

*A mare finds more than she expected in her new boyfriend but finds the results more than worth it as she explores his world and finds her place in it.*

She'd met the stallion about a year ago at a friend's place, nice guy, single, not a terrific charmer but honest and pleasant to be around. She liked him and they became friends. It seemed reasonable for a mare to do.

It was an easy friendship and soon they were dating, though not precisely because they intended to. He actually had a sadness about him that had put her off the idea at first but when they'd been supposed to go out with friends and she'd ended up alone with him she'd also ended up back at his place.

That's when she'd found his deep, dark secret.

Okay so it wasn't that deep or dark, though it certainly hadn't been anything she'd thought about. A quick snoop in his closet when he was in the washroom had revealed a full half of it was latex clothing and suits and bondage gear. Half. She'd still been staring at it when he walked in and sighed behind her.

"Right, well I suppose that's on the table."

In truth she'd smelled it as soon as she'd walked in, but unfamiliar with what latex smelled like she had only thought it was an odd sort of air freshener.

She turned to him and saw the face of rejection already sinking in.

"Mmmhmm, but I'm not discounting you for it." she said, at length, smiling at him. "In fact, I should apologise first. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have snooped." And she held up her hand to stop him. "I also don't understand this, but I think I finally understand something about you."

"And what's that?" He asked, clearly nervous from the cant of his ears but interested.

She gently reached out and put a hand to his nose, just the softest touch. "That you're afraid of being rejected for who you are and what you love."

They hadn't worn any of the latex that night, but after they had fucked; as slow and passionate an affair as two new loves can manage, they had gone through some of the suits and bits of gear. He had, at her insistence, not only explained what they were but explained what he enjoyed about them. She took each item, still on its hanger, gently in her hands, exploring the texture and weight of the material with her fingers and found herself smiling as it slipped over her fine fur.

She'd found something that had always been missing in her life.

It didn't hurt that he'd actually been pretty damned good at the business of fucking, despite his considerable lack of recent experience.

The next weekend she'd come over with a very clear purpose. She found him suited up, covered from his hooves to his nostrils as she'd asked him to be. They'd picked out a suit for her that would mostly fit her and, with a little effort, she'd been able to slip into it. It covered her from the neck down well enough, though it folded over a little in the legs for her slightly smaller stature pressed her breasts almost flat to her chest. The sensation was still entirely new to her and remarkably nice. An enclosing tightness where it did fit, adding to the fantasy that had been building inside her. She pressed her muzzle into the hood he was holding, not even waiting to get acclimated, and rumbled in pleasure as he helped her fit her ears into the pockets.

He touched her nose softly and she leaned into his hand.

She rode him that night, full of power and lust and desire and he reacted with such passion and joy as she did so. Gloved hands on sealed, slick bodies and faces in their post-coital embrace, just enjoying the presence of each other and the shining rubber between them.

He measured her the next weekend when she'd arrived, once again in his own latex as soon as she got there at her request. The stallion had put the latex sheets on the bed for them this time and instead of covering them or even removing their suits they slept together on that slick, black material, wrapped in their suits and their own embrace. It was warm, but she managed to fall asleep between the tightness and the burning desire that kept welling up.

She'd ordered the suit herself, picking out a neck-entry offering with a crotch zip at his urging; no attached accessories for now, but it would take months to get made and shipped. In the meantime, of course, there was so much more to explore.

Her third weekend they brought out the sleepsack, heavy and black. She pondered it, certainly tall enough for her to go into but made for him. Still, she tried it. Slipping in, pressing her catsuited arms into the sleeves and settling in. He laid across her, one leg pinning her as he opened up the zipper in the middle, pressing a gloved hand in to cup her through the crotch-zip of the catsuit. His interpretation was sensual, giving; she was his restrained love doll but one he wanted to show nothing but tenderness for.

Not that she was saying no, of course.

"Can... we try something more?" She rumbled in his ear, sighing happily as he slipped a couple of fingers inside her, the slick rubber just the right kind of tease; warm with his body but soft and slick and easy to accommodate.

His ears perked in their sleeves. "What do you have in mind?" Fingers curving deviously inside her to tickle that rather sensitive spot she'd directed him to the first night.

“How... oohhhh, how about that breath control hood? The one with the clear front to it?” She sighed, legs twitching in their restraining sack, her folded tail twitching excitedly as he teased her.

“One first breath control experience, coming up...” he smiled, and got up.

A short rummage later and he was back, that piece of black and translucent rubber draped over his right hand. His tail jumped as he gracefully settled on top of her, straddling her with his massive legs at her shoulders. That bulge was right in front of her muzzle and only growing.

He was so lewd when he was getting into things but she honestly started to find it attractive. What was a boy supposed to do when something excited him? It's not like she could help the fact that she'd drenched the crotch of this catsuit every weekend before he'd even touched her. His excitement was just that much more obvious.

“Take a deep breath, and tell me when it gets to be too much, okay?” He smiled warmly.

She nodded, finding she'd started panting softly. “I got it. Put it on.” And took a deep breath.

It was almost like he'd practised this before, rolling the hood efficiently onto her muzzle then over her head and down her neck. It trapped her ears in a way she wasn't sure about but the enclosure, having that material covering her eyes and nose and mouth...

She breathed out, letting it fill until she felt the leak of air around her neck, the material pushing out until it was taut and she could see nothing but his vague form and the lights of the room. Then she breathed in again, watching it pull in and tighten back over her face and nose.

It was amazing and compelling and terrifying. She shook her head. “Off...”

And suddenly it was off, his fingers holding it in front of her, still open. “Sorry, that's a bit intense the first time.” He smiled, tilting his head a little. “Tell me if you want it again.”

“I want to, just...” she closed her eyes, trying to summon. “...can you get your fingers in my... pussy while you do it?” Stupid, stupid, stupid; why did she sound like a filly all of the sudden?

His long muzzle got a little wider with the grin and he laid down next to her. “Certainly, though you're going to have to last a few breaths before I can get my fingers down there...”

She did last a few breaths, the soft press of his body against her, rather than straddling her, calming her to accept the airlessness. His deft fingers let her find the pleasure in it as well. It took several rounds before she came but it was by far one of her best orgasms when it finally arrived; uniquely rolling and caught in the moment between panic and lust.

He gave her a few breaths once it was over before closing the neck of the hood again and kissing her, passionately, through the latex. She returned the kiss, luxuriating in the feel of the slightly rough inner surface against her tongue and mouth, utterly unique and delicious in its own.

They switched places a few minutes later and the change was immediate.

That power again, oh that wonderful power over him. "Do you mind if we play with this again?" She held it up for him, remembering how he'd held it up for her.

He shook his head, trying to play things cool. "Sure thing, just remember I need air too." She could feel his shaft under the thick rubber of the sleepsack, though. The mare put the hood on before even starting to attend to it. "You are such a lovely boy." She murmured, watching him through the translucent latex. It was amazing how much more of him she could see looking in than she'd been able to see looking out, picking out features and smoothing the hood over his face when he breathed in.

She watched him carefully, unzipping the front zipper of the sleepsack, withdrawing his massive cock, slowly, slowly slipping the condom on it as he struggled to maintain his composure. The mare arched her back, purposefully ignoring his rising struggle to breathe as she impaled herself on him. So hard, so slick with his own arousal underneath and dripping wet herself, he fit like her favourite toy and she relished the sensation.

She still kept an eye on him, remembering her own breathless near-panics, but she felt confident pushing him farther than she had dared to go. All she had to do was trust him to know when he needed out.

It paid off quickly as she felt him buck and flare in the tight rubber wrapper. She delighted in the sensation, not seeking her orgasm this time as he whinnied and yelled his ecstasy into that latex pocket.

She only pulled it off once the last throbs of his cock were over, and as he gasped for air and poured out his love for her as she stroked his nose softly and finally kissed him, if only to shut him up. The hood went back on shortly afterward for another restrained makeout session and the outside in its soft, warm smoothness was just as delightful as the inside had been.

It was months later, after exploration and play and falling in love, that her suit did come.

The fit was incredible for her. The suit she'd been borrowing palled now as he helped her in for the first time. It hugged her perfectly; outlining her pussy, cradling her breasts, pressing just right over her calves and thighs. They carefully put on the new hood for her and she sighed in pleasure, seeing herself beside him in the closet mirror. Two shapely rubber horses, perfectly matched.

They pressed their noses together gently and then fell back on the bed, writhing and fucking on the latex sheets in a mirror image to their first encounter.

Perfectly matched again.