

When I Was Young..

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When I was a lot younger, back when I first started experimenting and exploring and finding out what it is I was in to, I had a tendency to explore and test new things. Like everyone who steps out of the closet, privately or publicly, I had no idea how this "Gay" thing went, and so I made a lot of early mistakes and did things I ended up later regretting. I had a cross-dressing period that lasted about an hour, I messed around with girly things like crazy hairstyles and fashionable clothes and excessive taste in apartment décor, and in the end the only worthwhile thing to come out of it was the realization that I look hot in braids.

But my homosexual experimentation went well beyond clothing and Ikea. I was lucky enough to live in a town that was, if not gay, at least reasonably tolerant of homosexuals, and there was a somewhat thriving gay community for me to dip my toes in. It was an interesting experience, going to clubs, getting hit on by drunk men old enough to be my father, and realizing for the first time exactly how good looking I was compared to the general populace. Still, I wasn't much for the cheap booze and loud music, and after only a few trips to the club I found myself genuinely not wanting to go. So I didn't.

Figuring there must be a better way to meet guys, hopefully ones who were closer to my age and cared about getting to know me before they started grabbing at my crotch, I began to discreetly ask around, embarrassed and shy to admit what it was I was after. I needed to know more about what it meant to be gay, sure, but by the time I ditched the clubs I was well into my early twenties and hadn't had any meaningful sexual experiences with guys. I'd always suspected I'd been gay, and there had been some incidents in various places where I'd fooled around, but as for actual dick-in-ass messy fucking I was still a virgin. Unless you count the toys I'd been working myself over with, at least.

Anyway, I'd managed to get a hint that when twilight rolled around there was a brief period of quiet, anonymous meetings in a local park, where gay people could meet up, hook up, and go clubbing, fucking, or whatever they happened to want to do. For a few weeks I was averse to the idea of going out to a local park to get hit on by the same forty-somethings that had been harassing me in the clubs, but my libido eventually talked me into heading out to the park at dusk.

I was let off of work early that day, and I took the opportunity to try on a lot of things before heading out. I wanted to look available but not desperate. I wanted people to be able to tell that I was gay, but part of me still wanted that aura of plausible deniability concerning what I was up to. No low-hung pants that were showing off half my ass, no shirts that stopped just after my pecs, I

just went with a loose-fitting T-shirt and some comfortable cargo pants, hoping that my natural gayness would shine through. I'd noticed that the other gays in town seemed to be able to pick me out regardless of what I was wearing, though whether it was because they could tell I was gay or because they just went up to every cute ferret boy they came across I had no idea. I put on a small rainbow bracelet that a campus advocacy group had given me an eternity ago in an attempt to dispel doubt, but I wasn't sure if that was too much. In sum, I was very nervous about this whole affair, and that's why I spent a whole two hours dressing and undressing in front of the mirror. I guess I really *am* gay.

I had no idea what to do when I went out there, only that I was supposed to be there, and as I looked and wandered around I noticed that there were an awful lot of guys wandering around and that they looked very interested in one another, but no one seemed interested in me. Disappointed and nervous, I looked for a place to sit down and jam my hands into my pockets. Despite the fact that it was quiet cool and that there was a breeze blowing, I was sweating like I'd just been sent to the principal's office, and it was all I could do to keep from getting up on my feet and bolting. My species is known for the ability to quickly and maniacally get into motion, and I knew that if I let my instincts take over, I'd be skittering full-dash towards home and another Friday night of lonely masturbation in front of the TV. As I sat, though, a large and handsome horse wearing a tight shirt and running shorts sat down next to me, and suddenly I felt too self conscious to get up and bolt for it. The fact that he was exceedingly handsome and glistening with sweat played a factor too, I think.

He sat there panting for a moment, then grabbed a water bottle from a sort of holster that ran around his waist. The bottle wasn't very big to begin with, no more than a pint tops, but in the horse's massive hands it looked positively tiny. If I had to guess I'd say he was about six and a half feet tall and well over 200 pounds, with very little of it in fat. Not that I don't object to a little fat on the gut or anything, in fact I think it's sexy (even if Alan doesn't), but this guy obviously took working out to extremes, and it showed. As he set the bottle back into its holster he stretched out his arms on the wide bench, one of them sliding behind me. I felt self conscious about my hair touching his arm, but he either didn't feel it or didn't mind it. I waited to see if he would move his arm onto my shoulder and pull me into some sort of sloppy kiss or something, but instead we just sat in silence, me shyly trying to not reveal myself while the big horse panted and sucked down more water.

After what seemed like an eternity, he finally said "So, what's your name and what brings you out here anyway? Just here to watch the sunset? I'm Brian, by the way." I gulped, slowly turning my face towards his. In retrospect he was probably not all that much above the average level of handsomeness, but seeing as I was horny, desperate, and very interested in someone about my own age and with a

good appearance, he seemed to be astoundingly sexy. I felt like a ferrety Freddy Krueger trying to make conversation with an equine Fabio. Considering what me and Alan get up to these days, it's hard to believe I was ever so self conscious, but as I said, this happened a long damn time ago.

"I'm uhh...Ethan. And yeah, I guess I'm here for the sunset, I guess." Part of me wanted to scream "I'm here to get fucked hard in the ass, how much for a pony ride?" but that part was pretty small at the time and if any of it came out it was nothing more than a whimper. Still, I could feel Brian tracing me over with his eyes, and as he settled on the small tent that was slowly growing in my pants, I realized that I didn't need to say a damn thing. Brian couldn't have been more than a year older than me, if that, but he'd been around the block a lot more times than I had, and I get the feeling he was used to fresh meat. Before I knew it, his hand was gently tracing up and down my shoulder, his thick fingers gently caressing my soft tan fur before sliding up to trace over my dark brown ears. I remember shuddering as the massive black horse touched me. I was clearly nowhere near his first, and he seemed to be sizing me up in terms of age and experience.

"I think I need to go use that restroom over there. Maybe you do too." He got up and walked off, his ass jiggling in the tightly stretched runner's shorts he had jammed onto himself. I was shivering with fear and anticipation, and even as I saw him go into the restroom and close the door I didn't move from my seat. My libido won out eventually though, and I got up, practically breaking into a run as I moved towards the restroom. I remember flinging the door open and clicking it closed behind me like I was getting chased by the cops or bullies or something, my chest heaving hard, and it wasn't until I felt Brian's big hand close down on my shoulder that I turned to look at him. I think I jumped a little, because he looked concerned.

"This is your first time in the park, isn't it?" he asked.

"Uh, actually, this is my first time, uhm...My first time, err, what I meant to say is..." Even through my fur I must have been blushing red as a beet. Here I was with a massive, handsome dream-stud, the sort of guy most gays dream about meeting up with, and all I could do was mumble. That's what inexperience does to you, I guess. Brian just chuckled at it, though.

"Shit, you're a virgin? I might be the wrong guy for you then. Still, you should at least examine the merchandise before you put it back on the shelf..." He guided my hand to his groin gently, his tug was insistent but not demanding, and let me feel him a little. I slowly moved my fingers up and down his hardening length, gasping a bit as I felt it. I know that when you've seen very few cocks you tend to think that yours is small and that everyone else's is large, but I'm pretty sure that Brian's was very large, one of the largest ones I have encountered to this day. And he was certainly proud of it.

Slowly, he slid a thumb under his pants and started to pull them down, his giant black horsecock tumbling from its wrapper like some massive hot sausage. I instantly wanted to reach out and start touching it, kissing it, rubbing the big thing against my body. As such, when his hands gently pushed on my shoulders, implying that he wanted me to get down on my knees and start sucking, I readily complied.

Being inexperienced as I was, the thing kept slopping in and out of my mouth, gagging and choking me, and otherwise making me stop and try again, but I was loving every moment of it. Brian loved enough of it to get hard, and I found myself deeply pleased with the feel of shaft and pre in my mouth, and twirled my little pink ferret tongue around and around the preing tip of his shaft, sucking and bobbing as best I could. Nowadays I'm sure I could depthroat the thing most of the way to the hilt, if not all, but at the time it was all I could do to fill my muzzle and not get the thing caught on my fangs or tickling my gag reflex. Either I was giving halfway decent head or Brian was so horny it didn't matter, because before I realized it he was fully hard, and his gigantic preing shaft was dripping liquid onto my head as I nuzzled my nose into his balls, my whole face brushed and buried in the thick patch of hair down there. I hate to admit it, but I think that this is when I got fascinated with that man-smell, something I'd later find does magical things to Alan.

The bathroom was one of those very large unisex bathrooms meant to accommodate the needs of everyone including the handicapped, and as such there was lots of room and only one toilet. Still, Brian had me bend over and put my hands on the sink, which I gripped like I was going to be sucked off into space, and began to tug at my pants until they fell down in a heap around my ankles. I heard him pop open a bottle, and instantly his thick fingers were fingering and probing around under my tail, teasing and jamming into my pucker. I was glad both that he was the sort to trim his fingernails thoroughly and that I'd jammed enough rubber up my butt to know not to panic and clench, but having someone else up there was definitely a new, if pleasing, sensation. I put my head down and gripped even harder at the sink, gasping and contorting my face as he tickled my insides with his fingertips. Considering his massive size, I'm very glad that he was as good at fingerbanging as he was, and I remember feeling like I could take a whole fist up my ass by the time he was done loosening me. More on that sort of thing at a much, much later time.

I was good to go by the time he finally started pressing against me, and by that point I was already so horny and aroused and eager that I didn't even think to offer resistance as he slid right into me. As I mentioned before Brian was very well endowed, and I think I shall never feel as well stuffed as I did at that moment. I felt like everything below my waist had been effectively plugged air tight, and at the time it was an odd and novel sensation. I gasped, I closed my eyes, and I felt his hand reach down and touch my hard black shaft as it bobbed and drooled pre between my legs. I've been told I have a

very big shaft for a ferret (by Alan, of course), but in his big hands and compared to the giant stick of meat jammed up my ass, I felt positively tiny. Not that I minded at the time, though. Part of me wanted to be conquered, to be the bitch to this massive, horny dom horse.

Once he felt satisfied he gripped my shoulders firmly and began to push and shove and jam himself around inside me, feeling me out and waiting to see how I reacted. I doubt I said much, but I know that it wasn't long before he had me moaning and groaning. I didn't know it at the time, but he was hunting my prostate, and when he hit it things really got going. I guess it's because I hadn't been with many boys before and didn't know what was happening (only that I was loving every minute of it) but soon I felt myself shuddering and spurting with orgasm, my eyes closed tight as I grimaced and unloaded blast after blast onto the sink, the floor, and Brian's hand. At the time I thought I'd never experience anything better afterwards, and while I've come to learn that's not true, I'm glad to say my first real orgasm during sex was really, really good.

Brian slowed down after that and pulled back, eventually finishing himself with a lot of rubbing and grunting, his gloppy white seed coating and painting up my back and ass. At first I expected to see him disappointed that I'd cum so hard to early, but when I saw how contented he looked I just blushed and turned back to the sink, trying hard not to look in the mirror. I reeked of sex, and I certainly looked like someone who had the fuck of his life, and for some reason I didn't feel at all self conscious about it. If anything, I felt proud of myself: I'd finally gotten the good, hard fucking a young man like me deserved.

There were a few awkward, silent moments as we cleaned one another up, Brian carefully dabbing at my butt and lower back with a paper towel in an attempt to get up enough to where no one would ask me awkward questions on the bus ride home. Once we were done we exchanged phone numbers and a light peck on the cheek, and I promised him I'd get in touch and we'd do this again real soon. But he never called me and never picked up when I called him, so I moved in pretty quickly. As good as it was, there was no feeling behind it, and though I felt I could never go back to masturbation, I knew that I had no reason to feel bad that Brian was just a one-night stand, or a one-evening stand really. His loss, Alan's gain. And the gain of several more guys well before I met him, but that's a story for another time.