

Riding Lessons

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An attractive divorcee with a certain fetish indulges herself.

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Chapter One: Prelude

Marcella Dominquez wakes up to her alarm going off. The thirty-five-year-old human woman of Hispanic descent slaps the top of her alarm clock, deactivating the little buzzing box. The divorced mother rises from her bed, stretching her arms as she yawns. She runs her fingers through her naturally wavy, raven black hair that reaches to the bottom of her rib cage, glancing to the clock with her big brown eyes. She grins wide as she sees the date. Today is her scheduled day to head to Broke Leg Ranch, where she has been tutored in horseback riding for the past three months by the ranch owners, Isaac and Ellie Clark.

Marcella took up horseback riding for a variety of reasons. She has always loved horses, but as a child she was too poor to experience them. When she was married, she was too busy being a mother to her only child. Now divorced and with her eighteen-year-old daughter, Valerie Dominguez, gone for college in northern California, Marcella has taken up riding. It serves to fulfill a life's pursuit, as well as therapy for her empty nest syndrome, even though she lives only an hour away from Valerie's University. It's one of the few things that gives her pleasure these days.

Life was always hard on Marcella, and she has struggled to get by without using her considerable looks; she is not and will never be a whore. When she was fifteen, she was impregnated by her seventeen-year-old boyfriend. She struggled to finish high school raising their daughter, and as soon as they were legally allowed, both hers and her boyfriend's parents forced them to marry, her parents granting permission for her to marry him at only sixteen-years-old. She struggled with two menial jobs while her husband went to college, graduating and becoming a successful doctor by her mid-twenties.

Life became much better once they had money, but her husband wasn't a kind man, resenting her for being forced into their marriage. He cheated often, with both human and Voeldahn woman, though she only caught him within the last year of their marriage; she walked in on him cumming inside of a bunny girl who worked as a nurse in his

hospital. Luckily for her, both of their parents insisted on a prenup when they married. As a result, his infidelity granted her full custody of their daughter, ownership of their house, and a substantial alimony check every month. Marcella effectively doesn't need to work.

She has been single for nearly a year, and without the touch of a man for just as long. The five foot and four inch tall woman climbs out of bed and steps into her shower, the water cascading over her light brown skin. Little streams flow over her modest B-cup breasts as she washes her dainty frame. For a woman in her mid-thirties who's had a child, Marcella's body is holding up surprisingly well; she still doesn't weigh more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She always feels proud of herself when she slips into her size two pants and a small tank top.

Men, both human and Voeldahn, love to try and sleep with her, but Marcella isn't a slut; she's trying to hold out for the right man. Even so, Marcella is a woman with needs and a very particular taste. As she showers, she takes a flexible dildo from her collection that sits on a shelf in her shower stall. She picks her favorite toy, a large dildo modeled after a horse Voeldahn's penis. Resting a hand against the wall in her shower stall, her other hand takes hold of the toy by the molded plastic balls. She teases her tan pussy lips, before slipping the toy inside of her, without using any lube. She grits her teeth as she feels it stretching her, quickly swaying her wrist as she pumps the toy in and out of her hungry pussy.

If only she had toys like this when she was a horny teenaged girl, she might not have become pregnant at such a young age. She only chose her husband because he was rumored to have a large penis. She can't help but giggle at the thought of a teenaged Marcella being caught by her mother, masturbating in her room with a molded plastic horse-cock. She shoves the dildo in deep, holding it inside of her by squeezing her legs together. She takes her hand from between her legs, reaching over her firm ass and taking hold of the dildo from

behind, keeping her legs closed tightly as she toys her tight hole, making long and powerful strokes with the fake phallus.

She groans as she soon brings herself to orgasm, squirting clear liquid onto her big dildo. Her body tremors as she cums hard, her hand slipping from the toy as she plants both hands on the wall of the shower stall. The large and heavy dildo slips out of her pussy and falls with a loud thud onto the floor, landing by the drain. Once she regains her strength, she reaches down and picks up her toy, quickly returning it to the shelf beside the others. She finishes showering and climbs out, drying off before dressing in casual clothes. She makes a simple and small breakfast, eating in her kitchen before leaving for Broke Leg Ranch.

She eats small meals as she has befriended Ellie Clark, often going out to lunch with her after her lessons. The two became fast friends after she enrolled in their class, one of the few to do so. Ironically, Isaac and Ellie Clark are both Voeldahn with horse-like features. They are both quite tall and well built, though Ellie is very obviously a female, with a magnificent bosom and curves in all of the right places. Their heads have long and broad snouts, with hair like a horse's mane, a short coat of fur, and hooved feet. Isaac has white and brown fur in a paint pattern, while Ellie is solid gold.

Marcella climbs into her Mercedes Benz, making the long drive up to Broke Leg Ranch. Though she has already masturbated in the shower this morning, she feels exceptionally aroused still, as though she hadn't relieved herself at all. It's been so long that perhaps her toys are no longer good enough? It might be shaped like a man, but she doesn't feel warm flesh within her or between her thighs; a dildo cannot cum inside of her the way a real man can. The mere thought makes her wet all over again. Even a passing glance at a young couple kissing on a street corner makes her loins burn with desire.

"I've been waiting for the right man for so long, maybe I just need a quick taste? Just a fun night to hold me over?" She thinks aloud as she watches the couple kissing.

A honking horn snaps her out of her lustful trance, and she quickly resumes her drive to the ranch. After the two-hour drive, she finally arrives, pulling into the long and winding dirt path that lead to the Clark's manor. She steps out of the car, impulsively locking the doors and setting the alarm, though it isn't needed so far from the city. She approaches the large home of the ranch, walking up the wooden steps of the wraparound porch and knocking on the front door. After several moments of waiting, the main door swings open.

"Hel-" Marcella stops mid-syllable.

A handsome young Voeldahn man stands in the doorway. His muscled torso and horse-like features are incredibly alluring. His mane is long and golden, but his fur is solid black, like her hair. He smiles at her, his emerald green eyes gazing at the short Hispanic human. He is easily six feet tall. She had been attracted to Isaac right away, but out of respect for her good friend and tutor, Ellie, she quickly put Isaac out of her mind. This young man, however, she does not know; she allows her mind to wander. Her lips curl up in an excited grin.

"Hi there! Can I help you?" The man asks, stepping out onto the porch with her.

"I uh... Is Ellie home?" She asks.

"My mom?" He asks, raising a brow.

"Your mom?! ... Oh! You must be Kyle! I'm Marcella." She extends a hand to him.

"Yeah, that's me. You're one of my mom's friends. She told me about you." He says, taking her hand and holding it gently.

"I'm flattered. I thought you were in college?" Marcella tilts her head.

"I was, but I took a few semesters off. I came over to stay with my parents a few days ago." He answers. "Would you like to come in?"

"Of course!" She chirps.

The twenty-one-year-old Voeldahn leads her into the home, which she is quite familiar with at this point. He enters the kitchen, where he apparently was making tea. A kettle boils on the stove, whistling loudly, steam bellowing from the small hole in the lid. He turns off the stove and moves the kettle.

"So, where's Ellie and Isaac?" She asks.

"You don't know?" He turns to her in surprise.

"Know what?"

"They went out of town on a family emergency. My uncle had a heart attack. He lived, but they went to see him for a few days." Kyle explains.

"Oh god! I'm sorry! I had no idea." Marcella gasps.

"They were supposed to have sent e-mails and voicemails to their students to let them know that they had to cancel. I stuck around to watch over the ranch. Besides, I was never close to my uncle to begin with. They must have just forgot to tell you; they left in a hurry." Kyle continues.

"Oh..." Marcella sighs.

Kyle leans against the kitchen counter, looking over the woman. He knows that she is nearly his mother's age, but he can't help but find her to be incredibly attractive. His eyes scan her slim and fit body slowly. Marcella turns to him, catching him as he checks her out. It makes her feel quite nice to know that the young and handsome man is watching her. He's even a horse Voeldahn; Marcella's personal

fetish. Her loins grow moist as she starts to think about him, wondering what he might be stowing between his legs. Perhaps Kyle is exactly what she needs right now? He looks back up to her as though nothing was wrong, smiling warmly.

“You came all this way; did you want some coffee or tea at least?” He asks her.

She nods, accepting the offer. Kyle pours her hot tea and sits with her. They drink in relative silence, occasionally exchanging small talk. When her cup is empty, Marcella rises from her chair and walks to the sink, rinsing out her cup herself. When she turns back, she catches Kyle staring at her firm buttocks, a little grin on his face. She recognizes the look in his eye and loves it. He looks up, seeing her watching him. Embarrassed, he rises from his seat, banging his knee on the table as his phallus grows within his pants. Marcella can't help but notice the enlarging bulge as he passes her to rinse out his own cup, wondering how big his penis is.

“I wonder how bi...” Marcella hesitates as she catches herself thinking aloud.

“You wonder what?” He turns his head to her, concealing his growing erection as his body faces the sink.

“I-I wonder how come I have never seen you here before.” She quickly asks, masking her true thoughts.

“I took every semester without breaks. I was hoping to knock out my degree early, but I just couldn't keep up with the workload, hence why I'm taking six months off now.” He chuckles.

Her turns back to the sink, his heart racing. He can feel his member pressing into the cabinet door just below the counter top. He hopes that she doesn't notice, as it fills his pantleg. Marcella does notice, however. A hand slipping down to her crotch as she looks in awe at the third leg that seems to grow from his pelvis. He stands at

the sink, his back toward her. She looks closer, focusing on his crotch. She hadn't noticed a bulge where his testicles should be, but then realizes that his pants are custom made, with the stitching at the groin much lower than usual, preventing his balls from printing through the clothes. She slips her hand gently over her thigh, her fingers brushing over her loins.

Even through her designer blue jeans, she trembles at her own touch, pushing slightly on her groin and against her clitoris. She has been a size queen since she started having sex, always desiring a man with a large member. She has grown quite used to her toys modeled after horse Voeldahn's; they're her favorite in both size and shape. Unfortunately for her, she became pregnant by her first conquest and was married to the human for so long that she has never actually had another man; Marcella may love sex and large cocks, but she isn't a cheater. Kyle stands there for several minutes, hoping his erection will go away. Marcella knows that he is trying to resist his natural urges, so she gives him a little push.

"Are you just going to stand there, or do you want to sit and talk with me?" She asks sweetly.

Without thinking, he turns back to her, opening his mouth to answer. As he begins to speak, he stops when he sees the shocked look on the woman's face. She stares down at his crotch, her mouth agape and her eyes wide. He looks down at his nearly full erection, the pantleg drawn tightly over it and showing off the shape of his member. The length, shape, and even his medial ring are visible to her through his pants. He reaches a hand down and turns his body to the side, incredibly embarrassed.

"Oh god, I'm sorry. It's just... I..." He stammers.

She glances up to him, closing her mouth and rising from her chair.

“You are just so fucking hot! I’m sorry. I know you are in your thirties, but you are built like a college girl!” He nervously explains.

“It’s fine.” She coos.

Chapter Two: Giving In

She steps up to him and leans in, making her move on the young man. She reaches up, resting a hand on his broad snout, her nose barely at his shoulder. He looks down at her, his hand trembling.

“I just came for riding lessons. Since Ellie isn’t here, maybe you can teach me?” She says softly.

She gently kisses his lips, her other hand on his chest. She slides her hand down and toward his waist, before slipping it underneath his shirt, feeling his soft fur. He can’t help himself and wraps an arm around her. He leans in, kissing her roughly as his grip tightens. Marcella tries to calm the stallion down, stroking his muzzle with one hand and his chest with the other. His kisses soften and become more passionate as he slips his tongue into her mouth. Marcella’s fingers clench, scratching at him as they make-out in the kitchen. She loves how he feels and tastes.

“I can teach you how to ride.” He whispers to her.

“Please do. I want to ride a real stallion.” She coos.

Absorbed by their passion and her own carnal desires, Marcella grabs at his belt, violently pulling at it. She tears the belt from the loops on his pants, throwing it to the side. The buckle clanks loudly on the floor as he rests his hands on her sides and slides them up to her breasts. He gives them a squeeze, leaning over and necking her. She moans as she undoes his pants, struggling to shove the down to the floor. He grabs the edge of her shirt and nearly rips it over her head, growing more anxious. He takes off her bra and drops it to the ground, leaning over to lick the modest breasts of the beautiful but short woman.

She grips his head, running her fingers through his hair as he licks her nipples. His tongue runs over her dark brown nipples before gliding over and even under her light brown breasts. She struggles to remove his pants, looking down to see that his full erection is catching on his pantleg. Unwilling to hurt him, she leans in and whispers in his ear while he tastes her flesh.

“Baby.” She coos. “Take these off for me.”

“Alright.” He gasps.

He stands straight, easily a foot taller than Marcella. She grins wide as she undoes her own pants, kicking off her shoes before slipping her pants down to her ankles and stepping out of them. Kyle very carefully holds onto his member as he slowly removes his pants and underwear, bending over forward so as not to hurt himself as he holds down his erection. Stepping out of the leg holes of his clothing, he lets go of his phallus, letting it stand proudly before her. Marcella stands in only her panties, her mouth agape as she looks him over. She has never seen such a specimen of a man, human or Voeldahn, in person or in her collection of pornographic films. He is a true Adonis.

He reaches out for her, but she kneels down onto the floor. She reaches out for him, gently touching the charcoal black flesh of his member. It’s soft and warm, yet also dense, and with a glossy sheen.

Though she first chose her husband for his size, he was just over seven inches long; Kyle is nearly double that, easily wielding twelve inches and possibly more. She grabs his shaft near the medial ring, requiring both hands to wrangle his girth, which at the middle of his shaft is as thick as a twelve ounce can of Coca Cola. She can't help but notice how heavy his phallus is as she lifts it, resting her elbow near his sheath. His length runs the entirety of her arm, from her elbow to the knuckles of her fist. Extending her fingers, she can caress the tip of his penis.

"God damn..." She mutters, admiring his cock,

She loves the color, and is turned on by the thought of the massive black shaft stretching her tan pussy lips. She lowers his member and opens her mouth as wide as she can, resting her lips on the head of his package. The shiny, grayish-black skin of his gland burns hot as she struggles to slip him in. After a brief moment of trying, she realizes that his erection is too fat; she is unable to give him oral sex. Undaunted, she kisses the head before licking over the tip and toward the rim of his human-like gland; it is not flared like a feral horse. She licks up and down the first portion of his shaft, before kissing and licking the medial ring; this portion of his loins are very much like a feral horse.

As she works her way toward his base, she notices a strange and musty odor. Though it is quite strong, she actually likes the smell. She feels her pussy literally soaking her panties as she inhales his scent, which grows even stronger as she moves down to his enormous testicles. Kyle groans and strokes her head gently as she pleasures him. She seems to know exactly what she is doing. He wonders if she has slept with a horse-man before. Marcella briefly wonders if Isaac is bigger than his son. She then realizes that the strong smell is coming from his scrotum, which is equally as shiny as the flesh of his penis. She leans back, gazing lustfully at his genitalia.

“Holy shit...” She mutters. “They’re fucking huge!”

“Thanks.” He chuckles.

She reaches out and takes his testicles in her hands. Each one is over the size of a tennis ball, taking up her entire palm; she has to use both hands to feel his scrotum, which is incredibly heavy.

“How do you walk with these things between your legs?!” She asks in shock.

Kyle merely shrugs.

“And they have such an unusual smell.” She adds.

“I’m sorry! That’s how my ball sweat smells. I’d have washed had I know this would happen!” He apologizes, clearly embarrassed.

“Oh no, it’s fine! I like your smell. It’s making me so hot.” She coos.

She looks up to him, gazing into his pretty eyes as she holds his heavy and full balls. She looks back to his testicles and leans in again, licking and kissing the flesh of his scrotum. She can’t wait to see how much cum he has within them. She moves her hands all over his genitals, feeling his shaft and balls as the sweet smell of her arousal fills his nose. Suddenly, Kyle bends over and grabs Marcella, quickly pulling her to her feet. He lays her down atop the kitchen table, spreading her legs and standing between them. His large phallus looms over her, stretching over her belly and nearly touching the base of her ribcage.

“Fuck...” She mutters, looking down at him.

He hooks his large fingers on the elastic band of her hot pink panties, slowly and almost teasingly slipping them off. He backs away and turns as his member blocks the removal of her panties. Her legs stretch high in the air as he pulls the panties off her, tossing them to the ground as he turns back. Her gorgeous body is perfectly formed, and he can't help but gaze at the woman for a moment. He gently caresses her, starting at her breasts and moving down, over her belly and toward her vagina. Marcella does not shave her pubic hair, but instead trims it very short, shaving the edges to form a small triangle that points to her eager cunt.

He leans over and gently inserts a finger into her dripping wet pussy. She easily fits two of his fingers, but then struggles to fit a third. She writhes as the young man plays with her. He leans in even closer, smelling the sweet scent of her arousal. He licks her clitoris as he fingers her hole. He soon takes his fingers from her body and rests his mouth over her nether lips. He licks the lips of her vagina before inserting his large tongue. Marcella wriggles as he pleasures her, his tongue wiggling with her. He reaches his hands up and grabs her breasts, squeezing and massaging them as he prepares her. He suddenly stops and leans over her pelvis, gazing up at her and into her big brown eyes.

"Are you ready for this?" He asks with a confident smile.

She gasps for breath, nodding her head slowly. He stands and poises himself between her legs, holding his member with both hands. She grips her own tits, looking down at his massive endowment. She can't help but grin as she prepares herself for her young Voeldahn lover. This is exactly what she needs. She can't wait to experience him. He teases her nether lips with the head of his charcoal colored penis, the engorged gland larger than even her biggest toy.

"I should warn you that I have had a lot of pussy in high school and college. I have never once had a girl who could fit me comfortably, or take more than half." He explains.

"That sounds like a challenge... I love challenges." She coos.

"That doesn't make you nervous?" He asks.

"No, now shut up and fuck me." She retorts.

She gasps as he starts pushing, the human-like shape of the head easily spreading her open. Kyle is amazed that she is so easy to penetrate, as tight as she feels. Perhaps her having a child has made her more capable of fitting his large size? He grunts and she squeals as Kyle quickly pops the head of his cock within her hungry pussy. He pushes in harder, stretching her wider as he drives into her. She grips her breasts tightly as he fills her hole, moaning loudly as she stares at the ceiling. He groans as he pushes in deeper and deeper. Soon, she feels something pressing against her nether lips. It's a sensation that she has experienced with her toys many times before.

She lifts her head, looking down and between her legs. She holds her torso up on her elbows, watching giddily as his medial ring presses against her. Kyle stops pushing, now pumping her twat with the first half of his cock. Marcella watches as he plows her, grunting as his girth stretches her wide. After only pumping into her for barely thirty seconds, Marcella turns her eyes up to her lover.

"What are you waiting for? Give me the rest!" She demands with a smirk.

"Are you sure?" He asks, raising a brow.

"I'm not those little girls you are used to fucking. I'm an actual woman... Give me all you've got." She says sweetly.

He pushes in until his medial ring rests against her nether lips. He has never had anyone take more than what he has already given

her, and though she is tight, she gives him more space than any previous lover; Kyle has never felt such pleasure, or been so comfortable inside of a woman's body before. He pushes in deeper, grunting as he feels his medial ring smooshing into her lips before slipping roughly past them. Marcella can't help but scream as she feels the ring popping into place. She falls back onto the table, causing it to creak as he drives in more of his endowment.

Soon, he feels his testis against the edge of the table. Looking down, he realizes that he has driven all but a few inches within Marcella's tight little body. He grips her buttocks and lifts, pulling her toward him and hanging her ass over the edge of the table. Marcella looks down, curious as to what he is doing. He grins wide as he drives in more. To the amazement of both lovers, Kyle's entire member fits inside of Marcella, devoured by her hungry pussy. Her nether lips rub against the wrinkled flesh of his sheath and his large and heavy balls press against her buttocks. His charcoal colored flesh is hot against the cool flesh of her light brown ass.

"Oh shit..." He groans.

"I'm so full!" She exclaims.

"I've never had a girl take all of me before." He remarks.

"Fuck a real woman, baby." She gasps.

He suddenly jams his pelvis against her, causing Marcella to squeal as his cock drives in hard, his large scrotum smacking loudly against her ass. The table shakes as he pumps in and out of her, making long and hard strokes but never taking his medial ring out of her. His shape fills her as though their genitals were made specifically for each other; the rim of his head and medial ring rubbing over her G-spot, each part stroking it as he sways in and out. The table creaks loudly as he pounds her trembling flesh. She can't believe how wonderful Kyle feels, writhing in pleasure as he brings her closer to a powerful orgasm.

“Oh god! Oh god!” She yells over and over.

“Fuck yeah, baby. Take that big horse cock!” He grunts.

Within under a minute, he brings her to the edge and pushes her over it. She hasn't even been able to toy herself to orgasm so quickly. Kyle grunts as he feels her hole clamping down hard on his member. He is even bigger than her largest dildo, and she struggles to squirt on him. Clear watery liquid blasts out of her and around his girthy shaft, splashing onto his belly, pelvis, and balls. His eyes widen in surprise.

“Aahh, god! Fucking shit!” She screams.

“Woah!” He mutters.

He slowly backs up, pulling himself slowly out of her as she squirts more. Several jets of clear liquid splash the young horse Voeldahn. Marcella pants as she closes her eyes.

“I'm sorry.” She apologizes weakly.

“Don't be. That was amazing. I loved it.” He grins.

“I guess we'll need to mop.” She giggles.

He chuckles as he reaches up and grabs her breasts, quickly diving back into her shivering pussy. She moans loudly as he pushes the medial ring and lower half of his shaft back into her. He resumes his work, pumping her. As she builds up again, the kitchen table creaks even louder, startling the lovers.

“Shit. I think we're going to break the table.” He comments.

“Fuck... I was getting close again.” She mutters.

Worried that they'll break the table without an adequate explanation, Kyle pull out of her. With each curve of his exotically shaped phallus, her vagina pops and spats. She blushes with embarrassment, though Kyle seems to enjoy the noises, finding them rather adorable. He tells her that they will use his old bed, eagerly leading the woman through the house. After cumming so hard, she is too weak to walk up the stairs to his bedroom on the second floor. Unwilling to stop and eager to impress her, Kyle carries her like a bride up the stairs and all the way to his bed.

Marcella watches the young man, smiling at her lover, but a thought burrows into her head; a sinister thought that she had long since pushed out of her mind. She grows even wetter as she wonders how large and talented Kyle's father Isaac must be. Perhaps he is an even better lover? Kyle is quite the horse-man, but Isaac may be a true stallion. She bites her bottom lip to keep from smiling, but it doesn't work. Kyle looks down at her, thinking that she is smiling at him. He lies her down on his bed, which is much larger and sturdier than a typical human or Voeldahn bed. He climbs into the bed, lying over her on his elbows and knees.

Kyle's large and heavy cock rests on her pelvis and belly. She is surprised by the sheer weight. She can't believe she took such an endowed man inside of her body. The thought of him penetrating her and the growing intensity of his musk as he sweats turns her on even more. Her juices run from her stretched lips and down her buttocks, slowly pooling on the bedsheet beneath her. He pulls back, his shaft rubbing her pubes and making a faint grinding and rubbing sound. He takes hold of his slimy penis and pulls back. To their surprise, for a split second there is a faint depression from the rim of his cock head and his medial ring on her skin.

He pulls back quite a distance, his head hovering over her breasts as he presses the head against her vagina. He licks, kisses and sucks on her breasts as he penetrates her all over again, driving

himself roughly into her. He does not hold back or try to be gentle, now that he knows that she can fit him. She cries out and wraps her arms around him, gripping him tightly. She has never felt so full before, and she loves it. She rakes at his back with her fingernails. Kyle has never had a girl feel so good. It's as though she was built to fit him. His member is so fat that as he lies over her, he fills the gap between her legs. Every subtle shift rubs the side of his dick on her inner thighs.

He sways his hips, slowly pumping into and out of her. The large size of his body, phallus and balls prevent him from moving too quickly. As he sheaths his member within her, he takes a moment before pulling back out and repeating the action. As he crams himself inside of her, Marcella can feel his huge balls pressing against her ass. The warm, smooth but dense flesh feels so wonderful. His testicles are so big that they cannot sit beside each other when he is buried completely within her; the space between her legs is too small. One ball is against her butt, while the other sits just behind it, his testis shifting diagonally to fit in the gap between her legs.

It doesn't take long before Marcella reaches her peak again. Kyle fits her perfectly and does everything right. She hates that she is wondering how Isaac compares to his son. Marcella necks her stallion and wraps her legs around him as she cums, shooting clear liquid over his cock and balls as he pounds her. He doesn't stop, maintaining his slow but methodical thrusts. Within a matter of minutes, Marcella cums again, and then again. After holding out as long as he can, Kyle grunts loudly, pumping her even faster and harder. Marcella wails as she tremors beneath her lover, her arms and legs gripping him tightly.

"Don't spill a drop." He commands.

Unable to speak, she merely grunts and nods her head, her body swaying as he thrusts into her. He stuffs himself completely within her as he tips over the edge. He closes his eyes tightly, grunting loudly as

he begins to cum. Marcella feels his scrotum on her buttocks, his balls pulling up and toward his body. The first small jet of his hot seed drives her crazy; she cums a final time, five times to his one. The second jet is much larger and more powerful than the first. To Marcella's surprise, his second jet fills her more than her husband ever could with his entire load, and Kyle isn't nearly done.

He trembles as he holds himself above her, his member blasting thick, hot waves of fertile white cum into her body. Three, four, five jets and he isn't done yet. It nearly inflates her belly as he is forced to pull back, giving his sperm room so as not to hurt the Hispanic human woman. She can't imagine that much cum being stored inside of his large balls.

"Holy shit, boy! How much cum do you have in those things?!" She giggles.

"More than enough." He grunts, gasping for breath.

She briefly wonders if she is going to get pregnant, as she hasn't hit menopause yet, and ended a period only a week earlier. He withdraws until his medial ring sits just within her vagina. Her nether lips are pulled tightly over the flesh, which acts as a plug. After eight harsh jets, a ninth and final jet marks the end of his orgasm. He trembles over her, panting like a dog as she caresses his large and muscular body.

"I've never had so much before... So much cock. So much cum... You're incredible!" Marcella says with a happy sigh.

For the first time since she had masturbated this morning, she feels truly relieved. This was *exactly* what she needed. Eventually, he lifts her pelvis in the air as he slowly pulls out of her. Her feet dangle in the air as she looks down, staring at the ceiling. Her body forms a subtle crescent shape as he holds her still.

“What are you doing?” She giggles.

**“Keeping it from spilling out. My cum is too precious to waste.”
He winks, looking down at her.**

“Yes sir!” She chirps.

As soon as the head of his cock leaves her, a spurt of his cum emerges from her stretched hole. She gasps and reaches out, placing her hand over her hole as she holds it in. She doesn’t want to disappoint her young teacher.

“God damn... You took it all. Cock and cum! What a trooper.” He comments in amazement.

“So, am I a good student?” She asks him sweetly.

“Damn right, you are!” He exclaims with a wide grin.

“I have never felt so much... How much cum do you actually have? Have you ever measured it?” She suddenly asks.

“Actually, I have. College girls are freaks.” He answers.

“So, how much do you have?” She reiterates.

“The average guy has about four milliliters, almost a teaspoon. That’s a human or a non-horse Voeldahn. I have at least 10 times more cum than them; almost sixty milliliters, or a dozen teaspoons.” He finishes.

“No wonder I feel like a balloon. It’s trying to ooze out.” She giggles.

She holds her hand in place, covering her vagina to hold in his semen. She giggles again as he holds her legs in the air.

“What’s so funny?” He asks.

"My hand doesn't even feel my pussy. It's just a big open space where my pussy should be." She replies with a lustful grin.

"Well, do you see what you just had inside of you?" He winks.

He rotates his hips from side to side, waving the massive phallus as though taunting her with it. It slowly shrinks, first going limp and brushing her hand before retracting into his sheath. He lowers her legs, letting her stretch out on his bed as he lies down beside her. Both lovers have never had such spectacular sex. Marcella cuddles up to the sweaty and musty horse-man, turning onto her side and draping an arm over him. He wraps an arm around the dainty human woman, looking down and kissing her lovingly on her lips. Marcella snuggles with her Voeldahn lover, but hopes that he isn't becoming too attached; she only wanted to fuck him, and he's too young to be a long-term lover, as wonderful as it was. She would rather have Isaac.

She closes her eyes and grows increasingly comfortable, finding herself falling asleep. Kyle is equally drowsy, dozing in and out as he lies beside her. Marcella keeps her legs closed tightly, keeping his cum within her and trying not to spill a drop.

"When are your parents coming home?" She sleepily asks.

"Huh? ... Uh... In three days or so." He answers.

"Can we use their bed next time?" She asks.

"Anything you want, babe." He answers. "Does that mean you are staying?"

"And leave you home alone? I don't think so." She retorts.

"You know, you really were the best I've ever had." He remarks.

"Yeah? You were my best too." She grins.

"Awesome." He sighs.

"Who was your second best?" She can't help but ask.

“Just a girl in college. Another cute little Hispanic woman. She thought she could handle me, but she was mistaken.” He laughs. “She was the one who measured my cum though.”

“Lucky bitch.”

Chapter Three: Cleansing

After a deep sleep, they awaken to find that it is nearly midnight. Marcella is eager to cleanse herself, as her body is sticky with sweat, her juices, and their combined cum. Kyle cleans up the bathroom and collects their clothes while Marcella enters the master bathroom, climbing into the shower. The water cascades over her tight body. She feels a little weak, her muscles sore from earlier. As her hands run over her body, she soaps herself, taking great care in cleaning her breasts and nether lips. As she rinses her chest, suddenly the sliding door of the shower stall opens. She turns, smiling as a naked Kyle steps into the shower with her, his hooves clopping onto the tile floor.

“I thought I could wash your back for you.” He grins.

“Such a sweetheart.” She murmurs.

She turns back away from him as he gently washes her back with a washcloth. He reaches over, resting his chest against her back as he gently washes her breasts for her. He soon stops pretending that he is cleaning her and outright fondles her breasts from behind, necking her tenderly. She can feel his sheath against her buttocks and presses herself into him. She takes the washcloth from him and turns around, reaching up and wrapping her arms around his neck. The two make-out before trading places. He stands in her place, letting the water run over him.

Marcella rinses the washcloth that she was using and then soaps it, before gently washing his balls. She runs the washcloth over his scrotum, stroking them as he feels her breasts and kisses her neck. Once she is done, she slides the cloth up and washes the wrinkled flesh of his sheath. She gently strokes the folds, quickly teasing his cock from the sheath. It slowly extends, hanging low and over his testicles. As she plays with his limp member, he leans in, sucking on her tits.

“You are so fucking beautiful.” He sighs.

“Look who’s talking.” She winks.

As she feels his penis slowly growing firm, she takes the opportunity to taste him. She pulls back and drops down to her knees, holding up his limp package. She squeezes the soft flesh, trying to gauge how long she has. She opens her mouth with and slips the head inside of her mouth, able to fit about an inch of his shaft before her mouth is completely full. Kyle has never had a woman suck his cock before. He leans back, groaning as he rests a hand on her wet black hair. Her head bobs back and forth as his erection grows, moving further and further back as he grows hard. Soon he grows too big for her to keep going. Marcella is forced to lick and stroke him like she did before, in the kitchen. She sniffs his sheath and scrotum, looking up at him cutely.

“I miss your ball musk. I really liked how you smelled before you washed.” She complains sweetly.

“Aren’t you a dirty horse slut.” Kyle chuckles.

“Of course I am! Today, I’m your little mare.” She winks.

She rises to her feet and turns around. She leans over, placing her palms against the wall of the shower stall, presenting herself to him. She sways her hips as he smacks her ass hard.

“Give your little mare all you’ve got, you big stallion.” She coos.

He takes his large member with both of his hands and teases her cunt with the head of his cock. She moans as he spreads her lips with the human-like tip. Suddenly, and with considerable force, he stuffs it in, grabbing her hips as he drives his endowment into her body. She screams as she feels him shove the head, first half of his shaft, and his medial ring inside of her in a single and powerful thrust. He smacks her ass again, pulling back and removing the medial ring. A bit of his leftover cum is pulled out by the ring. He places his hands back onto her hips as Marcella trembles, struggling to take him all over again.

He moves slowly and methodically fucks her in the shower, driving the last half of his shaft in and out of her. Going balls deep again, he pushes out his own cum. It squirts out as he pushes in and is drawn out as he pulls back, dropping huge gobs onto the floor of the shower stall. Marcella watches his leftover cum running beside her feet before the water rushes it behind her and down the drain. His balls soon smack her inner thighs and clitoris. She can’t believe how amazing he feels inside of her, building up with each caress of his member within her.

After barely two minutes of pleasing her, Kyle brings Marcella to a body rocking orgasm. She cums hard, washing his phallus and scrotum with her watery cum. Her muscles convulse, her body trembling. Soon she is unable to even hold herself up. He never stops moving, but only leans in, resting his chest against her back. He slips an arm around her waist, just above her pelvis. Her pubic hair brushes his wrist. His other arm wraps around her chest, tucking underneath her plump B-cup breasts. Marcella’s arms fall limp like a ragdoll as Kyle keeps swaying his hips, pumping her with his engorged flesh.

Kyle can’t help himself; he is very fond of Marcella’s breasts. He reaches up and silently chuckles as his large hand completely covers

one of her plump yet modest mounds. He sways his hips, driving his member repeatedly into and out of her. He never removes his medial ring from the woman, always somewhat cautious. He isn't used to having sex with a woman who can actually handle him. She groans and gasps as her stallion works her body in ways she could only dream about; her dildos are pathetic imitations when compared to the real thing. She grips his strong forearms in her dainty hands as her pleasure builds.

He sways his hips, keeping a steady and even pace. Over and over; in and out. His oversized balls and dense, smooth flesh smacks and rubs her clitoris with each powerful thrust into her. It doesn't take long for her to have another orgasm. Marcella screams as she grips Kyle's arms tightly, her vagina convulsing on his massive phallus. Her clear cum squirts from her hole and onto his scrotum as she squeezes him like a vice, her pussy trying to crush his endowment within her. He grunts as he struggles to use her body, quickly reaching his own climax. He tries not to hurt her, while still swaying his pelvis.

He can't hold out for long and drives himself deep within her, pressing the wrinkled flesh of his sheath against her nether lips and firm buttocks. His balls rest behind her thighs as they draw close to his body. Marcella can feel them retracting; she knows what to expect now, but can never truly be prepared. Kyle groans loudly, his arms pulling her body up and against his chest as he stands tall. His chin rests atop her head as he unleashes wave after wave of thick white cum, blasting massive volumes inside of her. She gasps and moans as she feels him fill her to her limit. The sensation of being filled by a young stallion and his big cock make her cum a third time.

The pressure is incredible; it almost hurts. He releases seven jets of considerable force and quantity, which soon have no choice but to run along his shaft, filling what space lies between his medial ring and the head of his penis. Marcella trembles as Kyle rests her against the wall, slowly pulling out of her. As his ring leaves her stretched pussy, a large wad of semen spurts out. Soon, stringy gobs

fall out from the pull of gravity, landing with loud splats on the shower floor. She trembles uncontrollably, looking down and watching as the water washes away the thick white ooze.

She reaches down to save whatever she can. She is amazed when she feels the gaping hole of her stretched vagina. Almost impulsively she easily inserts all four of her fingers inside of her, which she can barely notice. She giggles as she realizes how thoroughly the horse-man has used her body. She removes her fingers from her loins and tries to cover herself, holding in whatever is left inside of her. In a matter of seconds, it fills her hand to overflowing, dripping through her fingers and onto the shower floor. Kyle sets his member against her back, his testicles pushes against her buttocks.

She feels how high his penis can reach, feeling quite proud of herself for managing to wrangle such a beast. He smacks the heavy organ against her ass and lower back, as though he were taunting her with his size. As his sperm escapes her body, Marcella wonders if she will become pregnant.

“I’ve let you cum in me over and over.” She weakly remarks.

“Isn’t it great? I’ve never been able to do that before.” Kyle grins.

“It is, but I still have periods, and I’m not on birth control.” She says.

“Oh shit... Uh... Well, I can wear condoms if you’d like.” Kyle says, sounding worried and nervous.

“You can wear condoms?!” She asks in amazement.

“They make condoms that fit a horse-Voeldahn. They aren’t common, are expensive, and come in packs of three. I have a box in my room.” He explains.

“No... I don’t want evil latex covering my stallion.” She coos.

“So then how many of my babies do you want?” He laughs.

“Can you imagine that? If you got me pregnant, I’d give birth to a human baby with a ten-inch cock.” She chuckles.

He strokes her back lovingly as he leans over, hugging Marcella gently. Marcella suddenly worries that the young Kyle might be growing too attached to her; men tend to do that, after all. As she rests against the shower stall, wrapped in her lover’s arms, she contemplates on the situation. She grins wide as she quickly formulates a plan that not only should prevent Kyle from falling in love with her, but might even allow her to seduce his father, Isaac.

“I want to film us fucking.” She suddenly says.

“Seriously?!” He asks with wide eyes.

“Yeah. My girlfriend will never believe me when I tell them about this. I’m going to need real proof.” She replies.

“Are you going to show my mom?” He jokingly asks.

“If I don’t show your face and you don’t talk, then yeah.” She replies.

“... For real?” He nervously chuckles.

“Maybe.” She winks as she looks back at him.

Though she says it as if she were joking, Ellie is a true gossip. Once they became friends, they shared nearly everything. Ellie revealed her previous lovers to Marcella, who also would share details about her own love life, as boring as it was. When the Clark’s return, she will spend time with Ellie and tell her about her mysterious Voeldahn lover. With a copy of the footage, Ellie will certainly watch it; she’s admitted to viewing porn in the past. She will undoubtedly gossip with her husband after the fact, and if Marcella is very lucky, it might peak Isaac’s curiosity, if only subconsciously. At the very least, he will know that Marcella is open to a horse-man. The little human will welcome any chance of arousing Isaac’s interest, among other things.

“So then how long as you staying?” He asks her.

“Until you’re out of cum, or your parents come home. Whichever happens first.” She replies.

“In that case, I better make dinner.” Kyle laughs.

Chapter Four: Home Movies

After actually washing and climbing out of the now lukewarm water, the lovers return to the kitchen. Kyle cooks a considerable meal for Marcella, waiting on her like a new boyfriend. Though she enjoys the attention, she makes it abundantly clear that she just likes his penis, openly admitting this to him as they talk. He seems unphased, either fully aware and accepting of the arrangement, or disbelieving her. Marcella can’t be sure which it is. To drive the point home, she insists that from this moment on, they document their sexual activities, filming everything for her private collection.

Kyle is agreeable to the idea, even when Marcella insists that she direct the entire thing. She hopes that if Kyle isn’t visible as the man having sex with her, and if all major details of the Clark’s home are concealed, Ellie won’t realize that she is watching her own son using her human friend’s body. Ellie might watch the video to its completion, perhaps even sharing it with her husband. Ellie, although sweet and polite, is quite a perverted little mare. If Isaac does see the tape, he will know that Marcella will not only have sex with a horse Voeldahn, but can take them down to their sheath.

After eating dinner, the lovers brush their teeth and return to Kyle’s bed. After quickly changing the sheets, they climb into bed and sleep beside each other. Kyle snuggles with her as though she were his personally teddy bear. It’s comforting yet disheartening at

the same time. As she sleeps, she tosses and turns in her sleep. She feels large and warm hands ravaging her body, caressing the soft globes on her chest, sliding down to her belly, and rubbing over her tender loins. The hand slips a finger inside of her little hole, and then another. A mouth exhales steaming hot air on her chest before licking the entirety of her breasts, the lips covering and sucking on her nipples.

A warm, large and furry body climbs over her, a massive and hot organ resting on her chest. The being is blurry and she cannot see who is pleasuring her; she only knows that she loves it. The hand pulls itself from her pussy before gripping onto their own phallus, quickly backing up before pressing the fat head of their penis against her tender flesh. With a single and powerful stroke, the shadowy equine rams his massive member inside of her, making her orgasm immediately. Large testicles, surrounded by the soft yet dense flesh of his scrotum presses into her firm buttocks as his sheath grinds against her clitoris and nether lips.

The being pulls back before thrusting into her, quickly picking up speed as he uses her. She cannot believe how fast he is moving for being so large; Kyle was not nearly this swift. She cums over and over again, losing count of her orgasms until she can finally look at the being atop her. Isaac lay over her on his elbows and knees, plowing her little cunt as if it belonged to him, grunting and groaning as he draws near the end. Soon, he shoots a massive load even bigger and hotter than Kyle's. Marcella's eyes open as she wakes up, looking down to find Kyle's hand gently rubbing her tender pussy.

"You were having a wet dream; I could hear you moaning in your sleep, so I thought I might help you along." He says with an innocent grin.

She looks down at him and grins back. He isn't the one she wanted to wake up too, but he will do... For now. She looks around the

room, moaning softly as he gently rubs her clitoris with his index finger. As they slept naked, she can see his entire body. His sheath still conceals his member, which has not yet awoken. This is a perfect opportunity to begin her master plan.

“Mmm... Get your camera.” She moans softly.

He grins wide and climbs from his bed. Taking out a decent quality video camera, tripod, and an older GoPro, they set up his room to film their sexual escapades. She is careful not to ever show his face, and to keep the talking to a minimum. She uses only the very common white paint of Kyle’s bedroom as a backdrop. Thankfully the young man wasn’t a fan of decorating his room with posters. She controls the small camera, while the other sits on the tripod filming only the lower half of the bed. Marcella sits in full view of the camera while Kyle stands before her, their sides facing the lens.

She teases his organ from his sheath, sucking on it until it is too big to continue. She licks, kisses and strokes his impressive member and testicle in full view of the video camera, being sure that Kyle doesn’t bend down and inadvertently reveal his face. They adjust the tripod and camera to show only from their waist to their knees before climbing into Kyle’s bed. Marcella lies down on her back as Kyle lies over her on his elbows and knees. He teases her hungry pussy with the charcoal colored flesh of his cock, spreading her tan flesh wide as he quickly penetrates her.

He pushes deeper and deeper, until his sheath grinds against her nether lips and clitoris, his large balls pressing against her ass. Marcella claws at his back as he works her, pumping over and over. Within only a few minutes, she cums hard, squirting her clear liquid all over his genitals. Using the small GoPro, she films him using her, looking down and between her breasts as he plows her cunt to his heart’s content. After cumming twice, she directs him to change positions, eager to show off her skills to the camera.

She kneels down in front of Kyle, letting her take her from behind. She grunts as he stuffs himself into her; he somehow feels even bigger as he uses her pussy from the back. She quickly cums again, and is unable to hold herself up. Rather than keep going, she stops Kyle. She sits on the edge of the bed, looking at the camera.

“Lower the tripod. I’m going to ride you, and I only want it to see my ass and your balls.” She demands.

“Alright.” He gasps.

He obeys her, lowering the tripod until he can only see between her bellybutton and lower legs. She slides over on the bed, making Kyle sit in front of the camera. As soon as he does, she throws herself onto him, straddling the horse Voeldahn. His long and fat phallus runs up her spine, reaching high and soaking her already sweaty back with her fluids. After grinding against him with her tight buttocks for a moment, she kneels over him. He is so long that she has to stand on the bed and squat over him first, inserting the head of his cock before lowering herself to her knees.

He grunts as she lowers herself down over his member. He can’t believe how lucky he is to be with such a beautiful, talented and flexible woman. She takes an inch, then rises up half an inch. She takes another inch, and rises up again. Repeating this method, she slowly moves down, inserting more of Kyle’s organ into her. She takes him to his medial ring. After a brief pause, she takes a deep breath and stuffs it in, slamming down hard. He groans loudly as it pops into place. He grips her ass cheeks as she slides him deeper and deeper inside of her, soon concealing his entire length within her body.

His sheath rubs the flesh of her loins, turning her on even more. The hot flesh of his scrotum smooshes against her butt; she can feel his swollen balls just beneath her. She rests her hands on his

shoulders as she slowly bounces atop him, holding on tightly as she rides him. Kyle can't believe how talented she is. It's as though she has been riding horse men for her entire life. His eyes roll back in his head as he feels himself growing near a climax; Marcella hasn't even cum yet! She reaches a hand up, gently covering his mouth. The camera doesn't capture this.

"Am I a good little mare?" She asks him.

"Mhm..." He grunts, nodding to her.

"Fuck, your cock is sooo good!" She moans. "I must be a real horse queen." She giggles.

"Mhm!" He grunts louder.

He can't understand why she doesn't want him to speak, but he doesn't care at the moment. This is the best sensation he has ever felt. Soon, Marcella sits down hard on Kyle's cock as she cums, the burning hot watery substance shooting out and soaking the flesh of his sheath and balls. It drips onto the floor as she struggles to keep moving. Her muscles weak, she can't bounce as she did before, so instead she sits down hard on Kyle and wraps her legs around his waist. She sways her pelvis back and forth, grinding on him and rubbing the flesh of his big cock within her.

Kyle can't take any more. He grunts so loudly that it turns into a roar, startling Marcella as he expels his load. He shoots jet after massive jet into her. It's even bigger than his very first load, as though Marcella has milked every last drop from within his testicles. He grips her ass tightly in his hands as he fills her up. The pressure is so intense that even with the seal created by their genitals, a wad of cum flows through. It runs down his shaft, squeezes over his medial ring, down the rest of his member and spurts out from Marcella's tightly packed cunt. The gob of sperm hits his balls and runs down, dripping loudly onto the floor.

It sounds as though someone has dropped wet pasta onto the ground. Marcella and Kyle both groan, grunt and scream as he fills her. She grips his shoulders so tightly that it actually hurts. She slowly rises from him, drips of semen escaping. His package is completely covered in his own sticky white ooze, which gleams on his charcoal colored flesh. Unwilling to let her waste his seed, he holds her tightly and rises to his feet. Careful not to reveal his face, he turns and lies her down on the bed, his buttocks and scrotum facing the camera. He pushes her legs up and into the air, forming her body in the shape of a crescent as he slowly pulls out of her.

He uses the bed to rise upward, so that the camera can see every inch that Marcella had taken into her body. As soon as he is removed from her, his cum squirts out. The camera sees her gaping hole before she can reach a hand down and cover it. He steps off of the bed and turns sideways. His massive phallus looms over her trembling body as he presents his member to the camera, like a big game hunter proudly showing off his kill.

“That was the best sex I’ve ever had.” Marcella weakly chokes out.

Maintaining character, he remains silent as he smacks her ass and makes her jump. He reaches over and turns off the camera, which had caught the entire twenty-something minutes of their early morning sex. With two full days left before his parents are due to return home, Marcella and Kyle make several more tapes, adding up to nearly two hours of footage. Marcella takes all of the footage, not even leaving Kyle copies. She can’t trust him not to share and spoil her plan before she is ready, but promises to give him the edited movie and return his memory cards when she is done. The naïve Kyle doesn’t complain.

Marcella heads home on the morning of the Clark’s arrival, leaving less than an hour before Kyle’s parents return home. He can’t help but smile when they ask how his extended stay alone at home

was. Marcella returns home and spends an entire day editing the footage of her and Kyle, carefully cutting anything she thinks might give away the identity of her lover, or the location. She can't help herself, and stops to masturbate with her toys at least twice while editing the footage. Though she manages to orgasm, it just isn't the same as when she is with Kyle. She's tasted the fruit, and now she can't truly enjoy the imitation.

After a day of waiting, she calls Ellie and asks to meet, eager to put her plan into action. Ellie is equally eager to spend time with her friend, whom she enjoys gossiping with; Marcella is one of her few female friends. They agree to meet at a coffee shop about half-way between their respective houses, something they often do when Marcella doesn't have a scheduled lesson. She meets with Ellie, who is eager to share their trip to visit family. Marcella sits patiently, allowing Ellie to finish her rather boring story. After talking about their troubles, Ellie asks Marcella if she has any good news. Marcella's lips curl into a wide grin.

"Actually, I do..." Marcella says.

"So, what happened?" Ellie asks.

"I met a man and got laid. A lot."

Ellie can't believe her pointy ears. She is eager to gossip, begging Marcella for details. Is he nice? What is his name? What does he look like? Was he skilled? How big was his penis? All of the important questions that a woman would want to know, Ellie is quick to ask. Marcella casually regales her friend with her story, carefully editing the unpleasant details, such as her lover's true name and where he lives. Ellie raises a brow when she learns that Marcella's extended fling was a horse Voeldahn, and genuinely disbelieves her story when the dainty human claims to have taken his entire member.

"I have a hard time believing you could fit a horse Voeldahn." Ellie admits.

"Why is that?!" Marcella asks, feigning offense.

"I mean, you *are* beautiful; I haven't seen a more attractive human in person." Ellie begins.

"Thanks."

"But you have such a small body. I doubt you could take a horse to the sheath like you say you did... I mean... I can't even take Isaac to the base, and I *am* a horse Voeldahn!" Ellie continues.

Marcella's eyes grow wide. She can't believe Ellie shared that with her. She can't help but feel very proud of herself if she is able to handle what Ellie cannot.

"I'm a mare, and I can't take a horse." Ellie giggles, sipping her coffee.

"I thought you might say that, and while you make excellent points..." Marcella suddenly pauses.

"What?" Ellie asks, waiting for Marcella to finish.

Marcella doesn't speak, but simply reaches into her pocket. She removes a thumb drive and presents it to Ellie, pinched between her index finger and thumb. Ellie looks at the thumb drive, at first unsure of what she is trying to convey. As she sees the look on Marcella's face, Ellie's eyes grow wide, gazing at the thumb drive.

"You didn't..." Ellie gasps in disbelief.

"I did. Filmed nearly two hours of our bedroom adventures. I cut it down to a full-length movie. There's about eighty minutes of my own personal hardcore porn on this drive." She tells the shocked horse woman.

"You dirty slut!" Ellie exclaims.

"I didn't think you would believe me, so I copied my tape for you, unless that's too weird." Marcella feigns embarrassment.

Ellie hesitates, but is genuinely curious. She looks over the thumb drive in her friend's hand, thinking it over.

"It is a little weird, but fuck it. I'm curious. Can I see that?!" Ellie asks, reaching for the thumb drive.

"Sure! It is your copy." Marcella chuckles.

"Oh, right." Ellie giggles.

Marcella hands the thumb drive to Ellie as the horse woman looks it over. She lowers a brow and glances skeptically at Marcella.

"How do I know this is really you, and not just some disease-riddled size queen from an internet porn website?" She asks the human.

"It's me. I'm in full view." Marcella answers, taking a sip of her coffee.

"Really?!" Ellie grins as she looks over the thumb drive. "What about your boy toy?"

"No one needs to see anything more than the guy's cock and balls." Marcella nonchalantly replies.

Both girls giggle as Ellie nods in agreement. Ellie can't believe that she actually *wants* to watch the film. It isn't so much that she wants to see Marcella having sex, but she just loves seeing horse men stretching out a woman's love tunnel. Every time Isaac uses her, she loves to lean over and admire the show, sometimes even using mirrors to help her see everything. She is also curious and skeptical of her

friend's claim. The thought of a horse Voeldahn's big cock stretching little Marcella over it makes Ellie wet right there at the coffee shop. She slips the thumb drive into her pants pocket, smiling at Marcella.

After a brief and awkward silence, Marcella changes the subject, allowing Ellie to relax. They talk about a variety of subjects, but now all Ellie can think about is the tape of her friend enjoying a horse-man. She can hardly wait to go home and watch it. Marcella can see it on her face, almost unable to contain her glee as Ellie plays right into her hands. She comes up with a lie and cuts the meeting short, saying goodbye to her friend. Before the women return to their cars, Marcella turns back and makes a final statement.

"Ellie..." She says, taking a deep breath.

"Yeah?"

"That is a seriously hardcore video. I don't know if you can handle it." Marcella says.

"You don't think I know what sex looks like?" Ellie chuckles.

"There's a difference between 'sex' and 'fucking like animals'. You may not want to watch that." Marcella adds.

"I think I'll live." Ellie replies.

"Okay, but I warned you..." Marcella shrugs.

She turns and walks toward her car, her lips curling into a sinister grin. She is certain that Ellie won't wait long to watch the video, and hopefully Isaac will get a glimpse. Ellie looks down at the ground, now incredibly curious as to the thumb drive's contents. For some reason, she can hardly wait to get home to play it. She doesn't know why, but she can't help imagine what the footage looks like, inadvertently making her loins wet with anticipation. Ellie rushes back to her car, quickly returning home.

Chapter Five: Honeymoon

Ellie's loins stir in anticipation as she hastily drives home, running several yellow lights and quickly changing lanes. She has removed her seatbelt before she even parks her car in her usual spot, quickly rushing into the house. Kyle is not home, having left to spend some time with friends. Isaac is not in the house, but most likely outside and taking care of the animals; brushing the horses or feeding their chickens. Ellie hides away in a back room with her laptop, peering through the window to her husband who works outside. She quickly turns on her laptop and inserts the thumb drive, her hands trembling slightly as she opens the only folder.

Inside of the thumb drive's folder is a single video file that runs nearly ninety minutes. The thumbnail of the video shows what appears to be a human woman with olive or tanned skin straddling the pelvis of a naked, black furred Voeldahn with an absolutely massive penis. His charcoal colored flesh is half buried inside of the woman's stretched vagina. Ellie's body heats up and her nether lips begin to moisten. She moves the cursor over the file and double-taps the touch pad. The full-screen video plays on her laptop. There, on her knees, Marcella performs oral sex on a male horse Voeldahn.

Marcella moans and groans, gripping her own breasts as she sucks, licks and kisses her lover's flaccid but growing member. Ellie can't believe her eyes; he isn't as big as Isaac, but he is still bigger than she can conceal within her, if she were to try. Marcella's lips and tongue run over the soft but plump flesh of the dark-skinned penis. A man groans, his hands resting on the human's head and fondling her breasts. Soon, Marcella directs her partner, sitting him down on the bed, his face always blocked by her body. Marcella straddles the man, inserting the glistening and damp flesh into her hungry vagina.

Ellie's heart beats faster, her eyes wide in amazement and her loins moist as she watches her good friend accepting the massive endowment of a strange horse-man. Marcella grunts and groans as she takes in her lover. Ellie can't help herself as she undoes her pants. She hesitates, taking a moment to look out of the window to see that her husband is still outside. He walks from a shed and back into the barn. Ellie breathes a sigh of relief and slips off her pants and panties, the long and flowing hair of her tail swaying as she steps out of the leg holes.

She sits down on a chair, her laptop resting on the oversized arm. She keeps an eye on the window, glancing over every so often so that she can make sure Isaac isn't entering the house. She reaches a hand down, gently rubbing the charcoal colored flesh of her loins. Ellie is amazed by how wet she already is. Her body burns with desire as she continues watching Marcella's pornographic tape. The human bounces on her lover, taking him past the medial ring and soon down to his base. The wrinkled flesh of his horse-like sheath smooches against her, while his shiny charcoal black scrotum presses hard and partially into the crease in her buttocks.

"Oh god..." Ellie murmurs.

Her fingers rub her clitoris with more vigor as she watches Marcella taking the entirety of her stallion's penis. She can't believe the dainty human was telling the truth; Marcella is a true size queen. Ellie groans as she slips a finger into her soaking wet pussy, gently fingering herself as she watches Marcella take her lover. After a time, Marcella squirts on her lover. Ellie has never seen anything like it. After orgasming several times to her stallion, the man grunts and groans loudly, his large and strong hands gripping the human's wide hips. Blast after powerful blast fills Marcella to maximum capacity. Though cum does not visibly seep out, Ellie can see what is happening as his testicles physically draw near his body in a very obvious manner.

“Holy shit, girl!” Ellie exclaims.

Marcella shakily rises from her lover, removing the massive penis from her body. Huge gobs of cum spill out of the gaping hole of her stretched pussy, her lover’s cock falling back. It smacks loudly against his belly, even though he is covered in fur. The video promptly cuts to another scene. Marcella waits on her hands and knees, the camera facing her left side. Her lover, the same horse Voeldahn from before, kneels behind her with his hands on her hips. Without hesitation, he penetrates Marcella and drives himself home, burying his member within her as though it had always belonged there.

“Wow...” Ellie murmurs.

She stares in awe as her friend takes the horse-man as though he were average sized. His huge scrotum and massive testicles slap her inner thighs and loins as he pumps his girthy tool in and out of the moaning woman. Ellie’s fingers dig even deeper into her own body as she watches the horse cock methodically pounding Marcella’s little pussy. After several minutes of steady action, Marcella has a body rocking orgasm, squirting all over her lover’s lower half. Several orgasms later and the man finally draws near. His breathing becomes labored and his fingers flex.

He groans loudly before burying himself within the woman. Again, without being able to actually see him cumming, Ellie knows that he is from his loud grunting, and the sight of his heavy scrotum pulling upward and toward his body. Marcella cries out as he fills her up, drops of white ooze escaping her body.

“I wonder if she is on the pill...” Ellie thinks aloud.

She suddenly hears a door shut, and she panics. She realizes that she hasn't glanced out of the window in a moment. She sets the laptop aside, not even pausing the video. She rips off her shirt, now wearing only a bra. She exits the room to see Isaac in the hallway. He turns to her, his eyes wide with surprise as she quickly approaches him. She throws her arms around her husband, pressing their snouts together and kissing him passionately. She hasn't been this aroused in quite a while, and all she wants it to feel her husband within her. Their lips part, and he smiles down at his wife.

"Wow. What's gotten into you?" He chuckles.

"Nothing." She replies.

His eyes narrow and his ears prick. Ellie grows nervous. The sound of a woman moaning and a man grunting echoes throughout the hallway.

"Are... Are you watching porn?!" He asks.

"I'm standing here ready for sex, and you're asking questions?"

"I guess I am." He shrugs.

Curious, he pushes past his wife and enters the room. There on the chair, next to a sizeable wet spot, is her laptop. Ellie nervously tries to pull him from the room, but he approaches the laptop anyway. His eyes are wide in shock as he sees a black furred horse Voeldahn with charcoal colored flesh lying over a human woman with olive or tanned skin. She lies on her back, taking her lover in the missionary position. To his amazement, she accepts the entirety of his big member. After a powerful orgasm from both lovers, the video cuts to Marcella, again giving the same Voeldahn oral sex. He can't believe that Ellie has a sex tape of one of their own students, especially a friend.

“How the hell did you get this, and why are you watching Marcella getting laid?” He asks his wife.

Ellie pauses the video, shaking nervously as she mentally prepares a speech. She stands before her husband and looks up at him. She tries to speak, but can only shrug her shoulders before quickly removing her bra, the last bit of clothing that is covering her body. Her DD-cup breasts gaze at her husband, drawing his attention. The sway and bounce gently as she leans over to close the lid of her laptop. Isaac reaches out a hand, grabbing her wrist.

“You didn’t answer me.” He says softly.

“It’s just really hot.” Ellie admits.

“Did she share that with you?” He asks.

She nods. He reaches out a hand, taking hold of one of her plump breasts. He teases the shiny black flesh of her nipple with his thumb and index finger, his sheath releasing his own endowment within. Ellie unbuckles his belt and undoes his pants as he necks her softly. She pushes his clothing down to the ground, which he promptly steps out of. The flesh of his flaccid member is pink and brown. It sways gently from side to side as it hangs to about the middle of his upper leg. Ellie takes her husband in her hands as he fondles her breasts, now holding one in each hand.

Isaac pulls off his shirt, standing naked before his wife. Without warning, he grabs onto her tightly and scoops her up, carrying her out of the room. Ellie giggles, caressing her husband’s snout and muscular chest as he carries her up the stairs and into their bedroom. He plops her down onto their bed, his formerly soft penis nearly standing at attention. She sits up and reaches out, stroking his engorged flesh with both hands. She wonders if she might be able to take more of her own husband, especially if Marcella can fit her stallion so well; perhaps Ellie isn’t trying hard enough?

From the videos is it clear that Marcella's stallion is at least a foot long, with a girth about that of a can of Coca Cola. Ellie grips her husband's package, which is even thicker than the black stallion's. Not only is he thicker, but he appears to be even longer; using tailor's tape, Ellie had once measured him at fifteen inches long. Clear pre-cum oozes from the tip of his penis, which Ellie quickly licks up. She doesn't stop there, running her tongue over, around and alongside the head and shaft of his endowment. As his wife tends to him, Isaac can't help but think of the human his wife is training in horseback riding.

She takes a horse Voeldahn so well, and he isn't *that* much bigger than her black stallion. Could Marcella accept his entirety? He knows it's a horrible thought, especially as his beautiful wife prepares to pleasure him, but Ellie has never been able to fit all of him. It certainly doesn't help that Isaac is considerably bigger than the average horse-man, who often don't exceed ten inches in length; Isaac, and Marcella's black stallion are both exceptional examples of their race's potential size. Ellie's loins drip with anticipation, dampening the sheets underneath her. The smell of her arousal fills the room and wafts into Isaac's nostrils. No more waiting.

He reaches out and rests his hands on her shoulders, pushing her backward. She giggles as he takes control of her, climbing up on the bed and kneeling between her long leg. Her golden fur brushes his white and brown splotched pattern. Their hooved feet meet near the footboard as he takes hold of himself with one hand, the other gently teasing her nether lips. He places a palm on the bed, his arm beside his wife's ribcage as he leans over. He rubs the head of his member against her eager pussy, causing Ellie to moan and wriggle beneath him. He gently pushes forward, spreading the charcoal flesh wide to accept his speckled equipment.

"Fuck..." He grunts.

Ellie's hands rest on his upper arms, squeezing tightly as he pushes his way inside of her tight body. Though Ellie is larger than Marcella, standing six feet tall, her vagina is quite snug, at least when presenting with Isaac's endowment. To be fair, Isaac has never had a woman more comfortable than Ellie, which is one of the reasons he stayed with her; neither of them have ever had better sex than with each other. Alongside their mental and emotional compatibility, this is a welcomed bonus. Ellie grunts and grits her teeth as her husband shoves his way inside of her, her legs spreading wide to try and accommodate him.

"Go as deep as you can." She grunts.

"I don't want to hurt you." He says softly.

"Push until you can't push anymore." She reiterates.

Never one to disobey or disappoint his wife, Isaac follows her instructions to the letter. He pushes deeper and deeper, until his medial ring presses against the black flesh of her nether lips. With a hard thrust, he slams it home. Ellie squeals and writhes beneath him. He isn't sure if it's pain or pleasure, but he keeps pushing regardless. He feels himself bottom out, her organ stretching over him like an undersized condom. He looks down to see that though he has inserted more than usual, often stopping at the medial ring, there is just over a hand width left outside of his wife's trembling body.

Ellie looks down, her brow soft and her eyes narrowed as she pants. She admires the massive penis jammed deep within her body, and though she feels proud to have taken as much as she possibly can, she can't help but feel disappointed that Marcella somehow fits more than she can. It almost makes her feel less feminine, knowing the human woman can handle what she cannot. Ignoring the leftover shaft, Isaac begins his work. He kisses his wife, their tongues wrestling in their mouths as he begins swaying his hips, pumping into and out of Ellie's quivering flesh. He pumps harder and faster, being careful not to hurt her by going in deeper than she can handle.

She groans and writhes as he quickly brings his wife to orgasm, something he can do in under a minute. Though she does not squirt like Marcella does, Ellie cries out as her body convulses. She claws at his arms and chest as her shivering pussy excretes a thick and white ooze, the creamy paste coating Isaac's cock. As he pleasures his wife, Isaac can't help but wonder what Marcella feels like. He secretly wants to watch the rest of her video, however long it might be, and worse yet, he would rather have sex with Marcella himself. He has never cheated on Ellie before, but if given the chance, he already knows that he couldn't resist Marcella.

After giving Ellie several more orgasms, the white paste coating the entirety of the base of his penis, he picks up speed. Not only is he larger than Marcella's black stallion, but he is clearly more experienced than the young stud. His years of sexual conquests before he met Ellie, and the two decades of making love to his wife has given him an understanding of his own body. As large and heavy as his genitals are, he has learned a safe and comfortable method for rapid thrusts; he can move himself at least twice as fast as the black stallion could.

Ellie screams in pleasure as Isaac plows her trembling love tunnel with his massive endowment. She grips his upper arms tightly as he grunts, their fur matting with sweat as he brings himself to a plateau of pleasure. His large pink scrotum, even larger than the black stallions, gently brushes Ellie's furry buttocks as he sways rapidly back and forth. He grunts and groans louder as he feels his pleasure building quickly.

"Do it, baby! Fucking cum in me!" Ellie cries out.

"I'm about... I'm..." He grunts.

"Give it!" She exclaims.

"Oh shit!"

He drives himself in as deep as he possibly can, bottoming out as he orgasms. A blast of burning hot semen floods Ellie's body, her tubes and tunnel both filling by the second jet. His large and heavy testicles draw close to him as he gives her a third, fourth, fifth and sixth jet. By the third jet, there is nowhere else for his volume to go, gushing out around her stretched cunt lips and spurting onto the bed sheets. As he cums, he can't help but imagine that he is filling Marcella's pussy with his fertile seed. After nine powerful jets, he finally runs dry. His arms shake as he struggles to hold himself up. Ellie wraps her arms around her husband and pulls him in close.

"I love you, baby." She coos.

"I love you too."

Chapter Six: Wish Fulfillment

Several days have passed since Marcella shared her sex tape with Ellie, and it is now time for her to return to Broke Leg Ranch for another lesson. Marcella rises much earlier than usual, eager to put her plan into action. She has thought this through more times than she cares to count. She has already set aside everything that she needs. She washes her body, careful to clean her nether lips. The night before she waxed her pubic hair, so as not to leave any stubble. She eats a full breakfast, even though she is not hungry, so as not to have a growling stomach when she has lunch with Ellie later that day.

She wears pants that are easy to remove, with an elastic band solely responsible for holding up her pants; a belt will take too long. Before Marcella leaves her manor, she takes a final preparatory step. If she can get Isaac alone long enough to enjoy him, and if he is as big as Ellie made him sound, then she needs to be ready. Using a large

and triangular sex toy, she lubes the device and inserts it into her vagina, grunting as it stretches her. She plans to keep it within her the entire drive, so she is already pre-stretched. She would rather use her horse Voeldahn dildo, but it won't bend comfortably when she sits in her car; she's already tested this for herself.

With the toy neatly in place, she slips on her panties and pants, then climbs into her car. Though not very comfortable, she wants everything to be perfect. After driving as quickly as she can get away with it, she arrives at the ranch in an hour and forty minutes, twenty minutes faster than usual. Not only that, but she is nearly two hours early for her lesson. When she parks her car, she sees Isaac walking into the barn with a bale of hay. Ellie's vehicle is not in its usual spot. With any luck at all, Kyle will not be home either. She slips down her pants and panties and gently pushes out the toy, taking a moment to look down at her gaping love tunnel.

She slips the toy into a plastic bag and hides it under her front seat before pulling up her clothes. She steps out of the car and walks directly for the barn, her pulse racing as she prepares herself. She can't help but be excited, though she tells herself that he might reject her, or that someone else might be home. As she approaches the ajar door of the barn, she checks her small purse, looking at the portable camera that sits inside. She takes a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves. She steps inside where Isaac works alone, stacking hay for the animal horses to feed on later.

He turns around and jumps, startled by the sudden and early appearance of Marcella. Without thinking about it, his lips curl into a smile and his eyes scan the small and slender form of the woman, which Marcella immediately notices. Her lips curl into a sinister grin as she takes a step inside.

"Hey, Marcella. I didn't think you were supposed to be here this early." Isaac begins.

"I thought I might surprise Ellie and spend some time with her." She replies.

"Oh, well my wife went into town for a while to pick up some things. She took Kyle with her. The won't be back until just before your scheduled lesson." He adds.

"Really?! ... Well, that's too bad." She says sweetly.

Isaac's eyes scan her body once more, noting her posture. She may think that she is clever, but he knows how to read a woman. He takes a step towards her.

"Did you really come here two hours early to see my wife?"

"Well, maybe I wanted to see you too... And maybe I'm glad you are home alone." She admits. "Did you see it?"

"See what?"

"My special movie that I gave to Ellie." Marcella clarifies.

"Part of it." Isaac says.

Marcella takes a step closer, looking up at the six foot and six inch tall horse-man. She reaches out a hand, gently brushing his chest with her fingertips. He can smell her perfume. He recalls her video, and stares into her eyes, which gaze lustfully up at him. It draws his member from his sheath, causing it to slip down his pantleg. Marcella hears the shifting in his pants and looks down, her eyes wide in shock; he is clearly bigger than Kyle. She feels her loins growing wet in anticipation.

"I never saw a woman take a hung horse Voeldahn like that. You've got some real talent." Isaac says softly.

"Y-yeah?" She glances up to him.

"Yeah. You're a professional rider." He coos.

Without hesitation, he reaches out and grabs her upper arms. Leaning forward, he plants a kiss on the human woman, shoving his tongue into her mouth. His package throbs as it slowly starts to grow firm in his pants. Marcella can't believe what is happening. Isaac is so forward, and not nearly as shy as his son. He ends the rough kiss and looks down at her.

"I think I could use some lessons." He says with a smile.

"Fuck yeah, but I'm not cheap." She replies.

"What do you charge?" He asks.

"Every drop of cum you have." She winks.

She sets her purse down, the side facing the two of them. She unbuckles his belt and yanks at his pants, quickly dropping his trousers and underwear. His flaccid cock bounces and sways as she strips the clothing that covers it, her eyes fixated upon his genitals. Even his balls are larger than Kyle's. Marcella is in for a real treat this time. A strong musk wafts throughout the barn as his package airs out. It is even more powerful than Kyle's, and she loves it. She grabs his limp member with both hands, holding the heavy cock in the air. She opens her mouth as wide as she can and inserts the head.

Isaac is every bit the stallion that she had hoped he would be, with an impressive member that even tastes good. She bobs her head back and forth as he rests a hand on her head, groaning as she reaches out and fondles his balls. She can't believe how big they are, imagining the volume that they contain. She could barely hold in Kyle's load within her, but she will most certainly spill some of Isaac's cum. As Marcella works her new lover, she hears a noise. She looks up to see that Isaac has taken his cell phone from the pocket of his button-up shirt, filming her sucking on his dick. She takes him from her mouth, holds his shaft with one hand, and blows the camera a cute kiss.

“Hey Ellie! Your husband’s cock is awesome!” She exclaims.

The adulterers share a laugh before she resumes her work. Soon, however, he is too hard for her to put into her mouth. She resorts to licking and kissing. She doesn’t want to stop as Isaac strips completely naked. His interesting flavor makes it hard to tear herself away, but Isaac soon does it for her. He sets his phone down, burying it halfway in a bale of hay with the camera facing them. He lifts her by her armpits, picking her up and carrying her off. He steps out of the leg holes of his clothing as he walks around the same hay bale that bears his phone, lying her down on the other end.

He plops his engorged flesh over her clothes, letting her look at it for a moment. Digging his fingertips underneath her elastic waistband, he pulls her pants and panties down to her ankles in one long pull. He yanks off her shoes, and pulls at her clothes, ripping them from her body. She struggles to keep up as she takes off her top and bra, lying naked on the hay. After a brief complaint about how sharp the cut ends are, he lies a blanket down for her. With her in place, she looks over to her purse, a little smile on her face. It has a perfect view. He holds her legs in the air, standing between them.

“Are you ready for some real horse cock?” He asks with a grin.

“Hell yeah. Give me all you’ve got.” She coos.

“Ellie can’t take my fifteen inches. Let’s see what you can do.” He winks.

He teases her pussy lips with the pink head of his member, surprised by how easily her flesh shifts to accept him. Marcella giggles at the look on his face. The toy left her stretched enough that he doesn’t struggle too much when he pushes into her. He grunts and grips her hips and ass tightly as he takes a step forward, burying his meat within her. Even with her pre-stretching herself, he is still quite a

beast to contain. He seems only marginally longer and thicker than Kyle, but her pussy notices the difference. Every subtle move sends shockwaves through her body.

He leans in and licks her breasts, before sucking on her brown nipples. She writhes and moans as he starts to pump himself in and out of her, working several inches at a time. Within moments, his thick medial ring slams into her nether lips. With a bit of shifting and clenched teeth, he rams the bulbous flesh into her trembling hole. She can't help but cry out as she feels herself orgasm just from the full insertion of his penis. As he buries himself deeper, she clamps down on him like a vice, shooting steaming hot and clear liquid all over his cock and balls.

"Holy shit!" He exclaims.

"Ahh, god! Sooo good!" She wails.

After giving her a minute to recover, he looks down and smiles wide.

"Hey, look." He says to her.

She doesn't need to look, but she wants too. She can feel the flesh of his sack and the firm balls within pressed firmly against her tight buttocks. If he isn't completely within her, he has only an inch or two remaining. She tilts her head downward as he looms over her. She is glad that she looked; it's a beautiful sight. His massive member, which fills the gap between her legs and rubs on her inner thighs, is completely within her. The folds of his musky sheath press hard against her pussy lips. Suddenly, and without word, Isaac pulls back, withdrawing himself from her stretched hole.

"What are you doing?!" She exclaims.

“You need a bit more teasing first.” He replies.

To her surprise, he gets down on his knees and immediately begins licking her pussy, sticking his large tongue inside of her. She writhes as he eats her out, amazed by how talented he is. She never had a man want to taste her after she came, or after his penis was inside of her. Isaac is something special. He moves his mouth up, licking and sucking on her clitoris as he fingers her pussy. After giving her another orgasm, which only took him about a minute, he stands back up. Without wasting any time, he teases her with his cockhead, making her literally beg for it.

“What do you want?” He asks.

“I want you cock.” She groans.

“What was that?”

“I want you cock! Please!” She cries out.

“What do you want me to do with it?”

“Fuck me with your big fucking horse cock!” She exclaims desperately.

He smiles wide and pushes it into her, stretching her to her limits as he dives back in. He isn’t nearly as gentle the second time, going from the tip to his medial ring in a second, and from his medial ring to his sheath in another.

“Holy fucking shit!” Marcella yells.

“Yeah, you like this cock, don’t you?” He asks sternly.

“Fuck yes. Please fuck me, Master.” She begs.

Isaac does not need to hear any more. He sways his hips as he prepares to enjoy himself. He knows that he doesn’t need to hold

back, after Marcella came twice so easily. As his contoured flesh pulverizes her love tunnel, she cums a third time. He picks up speed as he fucks her. By the time he has reaches his swift yet steady motion, plowing her cunt twice as fast as Kyle did, she has already cum a fourth time. Marcella can't believe how amazing Isaac is. He is the best lover that she has ever had, and even though his cock is even bigger and heavier than Kyle's, he moves so much faster. He easily pumps eight inches with each thrust, regularly moving his medial ring in and out of her, and brutally pounding her nether lips with it.

She orgasms again and again, squirting almost every sixty seconds. Isaac can't help but chuckle; he's never pleasured a woman so thoroughly, or so easily. As he pounds Marcella's human cunt, he can't help but wish that he had met and married her instead; their bodies fit so perfectly together that it seems destined. Marcella feels the same way. Having sex with Isaac is tantamount to waking up in paradise. She cums a seventh time, and then an eight. Isaac struggles to hold out as his pleasure builds.

"Your pussy is the best I have ever had!" Isaac exclaims.

"Oh god, I want your fucking babies!" She yells between breaths.

"You're going to have them." He growls.

Marcella had taken morning after pills regularly after her weekend with Kyle, though she didn't have the chance until she had left him. She sincerely hopes that they worked, but when Isaac cum in her, she will not be taking her pills. His are the children that should grow inside of her, not Kyle's. Though she regrets letting him cum in here so much, if it wasn't for Isaac's son having sex with her on tape, she most certainly would not be with Isaac right now either. Kyle was a necessary evil to achieve her goal, and she may still play with him occasionally, if only for her own pleasure.

By Marcella's ninth orgasm, Isaac can no longer hold back. Ten minutes is all he could stand before her wonderful and accommodating pussy brought him over the edge. The stallion blows his load inside of the dainty human woman, cumming even harder and with more volume than his son Kyle does. Isaac holds himself inside of Marcella, his sweaty and musty balls on her ass as he fills her body with his fertile sperm. Jet after powerful jet flows into her as she cums one last time, writhing beneath her lover. She can't believe it as the semen spurts out from around his dick and her stretched cunt lips, splashing onto his balls and pelvis.

"Oh my god... I've... Never... Been fucked like... That before..." Marcella gasps for breath.

"I've never had a woman take my whole cock before." Isaac replies.

Keeping himself buried within her, he leans over and kisses her on the lips rather passionately. She actually enjoys it; it's as if he loves her, though she knows he probably doesn't. To her surprise, he gives her a moment to recover before rolling her over onto her stomach and fucking her all over again. They spend nearly thirty minutes having sex in the barn. For every time Isaac cums, Marcella squirts eight to ten times. A sticky pool of their combined cum pools on the hay bale, dripping off the edge and forming into a puddle on the ground between his legs.

After finishing a second time, Marcella wonders if they are finally done, but Isaac has other plans. He slides her over and sits on the hay bale, his balls landing in the pool of his own sticky white cum. He pulls her atop him and makes the shaky human ride him. When she can no longer move on her own, he lets her lie down against his muscular chest and sways his hips, pumping into her himself. After his third and final orgasm, Isaac has finally had enough of her, nearly forty minutes after it all started. She gasps for breath, trying to count exactly how many times he has made her cum, but it is a futile pursuit.

As she lies atop him, whatever cum that is left inside of her that isn't already fertilizing eggs, drips out and onto the wrinkled skin of his sheath and balls. She struggles to pull herself off of her lover, while he struggles to stand. He has never felt his balls so empty, while she has never felt so full. He takes his phone, which has a nearly full memory card and a nearly dead battery.

"If you can walk, you can shower, otherwise I'll carry you inside." He tells her.

Marcella's legs are wobbly, but after resting for a few minutes, she is still able to walk, though she does not know how. After turning over the hay bale to hide the pool of cum, they collect their clothes.

"That was amazing." Marcella coos.

"Hell yeah. Ellie was never so good. You are definitely the 'horse queen'." Isaac agrees.

"Good. So, when do you want to do this again?" She asks.

"What?" He raises an eyebrow.

"Fucking me again. When do you want to?" She reiterates with a giggle.

"That was a one-time thing. I don't want to risk my marriage with an affair."

"That's too bad." She sighs.

She walks over to her purse and takes out the camera, which is still on and recording.

"What's that?" He asks.

“My blackmail tape. This is a wi-fi compatible camera that records to a portable hard drive in my car. If you don’t agree to be my lover and fuck me whenever I want, Ellie is going to see my new tape.” Marcella grins.

She is lying about the camera’s capabilities, but acts confident and serious. Isaac’s heart sinks. He can’t believe that he played right into her hands. Admittedly, he doesn’t mind having access to her body, but his mind worries.

“What will I tell her?” He asks.

“I’ll come up with something, and when I have your babies, I already fucked a horse guy; they’ll come out human anyway, so you’re in the clear.” Marcella assures him.

Isaac takes a moment to think it over, his finger scratching his chin. Marcella taps her bare foot onto the ground, still standing naked before him. She turns her head to look at the house, her lips curling into a twisted little grin.

“Alright, I’ll do it.” He agrees.

“You said that like you didn’t have the best time of your life in my cunt.” She giggles.

“Oh, I did. I just don’t like being blackmailed.” He replies.

“I understand, but since you are, I want you to call me ‘Mistress’ when your wife isn’t around.” She remarks.

“Alright...” He mutters.

“Alright what?” Marcella brings a hand to her ear.

“Alright, Mistress.” Isaac says.

Marcella, with camera, purse and clothes in her arms, walks toward the large farm house of the ranch. Isaac stands idly, watching her with both disgust and admiration. Suddenly, the human woman stops and turns back to her naked lover, who clutches his clothes in one hand.

“Well?! Hurry up and get inside! I want you to fuck me in your wife’s bed before she gets home for my lessons!” Marcella demands.

“Yes, Mistress!” Isaac replies, quickly rushing to follow her inside.