

Un-Cage my Horsecock!

By Parry Yak

Ratu looked at her heavenly form in the mirror. The Komodo Dragon nothing but her white panties and a small silver necklace. Her outfit choices were all on hangers by the door. My outfit was already chosen by her several days ago. A black leather collar with a silver ring, a large cage that was just a bit small on my equine member, and a girthy purple butt plug with the word "Slave" carved into it.

I twitched in my cage as I watched that large body of hers move. The scales were rough and held her thick thighs and massive belly for a few extra microseconds before jiggling or shaking with her primary motions. She was some seven feet tall and eight hundred pounds, though much of that was the added weight of thick scales and the bone structure needed to support a giant lizard. Her hair was black, came up in the center like a Mohawk, and fell to either side of her head. The part that hung down from her ears to her chin was dyed a bright neon green.

I was just a horse. Not even too exceptional, brown fur, white patches on my nose and inner thighs. I didn't have any of the stallion musculature that my species was stereotyped for. Nor did I have the large package that others fetishized us for. Comparatively speaking, as anything over six inches was considered massive by humans and other smaller species.

She raised her hand and snapped her fingers, and I was over there within seconds. I felt as though I had nothing to offer this superior woman but my servitude. She was smart, and always in control. She made me feel weak in a way that I just couldn't get enough of. She was a career

woman, a lawyer never had much time for anything more than work and a bit of play, yet she allowed me to be a part of her life.

Ratu opened her lips, showing off her sharp, venomous teeth. I grabbed the metal lined toothbrush and ran it up and down, giving them a pearly white shine and removing bits and pieces of meat. I leaned my body back to make sure that my caged cock didn't accidentally come into contact with my Goddess's body. I was given permission to touch the teeth only, and only with the brush. I did graze her arms and shoulders from time to time but she was kind enough to overlook it.

"Horse," she said, having decided that Charles was no longer a fitting name for me, "You are very good to me."

"My Goddess, I am not nearly good enough for you," I admitted.

"Well, I doubt anyone is," she said, "But you do come close. I've been thinking, if tonight goes as planned, maybe I'll let you fuck me tonight."

I wanted to jump for joy but her teeth were only half clean. I had spent the last several months wishing and dreaming about the day when I would be blessed. Every one of those days I spent many hours contemplating how unworthy I was to even gaze upon her perfection, let alone touch her. I gave up my life for her knowing that I may never be anything more than grovel at her feet and occasionally suck on her toes.

"I do not deserve such kindness," I said, moving to the other side of her mouth."

"No," she said with cold precision. The doorbell rang. "I can finish up here. I need you to get the door."

“May I get your coat, sir?” I asked the musky hippopotamus as he walked passed me. He had a leather jacket, a black shirt, jeans that did nothing to hide the massive bulge between his legs, and he appeared to have left his shoes in his car. He didn’t have anything to say to me. He sat on the sofa, folding one leg over his knee.

In the distance, I could see a set of headlights coming in the distance. I closed the door and waited for a ring. Ratu made her way down the stairs in a black slip. She took a seat next to the hippo, giving his lips a soft peck and his crotch a rub. My sore member pressed up against the cage, excited that it may be my turn tonight.

The ring came and I opened the door to two Gazelles. They were thin-framed creatures, the man sporting black slacks and a blue polo and the woman with a lime green spaghetti strap top and khaki shorts. They were the type who would walk around in public with their hands in each other's back pockets. The woman looked at me and said: "Shouldn't you be on your leash?"

Before I could even apologize, Ratu was signaling me over. With speed that would make the gazelles envious I was on one knee in front of her. She placed her foot on my nose and I tilted my face down to give her the best possible vantage point. I could smell the polish she was adjusting. It was the one that matched her highlights. Once she finished with one foot she moved on to the other while I remained as motionless as possible. Last time I moved even the slightest bit, the coat became uneven and she kicked me to the ground.

I heard the click of the door. The final guest seemed to have let himself in. My guess was that it was somebody else from the off, most likely the Tiger who so often tried to leave bite marks on my Goddess. Her thick scales humiliated him and proved her superiority.

Ratu took her foot off my and clipped the leash onto my collar. I could hear bits of conversation and a few moans coming from the gazelles, but the party was off to a slowly start. Ratu's leg twisted, indicating she was making a move towards the musky pachyderm. I listened to her unzipping his pants and complimenting his large package. She was probably stroking it right there just above my head. All I got was the smell, which was all the more invasive now that his crotch was exposed.

"Horse," my owner called out, "His feet are filthy. Clean them for him."

I crawled a few inches over and gave the right foot a long drag of the tongue. I tried to do as much in each drag as I could so I can move on to my next task as quickly and efficiently as possible. It wasn't so easy with the many wrinkles in his tough hide. It was mostly sweat that I tasted, rather than the foul bits of gunk I expected. Though there were a few little hard bits that went down my throat with every swallow that I tried not to think too much about.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw an orange and black paw join the green and gray feet on the couch. I averted my eyes a bit when I saw the hand slip up my Queen's dress. She responded to his affection with an "mmm" sound, as if he had just offered her a delicious field mouse to devour. Meanwhile, I was giving the bottom of the hippo's foot to work on.

Ratu's knees separated and she giggled with delight. I thought about what it must feel like, to press through those thick-scaled lips of hers and explore. I've felt heat radiate off of it while she used her silicone cock on me. The strapless toy had was built to insert into her heavenly folds on one end, and after a hard right angle, it could be inserted into my unworthy rectum. She wouldn't spare the claws when she would squeeze into my rump.

I remember the smell from the first time. The odor was so intoxicating I begged her to let lick it. Being the kind woman she was, she tossed it to the floor and allowed me to taste the remnants of her orgasm in lieu of a meal that night. Now the odor of her sex was starting to be overpowered by the scent of a cigarette smoke.

“That’s enough,” the Hippo said, pushing me back with the ball of his foot.

“Yes, sir,” I said as his package grew beyond a foot long in my Mistress’s hands, “Is there anything else I you require?”

“Horse,” Ratu interrupted, “Perhaps you could get his cock nice and wet for me. After all, how’s he supposed to fuck your Goddess’s heavenly pussy if it’s not all nice and lubricated?”

She moved off of the cock, which had to have a three-inch girth. It smelled of precum, piss, and sweat and was nearly a foot and a half long. It was unable to hold up its own weight despite being stiff as a board. I put my tongue on the bottom of the shaft with the goal of working my way up.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“I’m sorry, sir. I was only following my Goddesses orders.”

“Horse,” she said sternly, “Remember what I said about tonight?”

“Open your mouth, Horse,” he said, matching Ratu’s tone.

I complied, and he shoved seven inches in. I fought back and forth with my gag reflex. He was continuing to push even though my throat wasn’t letting him in. He grabbed the back of my head by my mane and jammed it back and forth. I couldn’t even relax my throat if I tried. It

hurt and I silently prayed Ratu didn't see the tears down the side of my face. Finally, it went in. The back and forth on my main didn't stop but it did slow down.

I pulled back myself then pushed forward a tiny bit, doing my best to show my skilled mouth was at work. I maintained my eye contact in an effort to show the hippo that it was all about him. I only drifted twice to look at the Tiger and Komodo dragon engaging in mutual masturbation. I put my hands on either side of him, careful not to touch, resisting my urge to touch my throat and feel what must have been a massive bulge in my throat. I gripped onto cushions and pulled by throat off of it, back to the tip.

He grabbed my head before I could go back down. "Don't get greedy," he said with a slap on my cheek. I backed off and watched as Ratu raised her slip, spreading her lips as she positioned herself along the gigantic glistening gray member. She watched me as she did it. I grunted as my cock pressed against the edge of the cage. Despite the pressure that begged it to stop It kept pushing with enough pressure that made it feel like I was going to break through the hard plastic encasement. Instead, it only caused sharp pain most of the length.

"I'm going to see if his balls can get any bluer," I heard a woman say behind me. All of a sudden two hooved fingers grabbed my testicles. She gave them a rough squeeze. I sucked in my lips. I bit them hard to avoid crying out in pain. Her Husband passed her the cigarette they'd been sharing. She took a final drag before singing my left buttock with the hotbox. I couldn't hold in the scream.

"He's got a set of lungs on him," the husband said. One of the gazelles pushed my body to the ground. I was flat on my stomach and a hoof came down on my testicles. They seemed

pretty intent on making them burst. The corner just before the cleft of a hoof dug into my cigarette burn.

"Then we should probably shut that mouth of his," the wife responded. I could smell the stench of urine. I heard a few drops hit the floor. Most of it was soaked up into her panties, which she tossed onto my back. Her husband shot a stream onto my back, having a bit of difficulty with the aim as he guided his stream to his wife's pre-soaked panties.

I'm guessing it was the man who was digging the hoof in because the woman grabbed the panties and shoved them in my mouth. She dried her hands on my mane. It dripped so much that it I had a full helping of gazelle urine with one swallow. The stench was enough to cause my nostrils to burn.

Ratu smiled with sadistic glee watching me suffer. She held herself up on her knees. She didn't bother riding, and instead, let the Hippopotamus do all the work thrusting up and down. All she did was keep her fingers on her clit. The Tiger stood up on the couch, unzipping his pants. His small red tip poked out of his sheath. She coaxed the rest out with her tongue.

Watching the fat body jiggle with every thrust and the forked tongue wrap around the red-barbed cock reminded me exactly why I needed to endure this pain. My place was right here, on the floor, groveling. I was supposed to pain when it was desired and in rapture when I've earned it. I leaned my backside into the point that was drilling into me, grunting as it drove deeper into my burnt flesh. I took comfort in knowing that pleasure or pain, whatever I was feeling was because my living goddess willed it for me.

I gave the Gazelles what they wanted. I screamed into the gag, causing flecks of urine to spray on the floor. The man took his hoof off and decided to dig in with his fingernail instead.

He scratched at the burn causing me to wince rather than scream. My eyes seemed to shut themselves, making it impossible for me to gaze upon my goddess's beauty. By the time I was able to open them, Ratu was wiping the cum from her chin and feeding it back to the tiger.

I felt my back hit the floor before I felt the hooved fingers touching me. The woman spread her body over mine, blocking my view completely. All I could see was the damp fur of her crotch. Then I saw her husband's cock penetrating those delicate fur folds. He grabbed on to either side and squeezed as he fucked her. I started imagining that it was my cock and Ratu's perfect cunt. My perfect fantasy was interrupted by blunt teeth gnashing together with my scrotum between them.

In this position the rag was gradually dripping its yellow liquid down the back of my mouth, forcing me to continuously swallow. It lost its warmth fairly quick, and the flavor rolled off my tongue. I didn't taste much at all after a while, except when the gnashing made my mouth squeeze down on the piss-soaked panties. Each breath I took the smell of her sex overtook the smell of urine.

"Oooh, Reynold," she said with a laugh as he pulled out of her vagina and slipped it into her anus. Her folds had a slight gap. Her clitoral hood was exposed, hanging over my head. If not for the improvised, urine soaked gag in my mouth, I could lick too. My body was tense, and I was starting to squirm a bit. I pledged myself to Ratu but I was so eager I wanted to release into any warm, juicy part. Sometimes she would slip down and I could feel the moisture on the tip of my nose.

He started to pump back into her vagina again and his tan fur from his low hanging sack tickled my nostrils. I became hypnotized by the site of those damp furry lips spreading and

closing with each thrust. She let go of my scrotum a lift with her hand. She moved it closer to her tongue and gave the teeth marks a gentle lick.

She put the right testicle in her mouth, sucked for a moment, then bit down with the entire ball in her mouth. The sounds of rubbing and squishing about blocked out all but the sounds of footsteps. The shadow of my massive mistress blocked out some of the light as she walked around to the other side of the Gazelles.

“If you want to put that mouth of yours to work,” she said, I could only imagine while spreading her forest collared cheeks wide. The Gazelle dropped my testicle from her mouth and my testicles flopped against the floor. I imagined the scene at the other side of me with a gazelle tongue gently penetrating my Goddess’s sphincter, or perhaps licking up the remnants of Hippo cum from her slip.

Outside of the sounds of churning fluids, I could hear that the Tiger and the Hippopotamus were getting along together. They were chatting casually, but the moans indicated some mutual hand play as they watched the spectacle unfolding before them. Above me, the Gazelle cock was slowing down. The woman was slipping off his package probably leaning into push her tongue deeper inside Ratu.

Reynold pulled his cock from his wife completely. His hot load shot onto her rump and dripped of her and onto my nose. Some of it dripped right into my nostril, some down to my eye. He slapped his wife on the ass then walked over to help her please my mistress. He was focused on the delicious backside while his with was hard at work cleaning out her vagina.

“Horse, that floor is a mess,” she said, “Clean it up for me, then clean yourself up”

“Thank you, Goddess Ratu,” I said, though my words were muffled by the panties. I took them out and repeated myself.

I spun around and raised myself up on my hands and knees and lapped up all the cum that I could. I slurped around to get the piss up, though to get the bulk of it up I needed to use the fur from my arm to soak it up. With only minimal success, I leaned my entire chest down, soaking it all up. This caused my cage to scrape along the ground. It pushed against my swollen testicles.

I was soaked back to front. I smelled like the long trough type urinals that they used to have at the baseball stadium. My nostrils were still burning from the drips of cum, some of which had been accidentally inhaled and coating the back of my throat. But at the very least I was done. A nice shower and I can retire, and wait for the blessings of my deity.

Or so I thought. Just as I was crawling away I felt sharp nails dig into either side of my buttocks. I was out of breath as is, and couldn't respond with the screams squeaks, or grunts that everyone had gotten used to over the course of the night. The claws on the left side scratched all the way across to the butt plug, which was pulled out like a Band-Aid being torn off. My anus gaped and pulsated. The Tiger grabbed my mane and pulled my head back while he shoved his thick, barbed cock inside of me.

The claws digging into my rump stung so much that I barely noticed the barbs scraping inside me. The girth of the cock excited my prostate. My tip crushed and rubbed against the edge of the cage. With every few thrusts, his claws dragged down and he needed to get his grip. In less than a minute I had three matching sets of claw marks. Then he stabilized himself by taking his hand from my main gripping my waist.

“I was told you had a tight asshole,” he said, “I’m disappointed. Probably stretched yourself too wide seeing how many cocks you could take at once, you slut.”

I couldn’t have him leave unsatisfied. His satisfaction was my number one priority in this moment. I was weak but I still managed to clench my hole around him. Then I pushed back until his sack crashed against my swollen set. Then I pulled forward, using only the muscles in my knees and hips. I tried to match his speed but he slowed down to match mine.

He had seen the abuse my testicles had taken, so he knew that even grazing them would cause some discomfort. Instead, he took one hand off my waist and cupped my balls, administering just as much pressure as needed to milk some noise out of me. He squeezed a bit more, seeing what notes he could make me hit almost as if he were playing me like an instrument.

“The one thing I haven’t heard,” he said, leaning over to speak right into my ear, “Is how grateful you are.”

“Thank you, sir,” I said, between cries, “Thank you so much for fucking my unworthy asshole.”

“And why is it so unworthy?”

“Because I am pathetic and undeserving. It’s stretched, loose, and not fit for your superior cock.”

“So do you want me to pull out, or do you want me to fill you with my cum?”

“Whatever you wish, sir,” I said, going with the safest answer I could muster on short notice. He made his disappointment clear by gripping and squeezing my testicles.

“You’re cum!” I shouted, “I want you to fill my asshole with your cum! I know I don’t deserve, but please bless me with your hot seed.”

He relented a little bit with the pressure on my swollen sack. He held my waist tight and kept me in place while speeding up to accommodate my request. My own cock was dripping from the tip, oozing from the constant stimulation. His orgasm was long hot spurts that shot deep inside of me. He let his cock drain and deflate inside of me. It gave up both a chance to catch our breath before he scraped my sphincter pulling his barbed cock out of me without any consideration.

I clenched myself to hold his seed in as I crawled my way into the bathtub, let the water run, and let his seed dribble out of my rectum and onto the porcelain. The noise of the party disappeared in the background as the water started to fill up my ears. I closed my eyes and let the water do its work.

I was not allowed to use the towels, so I had to wait for my fur to dry. It didn’t take long since the bathroom was heated to ninety degrees to accommodate for Ratu’s cold blooded body. The house was quiet when I left the room to find my queen. She was already in the bedroom, laying on the bed, presenting herself to me. I didn’t have to ask if everyone left satisfied.

“Well, I have a promise to keep,” she said, “The trunk in the closet, please.”

I complied. I opened the trunk and saw a massive Equine dildo. It was a full six inches bigger than mine, and an inch and a half thicker. It was in there amongst several other smaller toys but I knew my queen quite well. This was the one she wanted. It was already attached to a

strap on. My gut twisted and turned as I saw what she had planned for me. Everything I endured so that I could fuck her with a strap-on.

Despite the feeling of betrayal, I put it on. I had long since given up the right to complain. I sought out this life for myself. It was a simpler, better life than the one I once had, chasing shifts at the temp agency, looking for meaningless relationships. No complications, only the simplicity that came with subservience.

She spread her legs and I guided the dildo inside. I grabbed on to her chubby sides and slide in with ease. The sight of her body, the smell of her moist part, and the fact that I got to touch those thick thighs was starting to get to me`. Even with my cock in its plastic torture chamber, I was in heaven. I started to moan as if I was actually feeling her from the inside. Perhaps I was deluded, but I still remember as though it was my flesh and not thick silicone inside of her.

Ratu maintained her composure. She barely moaned all night, and she was even less vocal with me there now. The only indications I had that she was around was her smell and the fact she was rubbing her clit. She showed some affection by licking the side of my face with her forked tongue. I didn't dare kiss her back.

She grabbed the base of the dildo, pulling it forward and dragging me with it. She forced me against her. She set a new pace for me, one that was too fast for my worn out body. I did my best to come close to it, using my hips and panting all the while. Another sign of affection was the finger she slipped in my rectum to scratch my prostate.

"Very good, Horse," she said, pushing me off. I couldn't tell if she had an orgasm or simply grew bored of the encounter. But there must have been at least some sincerity because

she reached over into her nightstand and got the key to my cage. She unlocked my sweaty, drippy, tortured cock.

“I think you’ve earned this,” she said, stroking it. After all the excitement of the night, it took me less than thirty seconds to spill my seed all over her hand and my shaft. She casually wiped it off on my chest, turned around, and went to sleep.