He knelt behind her, rutting hard like a stallion with his mare should, balls slapping into her as she fingered herself to orgasm after orgasm.

Finally, he lay behind her, her back nestling against his front, her top leg raised slightly, as he entered her from behind. It was shallow, teasing, but perfect. He cupped one breast, while his other hand stroked her clit and he kissed the back of her neck as his hips rocked back and forward, a slow loving coupling meant to last for the weeks to come. When they came, finally spent, she just lay in his arms and fell asleep with him softening against her opening. Her dreams were full of light as the candles continued to burn into the morning, the halo keeping them in another world only they could know.

They spoke few words the next morning, there was little left to say. Promises mattered, but actions would tell the most. He promised to return at Easter, when the semester break gave him time. She would wait for him, and he could stay as long as he wanted when he returned. The future was still uncertain.

They exchanged gifts that last day, one known and one unknown.

As he walked to the car, looking back over his shoulder, he adjusted his groin, still getting used to the new feel. She had presented him with a cock cage, steel and leather, and fitted it to him that morning with loving care. He would

be hers until Easter, when they would decide the future. She smiled at his gesture, admiring the way the cage filled out his bulge, making his endowment particularly obvious. He was going to have some trouble keeping the other mares away. Poor dear.

As he kicked the car into gear and headed out the long driveway, he was unaware of the other gift, less obvious for the moment but more momentous.

As the weeks had gone on, and she had grown to love and admire him more and more, she had decided to take a risk that she had been contemplating for years, but convinced herself that the chance had passed her by. Her excuses had always seemed convincing, but with him, she found she could not convince herself any more. He was perfect. It would be all right. She had forgotten her flimsy rationalisation in the emotional ferment of his final morning as they promised to meet again at Easter.

Without telling him, she had stopped taking certain precautions, and finally, as they lay there exhausted and together, one of his many little guys had done its job and started the process that in time would bring a new foal into the world.

His foal.