

Clyde's Story Nicholas Scribetail

There are a lot of people out there who don't quite know who they are. The journey of self-discovery is one of the most prominent themes found in stories new and old. I like to count myself among one of those people who don't know who they are, but this story isn't about me. I didn't know who I was when I woke up at night, staring up at the stars from a field in Dante's Landing. Hell, I didn't even know I was a horse until I saw my hooves, let alone know my name. All I'd known was that I was in some sort of accident, and that a fox named Mortimer took me in till I got better. The only thing he could tell me was my name was Clyde. At first I thought he was just being funny (what with me being a Clydesdale and all), but after a while it rolled off the tongue so nicely, I adopted the name, weather it was real or not.

This all must sound very tragic, but think about it this way: I have no past to go back to, no future I had in mind either. I might have been rich; I might have been some fancy celebrity. I could have been an escaped convict for all I knew and I just happened to wake up in Dante's Landing by sheer chance. I don't consider myself unlucky for not knowing my past, or even for not knowing what I'd left behind before waking up in that field and looking at the stars. There was only one thing I wanted, and one thing I'd gained from loosing my memory: Freedom.

From that day on I'd worked at Dante's Landing for Mortimer, and he seemed happy to have me. Most of his workers were seasonal help, not a lot were bigger species like me; lots of them were there for the money, but I stayed year round earning my food and housing in the barn. They always seemed to leave with something extra, and I think I'd be stupid not to think that the land itself was somehow involved. I don't need to know what causes it; ignorance thus far has been bliss. There was one worker that passed through this farm that I saw go through a very dramatic transformation. And while I don't like to toot my own horn too often, I like to think I might have had something to do with it.

It was a slightly colder day on the farm, cold for a summer day at least. I was taking a relaxing break on the tractor when the yellow taxi made its way down the dirt road. Thick dirt clouds followed the little yellow dot in the distance, and I had a good idea why it was here. Taxis didn't usually come unless someone was coming to the farm to work, or someone was leaving, and no one I knew about had plans to leave soon. Regardless, I went back to my book with a barley stem between my teeth. Reading had become a favorite pastime of mine since being taken in by Mortimer. Homer's Odyssey was my newest obsession, and one that was sure to keep me occupied for quite a while.

I became so engrossed I hardly noticed Mortimer approaching with another fur. "Hey Clyde," Mortimer shouted as I took my eyes off the book, "come on down here and say hello to our newest worker!"

I folded my page and set the book down, jumping off the high seat of the tractor and onto the soft earth. To Mortimer's side stood a white furred rabbit. He was smaller than me as most other furs were, but his ears could have easily reached my jawline. Overall he was about Mortimer's height, though the ears made him look taller. Judging by his clothes he was a city kid, probably coming down for a summer job to pay for college or something. He looked more than a little nervous, jumpy even. So I stuck out my hand and offered a shake.

"Names Clyde," I said, the rabbit shrinking away a little.

He put his paw in mine and answered, "T-Tim."

Mortimer was the next to speak, "Tim here has offered his services. Now I hope you don't mind, but I figured a nice strapping young rabbit would be exactly what you need for hay season."

I nodded, "Indeed it would. Any prior experience lad?"

"N-no sir," the white rabbit replied.

I laughed, "Please, call me Clyde, none of that sir stuff."

Mortimer excused himself, "Best leave you two to get acquainted. Tim is excused from work today to get himself situated, but it couldn't hurt to show him what needs to be done."

I waved him off, "Alright Mortimer, see you around!"

When the fox left, I turned to Tim. The rabbit seemed even more nervous now with Mortimer gone. I will admit I'm taller than just about everyone on the farm, but I'd hardly say I'm intimidating. I'm a softie at heart, I'd rather hit books than hit any living creature. I put a hand on his shoulder and the poor guy nearly jumped out of his skin.

"So, ready to learn the basics?"

Tim gulped and nodded. Clearly this was going to be an interesting partnership. I set about telling him how the tractor and the machine it pulled worked. It was a much older machine, but it got the job done just fine. His job wouldn't be too hard for now, just needed him to tie off the bails as we went along. It required more speed and finesse than it did muscle. Tim seemed to be getting it all right, as a test I ran the tractor and it spat out a new bail. When the engine backfired the rabbit jumped almost six feet in the air, I hoped his legs were as fast as they were powerful. I demonstrated tying them down, then undid one to let him try. It took him a couple of tries, but eventually he got it, though he spent a little too much time on the knot.

“It’ll get easier when we do full runs,” I said, “just be sure to keep pace so the bails don’t fall apart.”

“I’ll try to remember that,” he said still jittery from the backfire.

“I’ve still got some work to do before the day’s over, your welcome to leave and get yourself settled in at the barn, or you can stay here with me. I like the company, don’t get too many partners workin’ with me.”

Tim looked up at me, “If its all the same with you, uh, Clyde... I think I’ll just head to the barn.”

I shrugged, “Suit yourself. I’ll come in and check on you once I’m done.”

With that the rabbit walked back towards the barn. *Damn*, I thought, *is it me, or is he really that timid?* I mean I’d seen a couple of rabbits or hares on the farm, but this guy was literally emanating fear, I could smell it from atop the tractor, and I aint exactly known for my sense of smell. I just hoped he’d come out of his shell a little as we worked, otherwise it might end up being a very long, slow season. I managed to get a whole line of bails done before it started getting dark; tying them myself was slower than doing it with a partner. I hoped that tomorrow we’d get the whole field done, might give Tim a confidence boost having something done his first day.

I got back to the barn with a bunch of the other workers, though I couldn’t see Tim anywhere. I went up to my third-floor room, and in passing, I saw Tim in his small room right beside mine. He was reading a book, one I’d never heard of, but the cover caught my eye. By the time he noticed I was standing in the doorway he quickly tucked the book away. He looked a little embarrassed, though I couldn’t imagine why.

“Hey there,” I said.

“Hey...” he replied back.

“So, your all situated I assume?”

“Y-yes... Mortimer was nice enough to give me a room with a view.”

I nodded, “That he did. Say, Gregory is cooking up some food downstairs, care to join me?”

“...I dunno...”

I smiled, “Tim, I might look big and tuff, but I’m about as mean as a teddy bear, ask anybody, I’ve been here longer than most. We’ve got a whole season ahead of us, I’d rather us work as a team than have you jump at every move I make.”

Tim scratched at the back of his head for a moment, then replied with, “What’s this Gregory guy making?”

“Only the best damn Gumbo you’ve ever tasted.”

For the first time that day, the rabbit smiled, “Sound delicious.”

He hopped off his bed and made his way downstairs to the dining area in the center. I told him I just needed to change into something else before I went down. When he was out of sight, I snuck into his room to see what he was so embarrassed about reading. Now I’m not normally one to snoop, but maybe if I could figure out what made him so nervous around me and so relaxed in this book, maybe I could break past that wall he’d put up. I found the book, the title was vague like, “Dancing through stars,” or something; after flipping through a few pages and realizing just what the cover implied, a grin crossed my face. This was going to be an interesting partnership indeed.

The next morning we started on our work. It was warmer than the previous day, the sun was hot and there wasn’t a cloud in the sky to be seen. I was the first one there, and by the time I had the tractor started, Tim came running over. Running across a field didn’t seem to phase him, good thing too since he’d be running after the tractor anyway. I gave him one last trial with tying the hay bails, and we set on our way. The tractor roared to life and the machinery cut the field down and spun the hay into bails, spitting it out the back end. The first couple of bails turned out fine, but Tim was falling behind.

I stopped the tractor as it started the next line in the field, and tied up the last couple of bails until I came to the bail Tim was working on. He was tying the bails all wrong, taking too much time on them. By the time I tied the last bail, it was already on its way to falling apart. I pulled Tim off the bail he was working on to inspect what he was doing wrong.

“Well,” I said scratching the back of my head, “I’ll give you points for being thorough, but the bail only needed two lines of twine to keep them together. And those knots could come loose by tomorrow.”

The rabbit just shook his head, “I’m sorry, I-I just never did anything like this before I wasn’t-”

I held up a hand, “Whoa there Tim, Its no big deal. We’ll just go back and re-tie them. You got them tied at least, so they wont fall apart right this second.”

“O-ok.”

I looked up, the sun was getting higher in the sky, and it was getting hotter by the second. “Just give me a second though, its gonna be a hot day.”

Tim looked up, “Yeah, but at least the sky’s clear, nice day to-”

He stopped talking as I began taking off my sleeveless shirt. I tossed it on one of the bails. The next thing I did was I removed the jean shorts I had been wearing. I didn’t tend to wear underwear, just gets in the way most of the time. I kicked the shorts off and they landed next to the same bail my shirt was draped over. This sort of thing was a regular ritual for me really, on hot days like today, clothes just made it harder for me to work. I wasn’t the least bit shy about it either; I’d even gotten a nice little nickname from the other workers over the years, “Clyde Hide” was a name I had grown accustomed to, so much so I used it to sign important papers, given the fact I had no real last name and all.

“W-w-what are you doing?!” Tim stuttered.

I stretched out my back, tail forming a slight curve to match, “Just getting more comfortable.”

“What if Mortimer sees you? Or somebody else does?!”

I gave a light chuckle and looked at him, “We’re miles from any civilization, and Mortimer doesn’t care what I do as long as I work. He usually gives that lecture to newcomers.”

“I thought he meant listening to some radio or the way you do the work, not prancing around butt naked!”

I laughed, “that fox isn’t vague about anything. When he says ‘do what you want’, he means it. You’re welcome to do the same if you like.”

The rabbit turned away, “No thanks! Uh, lets just get to those bails before I mess up another, or something...”

Tim started walking to the first of the run. I smiled; this would be fun. By the time I caught up to him, he had already untied the un-needed third string of twine from the middle, and was working frantically to get one of the ones on the side untied. I walked up behind the rabbit and he froze in place. I leaned over and put his more delicate paws in my hands. Mechanically, he let me control his hands.

“First,” I said talking near one of his long ears, “just start the knot like you usually would, one piece over the other.” He breathed sharply and followed my hand movements, “Then, pull it tight as you can,” I said pulling his hands in either direction, “then as quick as possible, repeat that last step.”

I pressed my hand down on the half-finished knot and let his hands take over. When he had both pieces of twine firmly in paw, I pressed my body a little closer, my

manhood pressing lightly into the soft white fur of his fluffy tail. He gasped and pulled the strings so tight I could hear them sliding against each other. Heat emanated from his ears against my face, and I knew exactly what that meant.

I backed away, “think you can get the other ones done so we can keep going?”

Tim nodded sheepishly. I made my way back to the tractor, smiling as I whipped my long tail back and fourth as I walked. Tim looked like he was still having trouble at first, but he got it done and I started up the engine again. When he finished fixing the last bail, I started another run. The first bail was spat out, and I was worried he’d fall behind again, but by the time the machine was halfway through making another bail, Tim jumped on top of the bail and tied it up in no time, and jumped down. I was impressed, those bails only came to my chest, but they were bigger than he was. That rabbit had some legs all right. The bails kept coming and Tim kept hopping on and off the bails. Still trailing at least one bail behind me, it was better progress than we had at the start of the day.

We took a short lunch break in the field, I had a sandwich Gregory had prepared me, and Tim just had a bag of potato chips he’d brought with him earlier. I sat on top of one of the gigantic tires; Tim sat on a freshly spun hay bail. I handed half my sandwich to Tim and he graciously took it; he’d need the energy more than I would. We got back to working and Tim was keeping pace now, practically hopping from bail to bail as they flew out of the machine. We kept at it until the sun began to dip on the horizon. I stopped, and looked back at what we had accomplished: A whole field lay flat except the enormous tightly wound bails of hay. I hopped off the tractor and Tim finished up the last bail, panting and nearly out of breathe.

“Well would you look at that,” I said as Tim got his breathing back to normal, “we got this whole field done!”

Tim looked back, “We did?”

“You bet your tail we did. If we can get half a field done a day, we might just get the season done early!”

For the first time that day, Tim smiled. We headed back to the barn just as the last few drops of daylight faded into the night. I made sure to grab the clothes off the hay bail; Tim already had a head start on me towards the barn. On my way back I saw Mortimer exit the farmhouse, lighting a pipe and making his way towards me. The fox smiled and took a hit of tobacco, offering me the pipe next. I gracefully declined with a hand, and he just took another hit.

“So,” Mortimer started, “How’s our newest worker holding up?”

“Slow to start,” I said, “And nerves made of glass.”

“I see,” he took another hit.

“But... quick on his feet, and creative. He could nearly bound from one bail to another, you know?”

“A perfect fit, eh?”

“Still,” I said throwing my clothes over a shoulder, “that boy’s more closed up than a clam in ice. Know anything more from his resume?”

The fox shook his head, “Only that he barely passed his freshman year of college by the skin of those buck teeth. Doesn’t speak with his folks much anymore either. I’d say he probably hasn’t been outside the city much, maybe he just needs a few days to adjust to life out here.”

“He’ll get used to it, they always do.”

“Yes. While I’ve never questioned your choice in clothing, or lack there of, I worry that working with you might have come at a bit of a shock. Are you sure you can handle him? Or more accurately, that he can handle you?”

I turned to Mortimer, “Positive.”

The fox emptied the ashes from the pipe, “Well, I trust your judgment. I know you’ll find a way to make Tim feel right at home.”

I nodded as Mortimer turned back to enter the house, “Oh, I get the feeling he’ll be just fine.”

The next day I’d woken up early to get preparations done for the second phase of harvesting the hay. I didn’t bother to wear any clothes this time, there’d be too much work and the day was setting out to be about the same as the one prior. By the time I got the trailer for the tractor hitched, Tim was already running up, lunch bag firmly in hand. He set it down on the edge of the field and came up to greet me. He was still a little nervous around me, but definitely less jittery. Once all preparations were complete, I pulled the trailer in front of one of the hay bails and cut the engine.

I unhitched the tailgate ramp and got behind one of the bails. “Today, we need to take all the bail’s we’ve spun and load them up onto the trailer.”

Tim looked up at the bail that clearly towered over him, “Ok, I-I don’t think I’ll be able to do this one on my own, Clyde...”

I patted the hay bail, “You won’t. I usually do it myself, but I can only do so many a day on my own without hurting myself. That’s why you’re going to help me with each one to get it onto the trailer. The hardest part is getting it up the ramp, after that you could probably roll it to the back yourself.”

Tim looked from the bail to me, “If you say so.”

I positioned myself behind the bail and gestured Tim to take a similar stance, “Trust me, you’ll make all the difference in the world.”

On my count, we started to push. It was tough, and though I could see the rabbit trying to push the hay, but it wasn’t making as much of an impact as I’d hoped. We eventually got the bail onto the trailer, but Tim sounded winded just from one bail. I let him roll the hay to the back to let him see how easy it was, and he moved it with little effort. We moved onto the next bail, and this one seemed heavier than the last. We stopped for a second; it wasn’t going anywhere.

“Man, this one is stubborn,” I said standing upright.

“Are they always this heavy?” Tim asked.

“Sometimes. But these things always end up on that trailer, one way or another.” I looked down and the rabbit’s legs, and remembered how he’d jumped yesterday to get to other bails. “Say, I have an idea...”

“What did you have in mind?”

I walked around to his other side, “lay down on your back, and get close as you can to the bail.” He shot me a questioning look, “Just trust me on this one.”

Tim lay down, getting into position so the back of his legs rested against the bail and his back was flat against the ground, “Like this?” he asked, only realizing at that time he had a good sight of my sack to his left, swallowing hard and probably blushing under his fur.

“Yeah. Now, I’m going to push with my shoulders, and I want you to push as hard as you can with your legs. Got it?”

He looked away momentarily, “I don’t know, I mean, I could get squished by this thing...”

I got into position; “you won’t, part of my job will be to keep it from moving backwards. I promise I won’t let it fall.”

The rabbit bit his lip, but eventually gave a heavy sigh. “Alright, let’s do it.”

Tim placed his feet onto the bail, and on my count we pushed. The bail began to move, I barely had to do anything, the rabbits feet doing most of the work. But then Tim's feet slipped and I felt the full weight of the bail on my back. The rabbit rolled out of the way and I dropped the bail, letting it roll a little ways away from the trailer. It hurt my back, but not too badly, I just stretched a little and the pain went away, and I considered myself lucky.

"See? I told you I couldn't do it!" Tim said, adrenalin still rushing through him.

I stood up straight, "No no, you were doing great Tim! We can do this."

"I could have seriously hurt you!"

I went over and placed a hand on his shoulder, "Calm down Tim. I'm fine, and so are you. These are the kind of risks that just come with the job. We'll get this job done, we just need to re-think our approach." I looked down at him, then over to the bail, and back at him. "Get back into position, I want to check something."

He gave me the first look of defiance I'd seen from him. I rolled my eyes, "just do it, we're not going to move it yet." Tim reluctantly took the same position as before, but this time I looked at the position of his hips. "Is that as far back as you can get your legs?"

"Yeah," he replied, "why?"

I moved over and tried positioning his legs lower, but they wouldn't go back far enough. Then I realized what the problem was.

"Take off your pants."

"WHAT?!" the rabbit jumped up out of his position.

"Your jeans are restricting your movement. If you take them off, you could get your legs down farther and it won't slip off when you move the hay."

He turned away from me, "restricting or not, you'd be nuts if you think I-

"Tim, this is the only way we're going to be able to get any of this done on time. I could ask another fur on the farm but that'd detract from their job and set them back as well." I put a hand on his shoulder, "You can put them back on if it doesn't work, and if it does, you can put them back on if that'd make you more comfortable."

He kept his back to me, thinking it over for a minute, then replying, "Alright... just, help me out of these jeans, the button in the front gave me some trouble this morning, I think it's broken."

I nodded and he turned back around to face me. I kneeled down and undid the latch above his tail first, it came off with a quick click and the waist gave a little more slack. His face and ears were hot again, again I knew why all too well. I got to the front and sure enough he was right, some half-wit made the jeans with a hole barely large enough to fit the button. I gently pushed the button out and unzipped his jeans. Finally, I gingerly pulled the jeans off his body, revealing a very powerful set of legs and a pair of black briefs. Tim stood out of the denim and I tossed the pair onto the tractor. He wasn't even naked but I could still feel the heat from his face as I stood up.

Tim padded over to the bail and got back into position, his legs getting into a better position than before. "Lets get this over with."

I smiled and got into position myself, "ready?"

He nodded, I gave the word, and we pushed. Again the bail moved a lot easier than before. This time he didn't slip; instead we got the bail all the way up and into the trailer. Tim stood up, seeing the hay on the cart he immediately gave a sigh of relief. I was impressed; he managed to push that bail up practically on his own. I didn't know if the rabbit ever ran track or did anything athletic in school, but those legs really were as powerful as the rabbit stereotype.

"Wow Tim, that was amazing. I barely had to push."

"You're just saying that."

"No really, you did most of the work, I just held it in place. We might be able to get a good chunk of this done before lunch!"

Tim chuckled, "If you say so." I got his pants from the tractor, but he just held up a hand, "I think I'll go without them today. You know, for efficiency since we lost so much time already."

I put them back, "If you insist."

We got to work on the rest of the bails. This was a much easier process with Tim's help, pushing the bails while I kept them straight. After a while I think he forgot he had a naked horse standing next to his head, hell I think he forgot he wasn't wearing any pants. By lunchtime we had a quarter of the whole field done, a lot more than I'd thought would get done. We sat down to eat on the tailgate of the trailer, I had some of last night's leftovers, and Tim had a sub made by Gregory. It was nice to see the rabbit opening up. Just the other day he'd been offset by my nudity, now it didn't seem to bother him that he was sitting in a shirt and underwear next to a big naked horse. Things were going better than planned.

We finished the day's work with about half the field to go tomorrow. He got his pants back on and I followed him back to the barn. Dinner turned out to be a mixed rice

dish, and I could detect a hint of oregano in the mix. Tim sat next to me, and we talked a little while, until a male mouse across from Tim got into conversation with him. I was glad to see him open up to someone besides me, even if only for a moment. Everything was going according to plan, though it was moving faster than I had anticipated. This rabbit might have secrets, but this gentile horse was going to be the one to hear it, without any stories going around “straight from the horses mouth.”

Tim was becoming more comfortable around me each day. He moved the bails and removed his pants without fuss; we had them done so soon we had enough time to set up the tractor for harvesting before the sun went down. He was also opening up a lot more to the rest of the furs during dinner. He started talking with two, sometimes three people at a time. When we had the other half of the bails moved to the storage area, we picked back up on harvesting the hay. One day when we had to get back to moving the bails onto the trailer, he surprised with a show of confidence.

As we were getting ready to move the first bail, Tim absent-mindedly stripped off his shirt, leaving him in nothing but a pair of black briefs with red trim. The rabbit's upper body was skinny, but not so much as to offset his bottom half. He looked stunning, beautiful even standing there in nothing but underwear.

“Wow,” I said, “getting more comfortable around me by the day aren't you?”

He shrugged, “Its supposed to be really hot today.”

“I have to say, you look like quite the handsome young rabbit. You sure you're a college student and not a model?”

He chuckled and sheepishly turned away, a smile plastered across his short muzzle. “Oh stop. I'm not that good looking.”

“Sure you are. Hell, I bet when you get back the art students would want a nude model, and you could probably bank a nice amount of cash.”

“I don't know...”

I laughed, “You haven't left much to the imagination for me, Tim. I wouldn't mind in the least if you wore nothing but your birthday suit. You've already seen me naked plenty of times.”

He looked around, “But... what if other people see me?”

I smiled, “They wont, you have the forest on one side and the barn on the other, trust me, you have a higher risk of peeping toms in public showers.”

He played with the elastic waistband for a minute, then gave a heavy sigh. He gently pulled the cotton briefs down over those powerful legs, then past his knees, then lightly stepped out of them, and tossed them to the pile of his other clothes. He really was as handsome naked as he was with the black briefs, though now it didn't look like his legs were separate, I saw the whole picture. Snow white lightly toned body, petite with the figure of a high jumper or long jumper.

"Wow," I said looking at him up and down, one leg crossing over the other to hide his manhood, "you're quite the young man aren't you?"

He grinned and put a paw over his groin, "Oh stop it."

I moved forward, lightly grabbing his wrist, "no really," I said as I pulled his paw away, "You look good, without those dark briefs you look... complete, like a perfectly sculpted statue."

His eyes were fixed on my gaze, which was fixed on his package. A small sheath tucked away his genitals safe for a proportionately sized sac. From the top of his legs to his navel, it all seemed to flow like some rabbit in a painting. Lightly toned thighs led up to a flat stomach, and an equally flat chest. He did have a body any artist would die just to paint. In contrast to him, I was a brute with the body of a working horse, and a sheath that didn't leave much to the imagination. For a split second, I envied his form.

I stepped back, "Lets get to work, shall we?"

Tim nodded, "Yeah."

We started loading up the bails, one by one we used the same system we'd used before. He'd use his legs to push; I'd keep it stable. One bail in particular gave us a bit of grief, but Tim dug his claws into the bail and pushed with all his might. Before, the rabbit had been self-conscious about his form, even when he just worked in underwear and a T-shirt. Now he worked with confidence, his eyes fixed on his work, and with the determination of a veteran farm hand. We finished half the field in such little time; I figured we'd earned the rest of the day off.

"Great job," I said jumping off the tractor, "We got half the field done in half a day! We're ahead of schedule!"

"That's great!" Tim said, "What should we do for the rest of the day?"

I looked around, "Given that a lot of the workers aren't here at the moment, I'd say they're probably over at the water hole, so I suggest we head there."

The rabbit blinked, "Water hole?"

I grinned, “Yeah, it’s a slow river that runs through the forest down from the mountains. There’s an area that pools almost to a stop, and the water is so clear you can see the bottom like glass!”

“Sounds like fun. Lets go.”

He began to put his clothes back on and I gave a light chuckle that stopped him from pulling up his briefs, “We all skinny dip there, no point in getting dressed just to get un-dressed once there.”

“Oh,” he said, “I don’t know, I think I’d be too embarrassed to be seen by that many people in such a light…”

I approached him, picking up his clothes and setting them on the tractor. “You’ll be fine, you managed to strip in front of a big guy like me, you’ll be fine around a bunch of other farm hands.” I tilted his head upward to face me, “Besides, if anyone gives you grief, I’ll knock ‘em a couple of good ones.”

Tim cocked an eyebrow, “I thought you said you didn’t hit people?”

I smiled, “I’d be willing to make an exception.”

He seemed to relax a little bit, “Alright, lead the way.”

I guided him to the forest and we stepped along a worn path that was practically just dirt now, trampled down by hoof foot and paw. The workers kept this place looking nice, no overgrowth scratched at our thighs and no twigs poked at our feet. My hooves weren’t as sensitive as Tim’s paw pads, but he didn’t seem to have a problem trudging along behind me. We reached the watering hole, a wide-open area that sported a lengthy pool of clear water, with a raised area of land that flanked the bank. The furs there were all in various stages of undress by the time we got there. The otter brothers who worked near the mill were already swimming in the water, who was quickly joined by Gregory, the German Shepard cook. When me and Tim walked up, we were greeted by a coyote, a fox, and a Doberman.

“Hey,” the fox piped up, “Tim, welcome to the watering hole. I see Clyde Hide over here managed to get you out of your shell, or at least out of your clothes.”

Tim looked like he was about to turn away, but the coyote spoke sooner, “Its all good man. Its great that he convinced you to come swim with us.”

The Doberman was next, “Yeah, when I first saw you I thought we’d never see the real you. But Clyde Hide, he’s a wily stallion alright, brings out the best in everybody.”

Tim turned back towards them, “Yeah, he’s a real softy aint he?”

The three laughed, “Isn’t that the truth if I’ve ever heard it,” the coyote said.

“Hooves like steel, heart like soft dough that’s what he is,” the fox followed up.

I put a hand on his shoulder, “Come on, let’s go in.”

The Doberman started towards the water, “Last one in’s a rotten egg!”

The trio jumped into the water, resurfacing moments later. Me and Tim walked up to the water’s edge. Tim was hesitating, so I figured I’d hurry him along. I picked him up and tossed him lightly into the middle of the pool. He hit the water with a giant SPLOOSH! For a second he didn’t re-surface, but eventually he came back up, his ears pinned wet against the back of his head. Blinking the water out of his eyes, he looked up at me with a scowl.

“That,” he said as his scowl turned into a smile, “was awesome!”

The furs around us laughed, and I jumped in to join the crowd. The water was cool and refreshing, and so clear even Tim saw the otter brothers swimming near the rocky bottom. We all had a great time, and Tim seemed like a completely different person, he was enjoying the splashing and relaxing with other furs. He’d poked his head out of his shell, and found the world to be a brighter place. Still, there was a little more to be done. He just needed one more little push to leave his shell behind for good.

“So what’s your story?” Tim asked.

We were lying side-by-side in a clearing not too far off from the watering hole. A good barrier of trees shielded us from any who decided to take a solitary dip, but here the bank was covered with soft grass, and the light gurgle where the river sped up made the clearing a paradise to spend small moments at. I had discovered it shortly after coming to the watering hole the first time. Few bothered to venture past the hypnotizing waters, but after venturing a little farther from company downriver I found the perfect place for solitude.

I looked over to the rabbit, full white body shining brightly in the sunlight, “Pardon?”

“Your story,” he repeated, “after working with you for so long, you never told me anything about you.”

“There isn’t really much I can tell you.”

The rabbit chuckled, “What, are you an ex spy or something?”

I shrugged, "Wouldn't know."

He cocked an eyebrow, "What do you mean?"

I sighed, hand resting just above my naval. "I have no memory of anything before coming to Dante's Landing."

His eyes went wide, "you mean, like amnesia?"

"Heh, that'd be my guess. I was in an accident of some sort. Hell, I don't even know if Clyde is my real name."

"That's horrible," the rabbit said, "I can't imagine forgetting my past like that."

I looked up at the sky, hands behind my head. "Its not as bad as you'd think."

"How so?"

"I don't know who I was before. Sure I could have been somebody, but I could have also been somebody not so pleasant. To me, when I lost my memory, I gained something so much better than anything I could have imagined being outside of this place."

Tim moved closer, "What's that?"

I propped myself up and looked at him, "Freedom. Not some ideal set by a state or by society, not some freedom tied up in race politics, genderism or sexuality. I mean true freedom. You think I'd be working on a farm, butt naked, laying here with you right now on any other farm? Here I have no expectations, no judgments placed on me by others, and no responsibilities save for the ones Mortimer places on me working."

The rabbit paused, rubbing the back of his neck. "Wow, I guess I never really thought of it that way. Have you ever thought about leaving the farm?"

I sat up and looked at him, "And what would I find, a family who'd given up on me? A warrant out for my arrest? So much money that I wouldn't know what to do with it? No, I never bothered thinking of leaving. I have nothing to gain, and everything to lose."

Tim sat up, "Wow, that really puts a lot of things into perspective. Makes me wonder why anyone leaves this farm."

"But you see, that's what makes you people lucky. I've found the place I'm comfortable with settling down in, but you have so much going for you. You'll go back to college, graduate, and maybe become some big shot in whatever you're majoring in."

“Technology,” he said.

“Right, you could end up creating the machine that makes the computer obsolete. You have something to offer the world, I don’t.”

“And yet, you’re happy where you are?” Tim asked.

I chuckled, “In the dictionary under the very definition, I bet there’d be a picture of me.”

He laughed, a sound I savored when I heard it. “Well, I’ll take you’re word for it. So besides freedom, are there any perks to your chosen lifestyle?”

I propped myself up on my side and looked at him, “Well, remember the no-judgment thing? It means I can do stuff that some might frown on.”

“Like what?”

I turned over, placing my hand on the ground opposite of my other, Tim was between them looking at me as I hovered inches above him. “Well, there is this,” I leaned down and kissed the rabbit, soft fur from the short muzzle brushed my lips. We stayed there, lost in a moment that made his eyes roll back into his head as he closed his eyes. His arms came up and hung around my neck, tousling my long mane. My tongue brushed against buckteeth and I felt his snake its way into my mouth. We separated, opening our eyes to one another.

“How did you know?” he whispered.

I smiled, “Let’s just say, I can read you like a book.”

He smiled, leaning upwards to lock himself in another long kiss. Everything from the scent of his fur, to the sound of the water behind us made the experience magical. I could feel his cock sliding out of its sheath and poke against my stomach. My arousal was matched by his, my penis sliding out of his sheath and flopping against his stomach. As the stereotype goes, I was hung like a horse, but Tim had a pretty good length on him for a rabbit.

He pressed a paw against my chest, and I sat up, breaking the kiss. At first I thought I’d spooked him, but he just pushed me down onto my back. He kissed me again, breaking only kiss lower and lower, starting from my chest until he reached my sheath. By now my dick had slid completely out, but wasn’t completely hard. But he knew what he had to do.

Tim began teasing the head with his tongue, licking around all the grooves until lowering his whole mouth onto my manhood. I gasped, feeling his warm maw wrap

around my flaring head and pulsing shaft. I knew he couldn't possibly fit all of me into his mouth, but he worked each side of the shaft, coating it in a gloss of saliva. When he reached my sack, he pressed his muzzle against the base, breathing in my scent. He pressed the front of his teeth against my scrotum near the base of my cock, a move I never saw coming, but sent wave after wave of pleasure up my spine.

When he was done, I was rock solid, and coated in a thick layer of saliva. He pulled me to my hooves, and once I was up, he wrapped his arms around me, and jumped so his legs hugged my midsection. I walked carefully over to a tree and positioned him against it so his hands grasped a branch overhead. I positioned my cock to rest just against the opening to his tail hole. I looked at him, and he nodded, leaning in for another kiss. I leaned in, and slowly began to push my cock into his ass.

He grunted and groaned a few times, and I began to wonder if he could handle my girth. He was tight, but not virgin tight. He'd had some experience before, either with a toy or an ex lover, it didn't matter. I managed to get about halfway in before stopping. When I pulled away from the kiss, his face seemed to lose any sign of pain, replaced only with one of deep pleasure. Taking it as a good sign, he rested his head against my chest, and I began to move myself in and out, ever so slowly. Each move was gentle, making sure not to hurt the delicate rabbit I found myself inside. His ass tensed with every push, and relaxed with every pull, my hands cradling his powerful legs as I worked my way in and out of his ass.

Panting, I decided to move faster, his grunts turning into gasps of pleasure. Every movement was pleasure, every hot breath against my chest causing spasms of pleasure to snake their way up my body. When he let go of the branch and instead, wrapped his arms around my neck, I began to go even faster.

I was close, cock pounding and breath becoming more erratic. He began to moan, the vibrations hitting my chest sent shivers down my spine of pure ecstasy. I was lost; I couldn't tell if he was close, all I knew was his breathing was just as erratic, the moans growing in volumes. I tried going a little deeper, and my actions were met with higher groaning, long and filled with pleasure. With my last bit of control, I pushed just a little deeper, then let out a deep moan as I came deep in his ass.

I could feel the cum filling him inside, seeping out of his ass and running down my legs. My cock throbbed inside him, pumping more semen into him and a smile of pure pleasure crossed his face, his eyes closed as he felt the hot seed coat him inside. I looked down, not realizing Tim had also blown his load against both of our chests. The hot sticky mess made little wet patches against my short hairs, the fur on his chest and stomach matted from the semen.

Slowly, while he was still in a state of bliss, I pulled my cock out and let his legs go. As I lowered him, more of my juices leaked from his tail hole, running down the back of his thighs. Those powerful legs became a little wobbly when I finally set him down; I caught him as he nearly fell forward. He looked up at me with a grin that could very well

have been ear to tall ear. I lay down on my back, and he lay down on to my stomach, breathing in the sweet musky smell of sex. Lying between my legs, I wrapped my arms around the rabbit's body and he just leans into it, feeling my chest rise and fall as our erections sink back into our sheaths.

Words needn't be said this moment, we just stayed there, enjoying the moment we had together. Tim wasn't my first, nor was he my last, but he was something special. The time I spent with him on the farm was something I'd never experienced with another partner. He'd trusted me, and I'd led him completely out of his shell, exposing him to life without the need of walls to keep people out, but doors to let them in.

Tim worked with me for the rest of the season, out in the fields with various crops. I don't think he ever wore clothes after that while on the farm; a lot of the others began calling him Buff Toothed Tim for his love of working in the buff. He embraced the name, and we became an unstoppable team. Hay season was finished early, and Mortimer even upped his pay he was so impressed. Other furs came and went, each of which Tim greeted openly and without scrutiny. He really opened up, and I was glad he found comfort in others where at the start of the season, he'd barely spoken to anyone.

We had sex at other times of course, each experience better than the last. No one else knew, or cared to know about the relationship we had that summer. Call it what you like, for me it went beyond words. Sometimes He'd visit my room, and some nights we'd sleep together on a cramped bed, but he didn't mind, and neither did I. Working with him was a breeze, he got so good at it I wondered if I'd ever find another partner like him. To be honest, some came close, but never to Tim's level.

When he left at the end of the season, He had what he guessed was enough to pay the rest of his college days off. I was happy for him, and met him on the last day for one more go-at-it in the woods. When we finished, we walked back to the farm after cleaning up in the river. He was sad, but I knew what he was thinking.

"You know," he said as we waited for the cab to get to the farmhouse, "You could have a life outside here, with me."

I turned to him and smiled, "And you know I can't do that. You have a future to shape, mine only leads back here."

"Not for certain it doesn't. You've lived most of your known life on this farm, haven't you ever wondered what its like beyond the pastures?"

I took his paws in my hand and kissed him lightly, "The only thing I can be certain of, is that you'll be out there somewhere, changing the world for the better."

He chuckled as a tear streamed down the side of his face, “Like how you changed me?”

I wiped the tear away with my thumb, feeling the soft fur against his face. “Never forget our time together, use it to drive you towards making a better tomorrow for everyone.”

The yellow cab was coming down the driveway now, “I wont, I’ll never forget.”

As the cab screeched to a halt, we kissed one more time, and we said our last goodbyes. “You remember how you said that you didn’t have anything to offer the world?” I nodded and he stepped closer, “You’re wrong. Every person you help here on this farm, you send a little bit of yourself with them. Each of those people, they go out and they do something to change the lives of others. In my mind you’ve given the world something more valuable than any tangible object or idea.”

He buries his face in my chest and I rub the back of his head, soft ears tickle me under my chin. “If you ever feel like visiting, you’ll know where to find me, that I can promise.”

Tim entered the cab and said, “I’ll be back for you. I promise.”

The cab drove off into the horizon, leaving a red dust trail behind it. Mortimer came up behind me and patted me on the back, as if to reassure me of the words that still echoed in my head from Tim. I stood there in the driveway for a few more moments; taking in the emptiness I never thought existed in my heart. Part of me actually wanted to chase down that cab, but I knew I couldn’t. I’d stand here and turn to stone before that would ever happen.

Not a lot of furs come back here after working on the farm; most find they’ve made a life for themselves outside of Dante’s Landing. Most come back to thank Mortimer for the chance he’d given them, some of them came back for the money during other seasons. Still, I kept hoping one day, I’d see a white rabbit come running down that dirt road. I’d be able to feel his soft fur once again, breath in his sweet scent. Others came along that distracted me for a little while, but my mind kept drifting back to Tim. And though my mind kept telling me he’d never return, my heart told me he’d be back a lot sooner than I thought.

-End