

Hard Workout

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I'm a big horse. I've always been big. I was the tallest kid in my class, and I broke the six foot barrier before my 16th birthday. With massive, wide shoulders and arms like Roman columns, I was naturally directed towards a life of workout routines and full contact sports. And, to be honest, it's been pretty damn good. I really enjoy working out. I like the way it makes me look, and the way it makes me feel. Football is something I lost interest in after high school, but working out is as much a part of my life as eating or sleeping. It's given me one hell of a body, and I love showing it off.

Having a hot bod doesn't pay the bills, though, or at least mine doesn't. I've entered bodybuilding competitions from time to time, but the judges are picky and the winners are invariably freakish monstrosities of muscle and hair. Me, I'm content to just be a big, handsome horse, with ordinary light brown fur, except for a shock of deep brown hair on my head. Oh, and I have "socks" and "gloves" of off-white fur as well, along with some white on the front of my muzzle. I guess it's cream colored, really.

In any event, because my body can't pay the rent on it's own, I work a steady nine-to-five job at a warehouse. Nothing fancy, but built as I am lifting stuff all day is near to my ideal job. It leaves precious little time to work out, though. I barely have time to rush home, feed myself, and then rush out again to the nearest twenty-four hour gym. But it is by far my favorite time of day, even though I don't get back home until about midnight.

Because I work out so late in the evening, I rarely meet or see anyone other than the night shift attendant. I don't mind, though, all I need is my red sweatpants, my white sleeveless shirt, my water bottle and maybe a few quarters for the old Donkey Kong machine in the lounge area (I hold the high score).

I was halfway through my normal workout routine (just started shifting to cardio) when two skunkettes walked in. I don't know why, but I've always had a thing for skunks. Maybe it's those big bushy tails, or maybe it's just that I like small, cute girls and very few skunks come up past about nipple height on my massive frame. In any event, these gals were hot in a lot more ways than just being skunks. One of them was mostly black except for her skunk stripe, and had short cropped hair and a pink bow, which nicely matched her pink sports bra and tight running shorts. I was later to find out she was named Stacey, and that her friend in the green top and purple pants was Tracey. Tracey had long white hair along with white underfur and white "socks," but putting aside minor differences of fur color and hair length, they looked very much the same. They were about the same

height and both had very firm, perky tits with nipples that stuck out hard against their shirts in the air conditioning. I hate to say that I stared, but I did, and I know any guy in my position surely would have. They were just too damn hot!

I tried to maintain focus as I got onto the stationary bike, but the attendant had stepped out for a bit and with the TVs turned off for the night there was really nothing to look at but the girls. As I continued to stare, I could feel a rumbling in my pants, so to speak. The rumor about horses being phenomenally well endowed borders on understatement with me, and whenever I start getting a rise it's all I can do to keep things under control down there. I was starting to blush, and hoping the girls wouldn't notice what was going down below.

Imagine how worried I was when they came over to me! I stood up, moving as it to head off to the showers, but those girls ambushed me, grabbing onto my pants and wrapping their soft, velvety hands around my waist. "I'm Tracey!" said Tracey, her pink bow bouncing as she grabbed onto my pants with both hands.

"And I'm Stacey!" said Stacey, whose fingers were already crawling under the elastic of my pants and tugging down eagerly. I won't lie, I was kind of fanaticizing this sort of thing might happen, but I didn't think it actually would. I was in a semi-public place, and even though it was rather late at night I didn't think anyone would be nutty to actually go for my pants. Part of me wanted to stop them, to at least make them take it to the changing rooms, but they were just so eager I couldn't bring myself to make them stop.

"So what's your name?" asked Stacey, her fingers gingerly working down my pants and FTL boxers.

"Henry, but everyone calls me Hoss." I said, panting as my massive length popped out into Tracey's eager hands. The little skunkette was already drooling at the sight of my member, which had to be at least as long and thick as her arm, if not thicker. Come to think of it, it WAS thicker. By a considerable margin.

"That's a nice name," said Tracey, her words slow and drawn out as she was very distracted by the sight in front of her. I could see Tracey drooling as she looked over my length, her soft, gentle hands caressing and squeezing my massive length. In her eagerness, she had already tugged down her top a bit, her right nipple popping out and hard as a rock. Her eyes were wide as dinner plates, and I just hoped she had the skill to handle her hunger. As I've pointed out there was a pretty significant size disparity between me and her, and though I was already getting hard and ready to go I didn't want to hurt her. She was being so nice, after all!

"Yeah, but this is nice too," said Stacey. Stacey was a bit more resolved and in control, and though she clearly wanted my big cock she kept her eagerness under control. "I love horse boys. So handsome. So well endowed." She gently stroked along the underside of my massive length as she spoke making me moan and whinny with

pleasure. As big as I am, it normally takes a long time for me to start getting hard, but these girls were getting me going with nothing more than their fingers and hands.

The girls pulled my pants to my ankles and I stepped out of them, laying down on a nearby exercise mat. The girls dispensed with their clothes entirely, so I took off my sleeveless shirt and threw it on the pile. By this time my grin stretched ear to ear, and I was so eager I was already dripping. As soon as I sat down on the mat the girls were on me, Tracey moving her tongue to my shaft while Stacey climbed up on me, kissing me at first and then putting her tit into my mouth

I suckled gently at first, then with more emphasis as Stacey wriggled and panted in my hands. I found that she was so small I had no trouble at all gripping her tightly in one hand, and as I cupped her ass my fingers moved to her slit, probing eagerly. She wasn't loose, to say the least, but when I felt how thick my fingers were compared to her slit I was, shall we say, concerned. Did she really think she could take a big horse up such a small cooter? I just hoped she knew how to flex!

Tracey was busy getting to work down below, her tongue lapping and licking around my cockhead as my free hand gave her an encouraging downward push. My tip had already turned purple, the way it always does when I get fully aroused, and she was eagerly slurping up the pre. I gotta say, it was pretty damn hot, having those two girls all over me, their small forms touching and pleasuring me all the way up and down. I don't think I've ever been happier than I was sucking and fingering Stacey while Tracey worked my shaft.

Getting aroused as I was, I shifted to my knees and picked up Stacey, spinning her around and putting her slit in my face. I eagerly dug into her lower lips, slurping and sucking hard as I held her in both hands. Small and light as she was, my massive muscular arms had no difficulty holding her up just by her waist and thighs, and she was certainly taking advantage of her new position. I really had to work hard to keep focused enough to not drop her, the way she was working the top of my cock!

Tracey was still going to down on me down there, but she was certainly giving Stacey plenty of space. She had crawled down between my legs, and I could feel that my balls were right on her face and muzzle. She was licking me from underneath while Stacey focused on the top, her white-furred hands gently caressing and working my length. I kept digging into Stacey with my muzzle as the two girls worked on me, their hands and tongues everywhere at once.

As the two girls kept working, I slowly started to lean back, aiming to lie down. I didn't wanna drop or crush either of them, so I took my time, but they got the message. Their small, light forms were crawling over me with those quick, smooth moves that skunks are so known for. I grinned at them as they passed, groping and fondling them softly as they came within range of my big hands. By this point

I was dribbling pre like a fountain, and the girls swirled down to my shaft like ink through milk.

They took positions on either side of my massive shaft and started licking it up and down, their twin tongue sending shivers down my spine. Cuddling up close, Stacey wrapped her arms and tits around my shaft, while Tracey caressed it with her cheek, smiling and giving me a sultry look. I caressed their thighs and asses with my big hands, squeezing and fondling what I could. I was able to get almost a full hand full of ass-cheek with each of them, and I've gotta say there's nothing I've been near as happy to squeeze as those skunkette's asses.

"Mmm, you sure are a tasty horse," said Stacey, sliding my tip into her muzzle. It barely fit, but she attacked it with great gusto, her cheeks bulging out like a chipmunk's as she tried to suck it down. She worked the rest with her hands and tits as Tracey caressed her from across the way, both girls pressing firmly on my shaft.

Tracey giggled as Stacey fumbled with my length. "She looks like she's stuck, maybe you should help, Hoss." I smirked, giving each girl a good grope.

"You sure? I mean, it looks like she has a pretty good handle on the situation," I said. Stacey grinned at me with her lips and adjusted herself a bit, sliding off to the side so that her legs were on the mat. She had lots more room to work with from this angle, but she still wasn't quite able to fit it in.

"Go ahead and help her," said Tracey, who was already moving down between my balls. "I know she won't mind, we're the best of friends after all." I nodded and, given permission, gently pressed down on Stacey's head, trying to push and force myself into her muzzle as gently as I could.

It started off easily enough, but I was just too big for her. The more I pressed, the more stuck she got, and though I couldn't help but think she was enjoying herself I could also see in the mirror that her eyes were as wide as dinner plates. She gripped me with both hands and tried to move herself down as I arched my back and tilted my head back, whinnying with pleasure. It might be too big to fit, but I was certainly enjoying myself, and Stacey didn't want to stop even if we weren't going to be able to go any further.

Tracey was down below at my balls again, gently cupping them in her hands as she kissed and caressed them. She certainly knew how to partner with Stacey, and to be honest I don't know which one was turning me on more. Both of my hands were on Stacey, squeezing and caressing her, but the only reason I wasn't trying to finger Tracey or move her up to my cock is that she was just out of reach. She didn't need me telling her what to do for everything to go right, though!

"Don't hurt yourself, Stacey," said Tracey, who popped out from under my length for a quick moment, smiling at me and jiggling her boobs as she caught my eye. Stacey popped off, and though she was

facing away from me I could see in the mirror that she looked pretty indignant.

"Look at Hoss here!" said Stacey. "He's huge! There's no WAY he could fit into either of our mouths, so I'm having a good time milking the flavor instead!"

"Oh I'm not so sure about that," said Tracey. "How about I give it a try, hmm?" Stacey got off, standing up and crossing her arms, confident that Tracey couldn't pull off such a trick. Tracey, however, simply moved to her knees and motioned for me to sit down on a nearby bench. I did so, straddling it and letting my cock and balls rest on the edge, giving her lots and lots of room.

Tracey crawled forward gently, grinning and giving my cock some pre-emptive slurps. She worked gently, slicking me up with her tongue and hands until I was dribbling wet. She then gently placed me on her tongue and began to slide forward, taking her time and pausing from moment to moment to adjust herself. To my surprise, and Stacey's, Stacy managed to get me into her mouth. Not all the way down to the hilt, mind you, but pretty deep. I think there was only an inch or two that didn't get into her mouth.

"Okay, whoa," said Stacey. "What, are you part snake, you can unhinge your jaw or something?" I was pretty impressed myself, and I think Tracey was too. She did look a little wide-eyed, and I had a feeling she didn't believe she could ACTUALLY fit me in there, or at least not near as much as she was doing so now. Still, she wasn't the sort to just kneel there and rest on her laurels, so to speak. She gripped my thighs firmly with her hands and started to work me over good, twisting her head this way and that as she worked almost the entirety of my shaft.

I've had a lot of girls suck me over the days, but I think Tracey set a new threshold on how hard they can suck. I think she could suck an orange through a garden hose, or suck the chrome off a tailpipe. It bordered on the painful, but damn was I loving it.

She couldn't stay down there forever, though, and after a few minutes she started to slide off, smiling and comically gaping and twisting her jaw a bit to emphasize how much she had stretched it. "I didn't think you could do that," I said, my big hands coming up to gently caress her tits.

"I think you'll find we're both just full of surprises," said Tracey, grinning and kissing me on the cheek. She moved forward, climbing up onto me and straddling my cock, her wet slit sliding back and forth across the top of my length. She pushed her muzzle to mine and we kissed lightly. I could taste myself on her tongue, and while it wasn't totally unpleasant, it was a little weird. I didn't know I was so...salty. In any event I got off the bench and slid down to my knees, picking up Tracey and caressing her in my big hands

Stacey was ready to have a turn again, though. She crawled under me on all fours and began rubbing her big fluffy tail and soft ass against my length. I really loved how the girls always took my cock together when they were playing me, what with one taking the top

while the other caressed the bottom. The fact that Stacey knew which half was "hers" even as she was crawling around on all fours waiting for me to fuck just goes to show how into it and talented she was. "C'mon Hoss, it's my turn again!" said Stacey, almost begging as she bent far forward, pressing her tits against the floor and rubbing my shaft back and forth between her ass cheeks.

"You sure? I mean, I almost broke your jaw back there," I asked. I certainly wanted to get deep inside that wet, hot pussy of hers, but I wasn't exactly keen on breaking the skunk.

"I can handle it, don't you worry!" said Stacey. "Just lean back on the bench again, I know my limits and I know Tracey will help out!"

Tracey crawled off me, deferring to Stacey and letting the skunkette have the turn she was begging for. I moved back onto the bench and Stacey crawled up on me, her tiny form dwarfed by my massive chest. She put her back to my stomach, her tail twitching and tickling my nose as she worked to position herself.

"Help out guys, this is gonna be a big one!" said Stacey. Tracey nodded and moved forward, gripping and aiming my length with both her hands. I moved down and grabbed Stacey by her lower thighs, right next to her ass, lifting her body and separating her legs. She was wet and sloppy, and I was still dripping with Tracey's drool, not to mention the steady stream of pre these girls had me dripping.

"You ready for this?" I asked, still a bit anxious about the whole situation. Stacey nodded, and I started to slowly lower her down, letting her weight press my length against her slit. The tip went in easily enough, but everything beyond that seemed stuck. I get really thick after that first inch or so, and I kind of expected this. I kept holding onto her less and less, but she just remained where she was, even when I was just barely touching her.

"This isn't going to work," said Stacey. "We need more oomph." She clambered off me, her hands and feet barely touching as she went to the floor. Crawling to all fours, she curled her tail back and presented herself, one hand going back to spread her sex open wide. "Just push in, SLOWLY, and we'll see if we can't pop that bad boy in there."

I wasn't exactly sure this was a good idea, but what with Stacey begging and Tracey pushing me forward I didn't think I had much of a choice. I slowly slid my length up and down Stacey's tight, wet slit, part of me still hoping she'd have a change of heart. When she didn't, I moved to all fours, planting one arm on either side of her, and started to push. Tracey crawled up on top of me, looking down at Stacey from my shoulders.

Things were slow at first, but Stacey kept pushing back, even wrapping her arms around mine and shoving, trying to force herself onto me. I grunted, pushing forward as she pushed back, taking in deep gasps of breath as I tried to get myself in without breaking. Without warning there was a sudden pop, and I felt myself sink in

suddenly, going down more than halfway with so much speed I almost lost my balance.

"Stace? You OK?" asked Tracey. But Stacey's head was spinning, her mouth open as wide as it could go. Had I been on the front, I would have thought that maybe Stacey could replicate Tracey's cock sucking trick, as her jaw was amazingly stretched as she let out a quiet scream of pain and pleasure. There were stars in her eyes as I remained there, a little embarrassed at what I'd just done. She wasn't in any serious pain, but it couldn't have been exactly comfortable.

I pulled off slowly and gently as I could, letting Stacey collapse under me onto the mat. She was gasping and panting, her sex wet with juices. Much to my surprise, I realized that she hadn't just been a bit broken by my giant cock, she'd actually hit an orgasm. As she relaxed on the mat and took in big gulps of air, straining to catch her breath, I saw her gently pinch and tease at her nipples and then let out a contented sigh. I couldn't believe that our brief, if intense hump session had set her off, but it clearly had. The juice was just dribbling down her thighs.

Stacey turned to me, grinning a bit, her eyes still hot and unfocused. "Well, that was a little more intense than I usually take on, and damn if it doesn't sting," said Stacey. "But it certainly was fun...Just gimme a minute...to catch my breath." She sighed and laid down on her side, relaxing as best she could and wincing a bit from time to time.

Tracey, meanwhile, was reaching around in a nearby duffel bag. I didn't even remember seeing the girls bring it in, but as it had "STACEY AND TRACEY" printed on it in big, marked letters, I guessed they must have brought it along at some point. Tracey grinned and pulled out one of the larger bottles of lube I've seen. It even had one of those squeeze-pump tops like a bottle of hand soap, so that it could be dispensed quickly in large quantities. Tracey came over to me and started pumping it out on my still-erect cock, which I held out for her.

Tracey cooed and smiled as she slicked me up, and I just tried to put on my best face, rather proud of what I'd been up to. Really, we should have whipped out the lube at the beginning, I imagine that things would have gone much better for Stacey if we had. But as it was, I wasn't going to complain. I was eager to have some good, hard pumping, and since Tracey seemed to be the more flexible of the two, I knew I was going to get it.

"Lay down again, I wanna take this slow and steady," said Tracey. I nodded, and smiled at Stacey as she watched quietly from the mat's edge. Tracey directed my face closer to hers, though, and straddled me, her tiny frame barely managing to put one leg on either side of me. "Now take it easy, I don't wanna bust it up like Stacey did," said Tracey.

I nodded and gently pressed myself against her slit, letting my shaft slide up and down against her gently. Tracey, having mostly

come down from her little adventure, crawled over towards us to get a good look. I couldn't see her very well, but I had a feeling she was pretty wide-eyed when I managed to start sinking it in. It wasn't going easy, and even though my shaft was well lubed there was a visible bend. But it was going in, and I knew that if I just kept on the gentle pressure I could go all the way.

There was a sudden release, and Tracey yelped as I first started to slide and sink in. It was a little rough at first, but after that first little bit things were smooth as silk. Tracey was certainly a lot looser than Stacey, and lubed as I was we managed to get things going at a good rhythm. I had to help, of course, my big hands pushing down on her thighs and helping her slide back up, but Tracey was certainly having a good time. I grinned as her tits bounced and swayed in front of me, my big shaft pressing in deep as she kept it coming.

"Mmm, I love it," said Tracey, moaning as I fucked her as gently as I could.

"The feeling is...ahnn...mutual!" I said, groaning and arching my back as her tight pussy squeezed down around me. It was intoxicating and all consuming, and to this date I don't think I've had a better fuck. Maybe it's my thing for skunks, or maybe it was just Tracey. Either way, I was having the time of my life.

"Let's change it up a bit," said Tracey. "Get back on the bench, I'll take a ride." I nodded and started to get up, but much to my surprise, Tracey started to spin around on my shaft, putting her back to me. How she managed to do so without falling off or hurting herself is beyond me, but after a bit more jostling I managed to get to where I was sitting down and she was riding my crotch hard.

I gently kissed and nibbled at Tracey's ears and neck, my big tongue lapping softly as she ground me hard. Her toes were wriggling as she thrashed around a bit on my massive member, and she kissed and sucked on my fingers as I brought my hand to her mouth.

Stacey came up, poking at Tracey's stomach with amazement. "I swear, Trace, I can see it bulging inside you," said Stacey. "What, are you made out of rubber or something?" Tracey just giggled, sighing contentedly as she rose up and down slowly on my shaft. I gently caressed her breasts as she moved, pinching and squeezing her hard black nipples lightly in my fingers.

Tracey kept squirming on me for a bit longer, but I could tell from the way she was moving that she wanted more. She confirmed this by slowly and gingerly extracting herself from my massive shaft. "A good ride, but I wanna take it up the butt," said Tracey. You can imagine my surprise at this declaration. I could just barely fit it in her pussy, and now she wanted me to jam it up her tailhole?

But Tracey crawled back down onto the mat, curling back her tail and spreading her cheeks wide. I shrugged my shoulders and crawled up behind her, my massive shaft still dripping and slick with lube and juices. As I climbed up over her, gripping her ass firmly in my hands, Stacey slipped up behind, grinning and gripping my shaft.

"Take it easy, tiger!" said Stacey, who helped me to aim my length as I pressed down. I could feel her fingers wrap tightly around my shaft as I pressed it against Tracey's tailhole, doing my best to keep from pushing too hard. Tracey was biting her lower lip and straining with the effort, but I knew she was enjoying it. Rather than popping in I sunk down slowly, and I gasped a bit as it went in.

I didn't dare go down more than a few inches, and as Tracey was wriggling and pushing back rather than begging for more, I knew that I didn't need to dig it in. I kept things moving slowly and smoothly, fucking Tracey's ass as lightly as I could. Still, the little skunkette moved under me considerably, and it was all I could do to keep things manageable and under control.

I could feel that Stacey was getting busy down there as well, and though her hand gently worked my shaft and balls from time to time, the distinct sound of tongue-on-pussy was coming from down between my legs. As juicy as Tracey was, I knew that Stacey must be getting quite the mouthful, but the way she was moaning I was certain that Stacey loved the flavor.

Tracey wasn't emitting much more than grunts and groans, but it was all I could do to keep from breaking out with whinnys and pounding her ass till it broke. I was really rushing towards my climax and it was a real struggle to keep things under control down there. Still, I managed to keep it together, and though I picked up the pace I was able to keep it slow and gradual.

Tracey was loving it, though, wriggling and straining beneath me. The twin action of my cock and Stacey's tongue was sending the skunkette over the edge, and as I struggled to keep a steady pace she pounded and twitched beneath me. Much to my surprise I could actually feel her pushing back against me, hard, even as I drove it into her again and again.

Stacey took advantage of the chaos, using the motion to slip underneath Tracey. My pounding pushed the two gals together tightly, and I could hear that Stacey was licking Tracey and finger-fucking her as I went. Tracey was stuck in the middle of a horse-skunk sandwich, and from the way she was moaning and crying out I knew she was having more fun than me and Stacey combined.

Tracey's orgasm hit like a wave, bursting and crashing through all three of us. I don't mean that she was that gooey or sloppy, but that the pleasure was bouncing around like a superball. That's not to say she wasn't messy, I could feel her wetness splatter all over my shaft and crotch, coating my balls and thighs. I know it came down on Stacey as well, soaking her fingers.

Tracey was calling out in pleasure, her body shaking and twitching as she pressed down onto me. I was trying to still hold out for a bit, but it wasn't happening, and I felt my shaft start to explode inside her. I was a little disappointed, I wanted to do more than just go off deep inside Tracey, so I knew I had to move fast if I was going to get what I wanted.

I don't know why, but when I cum, it stops about halfway through, then picks up again. It's weird, I don't know of any other guys who are like that. But just as the first, smaller wave began to peter out, I yanked myself out of Tracey and gripped my length firmly, milking it. The girls knew what to expect and laid out on the nearby bench, which I straddled. They crawled up onto the wood, Tracey opening her mouth wide while Stacey gently licked and kissed at Tracey's lips. Without warning, my second wave hit, and I started shooting out like a fire hose.

Being a horse I'm used to cumming big, but I had no idea it was going to be like this. Yes, I'd been too busy to rub one out for a few days, and these girls had been working me up for the past hour or so, but still. It was like someone had knocked the side off a hydrant. I filled Tracey's mouth in a matter of seconds, and the rest of my juice splattered every which way, coating the skunkettes, the bench they were on, and a good bit of the floor.

The girls were loving how messy it was, though, and Tracey gobbled down her mouthful of cum with impressive gusto. Stacey got to work licking and slurping, but it still looked like they'd just been making out with a Jumbo-sized bottle of white glue. They looked very happy, all cuddled together like that, and as they began to wrap themselves around from one another I backed off a bit, letting the girls enjoy some close, quiet alone time.

I was still reeking of sex but it was already well past midnight and I had no time to shower if I was going to make it to work in the morning. I quickly wiped myself a bit with the towel I had brought from home and put my shirt back on. My pants were drenched with spoooge, but luckily I had a pair of running shorts in my bag, so I threw them on quickly and made my way towards the door. Somehow, my shirt had gotten ripped in the early rush and confusion, but I didn't care. I had a big grin on my face, and even though my balls were a bit dry and sore for the next few days, I never regretted getting that deep, hard fucking. It was the best I ever had, and I certainly hope to cross paths with Stacey and Tracey again some day.