

Birthday Presents.

Ray woke with the kind of throbbing headache only a good hangover can provide. Peeling his eyeballs from the back of their sockets, he tried to focus on the clock beside his bed. The clock was missing, having sometime during the night relocated to the floor along with the contents of his bedside table. This proved too difficult a problem to rectify for the moment.

He went to swallow and found that harder than it should be. His mouth felt like a vulture's crotch, tongue kind of fuzzy and too big for his muzzle. Eventually he just let it hang out, picking up sensations from the air as he ran his paws through his mane and tried to get his bearings.

He noticed the empty space beside him. Connor. Brain slowly waking up, he remembered. His Connor, stallion of his dreams, had turned 18 the previous day. They had gone out with all their mates from school and had a fairly big night. The memories were a little blurry, but he remembered some things clear enough. The big grin plastered over his love's muzzle as he contemplated him through love-filled eyes, Ray's necklace present visible on his chest. That and the pile of empty beer bottles in front of him.

As he replayed the evening in his slightly frazzled brain, the critical memory arrived just as he was checking his phone and he jerked upright, covers flying in response, at the dual shock of the clear memory playing across his vision and the number of unanswered texts and calls on his screen.

"Holy Shit!"

Connor had kissed him. In front of everyone. Hard.

Dimly he could hear the water running in the ensuite bathroom, the unmistakable sound of a shower running. On slightly unsteady hooves he trotted across the carpet and slid open the door.

Leaning in the doorway, he took in the sight before him. It never failed to make him swoon. His big beautiful love, naked and enjoying the simple pleasure of

the warm water cascading over his body. It had been just the sort of sight that so undid him.

Firm friends from almost the beginning when Connor had transferred to their school, Ray couldn't help falling hopelessly for his mysterious friend. Sharing a locker room at school, the sight of the muscled bay shire colt under the showers, coat glistening with water, sheath thickening alarmingly, had made the lanky black Arabian lose all control.

From the age of 15 he could not share that experience with Connor without getting achingly hard, the sight too erotic for him to bear. He had made excuses not to see him naked, but it happened anyway, between sport and sleepovers. He had thought Connor could never be his friend let alone love him back, if he knew what Ray felt. Then one day the fears had dissolved in a moment to be replaced with delirium.

Yet despite their shared love, and all that they had been through, Connor had been unwilling to come out and be his publicly. To their friends, they were just best buddies, even though there were plenty of rumours after Ray had come out at 17.

Until last night.

Ray moved to the shower, opening the door and flaring his nostrils as the surge of moist warm air engulfed him, along with the scent of clean stallion.

"Hey sleepy head. How's your hangover mate?"

"Fine, fine, couldn't be better. Ahh, Con. What the fuck?"

"What do you mean?"

"I may have been slightly drunk, but I have distinct memories of you kissing me last night."

"I would hope so Ray, I'd hate to think one of my kisses was easy to forget."

"Quit the smartassery Con, I'm not in the mood. You fucking kissed me in front of everyone."

The big Shire stallion hung his head for a moment, before regarding his lover with emotional eyes.

“I know Ray. I wanted to give you a present too, something from me to you for everything you’ve been and meant to me. It just happened, but I’m not sorry. I’ve been a coward, but not any more. You deserve better.”

“You realise you just outed yourself good and proper.”

“I hope so, I think the way I groped your dick and told everyone how much I loved you should be hard to mistake.”

“Fuck!” Ray shook his groggy head, trying to take in the change in circumstances. “You really...yeah come to think of it, I do remember. And the screams, and laughter, and the look on Rachael’s muzzle.”

“Yeah, I don’t think she was all that happy.”

“I know. It probably makes me a bad horse but I think I enjoyed her jealous stare as much as the kiss. You realise I have like a billion texts and calls on my phone?”

“Me too.”

“So what next?”

The soaked shire stallion just grinned at his lover, and opened the shower door wider.

“You could come in here for the next part of your present.”

With a stupid grin, Ray stepped into the shower, unable to resist the naked sexy stallion before him. Their bodies touched in several places as Connor drew his love into an embrace, a long soft kiss bringing Ray around and waking him up in no time flat.

Ray didn’t resist when he felt himself gently turned, until he was facing the wall with Connor behind him, the feel of closeness so appealing. Strong paws stroked his fur under the flow of water, as he gave in to the immensely sensual experience of being taken care of by his bigger lover.

“Ohhhhh...”

He felt the soapy paws running across his back, as Connor gave him a sensual wash that made his fur stand on end and made him groan into the wall. Sure paws ran through his mane and tail, giving him an immensely erotic soaping and rinsing. He could feel a new sensation; Connor's thick cock now pressed against him, wedged between them and rubbing in the crack of his ass as his lover tended to him.

He rested his forearms crossed on the wall, head to the side and his ass sticking out and just enjoyed, every touch magic. Soon Connor could not resist, and closed in tight, his groin pressed against his lover's ass as he kissed the beautiful long black neck, water cascading over them both.

"Just relax Ray, let me do all the work."

The still slightly hungover Arabian could only groan and nod as he felt those expert fingertips reach around his chest, flicking his nipples and playing with his big areolae before squeezing the swelling nubs as the now hopelessly aroused Ray pushed back against Connor's thickening cock. His wet tail swished against Connor's chest and abdomen, arousing the big Stallion with each pass.

Ray heard Connor reach for a bottle, the loud click of a cap being dislodged apparent even over the noise of the water. He felt the thick cock leave him for a moment, replaced by the movements of a big paw as his lover slicked up his stallionhood ready for action. Then he gasped loudly as he felt fingers inside him, leaving a coating in his twitching tail hole to make the moment easier.

He felt the cock again, and he wanted it so bad. Connor lined the flared head against his partner's flexing pucker, spreading his stance wide to give him the best angle, hooves resting against the edges of the shower stall.

Ray then felt a big paw on his thigh, the thick fingers travelling down to his knee, before gripping tight and pulling. With a slight gasp as he adjusted his balance, he felt one long lean leg raised slightly, weight taken by his muscled lover. The effect was incredible, parting his crack and opening up his nethers, the sweet rosebud winking in anticipation.

He felt the pressure, and the sharp pain and opened his muzzle to cry out but instead felt his muzzle covered by Connor's, the cry lost in their kiss. Patiently,

achingly slowly, Connor entered him, a slow undulation of his hips driving in a fraction more, then out, then more, then out, as the water played over them both ever present yet forgotten.

It seemed to take forever, that entry, yet finally it was done, and Connor was sheathed inside his love, his stallion, his Ray. He waited then for an eternity, while he pressed his body against his lover, the feel of their wet fur grinding together heating both young stallions to boiling point. Then he gripped Ray hard and began, a steady rhythmic pulsing, pulling back to beyond the medial ring, grinning at the gasp that came each time it forced that muscled pucker wide, before driving back in, the impact driving Ray harder against the wall.

“Oh God Con...harder...”

“Yes lover...anything for you.”

Their deep sighs, moans and cries built with the mating, as the two stallions became used to the unfamiliar position and learned how best to pleasure each other at the limit of their bodies. They were young, and strong, and each knew how to push the other until they were on the edge of pain and yet overcome by intense pleasure. Soon Connor was thrusting to the limit of his strength, the body under him yielding to his rutting and moving in sync as they rode each other to the heights.

Ray felt the amazing sensation of Connors thick flared end beating on his prostate, each shattering impact driving the breath from him in a long whining sigh as beads of precum flowed from his cock, to wash away in the torrent of water. He knew it was close, his balls drawing up and burning with the unmistakable sensations of impending cum.

“Oh Ray...fuck...I’m”

“Yesss!....Oh Yesss!”

His cry of approval was lost in the deep almost pained whinny of his love, whose own orgasm had come. He felt the rapid almost frenzied jabbing thrusts that told him the tale, then the deep burning heat of stallion cum filling him. One twitching paw reached desperately for his overheated cock, as his love sought to bring him along, his only thought to share the moment.

The feel of long loving strokes, and the erotic tickling of Connor's wet feathering stroking his shaft, proved too much for Ray, who gave his own uninhibited whinny of release as he painted the wall of the shower in his own seed, rope after rope flying until the final trickles dripped into the plughole below him.

They stayed like that for a perfect moment, Connor holding on tight as Ray pushed back against him, riding the ebb of their lovemaking until Connor's softening cock slipped from him and the two were no longer joined. Their kisses resumed, Connor letting his muzzle roam over Ray's wet form coaxing cries and whimpers as he enjoyed the pleasure and the power of knowing exactly how to drive his lover mad.

Eventually they turned off the water, lazily drying each other and playing a wild game flicking their towels at each other's tail and ass, before returning to the bed to cuddle, Connor cradling his slightly taller but leaner partner against his muscled brown body. Ray absently ran his paw through the golden length of Connor's mane, the hairs shining in the light filtering in through the window.

"Ray?"

"Hmpfgh."

"Hey, stay with me bud."

"Ok hun, just enjoying. What's up?"

"Well, me for starters. And you too."

Ray felt one big paw on his cock, fingertips rubbing his flare in slow circles as he shuddered.

"Ready for round two hun?"

"Ahh...I've got another present for you Ray. Or maybe one to ask from you."

Ray turned his head at that, picking up uncertainty in his lover's voice.

"What's wrong Con?"

Connor bent in to kiss, sensual and deep, and Ray murred against the muscled chest of his love, ready for another hard pleasuring fuck. Instead Connor

moved out from under him, standing by the bed for a moment to look with pleading eyes at Ray, head dropping for a moment before looking him in the eye.

“Ray, I want...I want you to take me. Please...I want to be your mare. Will you do that for me?”

Ray was stunned for a moment. In all their time together, he had always been the mare, his lover a complete top. He knew there were reasons, though he had never dared to ask, afraid of the answers and the silence had become part of their relationship. Now another thing was to change this day.

“Connor, are you sure? Is this your first time?”

“It will be the first time...the first time I’ve chosen to anyway.”

Ray’s heart skipped a beat, as the meaning soaked in.

“Ohhhh Connor. No..please no. Con, I don’t know if I can...”

“Ray! Please! I love you so much, the world makes sense when I’m with you. I want this part of me back, can you understand that? I want you inside me, so I can feel whole again. I’m a stallion now, I want to be free of it.”

Ray was almost overcome with emotion, the sight of his strong sexy love so lost almost making him cry. But Connor stood there, his body relaxed, and stared right into him with determination, and Ray could not say no. He had only topped a couple of times in his life, and he was as nervous as a virgin colt, but he was going to do this. A part of him had wanted it so much, for so long, and now it was going to be. He had jerked himself silly some nights imagining this moment, the feel of Connor under him as he took him. Now it was for real.

Ray lifted himself from the bed, standing before his love and taking him in a sure embrace, kissing and caressing. Connor melted into his arms, tension boiling away to be replaced by need, a need he had been denying through named and unnamed fears so long. He wanted to surrender, and let himself be given over to trust and joy. Now it was time.

Ray maneuvered him to the bed and Connor fell easily onto the covers, with Ray laying down on top of him continuing the easy kiss and touch that had him

softly moaning. Paws rubbed his thickening shaft, and cupped his balls, the gentle squeezes making him gasp. Still the kiss continued, and he let Ray take charge, trusting his lover completely.

A kiss on his neck, and Connor relaxed back, arms crossed behind his head and muzzle pointing to the ceiling as Ray worked his lips and tongue down his body, nuzzling his patch of golden chest fur, then licking the sensitive nipples, then down his line of coarse fur from his pectorals to his groin. Ray's tongue traced a steady line until he reached the thick drooling cock, before suckling the head into his muzzle as Connor arched his back and moaned at the feeling. Ray knew his body so well.

Ray used his lips on the sensitive head, knowing this would get his lover into a frenzy. He bobbed up and down as Connor rubbed a paw through his mane, not pushing, just touching and sharing. His paws cupped Connor's heavy balls and played, roughly as he knew his lover liked, hard squeezes and strokes drawing sighs of pleasure. Licking down the underside of the now fully erect horsecock, he suckled those balls now, feeling Connor's body jerk with pleasure at the touch. He smelt salty precum in his nozzles, the musk increasing as he brought his lover to a plateau.

Kneeling back to draw breath, he saw his love looking with need and trust in equal measure. He knew he could do this and make it special.

"Con...lie on your front for me. I want to make this easy for you, and it will hurt less this way."

Hesitantly, Connor obeyed, his naked back view so gorgeous Ray could only stare for a moment. The big muscled ass, the silky golden tail, the broad V of his muscled back with mane cascading down. Thick thighs well spread, feathered fetlocks and broad hooves. He was a goddamned wet dream, and he was his, and he was begging right now for a good mating. Ray was only too eager to oblige.

Kneeling between those legs, Ray bent his muzzle forward to sniff along Connor's crack, drawing in the deep arousing musk of his stallion. Long pink tongue now extended, he let it lick in one motion from the base of Connor's tail all the way across the muscled donut of his tail hole, across his taint and

down to the balls rolling in their leathery sack. The jolt when he lapped at the rosebud had made him nicker with anticipation, and he gave in to it, letting his tongue tip play with the muscle before forcing its way gently but firmly inside.

Connor felt the attention on his ass, distant troubling memories making him tense up before deliberately relaxing as Ray's lapping continued. As the tongue bath went on however, he went with it, his cries and groans and nickers getting louder as he concentrated on the sensations rippling through his ass, most seemingly terminating in his cock which throbbed and dribbled precum with increasing speed.

At the feel of his ring being spread, his eyes went wide with momentary fear, but the moment soon passed, and he found himself soon enough pushing back to take it deeper, the incredible sensation of rough tongue parting his tight folds so exquisite he wanted it more and more with each passing second. He nickered in frustration when he felt the questing tongue removed, before realising that this was it. The moment of reckoning.

He looked over his shoulder to see Ray digging a bottle of lube from the bedside drawer, his steady stroking covering his long beautiful horsecock, black and glistening, until it was ready for him. He then saw Ray coat fingertips with the liquid and bend forward to him again, his expression unreadable.

He felt a cold sensation on his ass, then pressure as his tight ring was opened, the fingers sliding in easily but not without discomfort as Ray worked him over with careful strokes. Resting his head on the pillow, Connor let it be, his cries surprising himself as he felt the gentle pressure starting to open him up and make the strokes easier, then pleasurable, until a fingertip grazed his prostate and he arched his back off the bed with a startled cry.

"Now you know what you do for me hun. I will try to hit it as well as you do, and make it good."

He felt Ray behind him, and his nerves started to build again, but his love sensed his unease and soothed him in a moment.

"Connor, I want you to pull your left knee up towards your chest for me and turn partly on your side. I can look into your eyes this way when we make love,

but the penetration will be slow and gentle. This...is how I had my first time, and I want to make it good for you lover. Let me take control and relax.”

Connor obeyed, his right leg now sticking out straight behind him, left leg drawn up parting his crack wide, his tail hole glistening and his balls resting on the bed, thick horsecock resting against his belly. He raised his tail leaving Ray with an awesome sight, and he propped himself on one elbow and waited for his love.

Ray was achingly hard, excited, nervous and horny all in one. He knelt clumsily behind Connor before getting into proper position, his right knee outside Connors stretched right leg, and his left knee keeping up the pressure parting Connor’s left thigh. The effect was to part Connor’s ass further, and he could see the twitching rosebud right there for him, waiting.

“What are you waiting for stud? Go get your mare.”

The line was perfect, making him smile and forget the tension for a moment. He slid forward, bringing his cock against the tight pucker. He leaned over Connor, arms braced either side of his torso, and brought his muzzle down for a kiss.

His hips pushed forward, and he felt his cock bow painfully, unable to enter. Reaching back, he changed the position and angle slightly, then tried again, this time feeling the long forgotten feeling of a tight ass pushing inwards under the pressure of his horsecock. Then with a chorus of cries he felt his flared thick end suddenly break through, the first three inches sliding in to part the quivering muscles of Connor’s anus, the inexperienced ass trying to repel him as he kept the pressure up waiting for it to relax.

He sensed the wincing on his lover’s muzzle, and he kissed harder, trying to give him something to take away the pain, just holding himself there and rocking gently , only tiny amounts just letting the flared rim of his cock rub the nerve endings just inside his lover’s anus. As he felt the opening relax, he pushed in a little deeper until Connor cried out again.

“Do you want me to stop Con? Please, if this isn’t working...”

“Don’t you dare Ray. Just give me a minute ok? Yeah....there...it’s getting easier. Ok,more stud.”

Despite his worries, Ray was enjoying the feeling of incredible hot tightness on his cock, and the rare surge of power from topping his bigger partner make his head spin. He wanted it bad, to dominate, and draw the pleasure from his lover through his own hard rutting. As he pressed in deeper, and was rewarded with occasional whimpers of pleasure, his body burned with raw lust, and he began to play the part he was intended to. To heal his love with his body.

Soon he was moving with easy grace, his lithe body moving like a gymnast as he covered his love, long stallionhood touching every nerve as he slid in to the hilt. He felt Connor’s prostate, the small nub obvious against his flare on the downstroke, and he concentrated on that, slapping at it on the way in then rasping across it on the way out as Connor moved under him, his muscles rippling with the effort. Their kiss became primal, a deep tongue fucking as Ray built the speed in his mating to match the increasing demands from his lover, their cries and nickers ringing through the bedroom.

He felt it before he knew what it was, a pulsing gripping sensation starting deep at his tip and working up and down his cock as Connor writhed under him, before he realised his rutting was having its effect. His own pleasure was building, but he was holding on, able to keep up the pace without pushing over the edge.

Then it began, a constant barrage of pained dirty talk from his normally quiet lover, begging him to fuck longer, hoarder, fill him up, the ego trip making Ray fuck even harder as he saw the effect he was having. He could feel it too, the pulsing in Connor’s ass getting stronger, and faster, then building and building as his love let out a deep growl.

Suddenly he felt and smelt it simultaneously, the feel of fast hard contractions on his cock matching the sharp tang of stallion seed in his nostrils as Connor gave a long nickering sigh and unloaded over his belly and the bedsheets, thick lines of stallion cum testament to his pleasure. This was the signal for Ray to enter his own orgasm, his strangled gasp as he kissed Connor the only sound as

he was transfixed by the unfamiliar sensation of cumming inside another stallion.

As he came down from the high, he felt Connor still teasing his cock, squeezing down on it as he rested, the sensations almost too much for his oversensitive length in the post sex phase. He held him in a tight embrace and kissed, as their bodies melded in one easy lump of stallion bulk, black and brown fur entwined, paws rubbing manes and tails flicking together.

“Thank you Ray.”

“Shhh my love. Just let me hold you.”

The two lovers held each other for long minutes, their muzzles touching, no words passing yet a world of meaning in their gaze as each savoured what they had shared. Ray stayed inside, his softening cock still buried deep as he enjoyed the feel of filling his stallion. Though he did not know how often they would do it in the future, they had something new to share, something beautiful. And his love was beginning to heal, of that he was certain. That was the best present of all.

“Hey, its not even my birthday and you keep giving me presents. I must be the luckiest stallion on the planet.”

“Well, I think I’ve got one more for you. On my phone, someone sent a pic. Rachael’s face, apparently when she saw us kiss. It’s...spectacular.”

“Ahh gotta love birthday shopping. Gold and seashell necklace, 120 dollars. Fourteen cases of beer, 350 dollars. Seeing the vixen whose been trying to hit on your boyfriend for two years realise he’s going out with another guy...”

“Priceless!”

Their shared laughter echoed through the house, as the two settled into each other’s arms, before falling into an easy silence. Eventually, Connor’s low voice began, and Ray held him tight, shivering at the words, the words that pained him to hear. But at least now he knew, and he could face the future with Connor knowing the worst. And the worst was behind them.