

## ***Down on the Ranch***

Darryl yawned, rolling over in his bed and checking his alarm clock. It was 6 AM, the sun was just getting up, and the alarm he and Matt shared wouldn't go off for another hour. He yawned and rolled over in bed, staring at the ceiling and yawning. The big horse felt quite sleepy, but he'd gotten to bed early the night before, and felt rested.

He stood up slowly, doing his best to avoid creaking the floorboards and waking the coyote sleeping in the other bed. Matt had been up late last night ensuring that their boss, a big tough steer named Dan, would sleep peacefully. Normally Darryl would have snuck out to watch, but Dan had recently caught on to Darryl's voyeurism and nailed boards over the best peep holes. Darryl had certainly heard them though, and had made the sheets sticky before closing his eyes for the night.

Darryl slept naked, as did everyone in this heat, and his massive cock bounced between his thighs as he walked out back to the showers. Long and dark black in color, it was a strong point of personal pride for him, and he would not hesitate to show it off. He brushed the black hair out of his eyes and took a look around as he stepped out back, early morning sunlight glistening off his brown fur. The shower was directly behind the main dormitory but kept separate, as it was added later. Not much more than some wooden poles holding up thick plastic sheeting, it was primitive at best. But the water was warm, at least, in most of the mornings.

Turning on the warm water, Darryl grabbed the soap and closed his eyes. He moved himself under the shower head and whinnied, enjoying the slick feeling of soap over his body. He lathered himself thickly, letting the water rush over him and clean him. He'd gotten quite dirty yesterday, and it felt good to be clean.

As Darryl continued to close his eyes and clean, he suddenly felt a yank on his tail, followed by another one on his flaccid cock. The latter was less of a yank and more of a soft, stroking grope, which instantly let him know who'd snuck in. He turned around in a huff, staring at the nude and grinning Matt.

"Getting up before I do so's you can shower in peace, eh? Naughty horsie." Said the coyote, who then sprung forward and kissed Darryl on the lips. "Good thing the hot water pipes are so noisy, or else you'd have gotten away with it."

Darryl chuckled, realizing he'd forgotten how hard it was to sleep with the shower running. The hot water pipes ran right underneath the sleeping quarters he and Matt shared. Noisy and ill-made, they tended to emit a loud, screeching hiss when first turned on, making it impossible for all but the deepest sleepers to stay in bed. This wasn't normally a problem, though, since Matt and Darryl showered together. Matt was, after all, made of equal parts whore and flirt.

Matt slipped up behind Darryl and began to gently wash the big horse's shoulders. The thin, lanky coyote barely came up to Darryl's shoulders. Gently, softly, Matt caressed Darryl's shoulders and back, cooing as he touched the big horse's muscles. Darryl grinned over his shoulder at Matt, who grinned back, his now-wet tail wagging and spraying water all over.

"What is it with you and muscles, you little twink? As much as you love 'em I'd think you'd get some of your own." Matt kissed Darryl's bicep and grinned, hugging up to the horse.

"Well I'm toned enough in my opinion, not a lot of meat but no fat...And besides, I prefer to touch than to have." Matt's hands slid down a little, and then slipped down below Darryl's waist, squeezing gently. "Besides, this is what I like best, and although I'm not small, I'm in a whole 'nother class than you and Dan..." Darryl whinnied, shifting his weight and closing his eyes as he felt the coyote's smooth, gentle movement.

"Aww c'mon now Matt, you know we've got a lot to do today and Dan hates it when we're late..." Matt had already dropped to his knees and was fondling Darryl's cock in both hands, slurping and sucking on the tip from time to time. The horse was rapidly getting hard, and protesting less and less. "Hey, don't...Stop!"

Matt chuckled, giving the underside of Darryl's cock a big long lick. "Don't stop, gotcha." Said the Coyote as he started to bob up and down on Darryl's shaft. Darryl reached down and started to scratch Matt behind the ears gently, groaning loudly as he felt himself plunge deep into Matt's maw. "Ohhh fuck...Matt...Dammit Matt, you're such a whore, you....ohh godd..."

Darryl slowly opened his eyes, and then staggered back in shock, yanking his cock from Matt's mouth. The coyote yipped in surprise and looked over his shoulder, then began to blush so red it could be seen through his fur. At the shower entrance was Dan, fully dressed, and shaking his big bull head.

"I came tuh make sure yew tew were up...I gess yuh are." Said the bull. Dan's accent was thick and southern, sounding disapproving but not genuinely angry.

"Aww jeez! Dammit boss, I'm sorry, he just surprised me, an-" Dan cut Darryl short.

"I'd have ta be a gen-u-ein re-tard not to know what you two been doin' in the mornin's...And thuh evenin's, when Matt's not bunkin with me. Now you know I don' disapprove uh this kinda shit, but we's got customers comin' in jes' a few hors, so you two ain't got time fer horseplay." Darryl quickly began washing himself again, stumbling for an excuse, but Matt just grinned.

"Awww c'mon boss...The ranch doesn't open until nine, and it takes less than thirty minutes to get things ready, you know that...We're just having a little fun." The wet, grinning coyote advanced on his boss, who was even taller and beefier than Darryl. He ran a paw through the thick black fur on the bull's neck, grinning. "You

interrupted just to join us, didn't ya?" The coyote wagged his tail, and the bull shook his head.

"Looks like I'm gonna be no mattuh what I say, huh?" Matt grinned, kissing his boss on the cheek, his hands already going to work undoing the bull's big silver belt buckle and fishing out his thick, long cock. The coyote's light tan-furred fingers gently squeezed and caressed the length, teasing and tugging. Dan sighed and started to unbutton his shirt, slowly at first, but then faster and faster as the coyote squatted down in front of him, sucking and slurping on the bull's big cock.

Once Dan had dispensed with his clothes, he walked over to Darryl, putting his arm around the horse's shoulders and grinning. "He's one helluva cockslut, ain't 'e?" said Dan. Darryl just nodded, then threw his head back, groaning as Matt started throating his dick. Matt was downright professional, and took to cocksucking with a skill and relish few could match.

Matt slid one cock, then the other, into his mouth in turn as he worked over his boss and co-worker. His wet tail wagged in the shower stream behind him, kicking up spray as he worked. He grinned up at the two big boys, who were now kissing and fondling lightly, enjoying being close to one another but letting Matt do most of the sexual, sensual work. It was, after all, more up his alley.

After a few short minutes, Matt stood up and braced himself against the bathroom wall, wiggling his butt at the pair behind him. "So who goes first?" asked the coyote as he flicked up his tail, showing off his cheeks. Dan patted Darryl on the shoulder, grinning.

"How about yew go furst, hansum? I had 'im last night." Said Dan. Darryl nodded, not having to be told twice. He gripped his dick in his hand and stepped forward, pushing himself lightly against the coyote's rear. Matt groaned and whimpered as he relaxed himself, slowly letting Darryl sink in. Darryl grunted and grabbed firmly onto Matt's hips pushing and shoving, then starting to thrust in smooth, deep movements. Matt and Darryl both groaned heavily with effort, and Darryl could feel himself begin to pre heavily.

Just then Darryl felt something he didn't expect: Dan's big, meaty hand groping his butt. He stopped mid-thrust and looked over his shoulder in surprise. "You can't be serious, Boss...Matt can just barely take you, and he's nothin' short of a cumdumpster." Dan just grinned.

"C'mon now Darryl, yew know yuh want it...Jes' gotta relax, ain't that right Matt?" Matt just groaned, pushing himself back until he hilted, nodding lightly. Darryl doubted the coyote actually heard the question. "Don' worry, I'll slick it up all nice like, it'll just slide right in..."

Darryl winced, his face contorting slightly as he felt Dan slowly slide into him. He groaned as he stretched painfully, taking Dan slowly as the big bull pushed in with very short, rough thrusts, helping to push and drive Darryl open. Darryl dug his hands deep into

Matt's sides as Dan pushed in, making the coyote yelp and look up angrily.

Matt's anger didn't last long, though. Soon Darryl found himself being shoved from both sides, bouncing between the two males. Dan pushed with slow, gentle enthusiasm, but Matt was all force. The little cockslut coyote bounced himself with painful enthusiasm, groaning and whimpering as he fucked himself hard on Darryl's cock. The little coyote was rubbing himself wildly too, throwing his head back and moaning as he raced towards orgasm.

Darryl could feel the little 'yote's ring contract as he spurted out shot after shot onto the bathroom floor. He knew he would be close in coming too, and as he pulled out of Matt, the coyote spun around and immediately began stroking and milking the horse's big black cock. Behind him he could feel Dan slowly shift and pull out, rubbing himself hard and spurting all over Darryl's back. Darryl moaned lightly as Matt reached around back to get a few globs of the sticky, licking it up and swallowing it down before going on to finish Darryl.

It wasn't long. Soon Matt's licking, slurping and sucking was rewarded with a torrent of white sticky cum shooting out of Darryl's cock like a fountain. The big horse groaned and sighed deeply as he shot out, several big wet blasts coating Matt's face like blasts of milk. When the shots finally stopped, Matt gave Darryl's cock a big squeeze, milking out the last little bits. He slurped these up greedily as the dripped down, his wet 'yote tail wagging a last few wags as he finished. Dan grabbed Darryl's head and pulled the big horsie into a kiss, sliding his tongue deep into Darryl's mouth for a few seconds before finally breaking off.

"Guess its time fer you two tuh get to work...I hope yew 'll be more willin' to get to work rite away foe the rest of thuh day, hmm?" Darryl knickered and flicked his tail.

"Yessir, right away sir...Just feel a lot more...Relaxed now.

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Darryl, Matt and Dan sat in their casting chairs, each one clad in their bathrobe and sipping tall glasses of ice water. All that exercise would take a lot out of even the more experienced actors, and the three needed to rehydrate while they chatted.

"That was the cheesiest accent I've ever had to put on." Said Dan, taking a long sip on his glass. Darryl reached into his and fished out a chunk of ice, sliding it deep into the depths of his robes, wincing as it came into contact with his sore rear.

"Yeah, well, you didn't have a giant cock shoved up your ass. Butt plug prep or no, that HURT. I told you we shoulda loosened me up before the shoot."

"Oh hush, you loved it." Said Matt. Now that the cameras and boom mikes were gone, Matt felt free to indulge in his lisped tongue

and weak wrists. Darryl snorted and stuck out his tongue at the excessively gay coyote. Matt just sniggered.

"So to change the subject, when are we shooting the sequel?" asked Darryl.

"In a few hours." Replied Dan. "I think we're doing a whole five volumes of this 'fore the week is out. If any of 'em don't sell they'll just be put into the next big compendium, so's the footage isn't wasted. Or else they'll make one volume longer, somethin'. Footage is cheap and the DVDs cost a ton, so really it's a matter of getting 'em to sell." Darryl groaned at Dan's reply.

"Please tell me there's no more buttfucking for today, unless its got that faggoty little 'yote on the bottom." Said Darryl.

"Oh but I was on the bottom wasn't I? Its not my fault you got caught in a sandwich is it?" Darryl ruffled Matt's hair as he stood up, grinning.

"If you weren't so damned cute, I'd rape your ass raw for that, you adorable little fag." Said Darryl. The coyote just grinned.

"Oooh is that a promise? Cus I could always just put a bag over my head..." Dan broke out laughing, but Darryl just rolled his eyes. Any week working with Matt was going to be a long one, and it was only Monday.