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Foreword

Say something

Chapter 1

Five-thirty am, I can hear the questions in your voice and yes it's early. It's stupidly early, the sun is only just waking up after all, so why am I up this early on a beautiful spring morning? Well the answer is simple, unlike my life, it's time for me to run.

Running, it's hard to explain what my morning run means to me; rain, snow or shine, nothing deters me from my hour and a half run. I must stress the my in that sentence, it is my time or me time if you want to be girly, no wife and no kids, just me and the path in front of me. No boss, no job, no bills just my muscles and the world around me and music in my ears. Simple and beautiful, peaceful and yet exciting, the best part of my day, most days.

Don't get me wrong, I love my wife and kids, but when I get home it'll be all go; breakfast will be made and eaten, kids will be dressed, my son will tell me he is feeling ill and shouldn't go to school, my wife will remind me for the tenth time not to forget to pick up some milk on the way home, then me and the kids pile into the car for arguments and the school run. Then on to work, and a day or being mashed between the rock of my boss and the hard place of my employees, they are always at odds. I try not to think of any of it on the run, I don't need to try and second guess what the next stupid corporate change will be, my boss will tell me to sell it to my team and my team will refuse to buy, and all will be angry with me.

However, none of that matters at five-thirty, all there is is the run and this particular morning was beautiful. I am lucky enough to live just five minutes from the coast and this morning with the sky being so clear I jog through empty, quiet, still sleeping streets towards the coast. Empty streets, empty gardens, cars parked and silent. This is an empty world a place just for me, for running and runners.

My mind is clear as I trot through the empty streets, no nagging wife, no kids asking for money or a motorbike, nothing just the path ahead and me. I cleared the housing and crossed a silent road and my eyes are greeted by nature's unbridled beauty. The sun peaking over the sea to the east, flaming red sky filled with a thousand hues of crimson, amber and gold, along with a few puffs of white clouds, all framed in deep azure blue, colours so vivid Van Gogh himself would not have been able to do the sight justice. Grassy fields spread in front of me for a few hundred meters and my nose is filled with the scent of dew on fresh mown grass. The grass eventually gives way to cliffs and if you follow in either direction eventually you will find beaches, caves and rockpools.

I remember when my children were little I used to bring them down here every chance I got, they could run on the grass, wade in the sea and hunt in the rock pools. Now John is sixteen and cares more for his tablet than spending time with this old hoss. Mary is thirteen and wants to be with her friends and not her dad.

I set my hooves back to the run, this world is mine and mine alone. Solitude, sun, grass, sea, the path and my run. The year is still young enough that there is a slight chill in the air, my breath fogging in front of me as I trotted along a muddy track following the cliff, my eyes drinking in the majesty of a glorious sunrise. I passed another runner, a female cheetah and nod to her

briefly. I see her most mornings, another soul looking for solitude and refuge from the complex world. As a runner you learn to spot the others, friends whose names I know not and yet see most days. A nod, a glance, a smile, no talking, no names, nothing but respect, the run and the path in front of you.

However, this morning that arrangement was going to end, as I trotted on and began to near the path down to the beach I spotted another runner ahead. A stranger, nothing to worry about new friends join the ranks of the silent runners every day and others leave, although my eyes can't help but check him out. Another horse, only he is blonde, his fur the colour of gold. His body is lithe and fit, his slender chest swelling a little with every breath, his hips are slightly plumper and sway a little as he trots. He looks young, I guessed late tens early twenties. Dressed in a simple white tank, that showed his golden chestfur, and tight blue shorts. He had a small silver ipod in his paw and headphones plugged in. His mane flowed beautifully in the wind, bouncing as his perfectly formed body took each stride. His golden fur shimmering in the warm hues of the early morning sun.

As he drew close his green eyes met my blue ones and for a moment I felt something, just a tiny moment between runners. Then he trotted on past, and my eyes followed him, straying down to those short shorts and pert buttocks just for a moment. Then I continued on with my run, I didn't notice the young horse turn and start jogging behind me, checking out my ass. It's not bad, for a guy about to turn forty, I run every day and keep myself in good shape with a session at the gym whenever I can escape. My fur is grey, with flecks of white down my chest and across my muzzle and mane.

He followed me for a minute or two and then pulled level, I glanced at him a little surprised. He smiled at me as we approach the path down to the beach, he gave me a look hungrier than any predator has ever given it's last meal. Then he lifted his paw and formed a circle with his fingers putting it near his lips as he formed them into an o shape and pushed his tongue into his cheek. It took me half a second to recognise the gesture for what it was, the imitation of someone sucking cock. The surprise made me inhale a deep breath and I choked on it, coughing as he sped up, glancing back and winking at me.

He trotted ahead of me, swaying his hips a little more than he needed to. My eyes couldn't help themselves and they strayed down to his ass, his pert cheeks rolling against one another. Two perfect orbs grinding against each other in a tight lycra bag, I felt my sheath swelling at the sight and the thought that this young sexy male had just offered to suck me off. I told myself I was just following him because that is where my run was taking me, I was lying. I told myself he was just teasing or playing a prank, I was wrong.

My only defence is that I thought he wouldn't go through with it. That and my wife, well, she had been busy and the kids always needed stuff. I couldn't remember the last time someone actually touched my cock besides myself or my doctor. Then there I was offered a blow job, by some guy who had to have only just hit his twenties, if that.

I've always been bi-sexual, I never hid that fact. Of course I didn't exactly tell people, I mean it's not like I can introduce myself with a 'hi, I'm Sam, I like both pussy and cock equally' well not to most people anyway. I had a male lover in college, a nice spotty Dalmatian named

Brian, we used to suck each other all the time. Then I asked him to fuck me one day and all of a sudden everything was 'too gay' for him and he baled. I met my wife Karen on the rebound from him. I never told her about Brian, she only ever asked about my ex girlfriends after all, never enquired if I'd ever played with my own team.

I'm not in the closet, it's just nobody noticed I came out of it because I'm married to a nice mare and I have kids, everyone assumed I'm straight and well, I never correct that assumption. I'm not a flaming homo, I'm a screaming bi-sexual, only not exactly screaming more sort of muttering, in the corner of a loud party where nobody ever listens anyway.

We hit the beach and he ran up close to the cliff, running along near to the rocks. The cliff itself is full of caves and nooks, a ragged edge caused by the land slowly loosing it's eternal war with the sea. As we approach a slightly larger nook he glances over his shoulder at me and steps inside and out of my sight. I stopped on the beach and just looked at the small opening in the cliff, like it's the gates to both heaven and hell at the same time. A small part of me fought against the need rising in my loins, but it was an gnat fighting a dragon, the battle was over in a heartbeat.

My cheeks blazed, with the joint heat of arousal and shame, as I followed him into the nook. It's was and is a very narrow nook, rough and jagged sandstone on each side and just enough width for one man to walk properly, or two to pass by chest to chest. My eyes follow his bouncing rear, I can't help but note his part braided tail, the lower braids forcing the tail to lift and then the free hair acting like a flag, waving in the wind and drawing your eye to his ass.

The nook is only four or five meters deep, an overhanging rock at the end obscures the sky above, nobody can look down and spot us. However, the narrow entrance looks out onto the beach, if someone looks in, or passes and turns their head at the right moment they would have seen me; a grey pony with a nicely muscular build, standing half a foot taller than my golden companion. I felt open and exposed, yet exhilarated and aroused. Adrenalin coursed through my veins, along with other hormones all of which were working off the visual and nasal signals my brain was processing. The sight of a sexy willing partner, the scent of his delicate, almost adolescent musk. He looked and smelled divine, or maybe devilish he certainly had far from divine thoughts on his mind.

I knew this was it, I was about to betray my vow of almost twenty years. It was strange how little I thought about it as he turned to face me, he gave me a grin that only a devil could give, beautiful and vulnerable, I felt the urge to take him in my arms. Before I could think his body was pressed against mine, his equinehood pressing against my thigh as he squeezed past me. My own shaft had dropped when I followed him down to the beach. The shape of it could be made out easily in my tight shorts. There was no doubt in either of our minds, we both wanted this.

His slender hands stroked down my arms and with the gentlest tugs he moved me for his own needs. I found myself at the back of the nook, walls of solid rock on three sides and a sexy and willing male in front of me, blocking my way out. His paws reached up and I gasped as his fingers caressed down my chest, through my moist tank top. His head leaned close and I saw his nose twitch as he inhaled my sweaty musk, his eyes lit up as he looked up at me. I had never seen a dirtier expression, as his pink tongue peaked out and ran over his lips. My legs

trembled and my cock throbbed, as he nuzzled down my sweaty chest and stomach. I couldn't take my eyes off his as I felt his fingers on the waistband of my shorts, a firm tug and the cold April air surrounded my red hot maleness.

The beauty of the morning sunrise was like a monochrome photocopy of a child's painting when compared to the beauty of watching the young stud on his knees before me. I jumped as his paw found my cock and slender fingers wrapped around just below the medial ring. Then I watched in pure amazement as that beautiful pony mouth pushed forward. I watched as his tongue slipped out and then I cried out in joy, a soft whinny as his powerful tongue swirled around my flare.

There was no doubt in my mind that he had done this before, no mouth is that talented without practice. His lips kissed around my flare as his tongue swirled and caressed. My cock throbbed and he got a mouthful of mature stud pre, he loved the taste so much his tongue dove into my slit eagerly lapping up every drop. His lips sealed around my flare sucking, I heard his moans of pleasure even through the music in my ears. Nothing is as sexy as someone getting off to your cock, to the feel of it, the smell and taste as they drive the lips around it's thickness.

That's what he did next, drove his lips down my shaft, his equine muzzle feeling like warm silk as my cock was engulfed in heaven. His paw jerked the lower half of my shaft as his lips kissed my medial ring. My flare was squeezed at the back of his hungry throat. I looked into his eyes and all I saw was a burning need, a heated desire for my cock, for my cum and it aroused my ardour even more. My passion enflamed, my paws cupped his soft cheeks and my hips started to pump.

My breath still, fogging in the cold spring air, came in ragged pants as I watched my cock, glistening in his spit, pulling back from those hungry lips and then thrusting back in. I was desperate, and horny and already feeling the need to um, but this was my moment, the betrayal was done and there would be a price to pay sometime, I wasn't going to spend my load after just a few seconds. I was going to make this moment last as long as I could, so I fought hard against my orgasm.

The young pony didn't help me fight, the traitor was clearly working for the other side, his tongue was running wild over my hot fuck pole. His suckling grew more intense each second and I could feel his mouth swallowing again and again. His and my moans could be heard echoing around the nook, anyone walking nearby would have heard, neither of us cared. This was our moment, our time and our affair. I drove into his velvet lips again and again, my huge sweaty balls dangling above his chin tingling with need to drain into his mouth.

I watched transfixed as my thrusting grew faster and faster, I was amazed at how easily he took my length. Even for a pony it seemed he could handle a thick cock far better than someone of his tender years should. Soon I realised my battle was almost over and I was loosing, his paw was squeezing and teasing my medial ring, making me rut harder. My balls were churning and I could feel the pressure building and I bit my lips hard, the pain helping me rally. I tasted my own blood as he swallowed the copious amounts of pre I was producing.

Reaching down I brushed his mane away from where it had fallen over his beautiful green eyes. Those dazzling emeralds, a thousand facets of green, just glancing up at me,

expectantly, he wanted me, he needed me and he didn't care about anything but getting my cock and cum. As my thrusting got rougher, my headphone wire caught on a rock and suddenly the music in my world was gone. It was replaced with the sounds of carnality, of lips smacking on thick cock, of grunts and moans of pleasure and of paw working on drooling shaft. With an arch of my back I could see his own shorts pulled down, his pink and black mottled cock being worked on by an eager paw.

I wanted to taste him, to take him and rut him. However, I knew that would be a step too far, I wasn't ready for that yet and all he had offered me was his mouth. However, it was a wonderful mouth, a truly kingly gift to receive and to use, my cock thrust into it again and again, I watched his cheeks bulge as his maw was stuffed with my meat. I licked my own lips and once again felt the need to orgasm building.. Fuck it was building so fast and so strongly, I knew I was lost to it. "I'm gonna...." I whispered, my voice somehow alien to me, it was wrong in this moment in this time, no words should have been spoken. Yet I had to give him the option to pull off, I had some shred of decency buried deep inside somewhere.

I saw his ears twitch and suddenly he took the offensive, his muzzle diving down on my shaft hard, his lips pressed passed the medial ring. I cried out in bliss as my cock was forced down a tight constricting throat, sensations I had never felt before sang through my body until they erupted from my mouth in deep guttural neighs and whinnies. My hooves stamped in the sand and my paws clawed at unmoveable sandstone.

My balls rose and with one last thrust of his head I was sent over the cliff edge. I neighed so loud my throat felt hoarse, my cock erupted his muzzle, throbbing hard sending thick jets of musky stallion jism down his throat. He swallowed and swallowed as I came and came, weeks of pent up spunk finally being released. After a third blast he pulled off with a cough and I got to watch as white pearls of my seed jetted onto his muzzle and cheeks, soaking his tank top.

I fell back against the cliff wall panting as my mind spun from what I had just felt and done. I looked down and could see lines of his spunk in the sand from where he had cum, I don't know when he had hit his peak, but knowing he had cum to the taste of my cock felt good. As endorphins soaked my brain there was no guilt, not yet that would come later. For the moment I just panted and watched as he got to his feet and stashed his dripped cock away in his shorts, not seeming to care about the cum stains he was making.

He blew me a kiss and then turned and started to jog back out of the nook. I stood there and watched as his perfect ass disappeared and the feelings of guilt filled my mind. I squeezed the last few drops of cum from my cock and pulled up my shorts. Putting my music back in my ears I headed back out on my run, running back the way I had come until I finally got home. Over the years I had imagined many scenarios where I might be seduced into cheating on my wife, I had imagined many elaborate scenarios involving many nubile young things plying me with drinks and begging. I never thought someone would just jog up and offer and I'd cast everything aside for a quick BJ by the sea.

The house was still empty and I jumped into the shower, halfway through I heard the tell-tale thumps of a house awaking. Followed shortly afterwards by thumps on the door and a girly voice whining that she needed the toilet. The morning chaos started and it helped hide the guilt. Karen gave me a kiss on my traitorous cheek and reminded me to pick up the milk.

As I ate breakfast my son started to whine that his stomach felt funny, as his sister asked if she could go to a sleepover. It was strange and yet so familiar how I dealt with them, like nothing had happened. It was just a blow job after all, not exactly cheating and nobody had to know, just a one time thing. I had erred from the path just a little, but it wasn't like I had full sex with him. All those excuses, those little lies we tell ourselves so we don't see the heartless bastards that we really are. I swallowed them all, just as eagerly as the pony had swallowed my load.

Then I got on with the day, with even a little bounce in my step I ushered my kids and wife around. As I grabbed my car keys ready to drive the kids to school and then on to work, my wife reminded me to pick up the milk, oh and that she had offered to have me give the son of the new family across the street a lift to school. I nodded and told John to go get the new kid, my son was already dressed for school, smart black pants, white shirt, black tie and the school blazer.

As time wore on and I checked my watch tapping my hoof, eventually I ran up the stairs and hurried Mary along, helping her fill her schoolbags. With a kiss on my wife's cheek I dashed out into the fresh morning air. Only to stop dead as my heart dropped, standing beside my son, in an identical blazer, shirt, tie and pants uniform was the blonde pony. His smile widened as he looked at me, his green eyes glistening in the morning sun. My son gave me the embarrassed look of a teenage boy introducing his friend to his dad and mumbled something.

He held out his hand politely and nodded as we shook and both shared the lie that this was our first meeting, "nice to meet you Sir." He said with no trace of irony or smugness in his voice.

"Nice to meet you son," I replied as I realised that my simple morning run was now going to be far more complicated, I wasn't quite sure if that was a problem or not.

Chapter 2

Guilt, I'd expected to feel it more after what I did, it was supposed to have been eating me alive preying on my mind every moment. After all, I hadn't just cheated on my wife, broken my wedding vows, I'd cheated on my daughter and my son. I was the sort of bastard I hate, the sort I looked down on, who throw everything away for a quick roll in the hay with some cheap skank. It hadn't even been a roll in the hay, no rolling at all, just a young stud on his knees with his lips around my cock.

I'd felt guilty about it sure, but I'd thought about it a lot too, mostly with my hand wrapped around my thick cock in the shower as I jerked out another load against the tiled wall. Of course it didn't help that the young stud I'd met on my run that day had turned out to be the son of my new neighbour, his name was Gary, I found out when my son introduced us. I had drove him and my son to school each day since. He would give me a sly smile when no-one was looking and lick his lips. He called me "Sir" and every time he said it I thought of him on his knees before me, his lips wrapped around my flared cock. At least he was sixteen and I wouldn't be going to jail for what I did to him.

The guy had made friends with my son too, he'd been at my house when I got home from work playing Pokemon. My heart had almost stopped when I got home, walked into my sitting room and found myself staring into his beautiful green eyes. He had smiled at me shyly and brushed his mane away from his eyes before looking back to his DS, from where he and my son lay on the floor.

Of course I hadn't been alone with him, not since that morning when he ran past me and then without speaking a word offered to suck me off. Not one word, nothing but a quick gesture and a look at his pert bouncing buttocks, that's all it took to get me to cheat on everything I had. I told myself it wasn't my fault, my wife hadn't put out in years and I'd been good, I had never flirted. It was only natural that when someone finally offered me a bit of release I would jump on it.

The truth of course is I was just weak, well mentally physically I'm buff, work out three times a week run every single morning. I was weak and the second I was given a chance I dropped my pants and took advantage of a willing young stud. I promised myself though it would be just that one time. I wouldn't ever break my vow again. Yeah I can hear you thinking it and you're right, I was a fucking idiot to think I would be able to control myself a second time when I couldn't the first, not after I'd felt that tongue and those silken lips. Fuck I am hard now just thinking of what we did, I'm ashamed, but rock hard and dripping.

The next few days I kept my promise, though in honesty it was simply because I was never alone with him. I ran each morning, the same route running past the small nook in the cliffs where he'd sucked me off. I looked in each morning and it as empty and I'd run the rest of

the beach alone, music in my ears. Back to my run, nothing but my muscles, my music, my heartbeat and thoughts of him. Of course those few days had been wet, drizzly rain for almost three days straight, mixed with the cold wind blowing off the North Sea, not many runners were out and about. British summertime, you just have to love it don't you?

Then on the Friday morning, just as I was looking forward to a weekend of peace, well relative peace a father of two teenagers rarely gets what you'd call peace, the sun broke out. It was a glorious morning the sun peaking up early over the sodden British landscape. The air felt good in my lungs as I ran, the smell of grass and earth drying in the early morning sun. The feel of the dew splashing my hooves as I ran across the field, taking a shortcut towards the cliffs. There before me was the blue crystal beauty of the North Sea, its gray anger gone, as if it too was looking forward to the weekend.

The sky a wonderful palate of ambers and golds, with deeper azure blues filling the corners, along with white puffy remnants of the rainclouds. I stood for a moment admiring the beauty, filling my lungs with the scents of a warm summer's morning. Then I turned and began to run again, the morning sun still young and yet warm enough to bring heat to my aching muscles as I picked up the pace, feeling alive and free, the breeze flowing through my tank top as my grey fur became soaked in sweat.

Then I saw him, running along the path, his golden fur matching the golden sky his smile broadening as he saw me. I had promised myself I would not break my vows a second time. He waved at me to follow as he turned to take the small path down to the beach. I could almost hear the sound of my vows breaking in my ears and yet I couldn't find it in my heart to stop myself. I knew where he was leading me, what he wanted and my cock was already aching in my tight running shorts, because I wanted it too. I needed him, so much more than I needed my vows, my family, my sense of morality.

I sped after his swinging hips, my eyes following his perfect bouncing buns. With each stride he took, his hips swayed one way and those round mounds slipped against each other under his tight lycra shorts and I felt my mouth fill with drool. His tail was part braided as before, the tight braids lifting it up to help show his rear and the loose hair acting as a lure, drawing your eyes attention down to those rolling mounds.

His hips were shapely, almost feminine and his body was slender and perfectly formed. The slenderness of his form only served to make me feel far more manly and dominant. I huffed hard as I followed him, pushing my muscles hard to catch up and as he reached the nook I was behind him by only half a step. It was the same nook in the cliffs we had used as last time, somehow it seemed different, maybe because of the warm memory it brought to my mind.

I didn't pause this time, I charged in after him and as he reached the dead end of the small nook and turned I caught him in my strong arms. He looked up, his green eyes staring lustfully into my blue ones and, before either of us could break the moment with words, our lips

met. I kissed him with desperate passion, my tongue delving into his unresisting muzzle. His velvet lips were surprisingly sweet, my tongue dove deeper plundering his sweet cherry like taste. His tongue stroked against mine and the two muscles danced as my hands slipped down to his ass.

For the first time I got to feel those perfect mounds, they were damp with sweat and felt hot to the touch. I could feel his heart racing as our chests pressed together. His lithe frame felt good pressed to my firm muscular one, my huge arms engulfing his slender body. Holding him in my arms made me feel strong, as he returned my kiss so tenderly I could feel him trembling.

Our eyes locked and I could see the desperate unbridled lust burning inside those green orbs. It was matched with the lust shining in mine. His slender fingers stroked down my chest quickly, his movements speaking of his urgent need, and mine. It was a mere few seconds after we entered our small secret nook that his fingers closed around my hot maleness. Pulling it free from my moist shorts and stroking it with both paws. The air in the nook was heavy with the lustful musk of two stallions in full desperate heat.

I neighed softly into his mouth, my paws squeezing his firm mounds firmly as my hips bucked forcing my cock to slide through his paws as it sprayed a jet of precum onto his shirt. One of his paws slipped off my cock, I was far too lost to lust to notice, my ears still filled with the music on my ipod, I didn't hear the click of a bottle cap being popped. So the sensation of cool lube being poured onto my flare and shaft came as a complete shock. I whinnied loudly, as his second paw returned, shaking my head, breaking the kiss and knocking loose my headphones.

He looked up at me with a devilish smile on his face, his tongue licked over his cherry flavoured lips. I gasped and cried out as two slick paws worked over my shaft, making me bite my lip as I bucked into the wonderful sensations, my need to orgasm building embarrassingly quickly. Fortunately for me Gary had other plans, he pulled his paws off my cock and looked up at me, winking one of his beautiful green eyes, then he turned and faced the wall. With a practiced motion his shorts fell down to his ankles.

There I stood, my lubricated cock drooling a steady stream of pre onto the sand, staring at someone more than twenty years my junior, my hungry eyes looking down to his ass as he spread his legs more inviting me in. Nestled between two soft golden mounds was the slightest hint of pink. I licked my lips and felt myself trembling, I had never taken an ass before. Karen would never dream of letting me take that route, even on my birthday she refused. Then there was this kid and he was more than willing, he just turned and lifted his tail, showing me everything I desired.

The blood in my veins was on fire as my hormones raged as they hadn't done in years. I felt like a teenager myself again, sneaking behind the sports hall to suck off my friend, or plough a cheerleader. He looked back at me and gave me a look that said 'fuck me!' louder and clearer

than any voice could articulate. His eyes flicked down to my erect throbbing shaft, filled with lust and hunger, then up to my face where his eyes met mine and he begged with them, begged for my cock.

Pausing for a moment I let myself soak it all in, every last detail; the curve of his back, the rapid movement from his excited panting breaths. Every soft moan he made was music to my ears, as he grasped his own needy cock and began to stroke it as he waited, not so patiently. The look on his face told me he was hungry for my cock, his blonde mane falling partly over his eyes, as he looked back at me. His braided tail raised high, the loose strands dancing and flicking nervously, forever drawing my eye to his pucker.

I didn't make him wait long, hell I doubt I could have waited another heartbeat. I stepped forward, pressing close in to his back. I nuzzled his mane, it smelled of coconut and mangos, such an exotic and enticing scent, it fitted him perfectly. I was hungry, starving for him and I knew he was just as desperate for me. I quickly guided myself to his pucker and then paused.

It was strange, I wasn't worried about the morality of cheating on my wife, nor on our age difference, he was legal and he wanted me that was enough. The only worry I had was; I didn't think I would last long inside him. In that moment I realised I wanted him so badly that it mattered to me what he thought of me, I wanted to be the stud he so badly needed.

His tail flicked against my stomach and I felt him push back against my flare a little impatiently. It was clear this little colt wasn't going to wait much longer and so I gritted my teeth and began to push with my hips. His doughnut fought back bravely for a few seconds but, with a soft neigh of triumph from me and a desperate whinny of joy from him, my flare forced its way into his silken depths. Sensations I had never felt before swam up my long rod, flowing to throughout my body, down to the very tips of my fingers. My nerves sang with more waves of pure pleasure, as I continued to thrust slowly, working inch after inch of thick pony cock into him.

I kept waiting for him to say stop, to show some sign of discomfort. All I got were desperate needful moans and pants. I could hear the shlep shlep shlep sound of a wet cock being stroked quickly. His insides were like a hot silken vice, loose enough to move, which, when I reflected on later, I realised meant he went down there prepared to be fucked. Before I knew it I felt my medial ring press against his pucker, I gasped and stopped thrusting, standing there panting feeling every beat of his heart as it tickled my flare.

I slipped my arms around his waist, pressing my firm chest against his back, he moaned deeply and pushed back against the larger male submissively. Fuck, every sound and movement he made just got me hornier and hornier. As I readied myself to push in suddenly he shoved back hard with his hips, a high pitched squeal of triumph escaping his lips as he forced my medial ring into him.

Lust filled my body as this young male impaled himself further on my cock. I grabbed at him with desperate paws and did what my body had been begging me to do since I first laid eyes on his perfect ass. I drove myself forward hard, thrusting the last third of my cock into him with near violent intent. He squealed out again and for a moment I worried I had hurt him. However, the shelp shelp shlep of his paw just got faster and faster. His heart was racing, I could feel it pounding through my chest, the vibrations of his pulse singing along all fourteen inches of my maleness wedged inside him. My grey, speckled, hips rested on his golden blonde ones.

With my own heart racing, making my cock throb inside his tight silken vice, I began to rock my hips. My thick meat sliding in and out of his needy rear, with each motion he cried out, and I felt his ass clench down, making me groan in pure pleasure. I bit my lip hard to keep myself from orgasming as his hot young body drove me to heights of pleasure I hadn't felt in decades. As blood filled my mouth my rocking hit a steady rhythm.

The nook was filled with the sounds of lust, the soft cry of Gary as I thrust into him, the light smack of leather sack on his taint and the shelp shelp shlep of a soaking cock being furiously jacked. Add to that music the song of my moans and grunts as I felt my cock thrusting inside him again and again and you'd have the greatest song ever made. Well maybe not, but you'd have a song that will get me erect on the first few notes.

With each thrust his ass pushed back, I couldn't believe it even Karen didn't push back into my huge cock. The boy was desperate for my cock, hungry for my meat and I was desperate to give it to the colt. My inner stallion was screaming at me and with each thrust he took more control of my body. My hips rocked faster and faster, I nipped and kissed on his neck and shoulders. My hot breath snorting into his ears as his cries of bliss filled mine. My nose twitched as I scented his maleness, his sweet young rod being worked just inches below my muzzle. My inner stallion bellowed in rage at the scent of another male, my blood racing as the challenge of another stallion made me thrust harder and faster.

I grunted and moaned as I thrust more than half my cock into him with each motion. He cried out again and again, my heavy nuts churned and danced as they smacked off his ass again and again. My flare was singing to my body, flooding it with pure feral pleasure. I rutted him with bestial intent, my control waning with every passing heartbeat. My nostrils flared as I let out a deep guttural neigh, a loud challenge to any other males as I claimed my new mare.

My worries of cumming too early proved groundless as I heard him whinny loudly. His silken depths clamped down on my invading rod, squeezing and massaging the hot length like nothing ever had before. I was lost in pleasure previously unknown to me. I rutted on pure animal instinct. Forcing my maleness inside his tight spasming depths again and again, until with a neigh louder than any sound I had ever made, that echoed out of the nook and along the beach to any ears there to hear it.

I rammed my cock home one last time and then I felt my flare spread open, stretching his insides further as I came, as only a true stallion can. I rocked my hips, moving my cock just an inch or two with each motion as I pumped jet after jet of thick horse cream deep into his nubile young ass. I could smell his cum in the air and the scent drove me to one last spurt of savage thrusting, making him squeal a final time.

My energy spent I stood behind him, my body trembling as we both panted, joined by my twitching cock. His body trembled against mine and I found myself stroking his flanks, laying calming kisses on his neck. He moaned softly and arched his back against mine. I held him and enjoyed the afterglow; the warmth of his body, the scent of his juices, the feel of his heat around my cock, the ooze of my cum as it leaked from his ass and dripped down my balls and legs.

After a few minutes my cock began to shrink back into my sheath and I stepped back. I watched with satisfaction as my seed ran out of his ass, the sight of my cum marking another male was far more enjoyable than I ever thought it could be. He turned around, his pants still around his ankles and cock still dripping cum, to face me. Those green eyes looking up into mine grateful for the time we had shared.

Before I knew it I was tasting his cherry lips again, I think I heard him gasp at the taste of blood on mine. It didn't stop him returning the kiss, long and deep and slow. Our tongues caressing each other as our chests pressed close hearts beating as one. Then eventually the kiss was broken. A soft beep from his watch broke the spell and he grabbed his fallen shorts and pulled them up.

He gave me a soft peck on the cheek and ran out of the nook. I couldn't help but notice the very obvious wet mark forming on the back of his shorts. I worried that someone might notice as I pulled my own shorts up and followed him out. Only to see him run straight into the surf, until he was waist deep. Then he ran out, his shorts soaked and sticking to him. People might comment on the stupid boy going in to the sea this early in the morning, but nobody would know what we had just done.

This time we ran back together, side by side, music in our ears. Not a word had been spoken between the two of us and yet so much had been said. I was awash with new emotions and new feelings. Guilt...wasn't one of them to my shame, maybe it was the endorphin rush of what we had done or maybe I am just a real selfish bastard. To this day I'm not really sure.

We parted ways at his house and I ran on to mine, finding it already awake and full of life. I was running late, I gave Karen a weak excuse about having really gotten into the grove and lost track of time. She bought my lies far too easily, that I did feel guilty for at least. I berated myself as I showered, promising myself once again that it would be the last time. I would change my running route and go to the park instead. No young studs to tempt me, no secluded nooks to indulge in any temptations anyway.

By the time I was showered and dressed breakfast was in full swing. My wife was talking to Mary, my teenage daughter, about our family holiday. Just three weeks time and we had two weeks away and the school summer holidays would be here afterwards. Every year we took the kids away camping, they each got to bring a friend and we went to somewhere new. I loved camping and exploring the English country and coastline to find some of it's hidden treasures.

Then it hit me, I would have two weeks away from him and then when I returned I wouldn't have to drive my son or his sexy friend to school for a month. All that time away would be good, it would help me get my head clear, and focus on what should be my priorities. Of course as I thought about that John announced something that was going to ruin my plan.

"Hey Clavin can't come this year so I asked Gary if he wanted too," he spoke throat a mouthful of cornflakes. "He said yes."

I choked on my coffee, which drew stares from everyone present. What could I say, 'oh I don't think that's a good idea, I'll just end up fucking him again' was hardly an excuse that was going to go down well. I mumbled something about coffee going down the wrong way and resigned myself to my fate. On the plus side, I'd have somewhere warm and tight to shove my cock, if we could find some time alone on a trip where my family will be everywhere.

Chapter 3

Camping, it's always had a sort of special place in my heart. When I was young my parents forced me into the beaver scouts, they said I'd make friends and have fun. They were right too, it was great for a young horse, running about outside and playing with lots of other guys my own age. I stayed right through cubs, scouts and to the end of Venture scouts, got my Chief scouts and Queens scouts awards, the latter was actually given to me by a young Prince Charles himself, if you can believe. Still in those days the royals used to do stuff like that, don't hear about that sort of thing these days.

My love of camping came from scouting, of course most people think it's love of tents, fires and burnt marshmallows. However, really it all stemmed from one camping trip way back when I was just twelve years old. To call it camping is actually a bit of a stretch, we were bivouacking, which is like camping only without the tent. Just thirty or so kids and a couple of scout leaders laying out in a field, somewhere high up in the Northumbrian hills.

I remember laying there looking up at the stars and the clouds, I couldn't take my eyes off them. We were so far from any towns or cities that once the leaders put the lanterns out the only light was from the moon and the stars. The sky had never seemed so bright and open, even in the blackness, I could see layers of stars, a cosmos of ethereal beauty, just too much for my young mind to comprehend and yet I was awed and inspired. There was a few clouds scurrying across the sky, I lay breathing slow deep breaths. The noise of the other kids melted away, and for a moment I felt like I was alone. That was the moment I felt it, the earth under me, cool and firm and yet moving. I knew the Earth spun, everyone knows that, but I felt it, as I gazed up at the sky alone in a crowd. There was nothing but my heartbeat, slow breaths and my hands clinging to the grass beneath me.

Well ok, I'm not dumb and I've never been a hippy, or into anything like that. Vegan? No thanks, give me a good steak. Organic? Give me it dripping in pesticides and battery farmed, it don't make any odds to me. I know that the spinning I felt was just an illusion, probably mixed with one of dozens of senses going slightly wonky. However, every-time I go camping I make sure to spend at least a few hours just laying there, alone with my thoughts, looking up at the sky. Just like my twelve year old self I tune out the world and then I feel it; the world turning beneath me and I sigh happily as I cling to its surface.

Anyway, that's part of why I love camping, I wanted to share that feeling with my kids, but John just lays on his back with his DS above him and Mary...wouldn't stay still for five minutes let alone an hour. Still there's lots of other cool things with camping; fresh air, new sights and places to explore. I'd say a oneness with nature, but I'd make myself vomit... or is that the pesticides?

Now you know how I met Gary, out on my run and you know what we did both times we met. Well in the weeks that followed we met up another three times and each time I ended up balls deep in him. It was only on the sunny days, when the seas were calm and gentle, the winds light and airy, not cruel and fierce. I told myself each time that it would be the last, I knew it was wrong to cheat on Karen, but each morning I would jog right down to our little hidden nook in the cliffs and hope to meet him on the way.

Of course if I didn't see him on the run I would see him later when I drove him and my son to the school they both went to. Or at night when I came home from work, ever since John asked him to come on holiday they young pony has been hanging around more and more. We never spoke about what we did, certainly not with family present, but even when we meet up on the run no words pass between us. We spoke only with our bodies and actions. Our kisses filled with desperate passion, our firm bodies grinding together, his ass lifting up invitingly and his tight confines welcoming my cock back, like an old friend.

He was still only sixteen, legal in the UK but only just, if anyone found out what we were doing then I would almost certainly be shunned by everyone I knew. My lovely wife would definitely divorce me and lets face it when it comes to getting custody of the kids, the judge would look at me nailing my son's friend in a rather poor light. I kept trying to stop myself, but my body seemed to override my mind when I was with him; the rush of blood to my genitals probably starved my brain to a point where it seemed like a good idea.

I don't really have any excuses for what I did, hiding from it isn't really going to help. I fucked him, several times and I loved every single moment I was with him in that nook in the cliffs. By the time our holiday came around I was pretty much spending most of my days wondering when the next time would be. I checked the weather report far too many times, even for an Englishman.

Then came our family camping trip, my daughter Emma had invited her best friend, a cheetah named Kaylee. My son of course had asked Gary and that meant two weeks being so close to him I could smell his sweet scent, yet surrounded by family so I couldn't touch him. I was pretty much expecting the entire trip to be torture. It didn't help that Karen had pretty much told me this was the last one ever, she was through sleeping on the ground in tents, hiding from the British weather; next year she demanded sunny Spain, hotels and room service. I had tried for a compromise of a camping trip in southern France... it had not gone down well.

She said I could always lay on the grass in the garden if I wanted it so much, or on the terrace, beside the pool of the lavish villa she seemed to think we would be booking. It wasn't the same, she knew it, and I knew that arguing was not going to work. Besides, I owed her something, she had been nothing but loyal, my beautiful grey lady. Her fur so light grey is was almost white, her legs and arms slender, her hips wide and feminine. Two wonderful mounds on her chest, just big enough to give a handful, or to give an equine phallus one hell of a titty-fuck.

Of course it had been five years since the last titty-fuck, apparently my cum sticks in her mane. Two years since the last blow job, I was a little too into it and forgot to warn her and she got a mouthful she didn't want. Of course I did warn Gary and that just made him suck harder, he tried to swallow it all, fuck that was hot watching a young stud guzzle my cum with relish. Eighteen long months since my cock kissed her pussy goodbye.

I'm not trying to make excuses, what I did was wrong, but I had my reasons. You deprive a horse cock of attention for long enough and soon your paw isn't enough. Your body takes control of your mind and before you know it you are balls deep in your son's new best friend.

The morning of our holiday came, Kaylee had stayed over the night before. I missed my daily run to pack the car. A huge family carrier, with eight seats. It was a tank, and I knew from experience if the weather got really bad we could all spend a night in the car. As I was packing the tents into the boot in my expert fashion I heard a familiar voice behind me saying hello.

Turning I found my breath catching in my throat as my eyes were caught by his dazzling emerald greens. He was smiling at me in what to many would be seen as a friendly way. However, I knew better, I could see the hunger in there, the lust. His lithe frame was covered in a tank top, with some very short blue shorts. I gulped as I recognised the shorts, I had pulled them off him three days earlier just before I fucked him hard. The boy had squealed and moaned as I held his hands onto the stone preventing him from grasping his own cock. My grey fur pressed to his golden fur, I had fucked him until he came from just my cock inside him.

With an embarrassing lump in my pants, from where my cock dropped, I took his bags and packed them. Then I tried to focus on packing the car, he offered to help and headed inside to gather more stuff to pack. By the time the rest of the family was ready the two of us I had finished packing and I had managed to get control of my emotions.

I sat behind the wheel, with Karen beside me, Gary sat behind her, with my son behind me and the two girls in the back. Glancing into the mirror I found myself pausing for a moment as my blue eyes locked with his in the reflection. Then trying to shake any feelings of guilt, seeing my wife and my secret lover in the same car, I started the engine.

As the engine roared to life the cd player started to play the disk I had left in on my return from work. I heard my son behind me groan and with a whine only a teenager can manage he said, "DaaaAAD! I don't want to listen to your lame music." In the mirror I saw the look of shame on his face as he glanced at his cool friend, who no doubt would look down on him for having such an uncool father.

That's when it hit me, if I couldn't stop myself from fucking him, I could stop him from wanting me to. One three hour car trip with the worlds lamest father that should turn any teenage boy off permanently. "Hey, it's Jonny Cash, Jonny Cash is cool," I snorted and then as an old favourite of mine started to play I upped my lameness a dozen notches by starting to sing

along, "Well, my name it is Sam Hall, Sam Hall, My Name it is Sam Hall, Sam Hall. My name it is Sam Hall and I hate you one and all. And I hate you one and all, damn your eyes!"

My father shared this song with me, he was a big country fan and well, it had my name in it and a lot of swearing. I was eight years old and my mother was so pissed at my father, when I started singing it. It did start a lifelong love affair between me and Jonny Cash. As my son describes it, my lame taste in music is embarrassing, none of his friends' dads are so lame.

As we drove through traffic I sang my heart out, grinning like an idiot as I did so. Karen chuckled and tried to hide her embarrassment. John whined and kept asking for me to stop, his eyes constantly flicking to Gary who was chuckling in amusement.

"My name is Samuel, and I'll see you all in hell, and I'll see you all in hell, damn your eyes." I whooped as the song ended and my mind raced as I tried to think of the next song on the cd, it was my own favourite mix and I knew it off by heart. However, unlike when I sing on the way home from work, now I had an audience to unimpress and embarrass. "Belinda was mine 'til the time that I found her, holding Jim and loving him..."

That was as far as I got before Karen reached over and turned off the player, she gave me a look that said 'we will have words about this later' far too loud and clear. However, her lips said, "how about a road game instead?"

"No thanks Mum, we have our DS's, we can entertain ourselves," John replied and he already had the thing open and turned on. I caught one more glance off Gary in the mirror before he pulled his own infernal contraption out and began to play. Karen switched the radio to the charts and we drove on.

Three hours driving, and about an hour of stops to empty bladders, and we arrived at our destination. A small camp site behind a farmhouse in a tiny village, Lower Milton, near the Cheddar Gorge. I had planned for three or four days stop here, with day trips to the Gorge, Wookey Hole a rather cool cave system, and I think there was a zoo nearby for the third day.

Everyone was hungry by the time we arrived and so we parked the car and found a pub for lunch. Karen spent the meal paying more attention to her phone than to me, the girls seemed to be giggling and giving Gary sly glances. Schoolgirl crushes, I could hardly say I blamed them. John hid behind his DS, only Gary paid me any attention at all, he talked politely asking what the plans were for the next day. I mentioned a choice of going to the Gorge or Wookey Hole. I could see the vague hint of a smirk as I said the word hole. His beautiful eyes still held the predatory gaze of a hungry hunter, my plan to make myself unattractive had been a clear failure.

When the food finally arrived we were all starving, and wasted no time tucking in. I finished quickly and made an excuse of needing to set the camp up. The complete lack of offers

of help were noted, as I left and walked back to the camp site. We were the only people staying there at the moment, the rather disgruntled farmer had advised me. The site itself wasn't much, just a field with a small toilet block, nothing but two toilets and one shower.

I drove the car to the back of the field and began to unpack the tents. I was halfway through putting up the first tent when I heard a familiar voice behind me say "can I help?" I turned and there, with his predatory smile, was Gary. Gulping I tried not to think about what I wanted to do to him right there in that small field. I had a lot of experience putting up our tents and he was good at following everything I said. So it didn't take long for us to set up the campsite. The two kids tents were set a few meters away from the tent Karen and I would share.

Grabbing some stuff from the car I headed for my tent, as Gary grabbed his own bag. None of my family had shown up yet, that was normal. The kids used to love helping their old dad set up camp when they were younger, however once they hit their teens they suddenly preferred to stay in the pub with their mother. I was surprised that John hadn't come out to make sure his uncool dad wasn't embarrassing him.

Unzipping the door I slipped into my tent, dropping the bag on the small tent porch and then crawled into the bedroom chamber. I do love being inside a tent, it reminds me of being a child, camping in my parents back garden with my friends. Staying up all night listening to the rain drumming on the canvas. The murkiness of the light filtering through the canvas made everything feel special; dust particles dancing in the faded sunbeams beams, the scent of the rubber floor, canvas and grass all mixed into a heady aroma. In the summer the baking heat making you sweaty and forced you outside, oh what a rush that is; stepping outside of hot and sweaty tent, the cool air hitting your lungs, you don't get out of a tent so much as jump out, it's exhilarating. Well it may just be me, but hey there's something to be said for the simple pleasures.

It was just after I finished setting up the bedroll and as I was laying on the huge double sleeping bag that Karen and I share, that I heard the rrrrrrVVVIIP sound of the tent door being opened and the sound of someone's fur brushing against the fabric. Guessing it was my wife I said, "about time, me and poor Gary have had to set this whole thing up ourselves."

There was no reply, just the sound of the zip on the bedroom compartment being opened. I lifted my head up to see a blonde face smiling n at me, his nose twitching as he took in the scent, rubber, canvas, grass and my sweaty body. His green eyes sparkled as he crawled quickly inside, I wanted to stop him to push him off. However, instead my arms wrapped around him as his body slid over mine. Oh the feeling of his lithe frame being dragged over mine, my cock dropped at his electric touch. Fur mingled with fur, the warm pressure of his sliding form gently grazing my sheath and sack.

In the second, it took for him to slide up to my head, I felt my cock drop. I was panting, panicking a little as I worried about being caught. He stopped all that with a kiss, his velvet lips

caressing mine, his sweet taste, a mixture of cherry and grass. I was so hungry for it, my arms around him tightened and I deepened the kiss, my tongue sliding inside his mouth. His paws reached down and he began to stroke my aching maleness. I cried out as his touch sent electric thrills up and down my body. The closeness of the tent intensified his scent and as it hit my nose my body began to scream at me to take this other stud, make him my mare and show him who the true stallion is.

I wanted to tell him to stop, or looking back maybe I just wanted to have wanted that. Instead I ground my body up against his, my shaft throbbing and aching inside my jeans as it ground to his, smaller shaft barely contained in his shorts. His paws went to my belt and he began to unfasten it, his fingers working with desperate speed as our tongues danced and writhed together in the warm depths of his mouth.

His fingers closed around my musky, sweaty horsemeat and pulled it out into the clammy air of the tent. He broke the kiss and before I knew what was happening, his mouth was around my flare. His tongue caressing across it as I fought to contain the neigh of triumph that was screaming to get out of my lungs. He set about suckling my meat like a starving man, his lips and tongue working tirelessly. He drove himself as far down my fourteen inch shaft as he could, further than anyone had ever managed to take it. I watched, transfixed, as his velvet lips pushed past my medial ring and then moaned as I felt my flare being shoved into the back of his throat.

If I came, I knew I would cum hard as only a horse can, there was no way his mouth would contain it. One sniff of the tent and the sight of the cum stains would be all Karen needed to know. Yet I couldn't stop myself, my hands stroked his ears as my hips pumped. I watched as my glistening, pink and black mottled, cock slipped from his lips, glistening in his saliva. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, a perfect pony, smiling as my thick cock slid between his velvet lips.

His eyes looked up at me and I could see the hunger there, the desperate need for my cock. It was so perfectly hot, watching his lips devour my cock, his eyes burning with need for my cum. There is nothing in this world as arousing as watching someone suck your cock so desperately it's like they need your cum to live. My hand dove into my pocket and before I knew it I had my mobile out and snapped a quick picture. He looked shocked for a moment and then smiled at me and winked, before going back to sucking on my member like it was made of sugar.

A growing tingle in my balls told me I didn't have long left to go. Then we both heard it, the sound of hooves on the grass and voices talking. The beautiful silken moistness of his mouth disappeared from around my cock. We both panicked for a moment and then he helped me restrain my monster cock, forcing it back inside it's denim cage. He jumped out of the tent first, fortunately the tent door was facing the far side of the field and so the tent obscured their view.

I lay there panting as my body began to show its disapproval for stopping the affairs so suddenly. Blue balls, let me tell you they are no laughing matter when you are a horse and your testicles are the size of an orange. That dull throb and ache makes your entire lower body sore. Even sitting is uncomfortable, yet that's what I had to do, get the camp stove out and cook an evening meal for six. I'm a dab hand at outdoor cooking and was able to whip up, if not a meal fit for a king certainly one fit for his servants or maybe a Lord or Duke. Mince and dumplings, good honest northern stodge, it'll stick to your ribs... and your hips, arse, anywhere really, it takes a good run to work it off.

John retired to his tent shortly after food, the two girls headed off to theirs shortly afterwards. I saw Gary looking at me, the need and want in his eyes. I grabbed the dish-bowl and announced I was going to get some water so I could do the washing up. Gary looked up at that moment and said, "I'll dry if you want some help."

"Oh you don't have to do that Gary, he likes it," Karen cut across before I could accept the offer.

The blonde pony's face fell, as his chance for another quick moment alone with me were chased away by my wife. Still the young stud was not going to be denied as he then asked, "what time do the toilets close?"

"They don't sweetie, they are open all night," Karen replied from behind her kindle, she was reading another damned romance novel, if she spent more time with me and less time reading about romantic guys i might have actually been romantic with her.

"Right, so if I need to like take a shower or something at two A M, then there's no problem?" The pony replied his eyes fixed on me, I gave a slight nod of agreement as I heard the stress on the time. I had to admit I was impressed, he had just arranged to meet a married man right in front of his wife's nose and she had no clue.

"Yes... do you usually shower at two in the morning?" Asked my confused wife.

"No, but around five or six, after my morning run." Gary replied honestly, a sly grin on his face as he glanced at me out of the corner of his eye.

"Oh Sam does that too, you two could run together while you're on holiday with us," Karen replied he eyes not leaving her kindle, her voice betraying her lack of interest in the conversation. She was only half paying attention to what she was saying.

"Sounds like fun to me," the blonde pony replied, his voice full of sincerity.

"Oh, me too," I replied and then rushed away before the grin on my face, or the tent I had pitched in my jeans, could give anything away. The rest of the evening passed quickly,

Karen read, the boys played on their DS, the girls did whatever it is teenage girls do that makes them giggle so and I lay on my back looking up at the sky basking in the glory of a warm summer's evening.

Eventually Karen announced it was time for bed and everyone retired to their tents. I slipped into the sleeping bag with Karen, her grey body pressed to mine. Images of what happened earlier kept coming to my mind, in the darkness a tent was pitched inside our sleeping bag, my cock poking out of my pyjama bottoms. I thought Karen was asleep and I rolled over to grab my phone, the dull electronic light filled our tent as I quickly called up the picture of him sucking my cock.

My balls churned with need as I realised it was only ten pm and it was another four hours before we had arranged to meet. Beside me Karen snorted and rolled over as I desperately switched off my phone.

"What are you doing?" She whispered as her hand landed on my chest.

"Just checking the time," I lied in reply, feel the shame of what I had done a few hours earlier in the very spot I now lay with my wife.

She didn't reply just pressed herself up against me, I put an arm around her as she laid her head on my chest. I felt some drowsiness start to claim me, my eyes closing. I had set my phone to a vibrate alarm and slipped it under my pillow. It shouldn't wake Karen up but I planned to sleep with it in my hand so it would wake me.

I can't deny I loved the feeling of Karen pressed against me, her warm breasts squished against my chest, the tickle of her mane under my chin. Every time she twitched her ears they brushed over my lips. As she dozed her hand slipped lower, down onto my stomach and then as she snorted in her sleep her hand jerked down. I was suddenly more awake than I had been in hours. Her slender fingers wrapped around my cock and squeezed it gently. I moaned deeply as I felt her fingers squeeze again, I glanced down and saw a sleepy puzzled expression on my wife's face, just for a moment before she realised what was in her hand and then her face contorted into one of pure shock. Clearly she hadn't realised what she was squeezing, her hand disappeared from around my cock and she rolled over.

Part of me thought wanted to just let her be, knowing that in four hours I would finally get the release my swollen balls were aching for. Another part of me really didn't want to wait; she was my wife after all and maybe if we still fucked I wouldn't have let some young kid seduce me on a whim. My swollen balls ached at the removal of another person's touch and it was all just too much for me.

I rolled over and pushed up behind her, my swollen erect cock sliding up between her buttocks and stroking her lower back. My strong arms wrapped around her and she moaned

softly squirming in my grasp deliciously, her supple body grinding back against me. My nose caught the perfume of her arousal, a scent I had not smelled in a long while, she wanted it.

Nuzzling into her neck I peppered it with soft kisses and little nibbles, a tactic I had used in our youth, as I ground my hips gently my flare stroking up and down her back. She gasped as one of my paws found her breast, through her nightshirt and squeezed oh so softly. Her perfume was sweet like roses and apple-blossom, I huffed warmly on her neck as my other paw stroked down her stomach, searching for the target of my affections.

"Sam... the kids," she whispered desperately, her voice breaking into a soft and delicious moan as my middle finger found an erect nipple and gently teased the soft nub.

"Shhh.... we'll be quiet... come on, we're on holiday," I whispered into her ear and as I did so my paw slid down inside her pyjama bottoms. I didn't waste time, my fingers found her sex moist to over flowing. My passion grew, she wanted me, for the first time in a long time my mare was receptive to my studly advances. She moaned softly as I kissed and nipped up and down her neck, whispering , "shhhh... just a quiet quick one... nobody will hear us."

My fingers slipped inside her silken depths and I heard her bite her tongue and moan. My cock was begging to be inside her, the claim her once more as my own. My thumb slid up to where experience had taught me I could find her clit, the centre of her pleasure. I kissed her cheek and as my thumb began to rub, I silenced her moans of pleasure, and any refusal, with my lips.

I was desperate my cock leaked pre all over her bedclothes and the bedding, as I continued to grind my flare into her back. I knew I wouldn't last long inside her, but I was damn sure I wasn't going to blow my load anywhere else. I worked her Pyjama bottoms down a little with the other paw, as my fingers started to fuck her sex. The tent filled with the soft sloppy sounds of a cunt being worked by expert fingers. I had learned her pleasure spots a long time ago, now that I had hold of her sex I wasn't going to stop until I had teased them all.

Using my hoof I managed to pull her pyjama bottoms off completely, then I pulled her onto her back. My body remembering the old feeling as I slid myself between her spread legs. I broke the kiss and with a primal snarl I used my teeth to open her nightshirt. She suppressed a whimper as my tongue found her nipple, pulling it between my velvet lips I sucked gently. At the same time I pressed forward with my hips, the beast between my legs slipping forward to find her dipping lips.

My flare grazed over her labia, like two old lovers separated for a long time our sexes kissed tenderly on their reunion. Then I thrust forward hard, my lips pressing to hers just in time to suppress her cries of passion, and mine. Warm silk surrounded me, with such tight elasticity that I almost lost it on the first thrust. My thick maleness slid inside her cunt easily until her

nether lips kissed my medial ring. With a grunt of dominance I bucked powerfully, forcing the rest of my cock into her tight confines.

Karen grasped and shook her head, breaking the kiss, "not... so rough," she panted into my ear. Suitably remonstrated I returned to kissing her neck, as my hips bucked gently this time, sliding just a few inches back and forth inside the warm bliss of her dripping sex. My lips moved on to her lovely mounds, burying between their sweet scented warmth as my hips drove my maleness home again and again. My paws found hers and our fingers intertwined. I looked down at her as I arched my back, thrusting faster and faster. The animal inside me needing to breed, to mate, to claim his mare for his own.

Her eyes were closed, her face contorted with a look of pure bliss, biting her lower lip to keep from screaming as her stallion serviced her. It was a sight I had seen many times before and one I was delighted to see again. My hips rocked faster and faster, my need to breed almost absolute, my swollen balls getting ready to unload. Then I felt her sex suddenly grow tighter, constricting around my phallus, like some sexual vice. She pressed her muzzle to my chest and muffled her whinnies of pleasure with my muscles, as she came around my horsehood.

I could feel myself reaching the point of no return, my breath catching in my throat, suddenly she pushed on my chest hard, "No, I'm in heat... you can't cum inside me." She whispered squirming to get away. Now I know what you must think of a man who cheats on his wife, as you know I have done, however while I may be a bastard I am not a monster. Despite every single urge in my being telling me to continue I managed to pull out of her warmth as she requested.

"I thought you were on the pill," I groaned, my balls began to sting as my body took its vengeance on me for denying it a second time.

Karen was panting heavily as she shook her head and whispered, "I stopped taking them... they made me put on weight and I wasn't expecting this."

I reached down my paw and grasped my own cock only for a sharp whisper to stop me, "don't do that in here, our sleeping bag and tent will stink of cum all holiday!" Karen snapped, possibly a bit sharper than she had meant it. Still it stung, the bag was already going to smell of her pussy, why shouldn't add my funk too it? When we had first got together Karen hadn't cared about that sort of thing, she'd lain with me in a tent many times, not giving a crap about the other campers who could hear our pleased moans, and positively basked in the heady funk of our well fucked in sleeping bag and tent.

Looking from my wife's face down to my swollen needy cock and back again I voiced the obvious question, "where am I supposed to get off then?" A little bit of me hoped she would roll over and offer the forbidden entrance, however the rest of me knew that I had more chance of

fucking Karen on the alter at church, in the middle of a Sunday service, than of her offering to give me back door access.

"Just... go use the shower room or something," she muttered at me, pointing at the tent entrance. I was so shocked and angry that I actually went, cock pointing out of my pyjamas, which were dripping in her juices. The night air had a chill that bit hard on my erect, dripping cock and soaking crotch. I started to walk towards the toilet block, but once I was a few hundred meters away I decided I was far enough away.

Wrapping both paws around my length I looked up at the night sky and began to stroke myself. I came after a minute or two, it was... not a great orgasm. I was grateful for the release of tensions that came with it, but as far as pleasure goes it was nothing. I left a small puddle of horse cum in the field, which would hopefully dry up by morning. Then I returned to my tent, where my wife lay sleeping, and, clutching my phone in one paw, I went to sleep.

The vibrating stung my hand and shook me awake, with lightning fast reflexes I turned the alarm off. I held still for a moment waiting to see if Karen would wake, but she didn't even stir. I slipped out of the sleeping bag and grabbed my towel and cleaning stuff. If Karen asked me I was going to tell her the truth, that I went to the shower to get off, after she stopped me mid flow. I of course wouldn't mention that I wasn't alone when I got off.

Once outside the tent I started to walk to the tiny toilet block. I could see a light on through the tiny window, but I wasn't sure if that meant Gary was already there, I couldn't remember if it had been on when I was out earlier. The early morning dew soaked my hooves and the legs of my pyjama bottoms. I didn't care, I picked up the pace half trotting, my breath ragged puffs that steamed up the clear early morning air.

The field was dark, the sky awash with stars, but no moon. Starlight, it was enough to make out the toilet block, if the little square of light from the window wasn't marker enough. I was drawn to that light like a moth to the moon, it was my marker buoy. My cock was already back to it's full raging erect status. This time I was determined that I would get off properly, no interruptions, no family barging in. Hell even if they did I probably wouldn't have stopped.

The toilet block was little more than a brick box with a single door. Stepping inside I was pleasantly surprised at the cleanliness of the block. I had feared the place would smell of stale urine and worse. Instead the acrid stench of bleach assaulted my nose as I glanced around, two small sinks with small mirrors, one with a slight crack in the corner. Every surface was tiled, probably the secret to how the owners kept it so clean, mop and bucket and they could do the walls. Three doors; two marked with WC and the third marked with Shower.

There was no sign of Gary and I wondered if he might not show, if maybe he had fallen asleep and not had a way to wake up. As I waited I opened the door to the shower; the cubicle was big and roomy, split into two by a shower curtain a small bench to one side. I hung my towel

on the hook and grabbed the shampoo from my bag. One way or another I was going to cum in the shower, by my own paw at last desperate resort.

I pulled the shower curtain aside and reached in to turn on the shower, the spray was far more powerful than I expected and freezing cold. Any vague hints of doziness I had left were washed away when that powerful jet, of ice cold water, hit the side of my face. Jumping back I shook my head in shock, I had only intended to turn the shower on to let it warm up as I waited.

Stripping out of my pyjama top and hanging the rather soaked shirt on the back of the door I frowned and checked my phone. Almost ten passed two and no sign of my illicit young lover. I sighed and resigned myself to the truth that he wasn't coming, closing the door and sliding the bolt into place I pulled off my pyjama pants and placed them on the little bench. My cock had long since shrunk back into my sheath, the ice cold jet of water had seen to that.

I reached my paw into the stream and yanked it back with a gasp as boiling water almost gave me third degree burns. I reached in carefully and played with the taps, checking the water temperature several times to get it just right. With the door closed the enclosed room had become filled with steam quite quickly, the warm vapours chasing away any hints of the chill from the night outside.

Then just as I was about to climb in there was a soft tap at the door, I span around quickly and opened it. He stood there with a sly, sheepish grin on his face, I didn't ask him why he was late or even say anything with my lips. I assume my expression of utter joy was enough and if it wasn't, then my desperate paws yanking him inside were. I slammed the door shut and rammed the bolt home with far more strength than was needed.

Then I turned on him, he was only wearing some boxers and I could see his erection already poking through their fly. He stood with his back to the cubicle wall, one hoof raised and pressed against it, his palms pressed to it, as well, his slender delicate digits spread wide. His eyes looked at me with the same hunger and lust that mine looked back at him. I took a moment to devour the beauty of his image, my eyes ravenous for his slender perfection. Mane lighter than his blonde golden fur, long and flowing, but brushed away from his devilish green eyes. His velvet muzzle a lighter blonde his lips spread in a smile, his mouth hanging slightly open. The boy's body was perfect, lithe and yet subtle and strong. Gary's chest trembled a little as his breath came in rapid panting breaths. He was just as desperate as me.

My cock was fully erect once more, my maleness raging to it's full fourteen inches, my flare wider than his palm. Yet I knew he could handle it, whichever way I wanted to take him. Right there and then I wanted him both ways, every position. I almost leapt at him, pulling him into an embrace, my arms tight and powerful around him, my tongue alive and hungry in his mouth. His taste was as sweet as ever, my hands quickly pushed his boxers down to the floor and I lifted him in my arms. He squeaked into my mouth at my show of brute strength, yet there was no struggle, instead his return of the kiss intensified.

I carried him into the shower and under the hot stream of water, placing him down and deftly closing the shower curtain. We were alone inside a one meter cubicle, filled with steam and spraying water. Two equine bodies pressing and grinding to one another. His every touch sent thrills throughout my body, his taste was addictive, I couldn't tear my lips from his, my tongue was dancing in his mouth again. I swallowed his every gasp, his every moan and squeak of delight. My paws ran over his slender frame, stroking over his golden flanks and down to grab and massage his tight golden buns.

I heard a pop of a bottle cap and then I smelled it mango and coconut, the same tropical scent his fur always held. Then I felt his paws on my chest, fingers running through the soaking fur as he washed my fur. Not to be outdone I grabbed my own shampoo, Lynx Africa, not exactly as exotic or recognisable as his, but it was my scent. I filled my palm with more shampoo than I should ever need and reached out to him.

Our lips never parted as our paws worked slowly over each other. His every touch made me feel more alive and awake, our soap sodden chests grinding together. Suds flowing down the drain as my grey fur mingled with his golden fur. My cock stroking his inner thigh, as his stroked my outer one. Then I felt his warm, soapy, paws grasp hold of my maleness, I broke the kiss with a passionate and deep neigh. I looked at him, my eyes filled with pure animal lust, I wanted him and I was going to have him. Damn it no force on Earth could stop me claiming my mare this time.

He looked back at me with a desperately hungry look in his eye he wanted me and more importantly, in that moment, he wanted my cock. My paws reached down and my thick fingers wrapped around his shaft, it was impressive for his age, a good ten inches and with a nicely developed flare. Still nothing compared to his sire, to his stallion. He cried out softly as my fingers worked over his flare, my palm rubbing the meatus as my fingers drummed on the ridge in a way I knew would send non stop little shockwaves of pleasure down his shaft.

With a soft neigh he spun around, his delicate fingers spreading on the tiled walls as his slender legs were spread. His tail lifted invitingly as he welcomed me back inside. I whinnied loudly in dominance as my mare submitted himself for my pleasure, and licked my lips. I could be rough with my mare, he had taken my roughest ruttings and pushed back for more. I could cum inside my mare, no risk of pregnancy and he had never asked me to pull out. I would make him cum far harder than she had done, damn it he deserved it, when I needed him he was there, no questions, no rules. He was my bitch and he needed my cock inside him just as badly as I needed to be inside him.

I grabbed his bottle of shampoo and squeezed a dollop into my palm, scenting it I moaned at his scent, the raw stuff lacking something, his delicate musk. However, it was enough to enflame my ardour more, as I stroked my cock, getting it nice and slick with his soap.

My body pressed up behind his, my muzzle nuzzling his neck, kissing and nibbling on it tenderly as my cock was slowly homing in on it's target.

He bucked back against my cock as he felt it, with a soft desperate neigh. He was begging me for it, begging to be bred, to be taken as my mare. My body trembled with lust and need, my nose in his neck drinking his scent deeply as my cock pressed to his pucker. Then I held still and waited for what I knew he would do, I knew if I was patient he would do something sexier than any mate I had ever taken. Sure enough after ten seconds of my cock resting on his pucker I felt his muscles in his shoulder tense as he pushed, with his arms and legs. He forced himself back onto my rock hard maleness, impaling himself with a desperate cry as his tight ring closed around my wide flare.

Fuck, no lover has ever done that the way he did it, he was so desperate to have me inside him he could not wait, he had never lasted a full minute before doing that. My strong paws grabbed his hips, he had lifted them for me, pushing his rear out, that made my entry than much easier. I thrust forward with speed, crying out into his neck as his tight depths seemed to almost pull me in, he was desperate to feel me inside him. I was just as desperate to get my cock fully inside.

My medial ring pushed passed his tight entrance with a shared cry of bliss and then my hips finally pressed to his, my heavy swollen orbs nestling against his much smaller pair. I knew what I wanted to do more than ever, what would make me feel like a true alpha, my paws grasped at his, my fingers lacing with his as my palms pressed his hands to the wall, holding them there. I was going to fuck his balls dry before I finally got the pure blissful release I had been desperate for since I felt his lips around my cock earlier.

I had only done it to him once before, but I was sure I could manage it again. He arched his back against my broad muscular chest as I thrust forward again, my cock starting to ream his tightness. With a phallus as thick as mine hitting his prostate wasn't a problem, or even a matter of aim, it was guaranteed. I could hear the soft clops of his hooves as he struggled to maintain his balance, as my thrusts grew slowly more forceful, I leaned down and bit his shoulder powerfully, dominantly, as I claimed his body for my own.

He bucked his hips back willingly and as I looked down his chest I saw his cock jumping with each thrust, a jet of pre escaping it and running in rivulets down the white tiled shower walls. The pleasure surrounding my cock was growing with each thrust my balls were aching with a deep throb as they begged to be emptied. I wanted my release, my orgasm more than almost anything. However, I wanted his release to come first and to come in full force.

My thrusts were long and deep, using almost every inch of my cock to ram home hard, the flare bashing into his prostate followed by many inches of thick horse shaft. He cried out louder and louder, his voice echoing off the tiled walls. His fingers squeezed mine and I felt them try to tug my hands down towards his cock. I steeled myself, refusing to give in to his demands

to let him tug himself off. It would have been so easy to let him and then blow my load into his ass. However, we had both had a long day, we needed a good proper orgasm to reward us for our patience.

His lithe boyish frame writhed and bucked against mine, his voice never silent as he cried out with each deep hard thrust. My balls slapping heavily off his taint, making them ache and throb that much more. My head swam with the pure pleasure as I began to lose myself to the pleasure of the ritual animalistic needs. My thrusting becoming far less controlled, my cock ramming home again and again, with each thrust my nuts kissed his leathery sack.

I felt his entire body begin to tremble, his hips thrusting back desperately into me, down his front I could smell his aroused cock as it jetted stream after stream of pony pre onto the shower walls. The warm water cascading down my back as I sheltered him from the streams, the air was thick with steam and the funk of two rutting stallions. My hips thrusting and pounding into him as I finally lost control of myself mating him without control. My hips crashing into his with all the force I could muster.

Just before my orgasm took hold of me I heard him scream out loud, his tight body suddenly becoming a squeezing massaging vice. I whinnied and neighed at the top of my lungs as my cock inside him throbbed so hard I know he must have felt it. My flare spread wide and my needy balls began to empty themselves deep inside his desperate hungry ass. The scent of his cum hit my nose, enraging my inner stallion, my last few thrusts were not just hard, they were brutally savage, with each one I jetted a thick blast of horse spunk deep inside him, claming him as my mare.

Our bodies spent we stood there in the never ending stream of hot water, panting as we held still, joined by my cock. Eventually I took a step back and my softening cock slipped free of his ass, there was a splatter and I felt the warm droplets of my cum as they sprayed from his over filled ass. The warm streams of water washed my cock clean, the evidence of our activities flowing down the drain.

He pushed himself off the wall with his paws, and then his hooves slipped on the tiled floors. He fell against my chest and I caught him in my arms, his eyes looked into mine and I found myself kissing him. This time the kiss was soft, tender and gentle. Our moans being shared as his arms laced around my thick equine neck. My paws grabbed my bottle of shampoo again and I coated my fingers in it. Then reaching down I slipped two thick digits inside him, he neighed against my lips as I cleaned my cum from his ass.

Eventually our kiss broke and I turned off the shower. We dried each other in silence, only the sound of our hooves clapping on tiles and our soft breathing. We shared a few tender kisses and caresses. I didn't bother to dress, just grabbed my Pyjamas and slung them over my shoulder with my wet towel. He pulled his boxers on and we both grabbed our cleaning stuff, checking the shower one last time for any evidence of our activities.

Then we stepped out into the night, gasping as the breeze sent cool chills through our damp bodies. We started to walk across the field, the sky had turned a dark zaffre blue in the east as the sunrise drew closer. I stopped walking and took a few deep breaths, the coolness felt good on my hot body. I didn't say a word to him as he looked at me puzzled, I just slipped down to my knees and then lay on my back. The grass cool and wet as it was compressed by my fur. Looking up I watched the stars as they began to fade, chased away by their nearest cousin, our sun. I resolved myself to stay this way until the sun came up and it was time for my run.

I heard the muffled thud of another body throwing itself at the grass and I felt his ears as we lay head to head in the grass looking up at the sky, him almost naked and me fully nude. I breathed deeply, the worries of the world fading away as I stared up at the sky, the clouds lazily floating by, grey puffs in the increasingly lighter sky. My fingers dug into the grass and the cool earth beneath me as I felt the world begin to turn. I heard him give a soft sigh and I hoped the world was turning for him too.

Chapter 4

Lying the worst of crimes, according to my mother anyway. I remember anytime I got caught lying to cover up some mischief she would cry and when I apologised for what I had done she'd say, 'it's not what you did that hurt me, it's that you lied to me about it afterwards. ' My mother, ladies and gentlemen, is the all time master of the guilt trip, I feel guilty to this day about each and every time I was caught in a lie. It burns away in my mind when I remember what I did.

I was raised to tell the truth and even when I tell white lies they hurt me in a small way. The guilt of a lie as big as the one I was living was eating away at me. The camping trip had turned into a weird dream and nightmare at the same time. There were moments when all I could do is sit in silence hating myself and loving him. It wasn't right and I knew it, it wasn't a paper ring around my finger. It was a bond, a promise and oath to love and honour my wife and no-one else.

Yet I had found myself in the arms of my young lover too many times to deny my feelings. It was hard to watch him with my family, it felt wrong to see him and my son playing or joking together. It's strange how young he looks when they are around, yet as soon as they are gone; I get lose in his green eyes, my paws ache to touch his golden fur and my cock throbs with need to be inside his pert rump once more.

After the first night and our union in the shower, we had lain on the grass outside until the sun rose. Neither of us spoke, we just listened to the wind, the sounds of the night and each other's breathing. Dawn had eventually come and as the land started to come to life, the light of dawn creeping forward, so slowly and yet suddenly. The dew on the grass seemed to lift up and the British countryside was aglow with a golden haze. The light greens of the grass, mixed with the darker greens of the trees and the shrubs, only seemed to intensify the glow. It was almost magical, it's at moments like that when I think back to myself as a foal, when I could still believe in magic, and wish my parents had never told me Santa wasn't real, had never taken the magic away.

It was then, for the first time, Gary spoke to me for real, "have you ever read a Midsummer's nightmare by Gary Kilworth?" he asked in a soft whisper, the tents with my sleeping family inside were still nearby and if we spoke to loudly we might wake them. Then we would have to explain why we were laying next to one another naked on the grass.

It was a weird question that's for sure, it came out of the blue, "I... don't much like horror I'm afraid." I replied honestly a little sad that the moment seemed to have been spoiled.

He chuckled softly, his laughter was musical to my ears and then he said, "it's not a horror, it's a modern day fantasy comedy... it's about the fairies, you know from the Shakespeare

play a Midsummer night's dream. They live in Sherwood forest, but civilisation has cut it back so far it can no longer hold them." My young lover explained rolling onto his front to look at me, his green eyes sparkling in the summer morning light, the golden haze surrounding his beautiful golden fur.

I rolled over as well, feeling the dew freshly soaking my crotch as we lay nose to nose, so close we could almost touch each other as he continued. "They enthrall a mechanic and he drives a bus for them and they drive across England to get to the New Forest. On the way they steal a baby, and the movement of such powerful magical beings wakes up creatures long sleeping. Morgan Le Fey, giants, kelpies, faeries and so many other things. It's just a bit of fun but, I dunno... I feel sad sometimes cause I know it's not real... you know?"

"Yeah, I know that feeling, I used to get it when I read the Narnia books... I remember thinking how pissed off I would have been if that bloody lion had sent me home, like he kept doing to the kids," I whispered with a smile, those books had meant so much to me as a child. My favourite was the one nobody remembers, no not the Magician's Nephew, everyone remembers that one, I mean the horse and his boy. Just two friends against the world, doing nothing but trying to escape with each other and the best part, when they did escape, nobody sent them home. I glanced back at the sun still just peaking over the horizon, the sky a glorious mix of reds, ambers, gold, and blues, then I enquired, "why did you ask?"

He looked at me, the sky behind him slowly turning azure blue framing his beautiful face and slightly embarrassed expression, "oh well you said we'd be heading to the New Forest in a week and it just got me thinking. The six of us in one bus; Oberon at the wheel with his Titania, Peaseblossom, Cobweb and Mustardseed in the back..."

"Which one are you?" I asked as he paused in his list.

"I suppose... I'm Robin Goodfellow," he replied with a sly smile that could only be described as Puckish, as he winked at me.

"Well Puck, one word of advice... don't let John know you just called him Peaseblossom." It was just a gentle quip and yet something made us both laugh and giggle like naughty schoolboys. Well I suppose he was still in school and what we did in the showers that night would be considered by any normal person as very 'naughty'. So I had to wonder what my excuse for acting this way was.

I don't know how much longer we lay there, the sun was only half up by the time he stood up. "We should go for our run before the others get up."

Pulling the shorts I had with me on I mused on his words, 'our run' it was strange for so long my run had been a solitary thing. It was me time, to be girly, it was something I did to clear my head and yet when I run with him my mind is anything but clear. He'd trotted into my life so

randomly, so hot swishing his tail, seducing me with a gesture and showing me just how good my run could be. Now it wasn't my run it was my escape, my time to be with him, and I was beginning to need my time with him.

I hadn't planned a route for our run out so we both just started to head out of the campsite, side by side. No music today, just the rhythmic clop of our hooves on the floor, and the sounds of our controlled breathing. As we jogged through the village every house was silent, the day still so newborn that it belonged to us alone. We took a right and headed out into the country, away from houses and off into the fields. The hard concrete being left behind, only cool grass beneath our hooves.

He pulled ahead a little playfully and I let him, it was good to watch his tail swishing and his pert buttocks swaying with his almost feminine hips. He neighed softly and whickered a challenge picking up the pace even more and that's when I replied with a deep throated whinny. My body was not going to allow some other stallion to challenge me and get away with it, my legs doubled their efforts and we ran, laughing and shouting as we raced. We had no destination, no goal, no fishing-line just the thrill of running, of letting go of being who we where, revealing in the world around us. The scent of grass crushed under hoof, dew hanging in the air, sweat and horse, filling every deep breath.

He was faster than me, but then he was slender, and sleek with the body of a true sprinter. I was taller and far broader, my muscles well developed and built over years of running and time spent in the gym. I wasn't built for the sprint, I was built for the marathon, and I smirked to myself as I knew that would lead to my ultimate victory. All I had to do was push him just a little and he would run himself out.

As we approached a ruined old building on the top of a hill he began to show signs of wavering. He ran to the building and sat down on a small wall. There was a small sign explaining the significance of the small crumbling old castle. Not that I cared, nor did he, the English countryside is littered with old castles, but handsome young willing stallions... they are a truly rare artefact and should be properly admired for their unique beauty.

He sat panting framed against the early morning sky; the sky behind him turning a beautiful azure blue, the warm red of the morning sun making his golden fur glow burnt amber. His fetlocks stirring in the slight breeze as his lithe frame heaving as he panted for breath. He looked so perfect in that moment that I didn't pause in my run, until he was in my arms, he gasped as my lips found his and then he returned the kiss with fierce passion.

Green eyes looked back into my steel blue ones, My speckled grey and white chest pressing to his. His body trembling against mine, I could feel his heart racing, the soft tickle of it's thumping rhythm made me moans softly into his mouth. Our tongues met, like two old friends embracing, I could taste his sweetness and youth, delicious cherries and cream in the summer

sun. I was so hungry for him, my tongue delved deep into his maw, as my paws roamed over his naked golden chest.

His arms wrapped around my neck, holding on to my strength, as I showed him once more who the true stallion was. My paws slipped lower onto his shorts and I found the tent he had pitched there, unzipping the fly my hand pushed inside. I swallow each one of his delicious moans and gasps and pull his cock out into the cool morning air. Breaking the kiss I began to kiss and nibble my way down his neck. He gasped as I reached his chest and kept going.

In the golden wheat fields of his chestfur I found a hard pink hill, my tongue caressed the fleshy nub and he neighed softly in appreciation. My paws stroked his cock, working over the hot flesh quickly. I could feel the moisture of his pre drenching my fingers. I pulled one paw up to my face and looking up at him I sucked two fingers into my mouth moaning at the flavour, musk and chestnuts on my tongue. He looked down at me blushing so hard there was a tinge of pink on his golden furred cheeks.

I hadn't sucked a cock since university, but one taste of his pre was all that it took to know that I had to fully taste this delight in my paw. He gasped audibly as I slipped to my knees before him, my paws stroking and caressing the delightful maleness in front of my eyes. I took in the visual feast, the mottled pink and black cock, the shaft so smooth it felt like hard silk in my paw. His flare smaller than mine but still impressive, his medial ring well developed and prominent on his shaft. His cone shaped equine meatus drooping pre, it ran down his flare to form a glistening jewel dangling from the tip. It fell and I caught it on my tongue as I licked out and ran my tongue around his flare.

His cries rolled down the hill as I wrapped my lips around his stallion meat. His taste overpowering my hungry tongue I sucked firmly my tongue running wild over his flare. I had never tasted another horse before, musk, grass and a strange sweetness gripped my mouth. I swallowed greedily thrusting my muzzle forward, my long equine muzzle the perfect sheath for his long equine cock.

He gazed out over golden fields of wheat in the summer sun, as my eyes were filled with his golden fur, the world fading away until nothing remained but him. I bobbed my muzzle on his length hungrily, swallowing again and again as he drooled copious amounts of pre, his cock throbbing against my tongue, the heat and firmness of the shaft between my lips felt perfect. I could feel his flare pushing at the back of my throat.

Two slender hands caressed my cheeks and I looked up to see him looking down at me, his eyes long lost to lust and desire, "my Oberon." He whispered softly and it was too much for me, I was his and I knew it, hell I loved it. I pushed my muzzle forward again. His medial ring tickled my lips as it slid in and out, his flare being pushed further and further back, my throat squeezing it. With each thrust he made a new sound, gasps, squeals and moans of pure pleasure filled my ears.

Sucking and swallowing his maleness did nothing to sate my hunger, it merely stoked the fires of my desire. I thrust my muzzle harder and harder, his flare pushing slowly further down my throat. I could hear his breathing growing desperate. My paws reached up to his leathery orbs, impressive yet not a match for the pair aching between my thighs. I could feel them twitching and shaking as he got ready to unload into my mouth. The with one last thrust I forced his flare fully into my throat, resisting the urge to gag or pull back.

His hands gripped my mane so tightly I thought he might pull out the fur. He whinnied and neighed at the top of his voice, his hooves stamping in the grass. I felt a throb of his cock pass my lips, I could feel the throb of muscle travel down my tongue. Then I felt his flare widen as it was crushed and massaged by my throat. He came right down my throat and I was happy to swallow it, the fire of hunger being quenched by his fluids. He came as only a horse can and I held firm, resisting the urge to pull off so I could breath.

As his cries of passion turned to whispers, and the throb of his cock stopped, I slowly pulled my head back. Getting my first real taste of his cum as his drooling cock dragged over my tongue, a weak musk with a surprisingly nutty taste. As it popped free I heard him groan in pleasure, he leaned heavily against the wall panting desperately for breath. I looked up at him and smiled, it was good to see the satisfied happy look on his face, it made me feel right, like I had done my duty and done it well.

He looked down at me and smiled as well, he offered me his hand and I took it, he pulled gently and I rose to my feet under my own power, as he had no strength left with which to help me. My own tent fully erected in my stretchy shorts, I kissed him, sharing his own taste with the panting boy. His tongue delved hungrily into my maw and then I found the kiss was broken. My stallion had slid off the wall and down to his knees before me.

Looking down I knew this was right; this was where we were meant to be, him before me, my huge cock just inches from his face waiting for the tender caress of those wonderful lips. He looked up at me as his fingers wrapped around the base of my cock and all I could see in those eyes was desire and love. I gasped as I felt his soft subtle lips kissing my flare, his moans pure music to my ears. There is little that is sexier than someone who lets you know how much they love your cock.

That's just what he did by taking as much of my maleness into his mouth as he could in one smooth whinny generating motion. I cried out in sheer bliss and put my paws down on his head, not holding him on because I didn't have to, just holding him. My palms caressing his velvet cheeks and my fingers stroking through his light blonde mane. His paws reached around to grab my buttocks and he pulled me forward. I felt my cock sliding further and further into the warmth of his nirvana.

A stiff breeze reminded me how exposed we were, this was no little nook in the cliffs, we were ontop a hill by what would clearly be at least a marginal tourist attraction. I tore my eyes away from the beautiful sight of watching my thick cock sliding between his perfect lips. my eyes scanned the horizon for any signs of anyone who might catch us. There was no-one, just fields of golden grain swaying in the still breeze, the sun reflecting off the warming the ground. The scent of heady stallion musk was in the air, mixed with the earthy tones of the dew evaporating in the early morning sun. It was glorious and more so for the sensations of pleasure that came in waves with each bob of his muzzle.

I kept my eyes locked on the glory of nature, placing my hands back on the rough sandstone of the castle wall. Built over a thousand years ago, the fort would support me, as it no doubt had supported others before me, as I lost myself to the rapturous bliss of my young lover. My whinnies of pleasure echoed through it's empty crumbling towers. The sandstone crumbling a little, making my paw pads dusty as I began to thrust into his willing mouth.

My blood rising, my desires taking control, my paws grasping his head tightly. I forced my cock forward pressing it to the back of his throat again and again. He was looking up at me when I glanced down and I saw in his eyes trust and love. There was nothing he wouldn't do for me in that moment and nothing I wanted more than what he was already doing.

My cries grew louder as I felt my balls begin to rise again, I felt like a young colt again, twenty years young full of fire and spunk... soon to be drained of spunk. My voice raised as the pleasure being driven relentlessly into my cock became too much. My hooves stamped and kicked back, the wall shook at a glancing blow by a stallion hoof, mortar laid millennia ago was knocked free and fell to the ground and neither of us gave a shit. What was this ancient monument compared to our new love, nothing but a convenient place for us to be together.

I felt myself pass the point of no return, my cock throbbed hard and I felt jet after jet spraying over his tongue. I felt his mouth clenching around my flare as he tried to swallow it all, however he wasn't able to contain my stream. After a fourth jet of liquid horse silk he pulled off with a cough, pointing my cock to the ground where I left quite a puddle of musky smelling horse spunk.

He licked his lips and I pulled him to his feet and then into my arms. I kissed him deeply, tasting my own potent spunk on his lips and tongue. I shared his own weaker taste with him and I held him protected in my powerful arms. There was nothing I wanted more than to hold him forever, until the ancient castle was worn down to nothing but a bump on the landscape.

However, that was not to be and after a few minutes we broke the kiss and hug. Our shorts were both pulled up and we jogged back the way we had came. We could both taste and smell the other's cock in our mouths as we ran, for me it was an old familiar sensation that I had long forgotten about. I liked the feeling in my stomach, his warm seed sloshing about. Someday

I'd have to try and deep-throat his pretty face and he could have the joy of drinking every last drop.

When we reached our campsite all three tents were still zipped shut, Gary looked at me and his voice was hopeful as he said, "maybe we should go shower before they all wake up."

Hope sprung in my chest at the thought of one more soapy adventure. We wouldn't need to even have sex, just being close with him is all I craved, to hold him in my arms and run my paws over his naked form would be bliss. However, that hope was dashed by the petulant voice from within his and John's tent saying, "You go shower Gary, Dad needs to fix us all breakfast. Besides there's only one shower room so you can't both go at once, can you?"

Childish smirks came to both our faces as we exchanged a happy glance and shared memory of just a few hours earlier. "No I guess we can't, you go shower Gary and I'll have one after breakfast." I said giving the sweet blonde pony a nod, he turned tail and ran. I noticed him out of the corner of my eye picking up our towels left in the grass earlier and take them with him. That was a good save, as I imagine Karen would have asked about that if she'd spotted them.

I busied myself making breakfast, it was something else I loved about camping. The smell of bacon cooking outdoors, the slight burn of gas in my nostrils bacon sizzling. I had the two hob gas stove going in a matter of a minute. A kettle on one hob to make the ever important cup of char. I snagged a bowl from the ten and broke a few eggs into it, whisking them with some milk.

As the kettle reached boiling I heard John stirring, I smiled to myself, there was one easy way to my son's heart and that was through his stomach. The zip on his tent opened just as I slapped the first cooked slice of eggy bread onto a plate. His eyes shot to it as he stepped out, stretching. He was just wearing shorts and as he stretched I found myself realising that my young boy had become a man, well almost. Still there was a definite hint of morning wood poking in his shorts, which became far more prominent as he stretched and arched his back.

His stretching over he plonked himself on the grass next to me, "morning." He muttered as he grabbed the plate. "Ow!" he practically snarled as my spatula hit the back of his hand.

"Guests first, you know the rules, besides that plates not finished yet." I replied with an amused chuckle.

"What guests, Gary's in the shower and Kaylee's still asleep?" My son retorted his eyes rolling and his voice dripping with the incredulity at my unreasonable actions.

"They will be here soon enough," I answered as I scooped the bacon out spreading it out onto six plates, working both frying pans with eggy bread it didn't take much longer to finish

breakfast. By the time I had the girls had gotten up and run off to pee. They came back with Gary, both of them looking up at him in awe, giggling and blushing at his half naked torso.

He didn't seem bothered by it and he plonked himself down next to John. I passed him a plate and then relented and handed my son his breakfast as well. My wife was up a few minutes later and the family all sat down on the grass to eat. Now I can't do a roast, bake a pie and my soup making skills are abysmal. However, when it comes to cooking on a camp stove, I'm Gordan Ramsey without the stupid haircut and arsehole attitude.

For a few minutes there was mostly silence as food was shovelled into hungry mouths. Then their plates cleared Mary and Kaylee grabbed their washing gear and headed to the showers, while the rest of us indulged in that most English of activities, drinking a brew that originated from India, tea.

"How was your run this morning, did you two see anything interesting?" Karen asked as she sipped her tea, she was looking at Gary who put down his DS and smiled back at her.

"Yes, it was great, there's this cool castle just passed the village out on a hill. We took a break there." He replied without so much as a hint of a smirk or a giggle, he sounded fully enthusiastic.

"Aww I missed a castle?" John whined, last time I tried to take him to a castle was six months ago and he'd complained to me that castles were lame and so was I.

"Yeah it was cool," replied Gary and just for a second his eyes and mine met and I had to resist the urge to wink.

"Well if you don't want to miss things maybe you should go for a run with them, you could use a bit more exercise, you're getting a bit podgy," observed my wife as I almost spat my tea out in surprise. I could see the shocked look on Gary's face, I was counting on that run, I needed my alone time with my young stud.

"Yeah, I guess... I mean if Gary does it then it must be fun," John replied and that's the moment I saw it, the look on my son's eyes. The 'lost in puppy love' look, as he looked at Gary. Like father, like son, apparently we share taste in men, only I have actually had a taste while he has just popped morning wood thinking of it.

I didn't like the idea of my son interloping on my morning run with Gary, that would put an end to things for a while. Tomorrow we were heading on and most of the other camp sites I had plans for us to stay in were bigger and any night time shower meetings would be extremely risky. Less than twenty four hours earlier I had been desperate to put Gary off and now I was desperate to be with him.

Still there was nothing I could do, it's not like I could say 'sorry son you can't come with us because you don't want to see just how hard I am going to fuck the boy you fancy.' No it was the end, probably for the best I thought at the time. The way we had been going it was only a matter of time before we got caught. So I resolved myself to my fate and the lack of sex, though even as I did so my mind started to plan for scenarios. I had thirteen more days with him, I should be able to find at least one more chance.

It was as I washed up the breakfast dishes that Gary snuck over, under the pretence of bringing me a cup, I gave him a sorrowful glance and he looked back at my son and observed, "he won't last."

My ears perked up and I realised he was right, John had started a thousand hobbies and never stuck at any, his room was littered with half painted warhammer figurines from his last hobby. That had lasted all of two months and involved him sitting on his ass most of the day. One long run with me and Gary and he'd crawl back into his sleeping bag and never darken our mornings again.

So it was with an optimistic outlook that I got into the car with the family that morning. It took the girls a few minutes longer than everyone to arrive, while I waited I pulled out my mobile and switched to my reading app. A quick search found the book I was looking for and I ordered an e download of a Midsummer's nightmare.

It was a long day, but fun, Wookey Hole turned out to be awesome or I thought so anyway. Massive cave systems with a few awe inspiring sights. I didn't get to spend as long there as I'd like because the battery on John's DS died and he started making a big deal out of being bored. Gary never uttered a word of complaint and I could see a look of admiration on his face.

Karen and the girls seemed to have fun too, but they had far more at Cheddar Gorge, which for some reason failed to strike a cord with me. It was a canyon and not like the grand canon, which was somewhere I had always wanted to go. It reminded me of a complaint I hear all the time about American fast food restaurants all over England. The English ability to take an American thing and remove it's one redeeming feature. Our fast food is slow and our Grand Canyon is anything but Grand.

Still there was a lot of tourist shops and stuff for Karen and the girls to look through. John's DS had been fully recharged so a nuclear bomb could go off next to him, as long as it didn't disrupt his pokemon playing, he would be fine. In the end Gary, John and I sat outside a pub while Karen took the girls to look at dresses, or bags or... ok I wasn't listening they were looking at something so dull and boring my ears refused to even hear the words.

Gary had joined John playing pokemon and as they sat there playing I contemplated getting myself a DS and figuring out what the bloody hell a pokemon actually was. Apparently

they were as addictive as crack but left your teeth intact. Instead I started reading the book I had downloaded, a recommendation from a sixteen year old had my doubts to begin with.

However, I was pleasantly surprised with expert prose and a well crafted engaging tale of fun adventures. I have always been a speed reader and so by the time Karen and the girls came back I was halfway through the book. We stopped off at another pub on the way back to the campsite and had a nice meal, which saved me from having to cook at the end of that rather long day.

Bedtime came quickly and before long I was back in my sleeping bag with Karen. This time I made no attempt at anything with her, I just set my phone for two am and hoped that Gary would do the same. Sleep came easily after such a long day, I slept for a good four hours before my phone woke me. I switched the alarm off as quickly as I could then lay still listening to Karen's breathing.

After thirty seconds of no reaction I slipped very carefully out of the sleeping bag. Grabbed my towel, washing gear and running shorts and unzipped the tent as quietly as I could. The campsite at night was dark, no moon meant the only light was the stars and the tiny beacon of the toilet block window. I could make out the other tents, it was a monochrome world in greyscale though, just shapes and structures.

As I closed the door to my tent I heard the soft cautious zip of another tent opening. I spotted the perfect young male standing up and he turned to spot me. He gave a nod in the direction of the toilet block and we both started to head there. However, we had only gone a few steps when I heard a petulant voice whisper out harshly, "hey dude, if you're off to the loo I need to pee too!"

We both froze for a second in panic, his brain worked far faster than mine and before I knew what was happening he was throwing me his towel and washing gear. I caught them more through good instincts and reflexes than any conscious thought. As the zip on Gary's tent door opened I stumbled to the ground behind my daughter's tent, trying not to breath loudly as my heart was beating so hard it felt like it was trying to escape the captivity of my chest.

I heard John get up and the two young ponies wandered off. I waited until they were inside the toilet block before getting back to my feet as quietly as possible. I shoved Gary's washing gear into his tent and then snuck back into mine and back into my sleeping bag, where I lay wishing bad things upon my son. It may not make me father of a year, but hey I was fucking my son's best friend my chances of that trophy were already blown, around the time I first blew in Gary's mouth.

A few minutes later I heard the two of them return and get back into their tent. I sighed as I realised that was the last chance I was certain to get to be with Gary in the next two weeks. I closed my eyes praying that my son would not suddenly decide that running was the one thing

he would stick with. Sleep took hold of me quickly and it felt like a mere moment before my phone alarm went off again, letting me know it was time to get up for our run.

I was less cautious about getting up this time, after all this was my morning routine, if Karen woke and asked anything I had the ultimate reply, 'it's time for my run'. Crawling to the door I unzipped it and stepped out into the cold morning air. The sun was already up, though there was still a gloom in the air coming from the low hanging dark clouds that threatened rain and maybe even a lightening storm later.

A few seconds later I heard the other tent open and Gary stepped out, looking so fucking delicious I just wanted to taste him right there and then. His mane mused up, somehow looking even better than when it was neatly brushed. He yawned and stretched and I almost choked as I spotted his wonderful bulge. He winked at me and gave me his puckish smile, for a moment hope sprang forth in my chest that even the least requirement of running had proved too much for John and he had refused to wake up.

However, those hopes were quickly dashed by a grey head poking out of the tent, yawning and muttering a little too loudly, "seriously six am... we're getting up at six am?"

Gary didn't reply and I gave him a fatherly shushing as I grabbed my ipod. Gary put his headphones in and then we started to stretch. We hadn't bothered yesterday, but then we'd both know we weren't running that far. This morning I had plans to run my son off the face of the planet and return to my new and exciting love life.

John looked a little lost and baffled for a moment and then he stood behind us, actually right behind Gary I noted, the little perv had eyes on his best friend's ass. Which is fine, he could look, I had felt and tasted it and it was pure equine perfection. Still he was trying to copy our moves, my fatherly instinct told me to help because he was doing it wrong. However, my cock told me to let him do it wrong, a good cramp attack would probably ensure that he never dared to run with us again.

With our stretching over Gary and I both just started to run, a brisk trot to get our muscles warmed up properly. John stumbled behind us, I took a moment to flick my ipod onto my faster play-list, a lot of high paced music I used on mornings I really wanted to push myself. As we left the campsite both Gary and I kicked it up a notch, our hooves hitting the ground in unison as we ran side by side, the music drown out the gasps and pants of my child struggling behind me. Yes I know I'm a terrible father, I should have some compassion and time for my struggling child. Normally my first instinct when any child struggles is to help, I'm normally a good dad and a good guy, I still feel guilty for what we did that day.

By the time we hit the edge of the village my muscles were beginning to complain from the pace we had set. With a quick glance I knew Gary had the same idea as me, somehow that just made everything justified. I steeled my mind, this was going to be one of those days when I

ran until I couldn't run anymore. The sounds of gasping and panting could be heard growing increasingly distant behind us.

I have to hand it to my son, despite never having trained or ran before he managed to stay with us the entire way the whole run. He was a good few hundred meters behind us, but he continued on with a painful look of determination on his face. By the time we returned to the camp he was dripping in sweat, his shorts were stuck to his flesh you could see everything outlined there.

Gary and I reached the tents a good five minutes before John finally came up gasping and spluttering like a terminal patient on a ventilator. He collapsed onto the grass with a whimper, "you guys do that every morning?" he asked his voice a pain-filled whine.

"Oh no, usually we go much further, we just thought we should take it easy as it was your first day," I replied with a wink at Gary.

"Yeah, I usually break much more of a sweat, especially when out with your dad, he's like a fucking legend," the blonde pony added impishly, the slight stress to the word fucking made my cock twitch and ache. It knew that today it had missed a wonderful chance to show the young pony just how legendary a fuck I could be.

"Hey, he said fucking," panted my son with pure adolescent indignation.

"Yeah well I'm not his Dad so I'm not going to punish him for swearing, but if you swear again no DS for the day," there was a definite warning edge to my tone, it was my mildly annoyed father warning tone. My son knew not to push it when I gave that tone. "Why don't you go shower?"

"Yeah, good idea, come on Gary," He muttered getting to his knees and reaching into his tent to grab his towel and cleaning gear.

"Only one shower stall, so unless you want me to hop in with you I'll wait here until you've been." The blonde pony replied and I could see the puckish smile return to his face as my son looked all flustered and embarrassed, a noticeable twitch in his shorts let us know what he really thought of that idea. It was obvious to me my young lover knew my little boy had a crush on him.

"Oh err, right. Save me some eggy bread will you?" He mumbled and I couldn't help but note it took him a minute or two of laying there silent before he got up. I chuckled internally when I spotted the half a bulge in his soaking pants.

I leaned over to Gary, whispering just in case anyone was awake in the tents I muttered, "he really likes you huh?"

The equine looked a tad embarrassed and nodded before whispering back, "he's not really my type though." I had to assume that was true, given that apparently I was his type, an older fit and muscled stud. My son, well he had my colouring and if he put effort in he could have my physique. "I like my men...fully grown and... well hung." He bushed deeply as he added that and my cock throbbed in my pants. Just five words describing me from his perfect lips and my cock was at attention and ready to serve his needs. It wasn't until later I realised that meant he knew how well hung my son was, good enough to compare, but on the plus side apparently I'm bigger.

Fortunately for me it was a good five minutes before anyone else woke up and focusing on cooking breakfast allowed my cock to deflate. It was a quick breakfast and then I started to pack up the camp, we were moving on to the next site today, a far bigger campsite near Stonehenge. I would have to do some research and find some running routes that would allow us to find some privacy, a forest would be good.

I showered last, after everything had been packed into the car, then it was just a matter of rounding everyone up and another long drive. The rain hit a half hour into the drive making me have to concentrate hard on the road as the weather lashed around us. The first flash of lightening got a squeal from the two girls, torrential downpours and lightening falling from the sky, perfect camping weather and you could tell I had planned to barbeque that evening.

It at least made the ride interesting and the rain was just stopping when we pulled into the camp site, the sun peaking out. This time the family actually helped set up the tents, a rare event indeed and a good sign that Karen and the kids were in high spirits. The sun beaming down and the wonderful scent of grassland after a thunderstorm. Fresh cut grass, mixed with fresh rainwater, earth and just a hint of ozone. It cleared the sinuses, and refreshed your muscles, our hooves all got soaked from the rainwater on the grass, not that we cared, it was cooling and they would dry. Only Kaylee wasn't happy about that, being a non-equine the cheetah wore trainers which got soaked and she had to change her socks and shoes.

There was a gastro-pub on site, another sign of the ubiquity of these places slowly eating away at everything once unique about the traditional English local. Of course that meant the food would be edible but not good or terrible, a sort of happy bland that works for parents more than anyone else. Either way we had a hot meal and then came the matter of what to do for the afternoon.

Karen wanted to visit Stonehenge, I suspect to get it out of the way before I tried to make a full day of the visit tomorrow. The kids were surprisingly up for it, it's quite a cool monument after all, I remember seeing it when I was a colt, those huge monoliths towering above me blocking out the sun. Of course in those days you could get a lot closer, these days they keep the tourists back, the vibrations of so many feet were making it threaten to fall down

or something. The only people allowed in were the druids on midsummer and midwinter to perform their religious ceremonies.

I have to admit it would be nice to actually get among those stones, as a child I could feel the history and myth surrounding them. Still there were many more stone circles around, some older that you could walk up to. I of course had planned a visit to one of these, Avebury, very soon. It was one I had never been to before and had high hopes it would feel as mystical to the kids as Stonehenge had to me as a colt. Maybe even be a match for the all mighty DS and pokemon.

It was after lunch as we were walking back to the car that I had an idea, a sneaky plan to hopefully get some time with Gary alone. Or at worst a few hours on my own, resting under canvas. As we reached the tents I swung into action, dynamically, ok not so dynamically, I just moaned softly and muttered, "I have the king of all headaches, why don't you take the kids to Stonehenge and I'll have a bit of a lie down."

I gave Gary a quick glance out of the corner of my eye and for a second our eyes locked and I knew he had gotten the message. Karen gave a soft sympathetic sound as she reached up to pat my forehead, I wish she hadn't; I felt like such a bastard as she showed me sympathy. "You have been pushing yourself pretty hard, why don't you stay and take a bit of a nap?"

I nodded my agreement and turned to get in the tent as everyone else got into the car. My disappointment started to grow as I noticed Gary climbing into the car, I had been so sure he had picked up on my hint. I picked up my phone and opened the e-book I had been enjoying, at least I had some quiet time. I had been on my own for about a minute before my reading was disturbed by the sound of approaching hooves. My heart started to race, I was sure it was him not some passing camper.

When I heard the hooves stop outside my tent and someone unzipping my heart leapt into my mouth and I had to suppress a whinny of joy, just in case. Then I saw him standing there with a grin on his face, I rolled quickly to the zip on the bedroom compartment door and was outside of the tent in a heartbeat. A quick glance around confirmed we were alone and I hugged him tightly and pressed my lips to his passionately.

"I thought you weren't coming," I whispered as I nuzzled his neck and drank his sweet scent. He was back to his own shampoo, coconut and mango, sweet scents with his tasty young fresh musk.

"I figured if we both said it at the same time everyone would decide to stay, I said I needed the loo and then faked throwing up," he chuckled and he nuzzled my broad chest, his tender lips nibbling on my chest-ruff. "John tried to come back with me, I told him I hated being around people when I am feeling ill."

"He really has a crush on you," I said softly as I nibbled softly on his ears delighting as they flicked and tickled my chin.

"Yeah I know, but ... guys my age don't interest me, I like a nice mature stud who knows how to fuck, like his dad." Gary whispered as he looked up at my, those dazzling emeralds shone with lust and something else, I think it was love.

A deep horny neigh erupted from my lips, it was a feral instinctual reaction as I heard him judge my prowess as a lover and find it more than satisfactory. I must admit I took a certain amount of joy from his rejection of my son, it is always nice to be chosen over someone, especially someone much younger.

His paws slipped down from my chest to cup my crotch where he found my cock thick and throbbing aching and desperate for his tender caress. "Why don't we get into my tent and then you can get into me." He whispered lustfully squeezing my cock firmly and making me whinny desperately as I soaked my boxers with stallion pre. He didn't need to ask me twice and we dove into his tent.

Our lips wrestled as our paws roamed over each other. Clothes were discarded rapidly, and we lay on a bed of his and my son's sleeping bags. I pulled him into my arms as I kissed him deeply my hungry tongue feasting on his sweet taste as I rolled onto my back, pulling him on top of me.

His legs slid around my waist and I felt my hard aching cock, hot-dogging between his pert buttocks. My hips thrust and I felt my flare mashing into his tail, my paws stroked down his back and onto his buttocks, squeezing them until he neighed softly into my mouth. Our kiss was broken and he reared up above me. I could see his cock dripping pre onto my stomach. "We are going to make a mess," I chuckled as my large paws wrapped around his cock, stroking it slowly, one palm rubbing over his smaller flare as the other stroked his full length.

He gasped and a jet of his pre shot over my chest and stomach. "Fuck the mess, I have to have you inside me." He replied with such deep earnest need my cock throbbed and my balls ached. There is nothing sexier than being needed, than someone wanting you inside them.

I moaned at the feeling of his hot juices soaking into my fur, I loved the scent of fluids as he marked me. My cock throbbed hard between his buttocks as my hips started to thrust and he looked down at me and I could see the hunger in his eyes, he wanted me and, more than air or water, I needed him.

He grabbed something from his pants and I recognised a packet of lube and suddenly an idea came to my mind. I reached for my pants and pulled something out, a horse sized condom, I had bought packet on the sly after Karen had refused to let me cum in her on the first night of our trip. I saw the look of abject disappointment on his face and groaned deeply

shooting more pre over his ass. The thought of how badly he needed to feel my cock inside him and feel my cum inside him, turned me on more than anything I thought could. Each time I laid with him I found my pony managed to turn me on even more, as we grew accustomed to each other, started speaking and sharing I knew this would only grow.

I just winked at him and tore the packet open with my teeth and pulled out the large rubber disk. Before he could complain or object I slid it down around his cock, and he gasped as he finally realised the condom wasn't for me. Doubt filled his shining eyes and I shook my head, my paws reached up and pulled his head down to mine. I kissed his nose and whispered, "it's just to stop you making a mess when I fuck every last drop of cum out of you."

He sighed and nodded his head as understanding was reached, I couldn't wait much longer I grabbed his buttocks and started to guide him into position. This was a position I had always loved, laying under my lover and letting them impale themselves on my huge cock again and again. Then once they think they are in charge I grab their hips and start fucking up into them so fast and hard they lose all control.

With his concerns, over the rubber, addressed his desire to ride my cock returned with a vengeance. A small part of my brain told me that even with his spunk in a condom the tent would reek of sex and John would surly figure it out. However, that part of my mind was shouted down by my cock, which demanded to be sheathed inside a warm pony boy right that moment.

The coolness of the lube made me shiver and then I moaned as his two slender paws caressed my maleness, spreading the slick substance along my full length. My lust had full hold of me and my paws were not entirely gentle as I guided his ass to my slick flare. He looked down at me and smiled, then winked before his ass suddenly was forced down. I cried out as he impaled himself on my thickness roughly. His voice joined mine as my thick shaft spread his pucker wide.

I was lost in pure heaven, his warmth surrounding every inch of my maleness, he drove himself down onto my length with such passion and need. I bit my lips so hard I tasted blood again, the pain was needed though, the intensity of his tight thin body clenching around my length was threatening to force me right to orgasm. My huge balls churned as his ass came to a rest, lightly squeezing those leathery orbs.

For a moment we paused, I looked up at him; his small chest lifting as he panted, his cock surrounded in it's pink rubber prison, his face flushed with heat and his eyes filled with lust and need. It was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen, his golden fur practically glowed in the dusty light of the tent. The tent filled with the scent of our arousal, each breath driving our lust higher and higher.

I reached up with both paws and grabbed his waist pulling him forward, our lips met as he bucked in my lap, a few inches of my maleness pulling out and being slammed back inside

him. We both moaned in unison, sharing the sweet taste of our passionate groans with each other. Our tongues danced as he bucked again and again, his eager young body siding up and down on my hot length. Our cries of pleasure could no doubt be heard by any who passed, neither of us gave it a moments thought, there was no holding back in our moment of passionate union. All that mattered was we were together, we were connected in the most intimate of ways, everything beyond that was meaningless.

Our kiss was broken as his bucking grew wilder and wilder. His hips pounding down into mine eagerly, he forced my thick horse meat inside him desperately, my flare pressing hard into his prostate, as powerful sensations travelled down my shaft. I neighed and then his cock caught my eye, bobbing and dangling tantalisingly just a few inches from my muzzle. I grinned and suddenly lifted my head up.

My lips sealed around his cocktip, the taste of cherries flooded my mouth, they only had flavoured condoms in the pub toilets, it was sweet but my mouth hungered for his real taste. I suckled firmly, my tongue lashing heavily against the rubber, eager to make up for the material separating us. The warmth and thickness of his cock in my mouth was wonderful. I took him deep into my muzzle, my nose picking up hints of his wonderful juvenile musk, soft and earthy and just wonderful.

With the scent of another male so strong in my nose my feral instincts took over. My paws grabbed his waist and I started to rut up into him. I didn't hold back I let go with everything I had, slamming into him hard fast and deep. His whinnies and cries of pleasure must have been audible cross the entire camp site, my deep throated moans of delight were not far behind. I bobbed my head on his cock in time with my thrusts, I could feel my abs burning from the workout I was giving them. I ignored any pain, my only thought was on pleasuring my mate and myself, of burying myself as deep in his quivering ass as I could.

My nuts slapped loudly off his ass, the smacking sound an echo of each whinny of pleasure he gave. I fucked him with brutal feral intent, my cock ramming deeper and harder, I forced every last inch into him with each buck. My flare was reaming his prostate and my muzzle was sucking his cock as firmly as it could. I could feel my own orgasm, my nuts were roiling with potent horse seed, aching and screaming to be released into my lover. I knew the point of no return was almost on me.

I thrust my head faster and faster, then with a mighty thrust of hips and mouth I forced his cock down my throat, pushing my huge equine phallus right in to the hilt. My screams of ecstasy were muffled by his thick meat filling my muzzle. However, his muzzle was unmuffled and his neighs of pleasure rang out across the campsite. I felt his cock throbbing in my mouth and his balls dancing on my chin.

As my lungs burned from lack of oxygen I pulled my head back, feeling not just his cock slip from my lips, but a fully loaded condom. It was awe inspiring to see almost a pint of pony

cum dangling from the end of his cock. I wondered just how much of my seed I had emptied inside him, it had to be at least equal, if not more. I lay back panting and looked up at him still resting on my lap, my softening cock still fully inside his blissful depths.

Every time I looked at him that day he seemed to grow more beautiful, this time was no different. His fur was mussed, soaked in sweat, his face flushed and his lithe body trembled as he panted heavily. His mane had fallen over his green eyes, his paws rested on my chest, leaning on his sire for support. Moaning softly I placed my paws onto of his and squeezed, I could see his panting face break into an amazing smile as he looked down at me.

He leaned forward and I felt my thick length slipping from his depths. My balls and crotch were hit by a flood of warm spunk, soaking the sleeping bag under me. He lay his chest down on mine, my paws reached down and deftly pulled off his condom, tying it shut with the flair of an expert, I dropped it on my pants to make sure I wouldn't forget it.

His arms closed around my chest and his muzzle nuzzled under my chin. I placed my arms around him protectively. I lay back as we both basked and I felt wonderful peace and contentment. This was where I was meant to be, Gary was meant to be in my arms. Soon I heard a soft snore coming from under my chin as my young lover gave in to the exhaustion. I smiled and held him to me kissing his forehead as he slept, I lay back and just basked in that moment. The feel of his warm body over mine, the scent of our amour filling my nose and the aftertaste of fake cherries on my lips. In that moment even the guilt of my actions went away, there was nothing in the world but us inside the tiny stuffy tent.

Chapter 5

There are many insults that can be hurled at me, and believe me they have been, but I'm not a bad guy. I am just someone who made a mistake, ok it was a fairly big mistake but nobody died. Truth was I had spent twenty years of marriage just carving a smooth and comfortable groove. I woke, ran spoke to my wife, played with my kids, worked, ate and slept. Not a bad life, certainly one many people would be grateful to have. Only, for all of it I wasn't happy, I loved my kids and even loved my wife, but I mistook stability for satisfaction.

Then one day a sexy young guy with a devilish smile, and oh so pert and delicious ass, had shown me that I wasn't happy. One glimpse of happy and my old groove suddenly didn't seem so stable and secure. It felt restricting, I was trapped and part of me wanted out. I'm an equine, after all, a stallion, running wild was what I was born to do.

The holiday was my undoing in so many ways. I got to spend time with Gary, speak to him and learn who he was, more than just a hot little bitch. It's easy to like someone who makes you feel attractive, sexy and strong. Yet there was more to it than that, he liked my jokes and he rekindled a love of literature that I had all but forgotten about. Plus we loved to run, although we often turned our run into something more fun, each day we ran together music in our ears. We had traded music several times, it was a strangely invigorating experience to listen to his tastes, an odd mixture of old and new songs that I enjoyed.

Gary's birthday had come and gone a few days earlier, he turned seventeen. My family made a big deal of it, a day at Thorpe Park, a very popular theme park. We had bought him a few gifts and we had a meal in a restaurant of his choosing. Then that evening I had met up with him in the campsite bathroom and given him an extra gift and kept giving it until I had milked a couple of creamy loads from his nuts. We had lain on the grass afterwards and watched the sun come up. He had rested his head on my chest, his warm a stark contrast to the cold night air.

With only one night left of our holiday, Gary and I knew things were going to end soon. When we returned home he would go back to living with his foster family and I would return to my groove. We would still have our run in the morning, but that would be it. Since a forty-year-old guy can't hang around with a seventeen-year-old without causing a few raised eyebrows.

We had talked about calling everything off after the holiday. I had brought the topic up, mumbling something out of an old country song, "you've got to know when to walk away and know when to run." I've no idea why those lyrics came to mind, probably because it had been on my playlist that morning when I had been trying to think of what to say.

He had given a sad smile and shook his head and replied with some of the lyrics, "yeah but the secret is knowing which cards to throw away and which cards to keep. Cause every hand's a winner and every hand's a loser." The cocky little shit, he knew how to play cards and he seemed to have a few aces up his sleeves. "Personally I think that's just so much bullshit, we could try running away from each other, but the second I see you running I'm going to want to run after you." His warm paws stroked over my chest, and his fingers teased my nipple making me moan, my cock had dropped in a heartbeat. "Do you think you could keep running away?"

"Fuck!" I moaned, half in frustration and half in desire. All he needed to do was touch me, or even just look at me. I would see his desire and I knew I wouldn't be able to run in any direction but at him. He wanted me, he needed me and that made me need him so badly. I hadn't felt needed for so long and more than that, I knew I needed him too. Life without him seemed so dark and dull. Yes I know, horny old man trying to justify his seventeen-year-old toyboy as an act of love. Aren't we all so jaded?

I wasn't able to answer with anything but a desperate kiss. His paws had wrapped around my manhood and he had jerked a full load out of me within minutes. My thick seed soaking the dewy grass as I bit down on my hand to muffle my pleased moans. I hadn't lasted long, he knew my cock far too well, after two weeks of servicing it at every opportunity he had gotten far too good at getting me off quickly. It was a necessity our time alone together was often very short, so we made the best of it. One of my proudest and most shameful moments was sucking him off in under two minutes while changing to go swimming.

There was a definite thrill in the affair, when looking across at him and know that nobody knew what we had done, especially how close they had been when we had done it. It was risky and yet addictive, I was definitely a full blown addict, addicted to my pony lover boy. One whiff of his scent and my blood started to race through my veins, I felt like a thoroughbred stallion waiting for the race to begin. My skin would start to sweat and soon all I would think of was him. He was in my blood and I was in his, I could see it every time he looked at me. It had been so long since my wife looked at me that way I had forgotten what it felt like.

The last day of the holiday was a typical final day. We tried to put the end out of our minds and pushed hard to have fun. A waterslide park, extra nice lunch and a zoo all in one day. Of course, all that did was remind me of what tomorrow would bring. A long drive home, an end to the holiday and a return to the drudgery of work and life as a middle-aged horse. At least the weather was nice enough everyone was in just shorts, I got to eye up my little lover all day. Couldn't help but notice my son taking an eyeful every now and then too.

Despite giving up on joining us on the morning run, John clearly hadn't given up the candle he was carrying for Gary. Can't say I blamed him, I was holding an entire bonfire for Gary, all the while trying to ignore the smell of burning horse hair and cooking flesh. Everyone was exhausted by the time it came for bed and for the first night in two weeks the kids went to bed early, with no prompting.

Karen and I were not far behind them, my mare exhausted from running around after everyone all day. My muscles ached and yet as tired as I felt I couldn't sleep. Like a colt on Christmas eve, I lay awake dreaming of my presents. I couldn't wait to rip the wrapping off my little pony and enjoy the delicious gift of time with him. We were staying at a campsite halfway towards home, a nice place with an outdoor pool. The clerk behind the counter had happened to mention that the security cameras around the pool weren't working. Apparently, in the summer heat, he had had a few complaints about groups of youths skinny dipping in the pool.

I'd always wanted to fuck in a pool, it was one of my top fantasies. Karen had said no, cause you know lots of people swim and worse in pools. Yeah, my woman could suck both the fun and sexuality out of anything kinky I suggested: bondage was weird and she said it made her think I was questioning my masculinity, dressing up said I wanted to be with someone else, leather and rubber were expensive and smelled funny... the list went on. However, I had a feeling my little pony lover would be more than willing to get his fur wet and his rump filled. Teenagers don't look at a pool and worry what might be in the water, they just jump in.

My phone buzzed softly in my paw as the silent alarm went off, it was time. I grabbed a towel as I snuck out of the tent. In the silent darkness, I could hear a second zip unfastening. Sticking my head out I was delighted to see him standing up. His blonde mane all messy and yet still sexy. Though by now I think anything he did would turn me on. He spotted me looking and turned to give me a tail flick. My eyes focused on his wonderful rump. Golden orbs wrapped up in tight cotton shorts, I have explored every inch of those warm mounds.

While I contained a neigh of excitement, I stepped out of the tent and zipped it up behind me. My hooves thumped softly on the soft dry grass as I trotted forward. We both had practised this too well, we knew just how far away from the cluster of tents we needed to be to not risk being heard. I could see his form almost trembling in the cold air, though I knew it wasn't from the chill in the air, it was from excitement. Our hands reached out, fingers wove together as we walked away.

"Can't believe this is the last night," He whispered as soon as we were far enough away.

My ears twitched and I felt a warmth within me as I heard those words. A feeling I remembered from my youthful days, from my first love and the evening I lost my cherry. I didn't want to leave then, I just wanted to stay, but her father was due home and he didn't like the idea of young studs visiting his daughter in her home. Of course, he was right to be wary, though, in the end, it was she who hurt me. A fragile young romantic teenager, I hadn't seen it coming, she had cheated on me. Some older guy with a car and a bit of cash, and a far better knowledge of how to actually fuck.

It had fucking hurt to find out. I had cried over it and felt both the pain and humiliation for months. Every Time I saw anyone looking at me I wondered if they were thinking 'there goes

Sam, Lisa dumped him for being useless in bed'. Those whispers haunted my steps and I swear I could see each and every joke whispered at my expense. Strangely I didn't blame her, the one who had cheated on me, I blamed him. That guy who had stolen her heart with car, cash and cock.

Well now I was that guy, I had a lot of knowledge of just how to fuck, I had a car and some cash. Now I was also the cheater, though in fairness I don't think Gary gave a shit about the car or cash. He was all about the cock and that was fine by me, unlike the others it is free and I had an almost endless supply.

"No, I can't believe it either, the time just seemed to fly by," I replied slightly sadly, glancing back at the tent. My feelings of guilt rising as for a moment I thought of my children and wife. However, a stirring in my loins killed them off before they could get in the way of anything. My cock would brook no challenge to its dominance of my sense and self. My heart joined in, it whispered in my ear that I wouldn't be doing this if Karen had given me what I wanted.

It's that easy to convince yourself to do something you want to do. All you need is a tiny rationalisation and it is open season; screw the diet, fuck sobriety and damn the wife! Willpower and I are but passing acquaintances, maybe the only thing stopping me from being a cheat was that nobody had made a pass at me, until Gary. Doesn't really matter I suppose, in the end, I was horny and so was he, we both wanted it and we both knew what would happen if we got caught.

"We will still have our runs right?" There was just a hint of doubt in his voice, a slight quiver that sent my protective urges wild.

My arms suddenly pulled him close and my velvet lips pushed to his. It wasn't a gentle kiss, it was a powerful one and a dominant one. As if I was trying to shout in kiss form that no force on Earth was powerful enough to force me away from him. That our runs would continue until my legs dropped off at the knees. Hell, even then I would still try, I needed them, needed him far more than I had realised I did.

Our tongues danced in his mouth and I neighed at the sweetness of his young taste. I felt something warm pushing into my thigh and broke the kiss with a chuckle. "Damn right, but for now I don't want to run. I want to swim, naked... and play with this." My paw reached down and grasped his fully erect shaft squeezing it firmly. His gasps of pleasure were delicious succour to my hungry ears.

"O...ok," he moaned deeply and we both broke into a run. I could feel my cock bouncing erect and uncomfortable in my shorts. The pool was only a minute's run away, for two excited stallions anyway. We laughed as we kicked off our shorts and our eyes feasted on each others' naked forms. Then with soft splashes, we both dove in. In the moonlight, I could make his naked

golden form out just within the depths. I pulled my form alongside him and our lips met underwater.

With the world shut out, we kissed with deep and lustful passion. Our tongues dancing eagerly. Our paws exploring each other in desperate need, a whinny of pleasure was stifled by his lips, as his paw wrapped around my aching meat. My lungs began to burn and yet I tried to stay underwater with him, a watery world of just us. No families, no rules and no judgements. Just me, him and our passion.

However, even experienced runners cannot hold their breath forever and before I knew it we began to drift upwards. With a joint gasp, we broke the water's surface. He gave me a look so wonderfully needy, lustful and happy that inside I felt like a great man. For only a great man could make someone else feel that way with a single kiss. Breaking from my grasp, he swam for shallower water and the pool's edge.

With a neigh of triumph I dove after him, I swam under him like a shark circling its prey and looking up with hunger. Even in the moonlight, I could see his erection, bobbing against the current as he swam. Then I cracked my head slightly off the bottom of the pool as the water got too shallow for such antics. However, it was just the right depth for antics you can't do in the deep end, well unless you are an otter or a more aquatic designed species.

He beat me to the edge of the pool, the water just below chest height. Gary didn't turn and face me, he knew what I wanted and he wanted it too. I pushed up behind him and his muzzle tilted back to kiss mine. While under the water my hips pushed forward, my thickness gliding through the water until it found the cleft of his buttocks.

Gary made to break the kiss and my paw grabbed his cheek, holding him there. My tongue delved deep into his sweetness as my cock slowly stroked as it sought his entrance. With a deep moan and shudder he let me know when it had found it. Then I pushed forward, he opened up around me beautifully, chasing away the coolness of the water with the warmth of his perfect body. Surrounding my rod and welcoming it deep inside him. Inch after inch was fed to him and he was ever hungry for more. Our moans of delight were fed to each other and we were ever hungry for more.

My other hand reached around him until I felt his hardness pressing into my fingers. I ran my palm over his flare and drank down his cried of bliss, they were like fine wine. A sweet young fresh rosé, perfect for a summer's day. While I liked to think I was a dark pinot noir, darker potent and powerful, enough to warm his depths. My thickness bottomed out inside him and we sighed with content. Yet it wouldn't last, it was a fleeting moment like all the ones before it. We had come to love them, to chase those perfect moments when we were one. Our bodies needed more, desires and needs burned like wildfire through the woods of our minds, consuming all rational thought, replacing them with the blazes of passion, desire and raw animalistic needs.

Our bodies moved together and yet apart as I slid out once more. My lips stayed flush to his velvet. I was desperate to hold the kiss forever, to hold him forever. While my body drove my hips forward again, his warmth welcoming me back inside, squeezing snugly around my horsehood. He was the perfect lover, Gary knew how to make a cock feel at home inside him. I never wanted to leave and yet my instincts always drove me to keep going, to thrust in and out of his golden deliciousness.

Whinnies and neighs were muffled by our kiss. The splashes of waves crashing on the poolside grew louder and louder. While my body moved faster and faster. Thrusting home inside him dominantly, taking my mare again with everything I had. I gave him my all, held back nothing. Under the water I stroked his meat desperately fast, squeezing his hot rod and feeling him squeal into my mouth. God I needed him so badly, my entire family could have walked in on us then and I would not have been able to stop. He was my mare and I was his stallion, our bodies rocked back and forth in the cool water. Joined in blissful and carnal union.

My balls began to tingle and I knew it would not be long, that I could hold nothing back. Then I felt his rod pulsing, his rear suddenly squeezing down hard around me. While in my maw his screams of bliss were exploding, too much for me to contain my hunger was sated. Our lips parted as we both whinnied and roared in pleasure. My hips continued to drive myself home, the squeezing a challenge my stallion instincts knew how to rise to, with strength and passion. My thrusts redoubled, reaming his spasming depths without mercy.

Huge stallion fruits smacked off his ass with each powerful savage thrust. Until with a deep throated neigh, I lost myself to the pleasure of his body. My orgasm washing over me as I rutted my seed deep into him, flooding his young form with my essence. I gave him my all, fucking every last drop I could give deep into him. Then my body utterly spent, I flopped back into the water. My cock pulled out of his spread hole and bobbed lazily above me as I floated, a lewd mast over the boat of my body.

I heard a soft splash as he lay back in the water. I felt his body bump into mine and our hands reached out for each other instinctually. We bobbed in the pool both looking up at the stars and the moon. Such a vast deep infinite cosmos, so complex and far beyond our understanding. We were tiny microbes looking up at the endless universe. We floated together in silence, happy and contented.

We may have been there for hours, I am not sure. Eventually, though we came to our senses and climbed out of the pool. Giggling a little we ran to the shower block, after grabbing our shorts. We showered together, washing the chlorine stink out of our fur. We kissed and hugged under the warm water, yet neither of us tried to initiate anything. It was strange, I knew it may have been my last chance for a while, our run was far more risky and subject to the unreliable British weather. Yet for all that I just enjoyed holding him in the stream, our bodies pressing close, while I nibbled on his neck and he nibbled on mine.

With no towels, we both had to leave the shower room dripping. The sun was just coming up over the horizon and the cool wind felt chilly in our drenched fur. We found ourselves a spot to sit, on a small hill overlooking the campsite. I spread my legs wide and he sat inside them. His arms reached back around me and my arms held him. We whispered sweet words to each other and watched as the sun rose, deep red skies turning to golden ambers, like rich honey. Blackness turning purple and then blue as we sat together naked.

With the beauty of the world around us, and him in my arms. I was happier than I had been since that day in the hospital when a nurse placed John in my hands. I kept kissing his mane and he would squirm in my arms wonderfully as he tried to turn and return it with a kiss to my neck.

Then my phone ended our time with a rude buzzing that let me know it was six am. Time for our run. We stood and pulled our shorts back on, the night air having dried our fur. We jogged back to the tents. They were silent, my family still sleeping soundly. Without a word, to each other, we put our headphones into our ears and then began to stretch. Next, we began to run, side by side. Though he let me take lead, choosing our path for us as we clopped through the woods and hills.

I tried to think of anything but the feeling in the pit of my stomach, the feeling of dread. Tomorrow night there would be no secret liaisons, no stolen moments together, no kissing him, no feeling him, and no talking to him. Instead, I forced my mind onto work, what I would have missed while I was away, how little any of my projects would have moved and how desperately busy I would be over the next few weeks. You always seemed to end up paying for any time off by working harder for weeks after you return.

With my mind on such dull things, I wasn't paying attention to the world around us. The path led deep into a wonderful forested area, the morning light filtering through the canopy of leaves, shafts of gold in the green. While around us wild flowers danced lazily in a light breeze, sending forth their beautiful perfumes to delight our noses. Beside me Gary trotted, his golden fur glowing in each sunbeam. Neither of us had bothered with shirts, it was far too warm to run with more than shorts on. Hell, I would have rather run as nature intended, damn public decency laws.

As we reached the top of a small hill, we looked out over the top of the forest canopy and could see the campsite. Gary pulled up behind me and followed my gaze. "Is that John?" He asked as a tiny figure in the distance walked around our campsite.

"Yeah, he probably wanted to be up and come on the last run with us," I replied as I watched my son walking to the toilet block.

“He... asked me if I wanted to like go out when we got back,” Gary muttered and I could feel his gaze on me as he said it. He was judging my reaction, looking for something.

Truth was I wasn't sure what to say or feel, I didn't want him dating my son or anyone else for that matter. If he did I would tell myself it was over, it would be a lie and we both would know it. All he had to do was give me a look, brush his mane out of his eyes, wink and any promises I made would evaporate. Within minutes I would be hilt deep in heaven, without a thought of who I was cheating on. “What did you say?”

His golden shoulders rose and fell as he gave me his answer, “said I needed a little time to think about it, I don't think he liked that.”

My grey shoulders echoed his shrug if I had asked someone out and they said they needed to think about it I wouldn't like it either. “He probably just thinks you might not be gay...”

“Naw, I told him that when we met,” the pony replied like it was nothing. I was shocked at how easily he could admit that at his age. I could not imagine being out when I was at school. Although it's hard to come out as bisexual. Everyone assumes you are either a gay guy who hasn't been brave enough to go all the way yet or just a really horny desperate straight guy saying they are bi so they can dip their wick in any willing warm hole. Anyone who came out as gay in my school would have been bullied mercilessly... and that's just what the teachers would do.

It's good to see times have changed and that the new generation can have the confidence to be who they are. “You actually want to?” Part of me didn't want to know the answer to that question, but the rest just had to know.

“Not really, he kinda looks a bit like you though, so there's that,” another expressive shrug of the shoulders told me the answer clearer than if he had written it in fifty-foot high neon pink letters saying, No!.

“Probably better to avoid it, things are complicated enough,” there it was, I had built my own neon sign letting him know exactly what I wanted; him. Selfish prick that I was, wanting to keep my family and my young lover on the side. He gave a slight snort and then a sly smile that let me know the sign had been read and understood. I didn't want him dating my son, or anyone else, even though I had no right to ask that. Gary nodded his head slightly and I knew he was going to let me have my cake and eat it too.

We didn't say anything for a few minutes, just looked out at the campsite. I felt his paw lightly touching my arm. Without thinking I pulled him into an embrace, or lips meeting gently. He moaned against my lips and I gasped at the feel of him in my arms. My cock dropped and I knew that I wanted just one more experience with him. Alas, my cock's wants and needs were

inconsequential to the world around it. Certainly to the elderly bird watcher and his wife that we heard coming up the hill.

Our kiss was broken and before I could say anything Gary winked and turned to run down the hill in front of him. I jogged along after him, after glancing down the hill nervously. The couple were not quiet, talking loudly enough that I caught a few words, 'Hen harriers...great crested tits... your tits are nicer.' It seemed that romance wasn't quite dead, even for people crazy enough to wake up at stupid o'clock and wander out into the woods armed with binoculars and a thermos.

Foolish, or I thought so as I jogged out of earshot. Yet, in the back of my head, I heard myself ask, "who is the more foolish, the fool or the fool who follows him?" His poor wife getting up early, making him a thermos and traipsing into the wilderness because why... she didn't even have a pair of binoculars around her neck. I may not be a wise old Jedi master, but I know love when I see it. Karen used to run with me, and I used to go to her knitting group with her. Yes, I can knit like a son of a bitch! You don't believe me? I will drown you in the most amazing and yet awfully tacky Christmas sweaters this year.

It had been twenty years since Karen had pulled on a pair of running shoes to join me. She knitted, I ran alone. It hit me so hard I almost stumbled and fell flat on my face. Years of drifting apart, at a near Geographic speed. I hadn't even noticed, being a father and working full time is a busy gig. A kiss on the cheek each morning, a smile in the evening and a warm body to heat the bed. She was the mother of my children, I loved her and yet somehow I was no longer in-love with her. She had been elevated in my mind to rank alongside my mother and sister. Which probably explains why our sex life died.

Of course, I had to wonder... did she still love me? Or was I just something nice and comfortable, a nice easy fitting pair of jim-jams she could slip on after a long day of work and parenting? Or was I just looking for something, some reason why it wasn't my fault I was banging a guy less than half my age, a guy younger than most of the whisky I drank?

I didn't find any answers on the run, but then that would have freaked me out even more: running into a sign that said 'you have grown up and grown apart, deal with it, you cheating cunt!' The closest we found was a sign that pointed the direction back to camp. Although some deeply intelligent and eloquent soul had written 'Tez isa faggy cunt' in scratches on the signpost. A heartfelt message to be sure, but not addressed to me thankfully.

The family was up and hungry when we got back, Gary didn't say a word to me he just grabbed his towel and headed for the shower block. While I got out the camping stove and began to make breakfast; egg bread and bacon, one last time for this treat. It wouldn't be the same cooked at home, it was an outdoors camping meal, at least as far as I was concerned. The smell of the tents, of dewy grass and the sound of a bubbling pot of water, destined to be tea, it all blended into the flavour. Inside it is just bacon, with egg coated bread.

Karen grumbled about her back and I heard her mutter something as she left, "next year, Paris, room service. No more sleeping on the floor." I half expected her to go all Lethal Weapon and add 'I'm too old for this shit'. She didn't of course, there were kids present. So died the woman who once pissed in a plastic bottle and threw it at Elton John...ah Glastonbury, what a year that had been. Last year of university, fucking every chance we got, laughing like the stupid kids we were, yet feeling all adult. Smoking weed, listening to terrible music. Our tent at the concert had a wonderful unique scent to it, skunk, pussy and cheap lager. She had thrown that tent out ten years ago, without a word to me about it. I found out months later. It felt like she had thrown out an old friend, or had the family gerbil put to sleep.

The kids were fed and I showered last, while the rest packed up. The tents were pulled down for the final time and packed away. Their tents we would keep, I had insisted that just because we had grown past camping didn't mean the kids had. Mary or John might still want to use it sometimes, especially John. He could learn the joys of funking up a tent with some young guy. Mary naturally would remain a virgin forever, because little girls don't ever grow up in their daddy's eyes. Plus if any boy ever touched her I would break his fingers off one by one and make him eat them. That may be a slight exaggeration and is certainly sexist, but you can't stop a father thinking that way.

Last thing to do was for me to wander to the campsite office and pay up for our short stay. When I started walking Gary jumped up and followed me, John didn't flinch or make any move to join him. The poor guy was probably feeling a little uncomfortable with his friend, after all even the nicest, most politely worded, rejection stings like a son of a bitch. Nobody else moved, Karen and the girls were already in the car and dozing like they hadn't slept in weeks.

The campsite office was quite small, just one guy on duty. Nothing but a small shop selling a few supplies, some drinks, sweets and overpriced souvenirs. A young cheetah, early twenties with a bit of a paunch showing already was sitting behind the office desk. The paunch showed that there had been too much sitting behind a desk for him, a bloody crime, in my opinion, for someone who lived in such a beautiful area. He had an e-cigarette in his paw and a smirk on his face. That look told me something was up, nobody looks that smug unless they know they are about to come out on top. I felt myself tensing just a little, chances were the look was nothing to do with me, in this wide world there are a million reasons might have for that look.

"We have come to pay up," I said as cheerfully as I could. His smile seemed to broaden and I swear his eyes flashed with the world pay.

"Of course Sir..." I knew things were about to go bad, the tone of his voice was unmistakable, in his mind he was a cat talking to the mouse he had just caught and had pinned under his paw. "That will be forty pounds for the tents for one night..." my hand grabbed my wallet from my jeans. "Oh and three hundred pound fine, for use of the swimming pool after

closing.” The bastard actually licked his lips as he said it, god I wanted to punch that smug spotty face so badly I could see it in my mind.

“What?” I asked feigning ignorance, though the look in his eye told me that he knew not only that I had used the pool but what I had used it for.

“Come on Sir, we both know what you did last night,” the young man leant back in his chair and took a long puff on his e-cig. It reminded me of a film I once saw, a mob boss smooth, confident and in charge. That, of course, was all in his mind, he was a pudgy young spotty squirt who was about as threatening as a carebear plush toy. The e-cig taking him down a few extra notches of intimidation, a fat cigar in a mafia boss’s mouth the stench of foul smoke, that was manly and threatening. A light puff in the face of pina colada flavour e-cig was not. Still, his eyes glanced at Gary and he added in a lower tone, “or should I say who you did last night? The security cameras caught the whole escapade.”

That was when I knew what was really going on, the cameras had never been broken he had just told me that to lure me in. I knew it wasn't the first time he had pulled this, I could see it on his face. Dozens of families coming each day, all he had to do was let slip to enough people that there were no security cameras working at the pool and eventually some stupid bastard would get the idea of a midnight dip and screw. “So, you have... footage?”

“Yes Sir, I do and may I say you certainly have footage yourself, that you gave to... is he even legal? Bet your wife would love to see what you two have been up to. Three hundred pound and she won't see the video. Or I could put it up on x-tube and send her the link on Facebook. It was nice of her to leave a review already, btws.” He actually said be-tea-dubs, and I shuddered to my core, text speak should never be spoken.

“She knows!” I don't know who was more shocked, the clerk or myself, when Gary piped up with that. For a moment my heart froze and my brain melted out of my ears through a mixture of confusion and fear. Did Karen know?! “We have an arrangement and yes I am seventeen so old enough to consent. Though... if you do have video...”

My mind leapt back in through the ears as I suddenly saw a way out, without paying the bastard a penny. All we had to do was hold our nerve, “that's right! He is seventeen and therefore an explicit video or photos would be highly illegal to own. Especially taken by someone without his knowledge. “ Oh believe me I had googled the shit out of UK consent laws the second I found out Gary's age. It may be perfectly legal for me to fuck, suck rim and do all manner of naughty things to him with his consent, but just having a photo of him naked was illegal, with or without consent. Though the law took a far dimmer view on without consent. “Should someone report you then you could face up to like five years in jail. Be put on the sex offenders register for life too. You know what they do to guys convicted of taking photos of kiddies right?”

"But he's not..."

"No, but in the eyes of the law in this regard he is." That smug bastard look had migrated from the cheetah's face to mine. He was squirming in his seat and looking nervous. "Plus of course blackmail, that is a crime too. In fact, I am willing to bet this isn't the first time you have run this little scam. Convince some guy there is the chance of a naked dip with the wife. Then blackmail them, with the footage, the next day. I wonder how many videos the police will find when they confiscate that PC, plus of course every electronic device you have at home. I wonder what your mother will say when she hears the police are investigating you for taking inappropriate videos of minors without their consent."

If the guy was a vampire mentioning his mother was like driving a stake into his heart. A soft whimper escaped his throat, "your wife..."

"Will support me fully." I put both hands on the table and leant forward, my huge frame blotting out the sun for the whimpering feline. "While I legally have your nuts ripped off, slowly and painfully. Then my wife will laugh with me when we hear just exactly what the other inmates do to the kiddy fiddler nonce that just got locked up with them."

"I haven't touched..."

"You think that matters to those people? You are sent down for anything related to kids... well maybe if you are really, really lucky the guards will get there in time," a broad grin spread across my lips as I tossed him a lifeline. "Of course, if you were to just delete the video and say forget that this conversation ever happened. Oh and about the forty pound for the night..."

"I... I..." I could see the young man's mind desperately panicking, looking for any way to end this conversation. He had lost, we all knew it. The scam had probably worked on other guys, hell it would have worked on me. It was Gary who saw through the shakedown and to a way out. "I seem to have lost the record of your stay Sir, no charge!" The cheetah squeaked desperately.

"I'm just taking some coke and sweets for the journey," Gary said with a look of pure evil glee on his face. "Wine gums, Karen's favourite." It was a nice touch, though Karen actually hated jellies of all kinds. That was ok as Gary also grabbed some chocolate bars along with a souvenir fridge magnet.

"I... lost all records of those too, Sir." The cheetah was resigned to his fate, he would say yes to almost anything to get rid of us.

"Right well, thanks for an awesome stay, you have a nice day now," I said giving the feline a wink, then putting my arm around Gary we left. I had no doubt that video would be

erased, even if he suspected later on that we were lying about Karen knowing. If he googled he would find out the same thing I did, sex was fine videos were not.

"God I want to fuck you right now," Gary muttered in my ear and I felt my cock almost drop from those words.

He wasn't the only one feeling that way, adrenalin was still rushing heavily through my veins. "I want to fuck you too. Damn it!"

"You were so fucking cool, that guy thought he could just push you around..." Gary almost purred those words and I felt my cock dropping. Just knowing that he had watched me dominate some other guy it turned me on and my desires went all the way up to eleven.

"Me? What about you? Karen knows?! That was just genius!" I enthused while inside I wanted to drag him back into that office and give the cheetah a live show. I could see it in my mind, our wild kisses, his nubile body bent over the desk, while I gave him some damn hard footage just as hard as I could. While the cheetah watched in horror. That would show that little shit just who the real big man was.

Of course, we couldn't do that. I had a family to drive home. Getting ourselves under control we headed back to the car. Inside I felt strange, at first I thought it was just the adrenalin wearing off, or the blue-balls that desperately wanted to release inside Gary. I turned on the radio while everyone else in the car seemed to turn off their brain and just sleep.

It was an hour later that I thought back over the incident and identified just what I was feeling. It wasn't fear at being discovered, nor worry that this might not be over. There was no concern in my mind over out blackmailing the blackmailer. Nor was I feeling especially macho, that had faded quickly afterwards. I was feeling... disappointed.

I almost swerved off the road when realisation dawned. If that video had gotten out my marriage would have been over. The kids would hate me so would my parents and Karen. Yet I would be free, I could be with him openly. Instead, I was going home, back to a house and a bed without him in it. To a marriage where the flame hadn't just dwindled it had burnt out, there was no heat left between us. I didn't want the cold or even the slight warmth of my comfortable groove. I wanted the fire, the thrill and the passion I felt with him.

What could I do? Tell my wife I didn't love her anymore? Tell John I was fucking his friend? Move out and start over? It all seemed so huge, devastating and not just to me. It would be three other lives I would be destroying, lives of people I loved. Was it better to live a lie? Just pretend everything was ok? For how long? Until the kids grew up? Until my grandkids grew up? Let Karen spend her life with a guy who loved her like a sister, while on the side he was screwing a guy half his age. Was that fair to either of us?

Was it fair to expect Gary, to wait? To always be second in my life? To refuse the love of others in the hopes he might one day get to be with me openly. Fuck, did he even want that? I always thought I was a good man, that car ride taught me that every bad man is most likely a good man trying to do something he wished he didn't have to do.

I'd like to tell you that at the end of the journey I reached an epiphany, that I acted like a man. Came clean and took all the blame. That I acted with integrity and gave Karen a chance to move on. Sadly I can't because I didn't. Instead, I hid our affair for six more months. When I finally spoke to Karen about our marriage, I never had the courage to say I was having an affair. I just told her it wasn't working, that I was no longer in love with her. Then, after shouted words recriminations, tears and begging from both of us, I left.

However, I can't say that. I can say, that driving home that day did plant the seeds in my mind. I knew that my old life was living on borrowed time. With that idea in my mind, I started to work on an exit plan. I spoke about it with Gary, he told me I didn't have to do it for him. Which was really sweet, but in all honesty, he may have been the catalyst but the chain reaction had been waiting to happen for years. Eventually, I was able to look in the mirror and into my own eyes and admit, I was doing this for me. The day I was able to admit it to myself was the day I knew I was ready to admit it to Karen.

You might expect to hear every salacious detail of that conversation. Understandable, I mean I have described my sex life in intricate detail. Truth be told all of that may show me to be a bit of a selfish prick, but the day I told Karen proved that on my worst day I could sink lower than I ever knew I could.

So I'm not going to recount what was said, suffice to say Karen cried, I cried and we hurled insults back and forth. The kids took her side, as did my parents. My mother insisted I was having a mid-life crisis, which was true I was in the middle of my life and in crisis. The argument went on for hours, possessions were broken, hearts were shattered and lives were wrecked. My marriage ended that day, and I still say it ended for the better.

It was the right thing to do, it hurt and it crushed people I loved. You have no idea how soul-crushing it is to look into the crying eyes of your children and hear them say they hate you and mean it. I could remember the day each of them was placed into my hands as a new born, the sweet smell of new life, their soft cries and the small fingers that gripped my hand so tightly. Every hurtful word and insult Karen had thrown at me were like throwing a thimbleful of hurt compared to the ocean of pain I drown in from that moment.

I don't want your pity, I am man enough to admit it was my fault. It wasn't something I planned to do, but in life, you will find all your plans are nothing but tiny windblown seeds and the elements don't care for where you want them to be blown. Sometimes your plans end up blown into fertile soil where they could grow and others end up blown into the fire to burn away.

One thing I didn't do, was admit I was having an affair. John and Gary were still friends and I didn't think I had the right to end that friendship. Though I will admit that there was a selfish element to that choice, by keeping him secret they weren't able to try and spoil our relationship.

Of course, afterwards, I was kicked out of my own home, with nothing but the clothes on my back and the wallet in my pocket. Which in fairness I had prepared for, I had a small flat rented and ready with a few items I had snuck out of the house in the weeks before; photo albums of the kids, my grandfather's war medals, my old high-school yearbook and report card.

You would be surprised how fast life moves when you stumble. The world seems to pick up pace, and things just happen around you as you are sitting on your arse wondering if you should get up again. It was hard at first, my day felt so different. No kids squabbling, no wife nagging me to clean the garage or mow the lawn. It was just me, myself alone. Although I can't complain too loudly, I wasn't tripped, or pushed onto the ground, I took a fucking dive.

On the plus side I was king over the remote control and for the first time in decades, I could enjoy the sheer hedonistic bliss of pissing with the bathroom door open. One more plus and a very fucking big one was Gary. Obviously, he couldn't be there all the time, hell even staying over was rare, but the time I had with him helped remove the loneliness. He even helped me get in touch with John after a few months.

It was a little awkward at the start, but we did bond a bit, he even came out to me. Which I took very well, obviously. I came out to him as well, let him know his father was bi. So you know the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. He doesn't know about Gary yet, that is an awkward conversation for not too far in the future.

Mary still wants nothing to do with me, she always was closer to her mother. It hurts a lot, I have visitation rights, but I know I can't force her to speak to me. As for her mother, Karen is actually seeing someone, a guy from the gym a beefy bear guy named Richard. I have to admit I am suspicious about the short length of time it took for her to move on, it's possible I wasn't the only person in our marriage to be unfaithful. Or may I was just dead on and that after the tears stopped Karen realised she didn't love me anymore either.

Whatever the reason, I'm happy for her. She is a wonderful woman, fun and pretty, intelligent too. I wish them both every happiness, in my home, with my kids.

So where does that leave me? Well, yesterday I woke at five-thirty in the morning. I do so still out of habit, even though there is no morning battle for the bathroom. I think I like this time of day too much, the empty streets that I jog through. Nothing but the sound of my panting breath and my hooves tapping rhythmically on the pavement. It is my time, me time if you want to be girly, no wife and no kids, just the path in front of me and the music in my ears. No Boss, no bills, no divorce papers. Just my muscles pumping away, doing what they evolved to do.

My new flat is several miles from my old home. A good hour away at a steady jog, before I hit the coast. The grassy fields spreading out to the cliff edge, where azure blue waters reflect an azure blue sky. I hit the path and jogs quickly down to the cliff edge. There's nobody around, but a couple of dog walkers and some other runners. My early morning friends, we never exchange words or pleasantries. That is not the nature of our friendship, we are just the dawn legion, those early morning people that the rest of you guys hate. We are up enjoying life, while you are in bed enjoying some dreams.

A runner pulled up beside me and I glance across briefly to see two familiar shining eyes. Golden fur shimmers in the orange light of the early morning sun, giving my love and ethereal glow. He gives me a wink and then lifts his fingers into a circle and puts them near his lips, while his tongue presses into his cheek. I couldn't help but laugh and nod my head.

He sprinted out in front of me, his golden hips swaying. My eyes lock in on his ass and my cock drops in my shorts. Which made running a little bit difficult. Not that I cared for the minor discomfort. I followed him, like a lion chasing down his prey. Gary ran down to the beach and to the small nook where our love had started.

This time there was no hesitation from me. I charged in after him and before he could stop my arms were around his waist. My lips found his and we kissed desperately, our sweaty bodies grinding together. While below two erect equine cocks struggle to escape from their cloth prisons. We didn't speak, not yet, our tongues dance with passion.

Then he broke the kiss and winked at me, his beautiful face smiling broadly as he slipped to his knees. My paws grab at the cliff wall for the support I know I will need. Then I felt the cool morning air wafting over my erect maleness. Without a word or sign from me, Gary took no time at all to wrap his lips around my meat. I gasped out loud feeling his hungry lips and tongue lapping over my flare.

I could tell he was pent up and hungry, by how quickly he slid my length into his muzzle. His warm palm reached up and fondled two sweaty horse nuts. While above him I bit my lip to keep from screaming in pleasure. It had been a whole week since we had last met up and neither of us could hold back.

His mouth bobbed quickly on my hot pole, I strangled back my moans and gasps of pleasure. I once more wondered at the fortune that led me to find him, a young man with so much lust for cock. I could see it in his eyes and felt it in his touch, he isn't servicing me because he thinks I want it, he is doing it because he loves my taste, my feel and me. Eager young lips and tongue worked my hot flesh with desperate passion, and I knew I wasn't going to last long.

With a gulp, he squeezed my thick meat and swallowed the mouthful of precum I had already fed him. My cock was leaking heavily. I reached down with my paw and stroke my fingers through his mane and then his cheeks, just drinking in the beauty, his beauty. Watching as his velvet lips swallowed my manhood again and again. His eyes were closed and he had a look of pure bliss on his face. Down lower I could see his own cock, which he was stroking rapidly as he milked my maleness.

Moaning deeply I licked my own lips, while I gazed at his tasty morsel. We had plans for him to visit my flat in the evening and as I looked at his shaft I promised myself I would repay my young stud with a muzzle job he wouldn't forget. Then when he was lying exhausted I would pin his legs to his chest, as I bend him double and stuff him so full of stallion cock he would cry out in bliss. I wanted to fuck his tight hole so badly and yet I knew we didn't have time.

My nuts were already rising and I couldn't help myself. Inside me the dominant urges took control and he was no longer bobbing his head on my cock. I was fucking his lips shoving his muzzle so full of my meat I could feel the back of his throat squeezing down on it. Then with a cry, I felt his throat open up, my flare pushing down into it. There was no holding back and all I could do was fuck his muzzle desperately.

With a deep neigh of pleasure, I let go, a thick river of stallion seed spurting straight down his throat. He held still, looking up at me with nothing but love, joy and lust in his eyes. I could feel the warmth and wetness of his own orgasm as he stroked out a load which jetted onto my hooves. His eyes opened and in that moment we connected, while my cock drained everything I had into his hungry mouth.

As my flow slowed he pulled his lips from around my flare and kissed it goodbye. Then he jumped to his hooves and kissed me. I returned the kiss with passion, loving my musky taste on his sweet lips. It tasted perfect, the sweetness of young and the potency of experience. My arms pulled him close and I didn't want to let go.

However, he pulled away, "damn I wish we had time for more, but I gotta go. I need to get some last minute cramming in before my exams." He was taking his A-levels, soon he would leave school and turn eighteen and then... well, we said we would let the world know and deal with the fallout if there was any. Something told me John wouldn't be too happy. Though maybe he would understand. Karen would probably guess what we had been up to under her very nose. Not that it mattered now, we were legally separated and our divorce was moving ahead at pace, Plus she was screwing that bear, Richard.

"I have to get to work too," I muttered and then as he made to leave I grabbed his paw and pulled him around quickly. He gasped in shock as I pressed my lips to his, my firm body pressing against his. Letting him feel my size and strength, while my tongue dominantly explored his muzzle once more. Then I chose to end the kiss, making sure he knew I was in charge of it all. My paw reached down and squeezed his newly dropped and freshly hard cock.

“A kiss for good luck, and to remind you what I am going to do with you to help you celebrate tonight.”

So that's my story I guess, Gary is coming over soon. Which means, soon he will be cumming, as will I. the passion is back, the heat in my life. Yet there's more to it than that, when I wake with him in my arms I know I'm not going to be running alone. I will be running with him. People are going to stare, not everyone is going to approve, but I've found a man I love and I honestly have never been happier.