

Philip had gotten home tonight expecting things to go exactly as they had the previous day, and the day before - which was, to say, perfectly alright. Nothing too good, nothing too bad... not outside of the normal, at least. As a human in a world mostly populated by anthros (science proved that the ratio of humans to the entire population was surprisingly close to the ratio of any standard species to everyone else, but relatively, he felt fairly alone), he experienced a lot of both.

One would expect adults to be at least somewhat more respectful than his classmates back in high school, where anything and anyone different was deemed weird and undesirable, but Philip had found that assumption to be false. That was okay, though: again, with all the bad came a similar amount of good. He'd long since noticed that people treated him differently, and not because he was a human - or, maybe, that was exactly *why*.

He just explained it to himself as saying 'I have a way with certain species', and said *that* was why (or rather how) he convinced an old high school bully that it was a good idea to leave his clothes on while showering, or why he went through three boyfriends in a period of weeks because each one wanted to go down on him on their second date - the third one actually slid a paw into his pants on their first.

All in all, life wasn't too bad. During college he'd learned to take whatever it was about him that had this effect on people to his advantage, and as a result had a noticeably better time than most of his friends, though of course he'd let them in on some of the fun every now and then. One of his most memorable times from back then was when he'd gone to the library with a ferret friend to study for their biology final, and took one of the booths in the back corner of the room - with the tall walls on all sides of the desk to 'prevent distractions'. Philip sat in the chair on the desk, and his friend sat back against the wall... and then about twenty minutes into studying, the human then felt a short muzzle press up between his legs, and looked down to see that ferret with his eyes half-closed and nose halfway into his fly. After being asked if it was alright that he continue, Philip only got halfway through his response of "as long as you're quiet" before a paw came up to undo his fly.

Today on his way home from the police station where he worked, he waited at a rather long light to cross the street. There was a fox there too waiting for the bus who he got into a conversation with, and Philip noticed that the bus came and went twice before the light changed and he had to excuse himself. He ended up stopping again at the next light (there was his bad luck for the day), and soon turned to see the same fox from the previous one, who had followed him; when asked about this, the fox simply responded "the bus stop is on this street", which it wasn't.

Philip ended up getting asked for coffee, and he had some time to spare, so he figured *why not* and went along. Turns out that fox wanted a whole lot more than just coffee, which Philip had partially expected; he'd already blown his load twice that day thanks to his squad partners at the police station, a nice cat and a dog, but again, he figured *why not*. That was his good luck for the day.

Thanks to that little detour he ended up getting home a little more than a full hour later than he normally did, but that was perfectly alright. He lived on his own, and didn't have any plans tonight anyway past watch TV, cook dinner, watch more TV, and then head to sleep. He didn't expect to entertain any guests, though with him being himself, solitude wasn't always guaranteed.

There was the time where he'd ordered pizza, and the person who brought his order - a cute little lynx - denied his attempt of payment, and instead requested something else of him after talking with him for a moment. That night he enjoyed a hot slice on his paw, a good movie on the screen, and a dutiful cat between his legs.

When home alone, he tried not to keep too many lights on: not only was it unnecessary, but he enjoyed the cozy comfort of a dark house. Besides, while all the attention that he received almost ceaselessly throughout the day was nice, he still enjoyed some time to himself, and the darkness contributed to that sense of solitude. It was always nicest just as the sun started to go down, because then a dim greyish light would half-illuminate every room, enough to see by but only with muted and dulled colors.

A new episode of his favorite show came out today, so of course as soon as he walked through the door, he kicked his shoes off, flipped through the mail (just like anyone else, he often got bills, but he also just as often talked his way out of them), and then headed down the hall to his bedroom, stepping over the two pairs of pants that had been there since the previous night. One of them was his and the other belonged to Richard, one of his squad partners at the station. Richard was straight (for the most part) and had had a wife at one point in his life, but that certainly didn't mean he couldn't enjoy Philip's tongue beneath his tail. For the first thirty-something years of his life, the dog was a power bottom and didn't even know it.

Philip had that effect on people sometimes.

His favorite show followed the trendy new tradition of having episodes twice as long as most other shows, and often the new episodes would air back-to-back: it was a commitment to sit down to watch, but an enjoyable one. If all went well tonight, he'd be able to watch an episode, grab a snack from the kitchen in the commercial between, and then come back just in time for the second one to come on. Again, he had no other plans tonight, so there was nothing holding him from stripping down to his boxers and lounging back almost totally naked.

Being a human, he didn't have any fur, so about twenty minutes into the episode he had to pull up a blanket. He must have left his phone on the bed or something, because while doing this he heard a rather loud clatter but then nothing after it, so he just shrugged it off and told himself he'd handle it later. That first episode drew to a finish, and he stood up, looked around beneath his bed for whatever had fallen, couldn't find anything, and went off to the kitchen, still in just his boxers. It was a little cold.

A thin shaft of yellow light from the kitchen cast up along one of the walls in the hall alerted him to the fact that he must have kept that one on for some reason and had just forgotten why: when he was growing up, his mother had a habit of leaving one light on downstairs so that they could see when they woke up in the mornings, during the time of year when 6 AM was darker than midnight. He might have picked up that same habit and just never noticed... trying to navigate his darkened house after staring at the TV for forty-five minutes straight had resulted in more than one stubbed toe. Not only that, but it had been fairly overcast on his walk home from work today, so it was darker indoors than it normally would be at this time.

Maybe he'd had the television turned up too loud, too. He thought he heard something...

A shadow suddenly moved across the shaft of light, stopping the human in his tracks. Was someone - *in his house*? He had been paying too close attention to his show (the second

brother had just learned about his terminal disease in the previous episode! There was no way he was going to miss *this* one!) to really pay attention to anything else... he knew how he was supposed to deal with intruders, being with the police. He just wasn't sure if he could do any of that while wearing nothing but his boxers.

Instead of going back down the hallway and risk losing the position of the intruder or possibly giving away his own, Philip crouched down a little and peered around the corner to see what he could see.

There was *definitely* someone in his house: the angle from here was bad, but he could quite clearly make out the shape of a leg and then a long, brushlike tail above it in the shadow of the kitchen light. He looked over towards the front door, which also was in view from here: part of the frame was broken right off, though the intruder had at least closed the door after entering. Hell - what kind of robber breaks into a house *through the front door*? It was a male, too, clear by the little grunts and puffs of breath, the soft murmuring and muttering - "...*swear to God, I gotta find somethin'... probably not... in the damn kitchen, though, where's... the bedroom...*"

A tall horse stepped out of the kitchen and into the adjacent room, coming clearly into Philip's sight for half a second. The human ducked further behind the corner for a moment, and then looked back out: chestnut stallion, hair in this light the color of moistened soil; he wore dark navy-blue pants and a black button-down shirt, somewhat tight on his upper body; and he also seemed like he didn't particularly know what he was doing.

Philip watched the horse stand in the center of the living room, look down at the table, up at the TV, back down at the table, and then at each of the pictures hung up on the walls. His cupped ears flicked around, seemingly unable to focus on anything in particular; then, after a short pause, the horse turned around and walked right back into the kitchen. He lifted his nose to the air and sniffed at something, then turned his head to the side and sniffed again.

"*There's... something...*" Philip heard him murmur. Then, the horse turned again, leaned back against the sink, and started undoing his shirt buttons, only slightly to the human's surprise, while still looking around the room. He had apparently lost his interest in robbing the place and now only worried himself about that *peculiar scent* that seemed to float around the place.

"Something distracting you?"

The horse's ears perked up at the sound of the human's voice, and he struggled for a moment with trying to pinpoint its source. He didn't appear to be at all surprised or worried that the owner of the place had caught sight of him. "Huh?"

Philip stepped forward into the kitchen, still clothed in nothing but boxers. The horse finally focused on him, and instantly shifted his gaze down to one particular area of the human. "You're in my house. Why?"

"I... w-well, there's... um..."

Philip crossed his arms in front of his chest and stepped forward again. "What's your name?"

"William." He answered without hesitation.

"What are you doing there with your shirt?"

"It's a little uncomfortable in here..."

"Uncomfortable how?" Still Philip walked towards him, slowly, watching how his half-lidded eyes lurched up and down the human's body, how his wide nostrils periodically flared and relaxed, how his ears remained pinned forward.

"Warm..."

The horse was well-enough in shape, just as one might expect from a stallion, though a little less so. Philip could still make out the clear lines of muscles in the dark hair of his belly and the shape of his pecs when his shirt finally came loose and hung loosely open. He stopped approaching when about a foot and a half of space remained between them... and the human could just faintly pick up the heavy, earthy scent of a male horse. Either it really *was* warm and he'd been sweating a little, or he had just been nervous. "Warm? Why don't you take off the rest of your clothes, then?"

"I think I will..." And the stallion shrugged off his shirt, then leaned over to start fiddling with his pants. Soon those, too, fell, and he kicked them to the side; he wore no underwear beneath. Finely-shaped legs, also dark-haired, leading up to a central hanging shaft with a rather heavy sack beneath, darker brown than the hair surrounding it, fairly smooth - and even in this light, a thick vein could be made out snaking its way down along the side of that shaft. All in all, quite nuzzleable.

Almost all of Philip's own nervousness at being robbed had disappeared as soon as this horse had started undressing. He knew what that sort of behavior meant, and as such also knew that he could do almost whatever he wanted without anything adverse happening. "So, what do you think you're doing here?"

Suddenly there was a flash of *something* in the horse's eyes - Philip had seen that before, too; every now and then someone would break free from the effect he had on them - and then the human saw a brown-furred beast charging at him, whether intending to bowl him over to get him out of the way or knock him out, he didn't know. A strong hand closed around his arm, then the other on his upper leg, and he was picked up and tossed into the next room; thankfully the floor here was carpeted, but it still knocked the breath out of him and left him with a sore arm and a bit of rugburn.

The delay when William came towards him again gave him enough time to prepare, though, and he knew that the horse wouldn't be able to resist for long; when he charged at him again, Philip caught him around the belly and brought him back down to the floor, where the two wrestled for a moment before the human could feel a weakness in his opponent's resistance and flipped him over onto his lap, like a naughty child about to be spanked.

Hell, he couldn't help himself. William's brushy tail flicked around; Philip could now see that the bottom two or three inches of it had been bound with flat red cord, holding it a fair way up from the wide donut of his tailhole, which he had a very clear view of in the light from the kitchen that the robber at turned on. Philip first placed a hand against that rump, felt its firmness, the way the hair grew - it was short, smooth, warm - and then lifted it up.

The horse made no effort to free himself, but jerked forward and sucked in a tense gasp when that hand fell back down. Philip had intentionally brought his finger down on the rim of the horse's tailhole, and now lightly pressed and pulled at it - he had a certain sort of appreciation for the wide shape of a horse's tailhole, and had never really had a chance to enjoy one for himself. He could feel William tense up at this, first under his tail and then through a little bit of twitching along the thick shaft that rested along Philip's lap beneath the horse.

"You know..." the human began, lifting his hand up again, "you shouldn't break into someone's house. It's not good manners."

"I had no choice. I-" William's voice pinched off, buried beneath a forceful slap. This time Philip moved the tip of his finger to the center of that fleshy donut, gently poking in and feeling at the moist warmth there. Now he not only felt the horse's cock twitch against him, but also stir more and continue to harden up, weighing down the human's boxers, seeping its rich heat into his own length. "...I need money. I thought I could sneak in, steal some jewelry or something, then get out and sell it..."

"Money? Have you ever considered, oh, I dunno..." Philip lifted his hand for one more spank, placing this one more centrally beneath the stallion's tail so that his palm came into full contact with the ridged flesh of his tailhole. He felt it clench fully against his skin. "...getting a job?"

Each motion of his finger beneath the horse's tail caused the now fully-hard cock throbbing outside the fabric of his boxers to twitch again. William now had a lot more trouble forming a coherent sentence, it seemed. "I - had a job, it's just - that... I got fired, and didn't get my last paycheck, so... so there's..."

His voice trailed off; Philip had brought his finger to his mouth, swirled his tongue around it, and then proceeded to rub it around the inner rim of the horse's tailhole, gently pressing in until it slid in a short distance, slickened by his saliva. William's hand tightened on the human's leg and his entire body went rigid, but again, the horse made no effort to free himself - being so close to the source of the scent that had originally taken over his mind ultimately proved to be too much for him to maintain his resistance, and now he'd given in again.

There was no growling or trying to escape: just wriggling and soft noises of slight discomfort, especially as Philip pushed his finger in further or drew it slowly back out, only to sink it back in. He felt along the ridges of William's tailhole with another finger while pushing the first one deeper into his tight, moist, hot flesh, against his clenching and wiggling.

"Someone like you should be taught a lesson..." Philip began to lean over towards the horse's rump, again thankful for the bound tail that provided easy access for his head, even with a hand already down there. Face just a few inches away, now he could see the clenching, too, and for now resisted the want to trace his tongue up that ridged rim. "...by someone like *me*."

"Yes, sir," was William's reply, low and strained, begrudgingly submissive. He tried to shift his position but only ended up pushing further back onto the finger under his tail, and closer to Philip's face.

The human smiled at the action, and then leaned in and traced his lips up over the horse's tailhole, against his own finger; he loved how he could feel the ridged skin on his lips, as well as its moist warmth, its delicious heat - and the heavy musk that was concentrated there, too, that

he couldn't avoid tasting with each inhalation of breath through his nose. It was his own scent that kept this horse under his control, but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy the scent of his captive - and, God, he did, keeping his lips on the rim of his tailhole pressing in slightly while just breathing for a moment, before flicking his tongue out and actually tasting the tight flesh his finger was buried in.

At the contact of his tongue, William tensed up all over again and then even arched his back, lifting his rear up into the air... which just made it easier for Philip to give him attention with his tongue and lips. He slid his finger back out of the horse and turned him so that he could full-on put his lips around his tailhole and press in with his tongue, tracing around it in an inward spiral first to slicken him up as well; William just breathed a little heavier and lifted his rear up closer to the human's face, as if he wanted that tongue beneath his tail.

Hell, he probably *did*; now that he wasn't even holding the horse down anymore, Philip brought one hand up beneath him and closed it around the horse's throbbing length - definitely male and definitely a horse, given the size, but it was rather humanoid in shape than equine. That was fine: with a few slow strokes he could feel that thick vein he'd seen before along the side, pulsing gently with the horse's heartbeat, and each throb along that cock... this beast was already leaking, too; Philip traced his thumb over the head and felt a warm slickness quickly coat it. When he brought it back out from under the horse, it was glistening with pre.

He leaned back from licking at William's tailhole - a string of saliva linked his lips to the still-clenching-and-releasing rump - and then instead licked off the pre that coated his thumb, salty and almost tangy, and a different kind of musky in itself. That was something about horses that he'd heard but had never experienced for himself: everything about them tasted and smelled slightly different. He understood that now, as he'd had his tongue beneath countless tails before this horse, and had never had one that left the scent of its musk on his upper lip or its taste on the back of his tongue each time he swallowed...

*...not that that was a bad thing.* It just made him dive back in with redoubled energy, putting his lips against the horse's rump in a rather fierce kiss so that he could dig his tongue up into him again and again, pushing deeper and deeper into him until he could go no further. Then, he stopped, brought his tongue back, and focused on the outer rim again... and when he returned his paw to William's cock, he found that a bead of pre had been squeezed out under the pressure of his tongue and had traced a short distance down his hard cock.

Philip had met a few guys who didn't pre at all unless there was something at least an inch and a half inside them. He was not one of them: after readjusting his position and sliding out from under the horse, who remained on all fours on the carpet with his rump hiked up into the air, the human looked down and saw a conspicuous moist dark spot at the tip of the tent in his own boxers. When he hooked his thumbs beneath the waistband of his underwear and lifted it away, a string of pre briefly stuck to the fabric and then broke away, leaving a concentration of it at the head of his own cock - which he then pressed up beneath William's tail, right in the center of where his tongue had been a moment previous.

There was still a bit of resistance there, but after being breached so thoroughly by his wriggling tongue and lubed up with his saliva, it wasn't too hard to push his hips forward and sink right into him. William tensed up again, but just like before, didn't try to move away; instead he just gripped at the carpet beneath himself and sucked in another tense breath, while Philip continually pushed into him and spread him wider. The human drew a sweet, sweet pleasure

from looking down and seeing the wide rim of the horse's tailhole squeeze around his hard cock, fully in view thanks to the binding of his tail holding that hair away. Just as he could feel the horse's clenching around his tongue, now he could feel each one along the whole of his cock that had been pushed up under his tail - and each time made the human throb as well.

It didn't take too long before he had hilted as far as he could in William, the shape of the horse's rump leaving at least a half-inch to go, but again, he didn't mind this too much. With one hand beside the brush-tail, he could look down and watch the way the robber's tailhole squeezed and relaxed around his length as he started to slowly fuck him... William had never been in this position before. That much was clear in the noises and movements he made, especially each time Philip's hips pressed against his rump or when the head of the human's cock slid out of his tailhole, only to push back in a little faster and with a little more force.

He had never been in this position before, but that certainly didn't mean that he wouldn't find himself in that position again; when Philip leaned over him after setting a fair rhythm, he brought his hand up and squeezed around a still-hard and still-leaking cock, throbbing again with each thrust into him. So, now that he was leaned over him with his hips making soft slapping noises against his rump, Philip whispered: *"do you want me to stop?"*

The response he got was one that he fully expected: a tense, breathy *"...no."*

"What was that?"

"Don't stop..." William had his head rested on the floor, mouth hanging open, eyes closed. Each thrust into him made him breathe out a soft sigh. "Don't... stop..."

So Philip didn't. He bent further over the horse and let go of all inhibitions, pounding down into him while squeezing and stroking his length. Big, manly horse down on his luck, breaks into a place with the intent of stealing something and instead finds himself naked on the floor being fucked like a bitch... and enjoying it, too, given how he'd started to push back against the human each time he pressed forward into him, and then humped into the hand around his length.

Philip intended to leave this horse with something he'd remember for quite a bit, a memory that would last longer than the soreness under his tail of being railed - thought *that* would remain for quite a while, too, as the human drove down into him again and again. He'd let him cum of course, but not after he got himself off first by pounding into this tight rump, thoroughly slickened by saliva, previously breached by both a finger and a tongue. If he hadn't already finished three times today, Philip would love to cum deep inside this horse once, and then use that load as lube for another time...

He could feel William clench tightly around him and push forward into his hand - and then, quietly: *"fuck me..."*

Since he had just mentioned manners, it'd be rude to deny. Of course, there was little more he could do towards that goal, so instead he just stroked the horse faster and pounded into him harder, trying not just yet to let himself trip over the edge - but, damn, was that hard with a well-lubed stallion tailhole squeezing around every inch of him, stretching briefly to allow him to pump into him from base to tip, tip to base, base to tip, again and again and again. Eventually the human couldn't take it anymore, and brought his hand down to the base of the horse's cock

and squeezed - while he himself pushed in one, a second, a third last time, sucked in a breath, and then felt his entire body shiver with the first spurt of his load deep into the horse, who received it gladly.

Philip slowly tugged out while he came, resulting in the last spurt being emptied over the pulsing donut of the horse's tailhole; it clenched shut at the sudden warmth and then relaxed, and the human smiled at seeing the thick whitish liquid ooze down along the ridged rim. He bent back over the horse, rubbing his exhausted length against his slick tailhole, and finally continued with stroking him, faster and harder than before - and still William pushed back against him, panting lightly and moaning.

It didn't take the horse long, either, and he could feel when he came by the rigid waves of tension that shot through his body, accompanied by a few short, breathy moans, and then an all-over slumping of his body. When Philip brought his hand back from under him, a streak of cum had coursed down the back; he considered licking it off, but instead just wiped it off in the brown hair of William's rump.

He got to his feet. "Sit up and look at me."

The horse rolled over and did as told, looking up at the human with his hands behind his back and his slowly softening cock still dripping cum between his legs. "Yes?"

"You did a pretty good job just now, enough that I won't report you for breaking in... though I'll have to think of a way to get you to pay for breaking my door over there. What would you say to me employing you, hm? I'm a busy man, and don't always have time to do chores around the house - I could pay you for doing that. Of course, I'd have to ask for a little bit extra of your time every now and then, because sometimes I'll have a restless tongue, or a want to fuck you again... what do you say?"

William leaned forward and nuzzled up under Philip's sack; his eyes fluttered closed and he was briefly silent while inhaling the scent. Then, he sat back again, and let a shudder pulse through his body. "Yes, sir. I have to drive my wife to work on Wednesdays and Fridays though, and I have to pick up my kid from daycare every Sunday..."

"We can work around that."