

A Night on the Ranch

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When she came down the stairs, hair still damp from her bath, her husband was just coming in from his afternoon appointment with the county inspector. She knew he wasn't pleased having to pander to some distant bureaucracy, and his face carried the tell-tale frown of someone who'd had enough of it for the day. That all changed, however, when he tossed his hat down on the table by the door and strolled deeper into their home, watching her descend. His lips split in a pleased grin. "I was wondering when I'd get to see you today."

She met him at the bottom of the stairs, and she popped up into the balls of her feet to give him a quick kiss. "It's not my fault you had to get up early to finish with the chores before the inspector got here."

He sighed. "I know, but that doesn't make it any easier. I can't stand having our routine disrupted. It makes all the work seems that much harder."

"At least it's just for the day," she reassured him. "Did everything go well?"

He returned her kiss and sighed. "Of course. Clean bill of health from the inspector. We're the best ranchers in the county for another year. He *did* ask more question this time than last. We might have to take it easy for a while if we're making our neighbors suspicious."

She scoffed. "Jealous is more like it. We're just better equipped to handle a horse ranch than they are, and they can't stand it."

"Now now, hon," he cautioned, "It's not polite to point out other people's deficiencies."

"I know, I know..." she reluctantly admitted. "It's not very neighborly and all, but I just know that Whitfield fellow has his eye on our stock. I don't trust him."

He calmed her with a hand on her shoulder, which gave her a confident squeeze. "As long as he just looks, he's free to learn a thing or two."

With a long, slow breath she let out her pent-up frustration. He was right, of course, and she was certainly just being paranoid. He wasn't the only one whose routine had been disrupted, a fact that was pushing to the front of her mind the longer she stood next to him. As if he knew exactly what was running through her thoughts, he smiled down at her and let his hand slip from her shoulder and down her back, sliding along the line of her spine. It made her shirt feel supremely insubstantial as a barrier to his touch.

His fingertips lingered playfully in the small of her back, leaving her skin tingling, and she acquiesced, leaning forward and splaying her body out against his, resting her cheek against his shoulder. He embraced her, muscled arms twining behind her back, and then he pressed a small kiss into her scalp. "You smell nice, hon. I hope you didn't work so hard just for me..."

As if taking a bath was all that difficult. "What if I did, stud? What then?"

His fingers glided lower, over the curve of her butt, and she squirmed as he graced her with a firm grip. She didn't fight it. "Nothing really. I'd just hate to mess up something so beautiful."

"Well, if it's a mess you're planning on making of me, we need to take it somewhere else. I mopped earlier, and I'm not doing it twice in one day."

He didn't so much as hesitate. The hands that had her fidgeting crept beneath her backside and clamped down. She yelped and wriggled helplessly as he effortlessly hauled her off

of her feet, cradling her against his chest. "I've got a good place in mind, hon. If you'd just follow me."

Even if she'd not wanted to be taken wherever he had planned, she wasn't given a choice. Her husband's powerful, work-toughened frame held her as easily as it would have a sack of grain, and she giggled as she was carried from their house, down the steps off of their porch, and across the yard in the direction of one of their barns. He lifted her higher, groping her shamelessly as he did so, until he could trail a line of kisses across her jaw and down her throat, hardly paying attention to where he was going, relying on instinct and memory more than his distracted eyes. The earthy smell of horse mingled with the scent of fresh straw as she was carted into the barn, and he set her down on the middle of it, only pausing a heartbeat to let her get her balance before finally locking lips with hers.

"The herd's out in the pasture, hon." he murmured past her lips as they parted for only moments to breathe. "There aren't any eyes for miles, unless you count the chickens, and they've got better things to do than worry about a little ruckus."

Just in case he was thinking about pulling away, she laced her fingers through his hair and held him to her. He tasted good; he smelled good, heavy, sweat and musk, his scent filling her nose. "If they're watching," she hissed, "then I say we give them something to watch."

He didn't give her a coherent response. Instead, he just growled his assent and bore down on her, robbing her of her breath. His hands were savoring her ass again, and he lifted once more as he took an aggressive step forward, bearing her forward with him until her back met the door to one of the vacant stalls. The wood was hard and cold against her shoulder blades, almost as hard as his powerful chest felt against her body as he pressed himself forward. His tongue filled her mouth, mining her for pleasure as his hands grew increasingly passionate in their worship of her curvaceous body. A trembling breath left her lungs. He must have been desperate for this all day, and she clawed at his shoulders, eager to show that she felt the same way.

She needed it, badly. Something huge and tight filled her chest, squeezing her heart into her throat so that she could hear her pulse pounding in her skull. She moaned as he slipped a hand over her hips, tucking it down between her thighs, grinding up against her through her jeans. It sent tendrils of joyous heat crawling through her veins, and she gyrated against him, rocking her hips, rolling her crotch against his palm and squishing her breasts against the firmness of his chest. He would feel it soon, and she wondered with a distant corner of her mind who would be the first to surrender to the other's building ardor.

Her question was answered when she felt a wave of tension roll through her husband's body. He let out a stuttering grunt, and miraculously managed to rip a worshipful hand from her ass to slam it down atop the stall door, gripping it with wild strength. It pulled his lips away from hers, and she saw the wild lust in his eyes. "Gotcha, stud." she hissed, closing her thighs over his hand and giving a slow roll of her pelvis, making sure he felt how warm she was growing. His teeth clenched, and his hand jerked up, nearly lifting her off of her feet by her loins. She growled at his roughness, but moaned as his quivering fingers tantalized her.

It took both her arms to free herself from his searching fingers. He was panting, almost hyperventilating, staring down at her, constantly pawing at her. The wood of the stall door was creaking under the force of his grip, and she wasn't very far behind him. There wasn't much room between the wall of his muscular torso and the door behind her, but she managed to wiggle her way down, dropping to her knees and rubbing her breasts down his front—all the way down. She rubbed her fingertips down his thighs, teased him briefly before she danced her hands inward, up

to his crotch. At a touch, she felt the strength of his need in the aching, pulsing flesh that burned beneath the denim that hid it.

She looked up at him, staring back at his lust-hazed eyes, and wondered what he saw in her own. It must have been more of the same, because he groaned, rolling his head and clapping his other hand down on the door, just bracing himself. So close, he reeked of masculinity. She could practically taste him on the air she gulped down. Her shirt felt tight. It clung to her, and she wandered her hand over the throbbing outline of his manhood, feeling it twitch. She heard a faint creaking sound, and cooed breathlessly as she felt it suddenly surge outward, bloating within its cotton prison. The sound was echoed by another series of sharper, rippling pops, and she looked up at her lover as he gasped and quaked.

His face was set into a mask of concentration that was focused entirely on her, kneeling between his legs. She kept a palm cupped over his swelling equipment and raised the other over a perky breast, giving it a theatric squeeze as his forearms bunched with the strain of gripping the wood of the door. "C'mon, stud. Let it all out. Hurry."

Leaving his bulging cock where it was for the moment, she wriggled a hand up over his belt and under his shirt. His abdomen heaved with the strength of his frantic breathing, but she felt the grooves between each individual muscle deepen as her husband began to grow, straining at his clothing. His arms bulged in their sleeves, muscle clearly surging forth, bigger than it could have been before. He spasmed and shuddered against the door, rattling it as more sinewy popping brought thick, heavy power to his surface, stretching his skin. The buttons lining his shirt creaked ominously as his chest expanded behind them, slabs of strength surging with each breath he sucked in through flaring nostrils.

His shoulders were now too broad for his shirt, and his chest rapidly followed suit. It lost a button, and then several more in short order, baring a slash of his taut pecs as they bulged with strained urgency. The hem of the garment inched up his torso as it lengthened, and his morphing abdominals peeked through, stiffening into a brick wall that reinforced his already firm gut. It ripped over his biceps, peaks of mounded muscle erupting from the simple fabric, and he leaned over and worked his shoulders in their sockets, popping seams and opening a gash down his back as his body swelled out into the open.

With shuddering growth, his thighs pulled his jeans taut over his legs. She could see close up the muscle writhing and striating into columns of thick might. She squeezed with eager glee, feeling him grow even as the denim groaned and split over the magnitude of his body. Sparing a hand from the death grip it had on the wood that was complaining ever more noisily, he took a hold of his shrinking shirt and tore it from his torso, throwing it aside and releasing a guttural grunt as he stretched upward, bones and sinew elongating as inches compiled onto his thickening frame.

She watched in giddy awe as his ears shifted, taking on peculiar points. His grimace contorted briefly as his jaw popped noisily and his face deformed, jutting outward in a bestial, boxy muzzle. Dark, ebony hair sprouted from his chest and spread outward, cloaking his muscled perfection in a growing tide of thick fur. His deepening voice moaned in pleasure, and she rubbed his immense thighs as they continued the destruction of his pants, eager to feel the first onyx hairs sweep down their lengths. With a sharp *snap*, his belt surrendered to his waist as it surged to maintain its proportion, and the waistband of his jeans began to constrict him uncomfortably.

He was a half-formed mess, but he was beautiful. Her own shirt grew ever tighter as excitement filled her completely, and she rested a trembling hand over his crotch. His girthy tool

was already enormous, but she could feel it gaining mass unstoppably, fueled by her lover's immense, pounding heart. She felt it grow, rubbed it through tortured denim. It inched down the destroyed leg, a rigid python. It bulged obscenely against the cloth, and he groaned hotly. Instantly, a long, dark streak of tell-tale wetness soaked through the fabric, oozing clear precum from his building excitement, pushed out by the strength of his transformation.

It was getting farther away as he grew taller and more powerful. He was looming further and further over her, a mountainous man that was growing only more bestial with every passing moment. Fur finished coating his equine muzzle, and his ears swiveled as they came to their proper teardrop shapes. He sagged briefly as his feet twisted inside his boots. The leather stretched and burst as his calf reshaped and his toes bled together, giving him a sturdy, heavy hoof at the end of each of his tree-trunk legs. The sound of it so close pulled at her, and the first of many buttons snapped off of her shirt.

The sound pulled her eyes down. Her breasts, once meager, pert things, were ballooning in her blouse. They grew plump and heavy, eager to seek their freedom. Her bra was digging into her already, and her shirt lost another button as she threw her shoulders back and moaned at the sensation of cloth shrinking against her whole body. Her nipples puffed up, grinding helplessly against the cups of her bra, and not even the pinching of the undersized undergarment could hamper her enthusiasm. Soft, feminine flesh, spilled up and over the overburdened cups, filling her shirt and stretching it away from her chest with more and more supple mammary.

At the same time, her pants grew snug on her hips and around her waist. She shuddered as her point of view lurched upward and inch, to a chorus of painlessly creaking joints. Muscle and bone and sinew filled her in and out and upward, and she raised her arms, splaying her fingers out over her husband's chest, taking hold of more and more as she grew with him. His tail must have been killing him, the sensitive nodule of bone and nerves that was pushing free of the end of his spine. It was still trapped by what was left of his jeans, and she helped him out, curling fingers under the fabric and pulling sharply.

Several things happened at that moment. Her husband's jeans tore loudly, yielding to her budding strength, and came away in her hands. With the sudden jerk, her flexing body stretched just enough to tear her shirt open down her back. Cool air washed against her heated skin, tempering her wanton desire into a razored blade of lust. It all was almost enough to prepare her for her growing lover's thick, ruddy cock springing free of its prison and nearly slapping her across the face.

Her hands went immediately around its turgid girth. At the same moment, she heard soft, fleshy pops bringing forth the flesh and bone of his tail. With the rustle of dark, silken hair, his new equine appendage was born, hanging down to his calves in a curtain of lustrous black. He shifted his stance, kicking away his ruined work boots and loosing a heavy growl as she tightly gripped his sensitive flesh in worshipful hands. It stretched her fingers apart as its skin darkened, deepening from an almost-purple red to a dusky black to go with his midnight fur. Leaning forward, she kissed its tip, appearing to encourage its further growth with supple lips.

He tensed at the contact, his immense musculature heaving under his skin as he continued to fill the barn with outrageous strength. His swollen phallus fought against itself, quivering as it morphed in her hands and against her mouth. Fresh inches poured from his crotch as it florid crown flattened and thickened, taking the shape of a blunt, equine tool. Skin and fur bunched at its base, forming a sturdy sheath that couldn't hope to hold it as it was. His now-fuzzy sac heaved with the weight of the orbs that throbbed and grew within it, and she held out a palm, waiting for his scrotum to practically drop into her hand. It did, and she cooed at the mass of his virility even

as they pulsed and burned with need, weighing down her arm with a load of impossible proportions.

He was nearly drooling on himself in the depths of his unleashed lust, but even if he caught himself, his titanic cock was doing enough for the both of them, dripping gobs of boiling, translucent precum wherever it hung. She caught most of it on her chest as it prodded forward, still growing, and it spurred her to catch up with him, if just to prepare herself to take that shuddering monster. Clawing at her shirt, she ripped it the rest of the way down the middle in a spray of buttons. She wouldn't get as large as he, for certain, but her own physique was being improved upon. Muscle she needed to carry the weight of her surging body blossomed under her skin.

Her shirt shredded at the shoulders, simply coming away from her torso as fabric got caught on her elongating arms. She tore it away. She molded her lips against the glans of his magnificent manhood, suckling lightly at him, if just to goad more and more blood between his legs. The seams of her pants popped open like cocoons, freeing her thighs, and she was glad she hadn't put on shoes, sparing her from the discomfort her growing feet would have caused her. She was getting enough of that from her bra. Its cups were pathetically stuffed with the soft mass of her breasts, bulging over and under the agonized garment. Sucking in a deep breath of the scent of his precum mingled with hay and straw, she put it out of its misery, snapping the band with a relieved gasp. Breaking the straps, she then tossed it away and straightened her spine, letting herself inch taller before him.

Her pounding nipples grazed along the rock hard muscle of his thighs, and she mewled for him as her burning skin began to itch ferociously. Her long hair tickled at her ears as they shifted and morphed, tapered tips sticking up through her golden locks. She was busy tracing the line of a thick, throbbing vein down the length of his cock, and she gave him a full-body shiver as her jaw ground briefly against itself. With an intense, biting pressure, her attractive features pushed, stretching away from the rest of her face, and she gritted her teeth at the unsettling sensation of writhing flesh. Her breasts surged anew, compressing lewdly against his legs, and with that sublime heat filling her chest, the itching in her skin finally found relief.

Beginning over her fluttering heart, countless fine hairs bristled from her skin, a blanket of fine, sandy yellow that poured out and over her flushed flesh. The feel of it pulled another sigh from depths of her chest, and she devoted more of her attentions onto her lover's heaving masculinity. It quivered and lurched as his body flexed and swelled, keeping up with him, inch after inch after inch, and her mouth greeted the birth of each new length with wet, suckling kisses that left ebony hide slick with her saliva. She teased at his tip, finally opening her mouth and fitting what she could of his enormity between her stretched lips.

He groaned, and her cheeks were suddenly puffed out by a sizable dollop of potent precum that threatened to rocket down her throat with the force of its expulsion. She dared not break the seal of her lips, instead just huffing a quiet laugh and bobbing her head. As her body grew and her face took on its correct form, it got a little easier, even if he stubbornly continued to swell against her tongue and palate. As her pants died around the girth of her thick hips and her taut, muscled ass, she whirled her slick oral organ in fast circles around the blunt mass of his flaring crown, urging it bigger with steady suction.

He must have been finishing his transformation, because he managed to assert control of his hand long enough to drop it from where it was braced to the back of her head. With the frightening strength present on the length of that gigantic limb, he could have easily pulled her forward, harpooning her onto him, but he didn't. He just cradled her head there, rubbing over the

softness of her hair and playing with the tips of her flicking, equine ears. "You're... beautiful." he rumbled breathlessly, his voice something deep and as enormous as his stature.

She sobered at the thunderous sound, and she pulled her head back enough to pop his violently throbbing horsecock free of her lips. "Save it for the pillow-talk, stud. I'm not done yet."

He laughed and nodded, letting his heavy hand fall to her shoulder as she grew into reach. She winced momentarily at the sensation of her feet twitching and her toes flowing together, nails combining and thickening into strong, sturdy hooves. The rest of her shredded pants just fell away from the curves of her butt and hips, and she bit back a hiss as cool air nipped at her exposed nethers. It didn't help that she was oozing clear fluid down the fur of her inner thighs in a steady trickle. Her loins felt like they were on fire. A hand stole down her front, and she teased a finger against herself, coating it in her own feminine slime. As she grew, she could feel her organs shifting around in her gut, making room as her demanding womanhood expanded within her, rippling around nothing in its ecstasy. She wondered what it felt like for him, straining and throbbing and growing, but she was certain that however it felt, it felt just as good as she was feeling, if his expression counted for anything.

Her tail stretched from the end of her spine, a little nub of bone before it could finish its growth and get its own sleek cascade of long, glossy hair, and she growled in playful delight as her expanding frame finally made her tall enough for her breasts to come close to the burning heat of her lover's glorious tool. They were huge mounds of supple flesh now, at least the size of her head and still swelling with plump, sensitive euphoria. Just a touch left her tingling and squirming, and she licked her lips as she wrapped her hands over her hefty assets, lifting and squishing them together while rolling her fingers over the buds of her puffy teats.

Her dark, rumbling thundercloud of a man made a face down at her, a gleeful grin. She could see his ears flicking at the noises that were filtering out of her lungs, a sluggish mix of moan and groans that deepened with the size of her sumptuous frame, and she made to effort to silence them. Instead, she licked her lips and brought them to bear on the column of sable horsemeat that twitched before her. With a soft grunt, he pushed out a terse breath and rolled his head back as her lips parted around his immense, flared head. While her tongue worked in slow, writhing circles around him, she arched her back and let the sheer weight of his flesh drag it down into her cleavage.

It burned against her sternum with the fires of his desire, and her silky, yellowish fur glided over every veined inch as she worked her breasts around to envelop his colossal cock. Her equally proud assets squished in her grip, and she hummed happily around his girth as he heaved and ejected heavy globs of pre to slick her intense, oral ministrations. She let it run from her mouth and used lips and hands to smear it over his taut, lust-darkened hide, rubbing until it shined with a shiny, erotic luster. It matted into her fur, and as much as she let spill into her cleavage he never seemed close to running out. In fact, her attentions only seemed to excite him further, and he grunted drunkenly as his hips jerked in little thrusts, clumsily pistoning his massive tool between her yielding breasts and against her cradling tongue.

It took all the focus she had to spare to keep him from harpooning his inhuman cock into her throat and suffocating her with the rod off steel that jutted impossibly from his loins. Nineteen, twenty inches—she'd never bothered to keep him still and measure it when there was always more engaging fun to be had. She just knew that it was far, far more than enough to suit her needs. Its glans barely fit in her mouth, and she could only cram a few more inches past her lips before it made it hard to maneuver. She had to use her hands on what was left, an

intimidating span of violently pulsing meat. She undulated her spine, grinding her breasts up and down the twitching length, taking breaths between lunges that buried him again and again into her equine visage. When she could, she dipped a hand down, rolling his softball-sized testes around with her fingers, teasing at them, hefting their dense, aching masses, even savoring each with the most tender of squeezes.

There was a loud rattle from the stall door behind her as he slammed his hands down onto the wood, gripping it with a fierce, ecstatic snarl plastered across his face. His breathing was disastrously short, and she let her voice vibrate around his sensitive flesh for a moment as she hummed, immensely pleased at the results of her labors. She pulled her head back, sliding him free with a long, lewd slurp, and crushed her swollen breasts around him, vigorously working at his length with the whole of her curvaceous figure while running her tongue teasingly around his crown when it came within reach of her mouth, at the apex of his every thrust.

She stayed on the edge of his impressive reach, however, never quite letting him fill her muzzle again. It seemed to infuriate him, if the urgency in his coarse vocalizations was any clue. Settling back against the door, she let him rut into the cushion of her chest, forming a slick, silken tunnel between her breasts that she eagerly mushed around his steely girth. It strained and twitched against her, threatening her, daring her to give it what it wanted, which she did with giddy energy. His ripe, heavy nuts slapped against her chest as he humped her into the door, and each contact, from the grinding of his throbbing cock to that steady, rhythmic impact, set her already heated, sensitive skin on fire. It left her moaning.

She was running out of time if the pitch of his coarse vocalizations had anything to say about it. His breathing was quick and ragged, and she could see the quivering in the muscles of his concrete abs. She ceased her toying with him, dipping her mouth forward, cramming his turgid crown between her lips. Twenty-one, twenty-two inches, two feet—as soon as this was over, she resolved to work him up and measure it. It was hardly her fault if she'd always had better diversions to occupy her time.

Slapping a hand over his heavily muscled ass, she gave him a warning squeeze. He shuddered and grimaced, but managed to cease his fumbling thrusting, allowing her room to work without having to worry about the safety of her tonsils. She pushed forward, rocking her head back and forth as she squeezed a few more inches past her lips. His lust made itself felt in the pulsating heat that pounded against her palate. She braced him with her tongue, pulling long, suckling slurps as she pumped him in and out of her mouth, and as she did so, she wrapped her huge, pillowy breasts around him and gave him a fast, ardent jerking that had him writhing and practically whimpering at her touch.

She was given almost a quarter of a second of warning. His breath hitched in his massive chest, and the column of furiously aching horsemeat in her mouth bulged tremendously, turning to diamond as every muscle lining her hulking stallion's body tensed explosively. His blunted tip flared so hugely, she struggled to get it out of her mouth, and she was punished by what felt like a fire hose blasting an immense jet of scalding liquid into the back of her mouth. She popped free, spluttering and trying not to laugh, and was gifted seconds as a cup of milky cum geysered across her face, clinging to her fur.

As his churning gonads emptied themselves, she lifted her head, catching most of it on her chest as she dropped her breasts and wrapped both her hands around his spasming flesh. He cried out hoarsely as she milked him, urging forth spurt after quivering spurt of sticky, hot jizz that rained down onto the upper curves of her chest and drizzled down the length of her voluptuous body. His hips jerked recklessly, humping at the ring of her fingers while she tried to

keep as tight a grip as she could on his well-lubricated manhood. It seemed enough to suit him for the moment, and she let him work out a little of his energy as he spilled his essence down her front

It wasn't as if he truly finished. Even when he released his frantic grip on the stall door, letting out a shaky breath and relaxing somewhat, he was still throbbing fitfully, oozing against her collarbone as he sagged mercifully against her. "Better?" she mused, licking her lips and wiping a smear of his seed off of the top of her muzzle.

"It's... a start." he replied, gulping down huge lungfuls of air.

"Good..." she purred, "because you still have to make this huge mess you've made of me worth it."

He let out a short, breathy laugh. "I'll see what I can do." He then reached down, hooked his hands underneath her arms, and hauled her up to her hooves. The sudden change in altitude caught her unprepared, and she wobbled dizzily, leaning hard into his chest for support. She extra height she gained in the length of her shapely legs and well-endowed body always took some getting used to, but as long as he was there to support her, she had more pressing matters to attend to. However, he didn't let her be the one to make the first move. As soon as it looked like she wasn't immediately going to fall over, he wrapped his arms around her, laced his fingers together at the small of her back, pulled her firmly into him such that her heaving breasts smushed lewdly against his solid body, and dipped his head to press a heated kiss into her lips.

Her mind hazed gleefully at the sensation, and it took her a moment to process it all. Immediately in her mind were his lips, his tongue, which were digging hungrily at hers for something she was only too glad to surrender to him. Then it was his hands, one cupped against her back, cradling her while its partner slid down over the curve of her butt, petting her thick, sleek ass while her tail swished excitedly back and forth. And then it was the utter shamelessness with which he squeezed her to his body. His own cum drenched her front, but he seemed utterly content to simply use it as glue to hold them together as she was compressed against his bulk. She could feel each muscle twitch as he moved and panted, very nearly feel his mighty heart pound in the confines of his broad chest. It all left her moaning meekly, overcome by scorching desire.

She did her absolute best to return his oral ardor, yielding her lips to his as he toyed with her. In the same breath, she dragged her hands down his body, feeling the hills and valleys of his massive physique on the way down between his legs. The behemoth that was his pride lurched at her touch, and she took it up in her hands, gently stroking it as its fatigue conflicted with a clear desire for more. With a few guiding fingers, she slid it between her thighs and squeezed them together, trapping it against the silky softness of her fur and the slit of raw, sexual need that burned within her loins. She rocked her pelvis back and forth, grinding him against her, and he growled as he squeezed her plush backside, kneading her curves in his powerful grip.

His immense horsecock flared between her legs, approaching iron hardness once more, and his thick arms gave impetus to her lazy teasing while he moved with her, against her. With each thrust into the smooth vice of her thighs, he leaned more deeply into her, and she was forced to lean back against the stall door. The wood complained threateningly at their combined weight. The barn was in pristine condition, and they'd built it to last, but there was several hundred pounds of muscle and aching sensual flesh crushed against a single point. Something was going to give.

She managed to tear a hand off of his godlike body for a brief span, and she searched blindly behind her for the latch that held the door closed. When she found it, she pulled and

managed to work it free before too much was damaged. It flew open under their mass, and suddenly, with her support gone, she was floating with nothing to keep her from crashing to the ground. She let out a startled yelp, but she was only given the tiniest of moments before his arms closed around her and saved her from a tumble into the fresh, clean straw that lined the floor. "Not yet," he said with a deep laugh. "Just hold on to something for me."

He only gave her a heartbeat to quirk up a puzzled eyebrow at the nebulous command before he acted. Her voice peaked in a squeal of surprise as he took hold of the contour of her curvy rump and lifted with a soft grunt. In a heartbeat, her head was nearly in the rafters, and she latched onto a nearby brace as he threw her legs over his shoulders and stuffed his muzzle into her crotch. He dug into her waiting nethers with just as little warning, and before she could process her sudden change in elevation her eyes pinched shut and the air left her lungs in a shaky whimper.

His tongue was a match for the enormity of his body, thick and heavy and clumsy, but he knew his way around her loins, and it was with practiced ease that he ravished her. He pushed apart her shielding lower lips, butted his mouth directly against her throbbing entrance, and lapped at her like a thirsting animal. Her slick, translucent slime smeared over his lips, but he was far from caring as he ground his nose against her clit, nearly folding her in half with harsh, visceral euphoria that arced up her spine like a bolt of lightning, standing her fur on end along the way. Her legs collapsed on him like a vice, trapping him against her spasming flesh, which suited his motives perfectly.

She could barely breathe, and her whole body quivered as she clutched onto a sturdy piece of timber as she would a life preserver in an ocean squall. Her hips jerked of their own accord all to no avail. She had nothing to brace against that would let her viciously hump his face the way her body demanded. Instead, she was taken for a ride as her voice quickly rose in both pitch and volume, coming out in harsh, panting bursts of half-slurred moans. Everything culminated in a climax that rocked her to her core, robbing her of her breath and silencing her before she could eek out as much as a hoarse squeal.

She wanted to scream. There was one locked up in her chest, but all that came out of her was a long, shuddering grunt, and a copious amount of slick, sexual fluids, as she came messily against his face. With finesse that belied both his stature and his nature, he caught as much of her blissful release as he could across his mouth, smearing it into the fur around his lips until it could drip from his chin and onto his barreled chest.

Her arms wouldn't move. For a moment, no part of her body seemed to want to work as it should have. Intense, fluttering contractions grasped at nothing as the aftershocks of her release stunned her into numb, twitching silence. He actually had to gently pull her down from where she was hanging above him, extricating his head from between her legs as he did so. She couldn't have hoped to stand, but he didn't try and make her, instead smoothly taking a knee as he gently deposited her into the layer of straw bedding that shielded her from the cold floor of the stall. He filled her vision, as dark as a storm cloud looming ominously over her, and she hissed at his weight as he threw a leg over her thighs, straddling her.

She gasped meekly, gulping down the sweet, hot air that surrounded him like an aura. Those huge arms bordered her head, and she reached out, gripping his sides and pulling weakly at him, dragging him down to her. She got a long, lingering taste of herself as he lowered his head and kissed her, leaving a trail of her own slime over her lips as they shared each other's essence for a timeless moment. While their tongues danced between their lips, he shifted and

brought the weight of his swollen manhood down into her abdomen. It was as if he'd dropped a bar of glowing steel on her belly, and she writhed, pulling on him ever more fiercely.

He shifted again, dragging his bestial tool down the smooth fur of her abdomen. She couldn't keep the little, trilling moans out of her throat long enough to demand he give her enough room to sink herself onto him. Instead, she was forced to wait, caged by his arms and pinned under his immense bulk. His chest pressed down into her pillowy breasts, and he lazily trailed his lips down across her cheek and onto her throat while he worked his hips up into the air and lined himself up with her violently aching cleft.

His legs didn't give her enough space to spread hers open around him, so he had to work himself inward, squeezing his huge, flared crown between the plushness of her thighs. She felt him shudder, and he grunted against her neck as she worked her legs around him. It couldn't slow him down, however. He was still plenty slick from their previous engagement, and he was adding to the mess with fresh trickles of warm, wet pre that drooled over her loins. It eased his passage, and he managed, with a lot of wriggling and slow thrusts, to butt himself up against the center of her burning sex.

She worried for a moment that she would have to hurt him for teasing at her for too much longer, but he didn't keep her waiting for more than a fluttering heartbeat. Without hesitation he bore down on her, letting his weight do most of the work. Clenching her teeth, she felt him strain momentarily, but her body couldn't resist him, and she yielded with a terse gasp that hissed into her lungs. She stretched, arching her back as he drove forward and down into her, and his breath was hot on her neck as he filled her with inch after inch.

It felt as though she couldn't hope to understand how achingly empty she always was until that sensation was obliterated by something much more impactful, like the dull throbbing of a column of steely flesh as it was buried into her loins. She cried out as he worked himself into her fluttering depths. Her fingers dug into his shoulder blades as he pressed her down with a hand on her chest. She held him tightly, clinging to his bulk while he snarled and impaled her with agonizing slowness. His voice vibrated deeply in his lungs, lacking the structure of words but full of primal hunger.

He didn't immediately finish the deed. She was struggling around only half his length when his hips reversed their direction and he pulled himself mostly free of her. The flare of his bestial organ raked at every fold of flesh that lined her spasming tunnel, and she squeezed her eyes shut in an effort to keep them from rolling cleanly out of her skull. She could swear that she felt the contours of pulsing veins in stunning contrast along the span that he began to pump into her in a regular rhythm, and it seemed that her entire world rocked to that same tempo.

With each thrust, he pushed himself a little deeper, invading the core of her femininity with a slick battering ram in spite of her body's clear invitation. Her nethers were swollen and inflamed with lust, and it seemed like each firm stroke would be the end of her ability to feel anything apart from his body atop hers. He was a kind, gentle giant, but he also knew that there were times for mercy and times to hold nothing back. With her supine in the straw, trapped beneath him, he gave her no other options than to squeal as he growled and put his back into rutting her into the ground.

He plunged himself into her, and she let out a lurching moan as she swallowed him to the root. The universe shuddered around her each time their loins met with a wet slap. His engorged testes rolled against her thighs, and she imagined she could feel them churning as her body wrung at him with mindless passion. With a huff, he crawled his heavy hand over her chest, palm gliding over the smooth fur of an enormous breast until his fingers could find a puffy, lurid teat

to toy with between his thick digits. The way he bounced her on his cock threatened to rob him of his grip, so he just held to her more fiercely, giving her a gratifying pinch that raised goosebumps down her arms and legs.

He mauled her, ravaged her, moving against her with an unchained, frantic energy that mingled between them and left them slurring incomprehensible pleas to one another. For stunning seconds, she felt paralyzed by her own bliss, unable to do anything but clutch desperately at his herculean physique. In moments of lucidity, her hands worked more cunningly, fondling at the grooves between his straining muscles and delving between them to stroke at whatever length of his inhuman tool wasn't sheathed in her velvety passage. She cupped and cradled his taut sac, massaging each sensitive orb with as much tenderness as she could muster.

All the while, her body screamed at her as lightning bolts of ecstasy shredded her thoughts and left her convulsing. She was certain that she had cum around him, but she couldn't be sure when it had begun or when it would end. It just stretched on into a hazy continuum of rapture. Her dripping womanhood gripped its impossible intruder with unforgiving strength, rippling and clenching in an irregular, spastic rhythm, and her mind latched onto the sensation of him heaving inside her, bulging under the strain of their intertwined and impending doom.

He tensed and practically stopped breathing, instead devoting his entire being to shoving his cock into her like an enormous ramrod. At the apex of an unstoppable thrust he cried out against her throat, smearing her name over her fur with his lips as he exploded within her depths. She let out an incomprehensible call to whatever god was listening as what felt like a gallon of molten lead spewed into her from some heavenly crucible. He flared tremendously, plugging her with the force of his own virility while her body fought to compensate, stretching until the outline of his swollen crown could be made out through the fur of her belly.

She felt obscenely full, and the sensation only compiled with each pulsating geyser that her body milked from him. Pearlescent jizz spurted from her battered loins each time he hammered himself home. He came and came and came, showing no signs that the load he's already deposited across her chest had drained him at all. If anything, it seemed as though he had only managed to dredge up an even deeper flood from the depths of his fuzzy sac. And flood her he did, riding out his furious release while he formed a puddle for her rump to rest in, a slurry of dust and cum and slimy hay.

He finished inside her, gasping as he drooled his essence almost directly into her womb, and then gave her a few slow, firm thrusts just for good measure before dragging his sagging cock from her abused passage. She whined as she was unplugged, and before she could tense overstressed muscles, she oozed a stream of white from between her legs. His eyelids were heavy, and his gaze unfocused as he lifted his eyes to her face, but he still managed to smile and find her lips with his once again, engaging them in a sloppy dance. There was little else she could fixate on at the time, though, so she only tried not to moan too loudly as her body throbbed violently, trying to comprehend what had been done to it. Each pulsation of sensation brought with it a wave of feral satisfaction, and while she cupped a hand behind his neck to hold him to her, her other rubbed numbly at her belly, delighting in the invigorated heat that welled up from her stuffed nethers.

When he withdrew, he looked a little more focused, and he gave her a boyish grin as he pushed himself off of her. After so energetically being crushed together, the flow of cool air that washed down her cum-slick front was almost shocking, and she hissed in a stiff gasp as he flopped down at her side. "You know..." he panted while picking bits of straw from her hair with

an idle hand, "maybe we should try mixing up our routine a little more often. I can't remember the last time we did it in the barn."

Only her efforts to regain control of her lungs were capable of stifling her laughter. "That's because we usually don't make it all the way out here. Usually I'm on the bed, or the wall, or a table before we can even make it downstairs."

He chuckled and made to kiss her again, pawing with playful timidity at her chest. She permitted it and let her eyes slide shut while her hand trailed down his side and between his legs. He huffed when her fingers closed around his softening tool, and she gave it a slow stroke, lifting it to lay across her belly. It twitched, hesitating in its retreat, and he made another, coarser noise in the back of his throat. "Careful..."

She squeezed him again anyway, feeling him throb against her with renewing ardor. "I was just thinking... There're a dozen other stalls in here, and we haven't given them any attention. Not to mention the tack room, or the feed room."

He caught on quickly enough to suit her needs, and he rolled over onto his side, throwing an arm suggestively around her as he gave her hand as much to work with as it could handle. "There's also the workshop," he added gruffly.

"Oh," she continued, "don't forget the toolshed."

"The garage..."

"Both of the trailers."

"The loft!"

"The cellar."

"We could pitch that old tent..."

Before she could wrack her brain any more, she laughed again and smirked up at him. "Or—you know—we could just lay here and enjoy the rest of our evening."

He hummed and nodded before wriggling a thick arm under her and lifting her up, depositing her atop the breadth of his chest. "I don't think I'd mind that too much," mused the charcoal stallion. "Besides, it's not like any of those other places are going anywhere anytime soon."

"Exactly," she murmured lazily, "although I'm sure you'll want to grab a shower sooner than later."

"I'll just have to take you with me, then."

"You better," she assured him with a sly quirk of her eyebrow. "Until then, just come here stud. And this time, do it like you mean it."