

# Horse(bare)back Riding

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“Ready for your lesson?” Bridget sensually asks.

“Oh yeah.” Neal nods.

“Good.”

Stepping up to the diminutive human teenager, Bridget, a six foot and five-inch-tall, sturdily built Voeldahn reaches out her hand. Larger than Neal's, the mare strokes his cheek tenderly as she bends over. Nuzzling the boy's face with her broad, horse-like snout, she kisses his cheek softly, even lovingly. Neal grabs hold of Bridget's toned arms, stroking the soft, milk chocolate brown fur of the mare who stands not quite a foot taller than him. The young high-school student, a tanned Caucasian with shaggy blonde hair and bright blue eyes, kisses her in return and nuzzles her with the tip of his thin, straight nose.

The youthful man has been seeing the mare Voeldahn for weeks now, though he's known her for several more. Having met her in the market of his nearby town, she had first caught him staring at her. As a Voeldahn in a predominantly human village in rural, southwestern Kentucky, she had grown used to the occasional stares; She certainly enjoyed her isolated farm, a bastion from the locals. However, instead of the semi-prejudicial gawking, she flushed upon seeing Neal, who eyed her figure in much the same way that he would examine the female students at his school.

The young man's stares felt nice to the horse Voeldahn, a childless divorcee, who's a year from cresting thirty. Within a month of

the finalization, she moved into a farmhouse that her ex-husband had intended to remodel and sell; instead it's now hers to do with as she pleases. Smiling and waving, she continued with her shopping. Only minutes later, she saw him again. At five feet and six inches tall, he struggled to reach a top-shelf item. Finding it unusually adorable, she approached the young man, who heard the clapping of her hooves. Turning and seeing her, his face flushed and he became nervous.

So much taller than him, her sturdy frame carries an athletic and toned body. At roughly one hundred and ninety pounds, she's slender but strong for her size. Her exceptionally large and perky F-cup breasts appear big even on her frame, but not overly so; her appearance is that of many large breasted, five foot nothing swimsuit models. Her long, slightly wavy hair is a deep golden color, as is the long strands of hair that make up her horse-like tail. With big, cobalt blue eyes, she stared right through him; he felt as though he was gazing upon the features of a goddess.

"Need a hand?" She asked him.

"Yeah." He bashfully nodded.

Collecting the item, she passed it to the young man, who couldn't help but stare. Their fingers touched and the softness of her fur was readily apparent. He felt his temperature rise, among other things. Seeing the desire in his eyes, she felt empowered; when was the last time her ex-husband looked at her like that?

"So, do you ever speak to women you're attracted to?" She asked.

"Only when they're within my league." He answered.

His blunt honesty amused her. Bridget couldn't help but crack a smile. Though typically fond of masculine men, like her ex-husband,

the shy, somewhat mousy teenager appealed to her in a cute, pet-like way. Whereas a testosterone filled man would have leapt upon this situation like a hunter, dragging her off for conquest, she found a strange attraction forming between herself and the teen. Thankfully, this human is equally good looking to her as she clearly is to him.

“And who says I’m not?” She asks.

“... I’m Neal. Neal Duncan. It’s a pleasure to meet such a stunning creature as yourself, Mrs.?”

“Bridget Gillespie. *Ms.* Bridget Gillespie.”

“Ms.? Absurd. A beautiful woman like you can’t possibly be single.” He quickly rejected her statement.

“How cute.” She giggled. “I’m divorced.”

“Wow... What a fool to let you get away from him.” He said with a sly grin.

Her smile grew ever wider and her attraction to the youth more tangible. With her self-esteem bolstered but tethered to the infatuated high schooler, and his own confidence enhanced by her attention, the pair followed each other throughout the store and simply talked, albeit with regular flirting throughout. Neal spent the majority of his time simply walking with her and holding the one item he had come into the store to buy before she so rudely distracted him with her beauty. As they left together, he escorted her to her car and thanked her for her company.

Before she could turn on the vehicle, he asked for her phone number. She was hoping that he would. Texting her a winking face, they confirmed their information. Before Neal could leave, Bridget asked him where he lived. To her shock, the boy had walked across town, nearly four miles. As a city girl, that was appalling; Neal considered that a warm-up. Regardless, he did not turn down the offer for a ride. Upon reaching his home, they turned to say goodbye. She isn’t sure if it was her or Neal, but before the door opened, they

shared a single kiss. It was to be the harbinger of their rapidly blossoming relationship.

Now as nervous as he was, Bridget felt as if she was in high school herself, though she graduated about ten years earlier and even attained a bachelor's degree. Upon returning home to vigorously relieve herself, she soon found herself texting Neal. A night turned into several days, and several days turned into several weeks. By the first week of communicating, the pair had begun openly speaking of sex, and by the second they were sharing nudes. On the eighteenth day of knowing Neal, they met at the store, the scene of their first encounter. There, she bought him a large box of condoms of the size he required.

The teenage girl running the cash register didn't bat an eye when Bridget purchased the XXL sized condoms, designed for a human-like phallus. The mare herself, however, could hardly contain her excitement. The young man she was about to make her lover was not only sweet, affectionate and youthful, but somehow had equipment that rivaled her ex-husband's, and he too was a horse Voeldahn who stood a modest six foot three. Upon returning to her home, the old farmhouse that had long been vacant, Neal and Bridget consummated their newfound romance in her bedroom.

To her shock, especially given the ample size he wields betwixt his legs, Neal was still a virgin. Deciding to do it right, they kissed, cuddled and fondled until her teenage partner was ready. Without wanting to spoil his first time, she allowed him access to her body without a condom. Neal was surprisingly competent for a boy who didn't know what he was doing, though he would certainly need her training. He also lasted long enough for her to experience a single orgasm. Thankfully, she had a few morning after pills left from her dissolved marriage, though they are not as easy to come by in this town as she'd hoped; Neal's first time did not require him to pull out.

After taking the boy's virginity and giving him more than he could've ever asked for, she decided to continue their relationship. Neal was elated. Doting on her at her home and in public, treating her with a kindness that she could only have dreamed of in her ex-husband, the older mare Voeldahn decided that Neal was now her pet, *and* pet project. No sooner than their first encounter had ended, they planned another. The second time, however, was decidedly different. Not only made to wear a condom, to prevent an unwanted pregnancy, Bridget began to train her new man in the nearby barn.

She let it be known that while she cares for him, adores his company, and has no desire to find other, more masculine boyfriends, she is in charge. As her new pet and lover, Neal happily obeys his new mistress. They kiss and nuzzle each other in the privacy of Bridget's secluded, old barn. Pulling him in as she looms over her human pet, she coils her fingers around the bottom of his shirt. She lifts the garment off of him as if he were her doll, caressing his chest as she moves her hands down. Taking hold of his belt, she rather roughly rips it from the loops and undoes his pants, pushing his jeans and underwear down to the ground.

"Don't keep me waiting." She coos.

Neal promptly begins to strip his beloved mare, unbuttoning her shirt and pushing it over her shoulders. He takes her massive breasts into his hands, feeling the weight of her mammaries. Wrapping his arms around her body, he buries his face between her breasts, each one appearing bigger than his head from the confines of her bra. Looking down at the teenager, Bridget can't help but giggle at the sight of his face vanishing between her breasts. He unclips her bra by memory, as he's done it over a dozen times before. Pulling his arms away and backing up, he removes the bra and sets it aside on an old bale of hay.

"Good boy." She coos.

Stepping back to her, he licks the brown flesh of her nipples, teasing his mare the way that she likes. Admittedly, he likes it too. Her nipples are larger than the average human or Voeldahn woman's, but that's to be expected with a breed as large as the horse Voeldahn. Soft and pliable, he pinches, licks and nibbles on them, causing her to moan. His hands open her pants and push them down to the ground. With her hooved feet, she wears no shoes; she simply steps out of the leg holes. Neal steps on the heel of each boot and pulls his feet from his footwear before bending over and pulling his jeans from his legs.

No sooner than he rises does Bridget turn around. Bending over before him, she pushes herself back and shoves her plump yet firm, furry buttocks against his pelvis. The soft fur warms his bare flesh as his ten-inch-long and incredibly girthy penis is forced between her butt cheeks. Still wearing her pink thong, she wiggles her ass, teasing her young lover. Bridget knows that it drives him wild; she always wants him to desire her, like her husband used to. She reaches back and strokes the upper portion of his shaft with her fingertips as he grinds his member into her buttocks.

"Mmm, are you ready to continue your lessons, my pet?"

"Yes, Bri." He nods.

"You're so cute when you call me that." She giggles.

Neal slips his fingers behind the elastic waistband of her panties, backing away and slowly peeling them from her body. He can already smell her arousal as it floods the barn. He can't believe he managed to find such a beautiful, attentive woman who desires him so much. In the past two weeks since they first had sex, and the five that he's known her, they've nearly exhausted his supply, a box of twenty-four XXL condoms. Dropping her panties to her ankles, she steps out of them. He watches her tail sway, knowing that she does it to tease him; she purposefully wafts the lovely aroma of her hungry pussy, but always holds back at first.

**“Now remember, my pet, I’ll do for you what you do for me, but only if you can bring me close to climax. If I don’t feel like you’ve improved, I won’t suck your dick.” She warns him.**

**“I’ll do good, Bri.”**

**Turning around, Bridget hops up onto the bale of hay, though as tall as she is, she doesn’t have to hop far. Lying back, she spreads her legs for her lover, her blonde tail hanging limply beneath her. Stepping up to her with his rock-hard phallus, he strokes himself. He would love to simply take her right then and there, but Neal feels something for her beyond sex. Truly caring for her feelings, he does what she likes. Bridget, meanwhile, is thankful that he isn’t a brutish man like all of the others. She enjoys taking her time and feeling truly desired. As he works her body with more than just his penis, it’s as if they share a deeper connection; dare she say that she loves him?**

**“Just like I told you, baby.” She coos.**

**Nodding in confirmation, Neal rests both of his hands on her inner thighs, leans in and smells her vagina. To him, it has a pleasant floral aroma. Perhaps it’s pheromones, or just a really nice body wash? In any case, he loves it. Kissing her inner thighs teasingly, he moves closer and closer. He kisses just over her clitoris, making her wait and drip with anticipation. With a soft lick that she might not have even noticed if it were done anywhere else on her body, he strokes her feminine organ. Bridget shivers and moans. He repeats the action, with a bit more force.**

**Before too long, he is lapping away at her clitoris and teasing her nether lips with his tongue. Bridget reaches down and places a hand on his head. She wants to clutch him tightly and use him like her personal toy, but she fears harming him; she could never forgive herself if she did that. She runs her fingers through his blonde hair**

and pulls him closer, guiding his head into the proper position right over her loins.

“Mmm, now spell...” She coos.

She had instructed him about this when they began oral sex on their third sexual encounter. Carefully inserting his tongue into her hot, wet pussy, he wiggles the tip. Instead of just flailing it about within her loins, he tries to spell capital letters, causing his tongue to rub against the walls of her vaginal canal. Occasionally pulling out, he returns to teasing her clitoris, filling the space within her vagina with two fingers. Bridget is amazed at how fast he learns; regardless of her first statement, by now he is as good a lover orally as she’s ever had in her life. Every time she stops him, it’s because he nearly pulls an orgasm out of her, though she hesitates to share this, lest he become arrogant.

“Mmm-alright. Hff-hff. It’s your turn.” She gasps.

Sitting up as Neal stands to his feet, she wraps a leg around him to keep him close. As is her routine, she slips an arm around him and kisses him deeply. Their tongues glide over and around each other, briefly entwined as she tastes herself on her lover. Ending the passionate kisses, she pulls Neal up and quite forcefully lays him down on the hay bale, right beside her. Climbing down, she leans over him and rests on her forearms with legs spread comfortably. She nuzzles his groin, stroking his warm girth with her nose. Turning her big blue eyes toward his face as her golden hair cascades over her shoulders, her ample breasts resting over his legs and warming them, he is amazed at the sight.

Without saying a word, she silently demands he feed her his organ. Flexing his pelvic muscles, he forces his member to rise slightly without ever using his hands. She prefers it that way. As part of his



training, he performs simple kegel exercises at home to strengthen these same muscles. The reason is simple: He can continue to hold rock-hard erections for prolonged periods. As he is a spirited high school boy with considerable stamina, their playtime often exceeds thirty minutes before they're through; their sessions end when she can no longer speak to give instructions and he finally fills his condom.

As he holds his member upright with his pelvic muscles, she cutely nuzzles and licks it, counting to ten in her head to make sure that he is actually exercising. Satisfied that he is not disobeying, she leans closer, bows her head and opens her mouth. Inserting the tip, Neal sighs from the sensation of her warm mouth on his organ, as much as from being able to relax. Bridget's head bobs up and down on his member as she struggles to fit his girth. She always finds herself amused when she remembers her sex life with her ex-husband. As a stallion Voeldahn, he was naturally large, but Neal is somehow more than on par; her jaw was never sore from fellating her ex.

She envisions what it must look like to see the girthy cock pushing its way deep into her tight loins. His large, heavy balls are so full of fertile sperm that she is often amazed by the amount left in the polyisoprene condoms. Bridget is further aroused by another admittedly naughty thought. Not only is her lover younger, bigger and more handsome, but they share genetic traits. As blonde and blue-eyed people, she knows what their child would look like. Bridget had wanted a baby with her husband before their divorce, though he had black fur, black hair and amber eyes.

Bridget had always found her own brown and gold color combination ideal and would have loved a little clone of herself, or perhaps a son. Turning her eyes up to her human lover as her head bobs, her lips stretched around the impressive endowment of the teen, she would gladly bear several of his offspring. With thirty barely a year away, she can feel her clock ticking; it's almost audible as she considers the ramifications. What if she simply went for it? She could always 'lose' herself in the moment, but then she would feel guilty for

trapping her lover like that. She cares so much for Neal, and often when she has these thoughts, they continue beyond simply being pregnant; she wants him to stay indefinitely.

Unable to hold back, she takes her mouth off of Neal's organ. As he begins to sit up, she reaches out and rests it on his chest, shaking her head. Climbing up onto the bale of hay, she kneels beside him before turning around and very carefully climbing over him. Once again taking him into her mouth, Bridget bobs her head as her own loins sit before the young man's face. They've never done this before. Realizing that something else is going on, he wonders if she's pleased with him. Resting his hands on her buttocks, he begins licking her clitoris and nether lips, occasionally teasing her vaginal canal with his tongue as he had before.

She moans and groans into his member as her head bobs up and down. Feeling the organ throbbing, she knows what's drawing near. She spoke to him recently about doing away with condoms altogether; he wonders if this could be the start of that. Little does he know that these thoughts of breeding with her lover sparked every mention of unprotected sex. With the thought now burning into her mind, she knows her course of action and simply can't control herself; there is something she wants, and her pet will deliver it. Taking him from her mouth before he can orgasm, she pinches his member just behind the engorged head, squeezing from the top and bottom and denying his budding orgasm.

"Now it's time to collect your reward." She coos, looking over her shoulder at him.

"Oh good!" He sighs, panting slightly.

Climbing off of him, she stands beside the bale of hay and walks toward a smaller bed. Made out of more hay, she formed a simple place for them to have sex in her barn. Beside this hay bed is a custom bundled bale that is the right size for Neal to use as a chair,

allowing her to straddle and ride her lover. As she throws an old blanket over the hay bed to make it more comfortable for them, she turns back to see Neal reaching for the string of XXL condoms stowed within his jeans pocket. Taking a packet, he prepares to open the prophylactic that's just big enough to be comfortable on him. With eyes wide in horror, Bridget stops him.

"Wait!"

"What?" He turns to her.

"Remember what we talked about before?" She asks.

"Which thing? We talk about a lot."

"Remember how much you loved our first time? You called my pussy a 'hot, silky heaven'."

"Yeah." He blushes.

"Well, here's a chance to relive that; I want you to fuck me bareback. No more condoms." She says with a wide grin.

"Really?!" He asks excitedly.

"Mhm." She nods. "You've definitely earned it, my pet."

Dropping the string of only three remaining condoms, he follows Bridget, who picks their first position. She drops down to her hands and knees atop the blanket covered bed of hay. Glancing over her shoulder at him, the mare Voeldahn smiles and her tail moves to the side without her touching it. With an official invitation, Neal drops to his knees behind her. Due to her being so much taller than him, he rests his hands on her hips and pulls her back; Bridget cants her pelvis so that her loins point downward toward him. Without bothering to grab hold of his penis, he brings the heavy, swaying organ into position and teases her dripping wet opening with the tip as he grinds it against her nether lips.

**“Mmm-baby. Don’t make me wait... You know that’s my job.” She coos.**

**Pushing against her, he grunts and she groans as the bulbous head of his long, fat and tapering member stretches her to fit him.**

**“NNGAAH!” Bridget exclaims as the head pops into her vagina.**

**“Nnnnn-oohhh shit!” Neal groans.**

**Her flesh is scalding hot on his member, and as tight as can be; he feels as though she is crushing his girth, while she feels as though she is rapidly being filled up with the large cock. Groaning loudly and trembling, she lowers her head. Bridget tries to look down and watch his shaft as he buries it into her aching pussy, but her breasts are too large and obscure her view. A hand reaches around and takes hold of one, fondling the large orb of fur covered flesh and pinching the exposed, brown skin of her nipple. His other hand smacks her plump yet firm behind, her fur dampening the sound of the strike somewhat.**

**She shivers with delight as she can feel Neal’s hands now both squeezing her big breasts as his endowed member plows its way deeper and deeper into her love tunnel. Stretching her to her limit, the lovers both cry out in pleasure. Looking down at the large but curvy and athletic mare Voeldahn, he can’t believe that she is his partner; he often wonders if he will wake up from a dream in the middle of having sex with her. He watches with a big grin on his face as he sees his impressive organ burrowing into Bridget’s body, taking up all available space in her vaginal canal. His full, heavy testicles soon brush against her clitoris as he sheaths himself completely within her taut flesh.**

**“AAAHHHHHGGGAAHHDD!” She wails.**

**“NNNNGG-SSHHHIT! Nnf! You’re so damn tight!” He exclaims.**

**"Nnf, nnf, that's, hff, cause you're, hff, as big as, nnf, a horse."** She says through labored breaths.

**"Mmm, really?!"**

**"Nnf-yeah... Trust me. Nnf, I would know, nnf."** She assures him.

**After taking a moment for both of them to adjust, Neal begins his work, carefully removing a portion before slowly driving it back in. She groans and moans as he moves slowly at first, soon picking up more and more speed and making longer thrusts. As he pounds her tight hole, Bridget leans further forward, resting upon her own breasts, and forearms that cross below her head. Her legs slowly spread apart and slide down somewhat, lowering her pelvis to keep it at a comfortable height for her shorter, human lover. Resting his hands on her hips, he sways his own back and forth, breathing heavily as he pounds her taut flesh.**

**They keep this up for some time and her pleasure begins to build. With each thrust and every slap of his heavy scrotum against her clitoris, she is driven like a nail; deeper and deeper into her own pleasure so goes until she will soon disappear in it. Bridget drools slightly as she moans and groans into her blanket, her body swaying and nipples dragging on the fabric as her young human mate pummels her genitals with his endowment. She can't remember ever enjoying sex this much. Thwap, thwap, thwap, as his body slams against hers.**

**"Ahh, nng, nnf, nnf, nnf, nnngaaaaAHHHH!"** She squeals as she cums.

**"Ahhh-fuuuck!"** He growls, feeling her grow tighter.

**Without stopping, he continues his work. Neal can soon feel himself building to his own climax; Bridget's excessive teasing has him pent up, but this is unacceptable.**

**"Nng-I need to, nng, rest." He says.**

**"Mmm, okay." She gives a pleased sigh. "Squeeze it, just like I showed you."**

**"Alright."**

**He quickly withdraws himself, the head popping subtly and causing Bridget to laugh from embarrassment. He quickly pinches just behind the head of his organ from above and below.**

**"It feels so much better without those condoms; I can't imagine anything on Earth feeling as good as you, baby." He lauds her.**

**"Aww."**

**He teases her pussy with his fingers to keep her going as he waits only for a few moments. Once he is certain that he has calmed down enough, he slowly stuffs his phallus back into her loins. Once again, the head pops into place, but as he quickly drives nearly the entirety of his ten-inch length inside of his Voeldahn lover, it forces air out; Bridget's adorable little pussy queefs as he dives in. Though she feels herself flushing, Neal enjoys it. To him, the sound is a testament to his size and the pleasure that he gives her, which is obviously considerable.**

**"Nnf, nnf, nnf, nnf!" She groans.**

**"Nng-yeah... You like my big cock, don't you? Nng!"**

**"Nnf, yeah. Nnf, I fucking, nnf, love it, hff."**

**He smacks her buttocks and squeezes her fur covered flesh, really enjoying himself as he picks up exactly where he left off. After a few minutes of work, he brings her right back to the brink. Feeling her body trembling in pleasure, Bridget clenches her teeth and grunts, drooling as she cums hard on her lover.**

**“NNNNGGGFUUUCK!” She cries out.**

**“God damn, baby. Nng, already?!” He chuckles.**

**He pushes in and holds his place. Reaching up, he strokes her back as though she were his pet, feeling the cool sensation of her damp fur on his palm. When Bridget begins to sweat from simply allowing him to fuck her at his own pace, he knows that he’s doing an excellent job. She doesn’t need to say it, but her body and her actions tell no lies. Flopping down from exhaustion, she gasps for breath. Turning her eyes down toward him and moving her head over to one side so that she can see him, she gazes longingly at him. Leaning over, he presses his glistening chest against her sweaty body, her matted fur giving off a unique, musky scent.**

**As with the smell emitted from her loins, Neal enjoys it. Perhaps it’s natural pheromones, or he could just be weird like that. Bridget’s sweaty fur has a soft, feminine smell that comforts and pleases him considerably; he never misses a chance to tell her that. His arms wrap around her body and he takes hold of her massive breasts. He gently shifts his pelvis, not-so-subtly reminding her that her vagina is still being speared by his hung penis.**

**“Mmm, you smell so good.” He says, sniffing her shoulder blades and nuzzling her back with his nose.**

**“Stop it.” She murmurs with embarrassment.**

**“But you do!” He insists.**

**“Hff, you’re so sweet, hff.”**

**“Only to you.” He coos.**

**“It’s, hff, your turn now, hff...”**

Taking his hands away from her breasts and arms away from her body, Neal pulls back, withdrawing himself from her thoroughly used loins. The sloshing of his penis as it's drawn out of her makes her flush even more beneath her fur. Bridget struggles to rise to her hooves, instead staying in a kneeling position and shaking for some time. Her ex-husband often made her orgasm, but never to the degree that Neal does, or as often; this young human always leaves her legs weakened. Reaching out a hand, he softly pets her buttocks before patting it as if to show pride.

"That's my good mare. You're so fun to ride." He says teasingly.

"Okay, pet... Sit down." She replies, pointing toward the hay chair.

"As you command." He replies with a wink. "Are you coming?" He taunts her as he sits down.

"You just wait and see what I have in store for you... Once my legs start working again..." She replies.

It's time for her to initiate the next phase of her plan. She knows that she won't have the strength to go on much longer, and it won't be fair to her lover to never release; soon enough, he too will orgasm, but whether he wants to or not, she won't be climbing off of him. Every drop will go right where it belongs, deep into her body. With what strength she can muster, Bridget crawls toward her lover. She briefly stops to lick his penis, dragging her thick tongue from the base of his shaft and up to the tip, along the underside. After doing this, she lifts her head, looks him straight in the eye, and leans in for a French kiss.

Neal doesn't deny her. For some reason she loves to kiss him after oral sex of any kind; it's just one of her kinks. Luckily, he finds himself enjoying it as well. Struggling to her hooves, Neal does what he can to steady her, which is actually considerable. It always warms her heart when she experiences his considerate and downright loving behavior towards her; it only makes her biological craving to bear his child even stronger. She is at a point where it now clouds all



judgement and she cannot think rationally. Bridget desires Neal in all ways, and she intends to keep him.

Standing with her legs spread wide apart, she slowly lowers herself down atop her human lover's lap. The hay chair is essentially a rectangular mini-bale. With a backrest made from a similar bale that sits against a support beam for the barn's roof, Bridget can easily place her hooves on the ground behind him and squat down over him. With her hands holding the support beam, she can ride Neal in a manner comfortable for the both of them, and at her discretion. Because of her size, weight, and athletic muscles, Neal is no match for her, even if he would protest what she's about to do, though she highly doubts that he would; what male *doesn't* want to fill a woman's pussy with their cum?

Using his pelvic muscles to straighten his endowed organ, Bridget pushes the head against her quivering loins. Already she's felt two orgasms to his zero; she doesn't plan on denying him this time. Carefully popping the head back into place, the mare Voeldahn drives the massive cock home, right back into her body.

"NnnnNNNGAAAHHH!" She cries out as she sits down on his penis.

"NNNNNGGGGGSHHHIIT!" He grunts.

"AHH! AHH! HFF... SO! HFF... BIG!"

Even if she wasn't the only woman that he's ever had sex with, Neal finds it hard to believe that anyone else could feel as good to him as Bridget does. With her hands clutching the black painted, steel, cylindrical support beam, Bridget looks down. In this position, their size difference is perhaps the most apparent, though when he lay over her, when she's on her back, it might be almost as noticeable. Seated atop her lover with her hooves on the ground and her lover

leaning slightly backward, his head sits only a little higher than her massive, F-cup breasts, of which each are nearly the size of his head.

Bridget's long chin and broad, horse-like snout hang over the top of his head as his face is inadvertently buried between her mammaries. In order for her to properly look down and see him, she has to either lean back considerably, or shift to one side and glance at him from an angle. With her hooves effectively mounted to the floor beneath her weight, she sits on him in a slightly squatted position. In order to ride him, she will bounce atop him using both her arms and legs for support. Should her arms become tired, she could always continue from a kneeling position, though it would limit her movement.

Looking down at her teenage human boy toy, he appears to be exactly that. Considering her feelings for him, she feels a tinge of guilt. Regardless of her desires, she doesn't want to hurt him with them. Perhaps he doesn't want to stay with her and be a father so early in his life? That is the downside of being nearly twelve years older than her partner. The young man's face, buried between her marvelous breasts, suddenly turns up to her.

"Mmm-god. You feel sooo good!" Neal groans, a wide smile on his face.

"I do?" She asks innocently.

"Oh yeah. I love you. It! I love it!" He swiftly corrects.

With eyes wide, she leans back to examine his face. With their gazes locked, she can see him turning beet red; he was not correcting anything. That's what's often called a 'Freudian slip'. Her chest burns as she realizes that he truly does see her as more than just a mare Voeldahn that he has hot sex with. Leaning her head in, she kisses him over and over again, pressing her big breasts against his chest as she curls around him in a bizarre attempt to envelope her lover.

**"I love you too, Neal." She coos, kissing his cheek.**

**"You do?" He asks as if afraid that she's lying.**

**"Mhm. And I'm going to let you have me. *All* of me." She adds.**

**Though unsure of what she means, he isn't going to begin asking questions now. As they kiss and their tongues entwine, Bridget begins her work. Slowly lifting herself up, she drops back down with a cute plop. Repeating this, she moves up and down, slowly and steadily at first, but gradually gaining speed. Resting her chin atop his head, Neal wraps his arms around her warm, sweaty body, feeling the matted fur of her inner thighs, belly and the underside of her big breasts as they grind against his glistening flesh. With his face buried between the largest, perfectly formed and perky breasts that he's ever seen in his life, he grunts and groans into her chest as she rides him like a good cowgirl.**

**"NNF! NNF! NNF! NNF!" She gasps as she rides her lover.  
"Yeah! Nnf, nnf. Stretch that pussy! Nng, nnf, nnf! Fill me, baby!"**

**As she bounces, he can feel himself growing dangerously close. She's never told him where to cum, if anywhere at all, though he is certain she doesn't want it inside of her. However, he can't protest in his state; he's far too busy licking and sucking on her lovely, brown nipples. Grunting and groaning, she does her best to milk her young lover for every drop he has. Every bounce reminds her of his big load, each and every plop of his balls against her ass teasing her with it; she eagerly awaits his inevitable release. Feeling her muscles burn, she is forced to take a short break. Bridget sits down atop him.**

**He groans as much from frustration as pleasure, though the feeling is mutual; he was nearly at his peak, but so was Bridget. Smacking her ass hard, Neal demands that she keep going. The little moments where he shows assertiveness only make her find him even more adorable, as it's so out of character. Resting on her knees and**

making herself more comfortable, the lovers keep going. Without her range of movement, she pumps short, slow strokes inside of her vagina. Bridget makes up for it by rocking and swiveling her hips, grinding Neal's cock against her vaginal walls. This not only rubs him in all of the right ways, but her as well.

After barely a minute of this, her body grows tense. Thirty seconds more and the mare Voeldahn cums hard on his long, fat cock. The familiar white cream smears all over his cock and balls, but she doesn't stop what little motion she can muster. Feeling her clamping down like a vice, but still rubbing him with her insides, Neal can't take it. With her arms wrapping around him and gripping him like a teddy bear, he knows that he can't help what's about to happen. Hopefully she isn't mad at him. His hands grip her ample buttocks, holding tightly to the plump, fur covered meat of her ass.

**"NNG! I'M GONNA! NNNGGGAAAHHH!"** He growls.

**"AHHH-YES!"**

Jet after hot and powerful jet floods her body. With testicles that hold nearly two fluid ounces, he injects his fertile semen through her cervix and into her uterus. Bridget's resulting orgasm as she feels her stud filling her up is the most powerful that she's ever had. So strong is the release of endorphins that it cements her feelings for the young man. Trembling beneath her, Neal's arms and legs tremor slightly as his body falls limp. His previous repeated denials only made his release that much more powerful and he appears to pass out from the pleasure right then and there.

"I'm sorry if you didn't want me to do that." A weak Neal chokes out. "I couldn't help it."

"I'm not mad. I wanted it." She replies, her chin atop his head as she strokes him like a pet cat.

"You're on birth control now?"

**"... No."**

**Struggling to look up at her, she instead leans back and glances down. They stare into each other's eyes for some time and Neal finally begins to understand. Rather than being infuriated or feeling betrayed, he simply smiles.**

**"Alright then." He says.**

**"That's it? You're not mad that I want to have your ponies?"**

**"No. I love you, Bridget. I'll have them with you." He answers.**

**"Oh, Neal!" She hugs him tighter.**

**"Babe... Air... Need..." He chokes out.**

**"Oh, I'm sorry!" She loosens her grip. "I'm just so happy!"**

**Sitting atop her lover, he continues to remain erect by flexing and holding his pelvic muscles. Stroking his hair and nuzzling his head, she can feel and hear him sniffing her breasts.**

**"You keep doing that." She giggles.**

**"I'm sorry. I just love the way you smell." He admits, kissing her muzzle. "You're so sweet, and soft, and warm. I could make love to you all day."**

**"You called it making love..." She says with a pleased smile.**

**"Isn't it?" He asks.**

**"Yes. I love making love to my little human the most, and I've had a Voeldahn stallion before." She winks.**

**"Talk about compliments!" He grins from cheek to cheek.**

**Sharing several impassioned kisses, Bridget slowly shifts her legs. Resting her hooves on the floor, she pulls on Neal, dragging him**

from his seat as she slowly lies back on the nearby blanket-covered bedding. The lovers switch positions, all without ever separating their genitalia. Now kneeling between her legs as she lay back, the woman strokes her human lover so tenderly. Leaning over, Neal licks and sucks on her nipples, gently nibbling on them while his hands fondle the large orbs.

“Mmm, are you ready for another try?” She asks, petting his head.

“Another try? So, you really do want to have a baby.”

“Only yours.” She coos.

“Yeah. I’m ready.” He nods.

“Good. You haven’t gone soft yet; those exercises work.”

“They sure do!” He proudly chirps.

“This will be my final lesson, Neal. After this, I’ve finished teaching you all that I know.” She says.

“And what’s this lesson?”

“Impregnation...” She coos, kissing his face. “The proper positions...”

Kiss after kiss, the tension builds all over again. Having maintained his erection, he slowly begins to work her once more. Still fairly well lubricated, Neal takes the time to neck and fondle Bridget, to make sure that she is comfortable for their next try. With slow, short thrusts, he is mindful of her body as he teases her back into full arousal. Soon, she is begging for him to do more. Her well-used pussy drips with anticipation, her body crying out for him. Happy to oblige, Neal grips her breasts and holds onto them as he begins swaying his hips. Picking up speed and increasing the length of his strokes, she soon writhes beneath the smaller human.

“Ahh-god! Mmm-fuck me, baby! Nng, nng-yeah!” She moans.

Plop, thwap, plop; his balls smack into her furry butt as he pummels her hungry pussy. Wrapping her legs around her lover's hips, her ankles cross behind him as he rocks his pelvis, holding himself up by his palms as his arms rest near the curve of her waistline. To Bridget's surprise, she can feel her pleasure building even faster than previously; it's as if her last orgasm simply lingered, never truly dissipating. She cries out to Neal, begging him to fill her, to make her pregnant with his ponies. The request seems to enhance their pleasure and Bridget's arms and legs soon begin to tremor uncontrollably.

Licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples, Neal smacks her ass and gives it a rough squeeze. Leaning as far over as he can, his nose can barely reach the nape of her neck as she lay beneath the shorter human. Even so, he sniffs and kisses her several times as they mate. The sensation of his lips caressing her neck and his attentiveness to her pleasure draws her even further in. Her arms wrap around him, holding onto him tightly and snuggling with him as he continues to pound her taut loins with his oversized organ. Grunting and groaning louder and with more force, Neal draws near the end. As she shivers with ecstasy, Bridget can no longer hold back.

**"AHHGGAHHDD!"** She exclaims. **"NNF, NNF, FILL ME, NNF, NNG!"**

Feeling her pussy clamping down on him like a vice as she orgasms yet again, Neal growls and groans. Burying himself balls deep within her loins, he shoots another considerable load; Neal drains his aching nuts into the writhing mare Voeldahn. With every last drop released where it belongs, the lovers hold each other and simply lie there.

**"I love you, Neal."** She coos.

**"I love you too, Bri."**

**"Our ponies are going to be so cute." She says with a little smile.**

**"If they're any more adorable than you, they'll give people nose bleeds." He chuckles.**

**Slowly pulling himself from her thoroughly used loins, Neal climbs up from the exhausted Bridget and crawls around to her right side. Without asking or being told, she promptly takes hold of his hips and lick his cock clean. After taking care of him, he lay down beside her and the pair share more than a few long, loving kisses.**

**"What are you doing tonight?" She suddenly asks.**

**"What do you mean?"**

**"Well, did you want to spend the night here with me?" She reiterates.**

**"We've never done that before. I'd love to!" He smiles wide.**

**"Good. I want my lover in my bed, lying beside me, where you belong." She coos.**

**"Aren't I your pet?" He asks with a raised brow.**

**"No. You're too good to be just a pet." She says, kissing him once again. "You're my boyfriend now."**

**"Oh, neat!" He chirps.**