

“Shit!”

“Raymond Daniel Curtis, watch your language!”

“Sorry mum! But what about Connor?”

“Well, he will just have to share your room tonight if you still want him to come over. You’ve got the trundle bed in there still, we can set it up on your floor. What’s the problem anyway?”

“Nothing.No problem. Forget it mum, I’m just a doofus. Yes I still want him to come over if it’s ok?”

“Of course dear. Now get into the shower or you will be late for school.”

Mumbling under his breath Ray headed back to his room and his morning routine. Parents, they never knew anything. The truth was it was a big problem, but not one the tall lean Arabian colt could explain to his mother.

He stripped off his pyjamas, standing in front of the mirror and striking a few bodybuilding poses. Nice definition. He was starting to fill into his 16 year old body nicely. He still didn’t have much bulk though, not that it mattered so much. It would come in time. Meanwhile his long limbs and stamina made him a hot prospect as a rower for the school. He was pretty useful at soccer too, where his height made him a striker to be feared.

Making sure the door to the ensuite was locked, he let his cock slide slowly from his sheath, enjoying the feel of it against his hands. He was waking up hard most mornings now, and it was a struggle to get it to go down before he could join the family for breakfast. He had given up struggling and started taking care of it when he woke in addition to his night time play.

His mother had made some comments about hayfever when she noticed an additional spike in tissue consumption, and his gasps and reddening features probably worked to confirm her diagnosis. He was supposed to see a specialist next week, though what he was going to tell him Ray had no idea. Sneezing? No. Irritation? Well, sort of...a burning sensation anyway.

Fondling his colthood for a moment, Ray took up a classic selfpic pose, pretending he was sending it to his lover. Stupid, stupid idea Ray. Still, the colt thought he was one hot package even if he did say so himself.

He had a few admirers too. The colt had lost his virginity over a year ago and had more than his fair share of fun. It was mostly that though, just fun. Yeah, he was gay. He had known it since puberty, and though he stayed in the closet he had found willing fellow practitioners to learn the finer arts with. If God had given him this hot body it would be a crime not to use it.

As much as he enjoyed sex and fooling around with the guys he had been with, he hadn't really fallen in love, until now. And the fucking bastard was his best friend. And straight. Life really was a pain sometimes.

So when his mother informed him that her cousin was coming to stay with them and would be sleeping in the spare room tonight, it threw Ray into a spin, because it meant Connor, his best mate, would be unable to use it tonight.

If he came and stayed over, he would be sleeping in Ray's room. Almost naked. Close by. Rich brown fur and golden mane tantalisingly close, muscled body making a big inviting mound under the covers, straight cock hardening as morning sunlight streamed into the room and....

"Fuck!"

Now Ray had that problem to wrestle with again.

"Right I've got you now you loser!"

"Come at me bro!"

As usually happened, their night had left homework behind long ago. They had progressed through the usual options, talking crap about sport, school and fillies, Ray making stuff up like a champ. Browsing increasingly disturbing porn on yifftube, each studiously ignoring the obvious bulges tenting out the shorts they were wearing. Finally they had settled into a particularly ferocious Halo deathmatch and were trying to kill each other.

"Yessssssssssssssssssssss!"

Connor's husky cry of triumph was accompanied by suitable screen effects as Ray succumbed to his last attack, death agonies captured in CGI glory while Connor did a sexy little victory dance, tail swaying as he hammed it up. Ray hoped Connor couldn't see how much he was enjoying the dance, especially the part where Connor shook his ass at his friend and let his tail slap against his thighs.

Ray took the opportunity for some heterosexually sanctioned touching and yelled "you asshole" then slapped the offered ass, drawing a delighted whinny of mock scorn from his friend, who proceeded to wrestle him off the bed and turn him over, pull down his shorts, then apply several hearty slaps of his own.

"May be an asshole bro, but I sure tore you a new one there eh?"

"Yeah, you are my hero, I bow down before you and grovel."

"Now that's more like it. Why you still on the floor Ray. Practicing you grovelling?"

"Just thinking how to get you back."

Which was a lie. The truth was the liberally applied bare ass slapping had given him the most aching hardon and he didn't want to show it.

"Time for bed I guess. Mind if I use the bathroom first?"

"Nah, go ahead mate. Just don't stink the joint out."

With a nicker and a laugh, Connor headed to the ensuite while Ray finally peeled himself off the floor and took his aching problem under the covers of his bed willing it to recede.

Hours later, having talked and laughed as only best friends can, they finally agreed this time they had to go to sleep, and turned off the light. Soon Ray could hear Connor's rhythmic breathing, the occasional cute little snort punctuating the sounds as he settled into a deep sleep on the little bed that usually sat on the floor under Ray's double. It had been a while since Connor had used it.

The big sleeping bay Shire only a few feet away was still a bit of an enigma for Ray, even after they became close. He had joined the school late, already 15,

and it was all Ray could do to get two words out of him at first. Something about him intrigued the young Arabian, so he persisted. When he kept at it, Connor had gradually opened up and told him a bit about himself. He still was not exactly a wordy type, but they got on like brothers and Ray felt honoured that he was one of the few that Connor actually opened up to.

That was how Ray learned that Connor was in fact a foster colt. He never revealed many details, but Ray could read between the lines. Something had been bad, bad enough for Connor to be taken into state care. His latest foster parents were not the first, but Connor fervently hoped they were his last. Ray did too, for his sake. He had met them a few times, a nice couple of shetlands with two colts of their own. How the state managed to match them to an overgrown Shire colt he would never know. At least Connor proved useful for getting things off tall shelves and changing light bulbs.

With most, Connor was engaging and charming but shallow, letting others do most of the talking and staying away from anything heavy. As a result he made lots of superficial friends. He also was a complete stud, bulging muscles, sweet shire feathering and cute face drawing a cloud of fillies like moths to a candle. He had dated his fair share, and if rumours were correct bedded a select few as well. It was one area Connor refused to discuss, his excuse being that “gentlemen never kiss and tell.”

It was one area Ray was not exactly convinced he wanted his friend to be a gentleman. If he couldn't have him, vicarious sexual details were at least something. God knows he had enough of them running around in his brain at night when he wanted to sleep. He called them “Connor boners” and they usually took a couple of goes to satisfy.

There were still many depths to explore though. One of them was part of why it had been a while since Connor had shared his room. One night, he had woken to find Connor crying, the sound so surprising and shocking he had feigned sleep rather than have to deal with his friend in that condition. The next morning, when his mother had commented that both of them looked sleepy and perhaps they should let Connor use the spare room, Connor had agreed with alacrity.

Ray didn't mind too much. He was finding it harder and harder to sleep so close to the colt without wanting to beg him to fuck his brains out. Still, it was a mystery, and something told him, not a good one.

Ray was aware of being awake only gradually. He had been having a really bizarre but sexy dream, where he was on a beach somewhere with the whole school on trip and a naked Connor was rubbing baby oil all over his back while their French teacher gave instructions. In French of course.

He wanted to roll over so Connor could do his front too, insisting that his cock needed baby oil or it could fall off, but unable to properly form the subjunctive while their teacher frowned and shook his head. Connor was having none of it, a stern "no" stopping him whenever he wanted to expose his throbbing erection to the sea breezes.

As he started to break out of the fuzzy embrace of sleep, he realised that he was unfortunately not naked on a beach being oiled by Connor, though fortunately there was no one else there. He was however hearing a loud repeated "no" from the shire colt just below and to the side, along with "please" and "stop". He turned on his phone to use as a light source and aimed it at his friend.

What he saw made no sense. Connor had his eyes shut, though he could see them fluttering. But his face was like nothing Ray had ever seen. Fear, terror in fact. Pain. Ray was too stunned to speak, and groped for the bedside light switch determined that what he was seeing must be a trick of the blue haze from his phone.

The lamp clicked on, low yellow glow now filling the room, but it didn't make things any better. Connor was thrashing about wildly now, crying out loud pleas, face a mask. He had to do something.

Crawling from his bed, he bent down to Connor and shook him hard by the shoulder.

"Con...CON! Wake up!."

The colt reacted after a delay, arm flying out of nowhere to take Ray's hand in a crushing painful grip, a wild snarl on his friend's face."

"I'll kill you! I'll..."

Ray was frozen in fear, wondering exactly how much shit he had just dropped himself into when Connor appeared to come out of whatever he was in and shook his head.

"Ray?"

"Con, relax. You were having some sort of bad dream. I had to wake you up, I was worried about you."

"Yeah, bad dream. Thanks Ray. Sorry, I hope I didn't startle you. Sorry I woke you, I'm just a big ugly shit sometimes."

Ray pursed his lips and frowned. His friend could talk like that sometimes, putting himself down. It was never a good sign. Ray knew enough now to know that when Connor talked like that, he meant it, and something was not right. As he inspected him in the low light, he realised Connor was shaking like a leaf and sweating up a storm. His eyes were still wide and his ears refused to prick up, flattened against his skull like they were painted on.

"Con, it's ok mate. No worries. You look like you've seen a ghost though, and I don't think you are doing too well. Come up here and join me, I think you may need someone close by just in case."

"Thanks Ray I...thanks."

Connor emerged from the tangled bedding, unwilling to meet his friend's eyes, and climbed up to the bed. Ray had lifted the covers for him, and he slipped under the duvet, body still shaking and covered in sweat.

Ray was trying his best not to freak out and appear calm, but the incident had rattled him in spite of his outward casualness. Instinctively, he reached out and held Connor under the duvet, arms wrapped around him as they lay a foot apart. Connor stiffened at first and he was about to let go when his friend suddenly relaxed and moved back against him, spooning into Ray's body.

Ray held on tight, one paw absently running through his golden mane. He wrestled with his worries, trying to frame the questions running around in his brain. Was it just a dream? Had something happened to Connor? He ticked over for a while, running the possible scenarios. Guys didn't ask other guys those questions though. It wasn't done.

Still frowning, Ray slowly nodded off, the gentle rhythmic breathing of the other colt against him soothing him off to sleep. He was too distracted to enjoy the feeling, and realise one of his favourite fantasies was being realised. He had the colt of his dreams in bed, spooned, their bodies touching. And it did feel magic.

Ray was aware of several sensations but struggled to make sense of them at first. He was hot, way too hot, and he instinctively threw the covers off to try to cool down a bit. The soft night breeze filtered through the window along with silver moonlight. It tickled his fur and made him twitch. He realised his arm hurt, and it was trapped under something heavy that bulked against his body. His nostrils flared and he took in the scent surrounding him, recognising it.

Connor!

His colt was still in bed with him, one arm trapped under his bulky frame, his back pressed against Ray's body. Memory returned slowly, and he extracted his arm trying not to disturb Connor. He had to bite his lip as the surge of blood back into the freed limb made pins and needles dance along his arm until he managed to shake it enough to relieve the pain.

Then as he enjoyed the warmth and closeness for a moment, he felt it. His cock had poked from his sheath and through the fly of his boxers while they slept. Now it was wedged in the boxer clad crack of Connor's ass, achingly hard, drooling a line of pre. Connor's long golden tail was wrapped around his flared head, twitching erotically and stimulating further releases from Ray's aroused organ, the silky hairs now sticky.

"Fucking hell!" he whispered. He wanted those sensations so bad, but he knew he should pull away and sort himself out before Connor woke and freaked. His

internal dilemma was resolved momentarily for him though as Connor pushed back against him, rubbing his aching cock more and mumbling in his sleep.

“mgpwfg.....Ray.....ohhhhh.....Ray.....yes.....mgpwfgh...”

Ray was too stunned for the moment to do anything but stare in the low moonlight. This cannot be happening.

Connor quietened for a moment, still pressed against Ray, breathing slow and regular. The Arabian colt relaxed slowly, still aroused and awake. His hormones warred for supremacy with his brain. It was not an even contest. Telling himself he was just providing comfort to his mate, who clearly was enjoying some form of dream involving Ray anyway, he let his fingertips start a hesitant exploration of Connor’s body.

He started with his shoulders, the muscles round and plump, relaxed now as he slept but he loved the way they looked. When Connor lifted weights Ray had to force himself not to stare, and he loved the way the different muscle groups in his shoulders bulged and flexed. Now he felt them, the power of muscle under the skin and fur. They twitched slightly as he touched, the effect making him gasp softly before biting his lip and grinning. He returned to his touching though, more intent than ever. The reaction of his love’s body to his touch had done something deep inside him, and he needed more.

Fingertips now slid effortlessly down Connor’s back, the fur tickling and arousing as he touched. As he worked his way down to the hollow above that sexy ass and cute tail, he stopped. Under the fur, something was there. It felt like scars, long thin scars across his lower back, buried from sight but obvious to his fingertips. A soft moan from his love brought him out of the trance, wondering but too aroused to stop. More mysteries.

Becoming bolder, he moved in tight to Connor’s body, hips rocking slowly as he rubbed his cock against the deep cleft of Connor’s ass. His fingers now started exploring the front, starting with the line of his neck and collar bones, hard under the skin. Then across the pectorals, bigger and fuller than Ray’s, also hard under the skin but yielding to his touch, pressing in to feel them resist and then move.

He couldn't resist them, those perfect nubs. He let his fingertips touch the tips of Connor's nipples, just a touch and then pulling back as Connor mumbled in his sleep again, like he had received an electric shock. As his love stilled again, he returned to them, rubbing in gentle circles and feeling the flesh harden against his fingertips. He pinched them, wanting to wrap his muzzle around them so badly. One of his favourite jack off fantasies involved sucking on Connor's nips so hard he begged to be fucked then pinching them while he plowed that studly ass. He would have to make do with the pinching.

He needed to go lower though, in spite of every voice in his head telling him to stop being an idiot and let him be. His balls were in control, and his cock, and nothing was left over for his brain. He slid his fingertips lower, down Connor's flat belly, across his abs and playing in the little tuft of coarse white fur that led from his chest to his sheath. He followed it down, until he hit the waist of Connor's boxers.

Sliding a finger across, he hit something large and warm. Connor was hard too, in his sleep. His cock was tenting the boxers obscenely, straining the fabric and pulsing with the need for escape. Ray felt obligated to help; he was a true friend after all. That must hurt. He edged Connor's boxers over his straining cock, then down his thighs a little, exposing his colt to direct touch.

Ray's cock burned as it suddenly felt the full heat of Connor's crack, flesh against flesh. It was all he could do to stop cumming there and then, he dare not move for a while until he had himself under control. He had other things to distract him however. Freed from its confinement, Connor's cock lounged against his belly, and Ray finally reached out to hold it. It felt so alive, so powerful. He let his fingertips trace its outline, like an early explorer mapping out a country from its coastline. It was big, that much was certain. He felt the bulges and lines, the medial ring thick and obvious. He wondered if as an explorer he would get naming rights?

Ray was proud of his cock, and it had gained rave reviews from his sexual partners. His tapered down its long black length, then flared to a thick head. Connor's was different, not tapering at all, if anything seeming to thicken a little as it approached the head then flaring to a massive blunt end. It was at

least as long as Ray's, but way bigger overall, and bigger than any cock he had felt. He almost whimpered at the thought of it inside him.

He stopped for a moment, listening to Connor's breathing. Still the same easy slow rhythm. As usually happens with teenagers, Ray had no sense of risk analysis. He felt safe, he hadn't been discovered, so if he kept on just like this nothing could go wrong. Testosterone is the enemy of reason. As is a hot colt body naked in your bed with a huge erection.

Ray gave himself completely to the pleasures now, paws on his friend's genitals, one stroking the thick meat, the other cupping his heavy balls as he rubbed his cock into Connor's crack with increasing urgency. He couldn't help himself. And as he got into it he started to whisper to himself.

"Ohhhh Con...fuck you feel so good. I wanted this for so long. I love you sexy colt. I've loved you so long it hurts. Ohhhh shittt...what are you doing to me? Ahhhhh....."

"Ray..."

He could hear his love mumbling in his sleep again, adding to the pleasure of the moment. His love was dreaming about him too.

"Ohhh yes Con...god I love you."

"Ray..."

"Fuck you are so sexy, I want your body every day and every night...I want this!"

"Ray, for fucks sake, what are you doing?"

Ray froze like a deer in the proverbial headlights, if the deer was engaged in dry humping his fellow buck and sporting a massive erection.

Connor wasn't mumbling in his sleep. He wasn't asleep. The voices that had been crying a warning in Ray's sex addled brain now came through, mostly smug but also a little terrified.

You idiot.

With a degree of trepidation, Ray opened his eyes to see Connor's head turned around to look at him, moonlight glinting off his own now open eyes and filling them with an unreadable ethereal quality. He looked like he was possessed, though Ray thought ruefully that really he had been the one possessed. Finally, his body began to respond to commands and he let go of Connor's cock, which had been held in a sort of startled death grip since the fateful moment when he realised he had been sprung.

Moving with ferociously uncoordinated intent, Ray managed to extricate himself from Connor and the bedclothes and stood on the floor, babbling horrified apologies.

"Oh God Connor I'm sorry so sorry please forgive me!"

"Ray..."

"No, please, let me finish, I'm sorry, I don't know what happened, I've never done this before, I can't believe I did it to you when I'm supposed to be looking after you please forgive me!"

"Ray..."

"Please don't stop being my friend, It would kill me if I lost you. I know I don't deserve it and you probably won't want to be around me anymore but please just please don't leave me I can't live without you anymore.!"

"Ray for fuck's sake..."

"Please Connor! I'll do anything. Hit me if you need to, I deserve it, please, just..."

"Raymond Daniel Curtis, shut the fuck up!"

And then he did the most unexpected thing. Reaching up, he pulled Ray bodily down to him and kissed him hard on the lips, sliding his tongue inside as Ray responded and soon the two colts were on the bed locked in a ferocious tongue wrestle.

Eventually their lips parted and Ray stared at Connor, taking in the wicked grin on his love's muzzle.

“You, you kissed me!

“Well I had to stop you spazzing out somehow. Has anyone told you that you talk too much?”

“Frequently. Back up though...was that the only reason you kissed me?”

“No. I did it because I wanted to. I’ve had the hots for you for ages too Nutbucket.”

Ray was too speechless to respond for a moment, he tried but instead little choking noises were all that came out. Finally he cleared his throat enough to nicker, causing Connor to roll about on the bed laughing.

“You! You mean you liked me too? You’re into guys? And you never said anything? How long were you awake?!”

Anger was starting to replace shock and fear a little, and he was barely holding it together. All those months he could have been doing this...

“Yeah, I was awake for most of it. I heard you say you loved me, and it was all I could do not to sing. I don’t know about being into guys, maybe one guy is all. It’s all new to me and I’ve been fighting it but it’s become harder and harder to fight. I’ve been feeling it about you though, and it drove me crazy. I know I should have said something, but I didn’t know what to say. I thought you might be into me, but you were also playing around with that donkey guy, and those wolf twins, and so I thought maybe I’d made a mistake. I didn’t want to lose you, see, and I was convinced I would fuck it up.”

Ray blushed, realising his best friend knew more than he expected, and held him close. This was the scary bit here, right now. He wouldn’t let him off that lightly though.

“You bastard. You complete bastard. I ached for you, wanted you, pined over you. I thought if you knew about me you would kick me out of your life like a used chip packet. And all the time you had feelings too? I thought you were my best friend.”

"I know. I'm sorry Ray, you were always the better person than me. I was falling for you, another colt, and it terrified me. But worse was the feeling I might lose you. Can you forgive me?"

"That depends on what you do next."

Connor propped himself up on the bed, his expression suddenly serious, and looked into Ray's eyes.

"Ray...would you be my boyfriend?"

Ray reached up and drew Connor down for a kiss.

It seemed like the right thing to do.

The two colts lay there talking a moment, opening up to the terrifying possibilities of sharing your thoughts and feelings for another, before their bodies merged again. This time there was no hesitation, no fear, just deep seated need to taste and touch and explore.

"So, what do you want to do now Con?"

"Ray, I've never done this before. With another guy I mean."

"That's ok Con. Just let me take the lead."

They held and kissed, tongues sparring inside their muzzles, as Connor moaned a low sexy moan that made Ray's cock twitch and sent warm fuzzy feelings all the way down his spine. Abandoning all thoughts except unwrapping the incredible present he had in his bed, he pulled Connor's boxers off completely and then his own, tossing them across the room to splat against the wall and fall in a crumpled heap along with the usual pile of clothing decorating a teenagers bedroom.

He started simple, gripping Connor's cock, feeling the hard supple warmth again, the way it throbbed as he stroked and kissed. Connor followed his lead, taking Ray's colthood in his paws and stroking, letting both big paws run the length of his meat. He cried out as he felt Connor find the spot he loved so

much just under his flared head, and the colt began pleasuring him with strong fingers that drove him wild.

As he felt his cock heating up, Connor made a b-line for those nipples he had wanted for so long, wrapping his lips around the left one and suckling before closing his teeth gently on the swollen nub. As his balls drew up, he rubbed his palm over Connor's fat cockhead and tried to hold back but the excitement proved too much. Biting down without realising it, he tasted blood and felt a surprised growling from his love as he lost total control, cock firing rope after rope of thick colt seed over them both as he sucked blood from the torn nipple.

His breathing returned slowly to normal, head resting on Conno's chest, one paw still wrapped around his love's massive erection. He could see drips of liquid on the nipple near his muzzle, and smell the sharp tang in his nostrils.

"Do you always like to draw blood?"

"Oh shit Con. No, sorry! It's just, well, I've wanted this for a long time and I kind of lost control."

"Don't worry Ray, I'm terrified of hurting you so its best one of us at least is able to get totally unwound. Must admit, it was kind of hot. So what next?"

Ray was aware that the cock in his paw was still hard as a rock, and still unsatisfied. Time to fix that.

"Lay back Con and spread your legs a little."

The big Shire obeyed, grinning as he contemplated what could be next. He had had fillies do this for him, but none were much good. He had had older mares too, who were much better, but that was something he wasn't about to talk about.

Ray kneeled between the thighs of his love, rubbing his paws up and down his legs, feeling Connor's feathering against his fingertips for the first time. It made him almost weep, finally touching instead of just looking. Finally, he bent forward and brought his muzzle to his love. This was going to be good.

He flared his nostrils, drinking in the unique musk of Connor. Sweet, potent, raw. His colt was a ball of pure sex. He let his nostrils nudge the low hanging ball sack, feeling it on his sensitive skin. Then he let his long pink tongue out to lick, savouring the texture of heavy colt balls while Connor bucked his hips and cried out.

Then he slowly licked up from the base of Connor's cock, over the leathery skin of his scrotum, then up the shaft, lapping at the medial ring before continuing, each passing inch accompanied by desperate moans and cries of pleasure. Finally he latched his lips around that incredibly thick flare and began to slide down again, drawing him into his muzzle.

As he gently kneaded the fleshy orbs with one paw, he reached for the base of Connor's long cock and jacked him, using his lips and tongue on the more sensitive head. He could taste rivers of sweet colt pre and knew it wouldn't take long, but he wanted it bad. His first taste of Connor's cock and he was addicted.

"Con...stop...I'm gonna...I can't hold on..."

Connor had always given a warning, most of the fillies and mares didn't want to have to taste his cum, but Ray was a different proposition. The more experienced colt loved the taste of cum, and the power trip of knowing he had drawn it from his partner. There was no way he was going to let this load go, especially when it came from the colt who was his first love.

The big Shire felt his eyes cross from the pleasure, and threw his head back and let out a long strangled cry, bucking his hips now to try to find that delicious ending all the sooner. Ray held on, going with the movements until he was rewarded with the prize he sought. He felt the balls in his paw clench and start to pulse, then the cock twitch, and he began swallowing just in time to drink down the first hot spurt of colt cum that blasted into his muzzle before it was joined by seven more. He kept on licking until Connor cried out and pulled him off, the sensation too powerful it was almost painful.

"Holy shit Ray...I..."

Ray just grinned and leaned over to cover his love with his body, holding his head in his paws and kissing deep, sharing Connor's taste as they kissed. The

colt resisted momentarily before giving in, then writhed against him as the taste of Ray's body and his own seed drove him into a red haze of sex.

He was still hard as a rock.

"There's something I want to try Con, I've done it a couple of times to other guys and it always looks awesome on yifftube. Just roll on your front for me."

The distracted colt could only obey as he felt shaking paws grip his hips. He felt fingers on his crack, pulling the muscled mounds of his ass apart, and fingertips reaching for his pucker...

Ray was always after startled at what happened. One moment Connor was horizontal and relaxed and the next he was vertical, standing on the floor and shaking with a faraway look.

"Ray, what are you doing?"

A stunned Ray could only look on blankly at his love, wondering at the effect.

"I'm sorry Con, I didn't mean to scare you. I wanted to lick your tailhole, it's always worked for guys I've been with. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, sorry I'm just new to this. Maybe leave my tailhole alone for the moment Ray, I'm still a little nervous. What do you mean anyway, hasn't anyone ever done it for you?"

"Well, no. Not so far."

Connor stopped shaking for now, his muzzle splitting into a wicked grin.

"Well, if you don't mind getting your first from a novice I'd like to try."

Ray's cheeks burned at the thought. He had wanted it so badly, he tried to conceal his disappointment from his past partners when they refused to go down on his pucker. Now Connor, his colt, would be the first. It made him love him even more.

"Oh please Con."

Ray lay on the bed, then got on his knees, propping his ass in the air as he hugged a pillow against his chest and muzzle. His tail swished nervously,

unsure how this would go. Maybe it was a bridge too far for Connor, after so many firsts this night.

As he felt his colt kneel behind him, all fears evaporated in the reality of blinding pleasure. A gentle paw gripped his tail, holding it out of the way. He felt a warm burst of breath on his taint, tickling the soft hairs of his crevice, then the delicious feel of a wet but rough tongue on him. The first lick was unskilled, clumsy, anything but subtle, but it blew Ray's mind and made him arch his back and press his ass harder into his love's muzzle. This was Connor, doing these things to him, and they felt amazing.

Connor gave him a hard working over, starting with his taint, fascinated by the soft leathery skin and the way it crinkled in response to his tongue, then lapping at the back of his scrotum. He could take Ray's balls completely into his muzzle and so he did, muzzling each in turn while his lover writhed. Then he returned to the muscled tail hole, so thick, standing out and winking at him. He licked, then harder as his licking made Ray beg, then began forcing his tongue inside with increasing pressure to a chorus of approval.

Finally his pink length settled into the hot tunnel of Ray's ass and he went at it, rasping the quivering donut on each shattering tongue stroke while reaching for Ray's throbbing cock to play and tease. Connor had never thought it could feel this good, doing this to another colt. The feel of power, as well as lust, love, trust was an intoxicating mix though and he gave in to it totally. He had wanted Ray so much, now he would make him his, body and soul.

"Ohhh Con, please, I can't stand it. Fuck me, please!"

That made the hopelessly aroused colt stop and think for a moment though.

"What?! Are you sure Ray? Won't it hurt? I don't know what I'm doing, I could hurt you badly."

"I don't care Con. I'll tell you exactly what to do. I trust you. Please, I've waited so long for this, I can't wait any longer."

Shaking with emotion, Connor let his paws roam over the beautiful furred ass in front of him, mind racing as he thought about the feel of being inside the colt he loved so much.

“What should I do?”

Ray reached for the bedside table, thankful that he had introduced lubricant into his jacking off sessions. He handed it to Connor, his eyes begging, then resumed his position and clenched his eyes.

“Put it on you, then inside me. Then fill me, and don’t stop even if you think I’m in pain unless I tell you to. It’s going to hurt, but I know it will get better and you have to trust me on that. “

Moving almost in slow motion, Connor dribbled a large line of lube onto his aching cock, adding more and more until it glistened in the moonlight. Then he covered two big blunt fingers in the sticky liquid, feeling its texture in amazement. He pressed his fingers against the vulnerable looking tail hole of his love, then quelling his concern for now, pressed hard until they popped inside the muscled pucker and he could slide them inside.

The low sexy moan from Ray told him that he was doing it right, at least for the moment, and he gently sawed his fingers in an out, coating the entrance to his love’s tunnel. Becoming more adventurous, he pulled out, nickering at the disappointed grumble from Ray, slapping his ass in mock reproach before adding more lube and sliding in deeper this time. He pressed in, uncertain what he was seeking, until he felt a small obstruction, sort of soft yet hard, against his fingertips.

The reaction from Ray was spectacular though. He shook all over, mane flying as he threw back his head and cried out in pleasure. He tried to speak, but all that came out were cute little grunts and sighs, as his new boyfriend acquainted himself with his little colt prostate for the first time. Connor may have been unskilled, but he liked experimentation. Ray also knew that he was a perfectionist, who liked to keep at something until he had it mastered. Dimly he wondered what it would be like to be with Connor once he had mastered sex if this was what he was like as a novice. It would probably kill him, but what a way to go.

Finally Connor felt he had done the preparation as well as he could and it was time. He drew in close to Ray, his thighs against the back of his lover's own, and lined his cock up with the still twitching tail hole. He pressed, watching his cock bow uselessly unable to force an entry, so he let go of Ray's hips and held his cock straight while he used his bulk and the power of his thighs and buttocks to drive a way in.

It worked, a little too well, and Ray let out a heartbreaking cry of pain as he felt the first inches of Connor's cock force his tight tunnel wide open, the flared rim scraping over sensitive nerve endings like barbed wire.

Connor froze in fear.

"Oh shit, Ray, I'm sorry. What do I do?"

Through gritted teeth, Ray calmed his virgin love. "Just stop a while Con. Let me recover a bit. You're huge big boy, I can't believe those fillies of yours haven't told you. You need to take it slow ok."

Connor almost cried, but he held back. He would make this good for Ray whatever it took. He bent over now, letting his arms hold his body up over Ray as they locked either side of the black furred colt, his muzzle over his lover's neck. He lent down and licked, nibbling at Ray until the colt moaned and sighed, pain forgotten.

"Ok, now slowly, keep moving into me."

Connor began to move his hips, an unsteady wiggling motion at first that took some getting used to but eventually settled into a natural rhythm using his thighs and ass to control the movement. He could pull out just enough to give some leverage, then slide in a fraction deeper each time, listening for the sounds from Ray to know if he had gone too deep, or too fast.

He ignored the occasional cries of pain as he had been told, though it was difficult, but he still went slow and steady, resting frequently to give Ray time to get used to feeling him inside. He was dealing with his own problems too. The feel of incredible tightness and heat on his cock was driving him to distraction. The more he tried to ignore it, the more difficult it became.

Finally, he gave a long thrust with his hips and buried himself entirely in Ray for the first time ever. It was destined to be a short sweet moment though because as he drew back ready to begin the real thing, he felt his balls churning and the familiar sensation from the base of his tail right through his cock. As he slid in to the hilt he came, filling Ray with his seed as he let out wild whinnies of pleasure.

Ray could only hold on and groan as he felt his lover lose it inside him, the desperate itch only partly scratched. He loved that spreading warmth, and it made it so much sweeter knowing it was Connor marking him as his. He needed more though.

“Oh Con, I’m sorry. It felt too good, I...God I’m a loser.”

Ray could only laugh at the embarrassment of his studly colt. It made him feel closer in a way, like Connor wasn’t perfect after all.

“Don’t worry Con, I three pump chumped it my first time. It happens. Besides, you feel like you’re still hard.”

“Yeah, there is no way I could ever go soft inside your ass. It’s like you are trying to saw my cock off at the base it’s so tight.”

With a giggle Ray squeezed down, using his muscles to milk the cock inside him and make Connor shout in surprise.

“I can make it grip harder love. Just catch your breath a moment and start again. With that much cum inside me, you won’t need to worry about being gentle. ”

Connor kissed him, long deep kisses as Ray turned his head to catch his lover’s muzzle, then he lay his head on the pillow again as he felt Connor start to move inside him. Driven by some natural instinct, Connor began making love to his colt, growing in confidence with each thrust, each sigh. Soon their bodies were moving in sync, Connor slapping his body against Ray, balls touching on each stroke, as they fell into a wild loving fuck. It was nothing fancy, but it felt like nothing either had ever experienced.

Every sensation was multiplied a hundred fold by the feelings they had for each other, until they were crying and laughing and moaning with each

movement. Ray felt it deep inside, the staccato beat of his lover's cock against his inflamed prostate, and he screamed into the pillow as he felt his ass go into a series of building contractions before he crested the hill and fell over the edge, his body going into spasms as thick cum erupted from his cock in a constant stream.

He felt Connor pull out, groaning and begging him to stay a little too late, as he drooled unconcernedly into the pillow before he eventually sat up to look with loving eyes on his colt. He could see Connor was still hard.

"Didn't you cum?"

"No, but I thought it would hurt if I kept on going once you had so I stopped."

Shaking his head, Ray took his lover by the shoulder and laid him down.

"You seriously need some practice as a top. That's ok though, I am going to enjoy being your teacher."

"Um...what's a top?"

"Oh God Con, what am I going to do with you?"

Pressing a finger to Connor's lips to stifle his response, Ray straddled his hips, sliding the slick horsecock of his lover along his ass crack. Taking the shaft in his paw, he lined it up and sat down hard on the thick length, long nickering sigh escaping his lips before he hit bottom.

He rode his love wildly, faster then slower, until Connor began thrusting back into him on each downstroke driving in deeper than ever, the loud slap of hard young bodies filling the room. They had long since forgotten anyone else in the house, intent on their exploration and blind to anything but the perfect body next to theirs.

Connor stroked Ray's cock, bringing him to the edge but unable to make him cum before his own ending came, his eyes locked with Ray's until the moment of release. Smirking an evil smirk, the still dripping Ray pulled off Connor's now raw cock and slid forward over his chest until he was lined up with Connor's muzzle.

"Open wide!"

Connor could do nothing but oblige, muzzle taking its first cock, liking the texture and taste immediately. He slid his lips up and down while his tongue hesitantly teased the flared rim of Ray's cock. It didn't take long before he was drinking his first load of colt seed. He hoped it would be the first of many.

The two rested in each other's arms, basking in the afterglow. The intense physical bonding had matched an intense emotional bonding, and neither knew quite what to say except hold onto the other tight. Both would be sore the rest of the day, Ray's ass so inflamed he could barely sit and Connor's hip muscles seizing so he could barely walk. They would laugh about it the next time they made love, and vow to make it hurt the same anyway.

For now they just held, and felt another body, another soul. It felt right.

"Con?"

"Hmmm..."

"When you kissed me, you called me by my full name."

"Yeah, I know your mum does it to get your attention. Thought it would work for me too."

"Thought that was what it was. Little word of advice. If you want more of this, maybe less with trying to sound like my mother."

"Roger, wilco, boyfriend."

Boyfriend. Ray almost had to pinch himself. What becomes of those who get everything they wish for?

A troubling echo still rattled around in his mind though. He tried to give it voice.

"Con. The dream, the look when you woke up but didn't know it was me."

Silence.

"The way you reacted when I went to touch you there."

More silence.

"Con, I can feel something under your back fur..."

“What about it?”

Ray sighed. Not now. Maybe later.

“Nothing Con. Forget I asked.”

His love just held him tight, unspoken thank you in the way he touched, the way he kissed his neck.

An hour before they were due to get up for school, both had abandoned any pretence of sleeping and just touched, exploring the new wondrous thing in bed with them. Connor suddenly got up, walking to the desk and rummaging around in the top drawer until he found what he was looking for.

He walked back to the bed carrying a pair of scissors, and a sheepish grin.

“I wish I had something better to give you Ray, but this will have to do. Thanks for being my boyfriend.”

As Ray looked on questioningly, Connor reached for his golden mane, long and unkempt after their wild night. He cut a long piece, rolling it in his fingers to form a rope. He reached for his lover, taking Ray’s black tail in his paws and wrapped the length of mane around the base, tying it in a knot.

“I will get you a tail ring one day, but for now this is it. I love you Raymond Daniel Curtis.”

Ray drew him into a fevered kiss, and they held each other while light began to stream through the window signalling the start of the new day.

Whatever was wrong, Ray knew one thing. They would face it together.

