

NOTE: This story is fantasy, although parts of it are based on events that occurred in my youth. If reading about sex between men, boys and animals offends you, then you know where the back button is. Otherwise, start strokin'! ;)

Part 2: Uncle Clay

The events of the previous night kept replaying through my mind. The orgasm I had in my mare's pussy after catching 11-year-old Tyler Wilkes doing the same was one of the biggest cums I'd ever experienced. His revelations about the sexual activities between himself, his uncle, and animals had been tantalizingly brief. But I had a good idea what was going on.

During the two-hour drive to see Tyler's uncle, Clay Wilkes, my thoughts drifted back to the summers spent at my own uncle's ranch in Idaho. I had been only 8 when my 12- and 14-year-old cousins began masturbating and sucking me in the hot tub after chores. They found me an eager participant as I had already been playing with neighbor boys and trying to get them to touch me. Taking my cousins' cocks in my mouth and swallowing their musky-sweet cum became an addiction for me. I would lay back on the hot tub deck and open my mouth for one boy's cock, while the other stayed in the tub with my legs over his shoulders, sliding his tongue inside my ass and swallowing my hard little cock. After the one fucking my face pumped his load over my tongue, they would switch places and I would receive a fresh load of sperm while getting my ass eaten. It wasn't long before the tongue was replaced with a hard boy cock as I lay back on the deck looking up at my incestuous lovers as they penetrated my rectum with their stiffies. I always looked forward to evening time in the tub.

In retrospect, my cousins must have told their father about my willing participation in family sex, and he decided I was ready for the next step. My very first evening back at the ranch after finishing the 5th grade school year, I finished up my chores, my cock already hard with anticipation of fun in the hot tub. As I walked by the barn, I heard my uncle call me inside. I entered and stopped as I saw my uncle sitting on a milking stool stroking the hard cock of his pony stallion. He beckoned me over and without saying anything, took my hand and placed it with his on the equine shaft. I quickly got the idea and began stroking the pony with intense concentration, watching as the tip leaked precum over my small hands. I didn't notice my uncle had unzipped and was stroking his large hard cock until he put his hand on the back of my head and gently guided my mouth towards the dripping horse cock. I knew what he wanted and opened my mouth willingly. The pony's cock was not too large and I was able to get a couple inches into my mouth. The sweet broth-like taste of the pony's precum had my already-hard cock ready to burst, and when my uncle saw how aroused I was, he silently unzipped my jeans, took my erect penis in his mouth and sucked me to orgasm. I gasped as fluid spurted from my cock over his waiting tongue: my first cumshot was in my uncle's mouth. He smiled and kissed me with his cum-wet tongue, then had me kneel on the floor. He grabbed the pony's still-hard cock and placed one hand over the head while he pumped with the other. The pony quickly began humping into his hand and I saw the cockhead flare to nearly the size of his palm. My uncle quickly removed his hand from the swollen cockhead and pushed my head forward so my mouth was pressed against the flare. The pony bucked a final time and sprayed his thin, musky semen into my mouth, followed quickly by an orangey-tasting thick fluid that felt slick and gelatinous. I tried to swallow it all, but couldn't, and it ran in a thick stream down my chin and soaked my shirt.

As the pony's cock quickly retreated into its sheath, my uncle sat me back with my head against the pony's flanks and began kissing me intensely. He ran his lips around my chin and neck, catching up the thick gel, and feeding it back into my mouth with his tongue. My hand instinctively found his still-exposed raging cock and stroked it as we shared the sperm-rich kiss. It wasn't long before he grunted and knelt across my legs, fountaining his own thick cum onto my shirt, my neck, and - as I leaned forward - into my open mouth.

I learned soon after to recognize the differing tastes of a horse ejaculation: the clear, brothy-sweet taste of precum - of which there was literally mouthfuls produced, followed by the sperm-rich, musky-sweaty tasting semen, and the final gel fraction designed to hold the sperm in the mare. I sampled all of our stallions many times after that, and became quite a pro at accomplishing the often-difficult task of getting a stud-horse to cum with my mouth and hands.

My uncle's family and I practiced incest and bestiality in all their forms from thence forward; it was with great disappointment when my family moved out of the country when I was 15 and I couldn't visit summers there for awhile.

My mind snapped back to the present, and before I knew it, I was at the offramp for Kalama. I hadn't been to the Wilkes Arabian Ranch before, but knew it by reputation. My trusty GPS guided me out the back roads to an elegant multi-storey rambler with large, almost extravagant barns and outbuildings. There was money here, and reputation. A dangerous combination, and I knew I had to handle this carefully. I had taken the precautions of bringing my .380 Cobra in a holster on my ankle, and leaving a note for my sister exactly where I was (but not the reason why). I had to take steps to protect myself until he was sure I wasn't a threat.

I pulled into the cobblestone drive just at dusk. There were many gorgeous arabians at pasture, eating their dinners. I parked my truck and got out, making my way up the footpath to the front door. However, there was no response to the doorbell. Such things are not uncommon on a ranch, and I knew I'd find the owner in one of the outbuildings.

Taking my own warnings about lurking around rural places unannounced, I sharply called out "Hello, the ranch!" as I walked around the various buildings, but received no response. Then, as I approached the far barn, I saw light from the half-closed sliding door. I entered and saw a moving shadow along being cast along the far wall and had an idea what I'd find. I crept up and carefully peaked around the corner to the first stall. Sure enough, Clay Wilkes, in all his glory, was on a milk crate thrusting into a black arab mare with one of the biggest cocks I'd ever seen on a human. I watched as he intently fucked her, his expression closely resembling that of Tyler's the previous night. Again the smell of sex and horses was in the air and again my cock hardened. Clay's massive cock glistened wet with her juices as he fucked her. The mare was obviously in heat as her fluids gushed around his cock with nearly every thrust, and she was pressing back against him to take his full length. Well, if anyone could give a mare close to what she expected from a stallion, it looked to be Clay Wilkes.

He suddenly grabbed her and leaned forward, obviously cumming hard. His shirt rode up over his back and I saw the .357 revolver in a holster on his waistband. It would not do to surprise this guy, no matter how hot the scene, so I quickly backpedaled outside the main door and called, "Hello, the ranch!"

I heard a clatter as the milk crate tipped over and some muffled swearing. I waited about 30 seconds then entered. Clay was just leaving the stall. He'd done a remarkable job of getting his jeans on that fast but had had to forego tucking in his shirt. He had a cranky look on his face but tried to cover it up as he gruffly asked "Something I can help you with?"

I sized the man up. He was taller than me, in his late 40's, with the same burly build going a bit soft around the middle as I. He was strikingly good looking with dark hair and eyes like Tyler's, and there was nothing soft in the bulging muscles of his arms and legs. I chose my words carefully.

"Hi, Mr. Wilkes. I'm Harris Royce from Royce Morgans over in Astoria. You probably don't remember me but we met a few times at the Clark County equestrian shows. You beat me in the halter class for yearlings last year." I couldn't help adding "Barely."

He gave me a reasonably warm smile and extended his hand, which I shook. "Harry. Sure I remember you. Your stallion Saratoga took first in the Liberty Class that show. Gorgeous stud."

"I'm amazed you remembered with all the ribbons you took home."

"Oh, I always remember the ones who beat me. It's rare, and after all, I want to be able to destroy them the next season." I gulped. "In the ring, of course," he added. "Now what can I help you with? You interested in starting a line of Morabs? I got just the mare for that hot stud of yours." He indicated the stall which he had just exited.

"That's definitely something to think about, and she is quite a mare, but I was actually hoping to talk to you about your nephew," I said carefully.

"Tyler?" He looked puzzled. "How'd you know him?"

I took a deep breath. "Well, I caught him last night trespassing on my property. It was very dark, but fortunately I have night-vision goggles. I crept up on him giving it to one of my mares, really pounding her. He's lucky I'm restrained and didn't let off a shot before I saw who it was."

His face turned red and he didn't say anything for a minute. Then he looked away and said, "that's disgusting. I'm surprised you didn't call the cops. I'll have to give him some instruction."

I almost said, "I heard you're already doing that," but thought better of it. Instead, I said, "well I certainly wouldn't call the cops..." I let that linger.

"Why not?" he demanded. "I certainly would have."

This was it. "Clay," I said. "I wouldn't call the cops for the same reason you wouldn't call the cops. We're both horse fuckers. All three of us, from what Tyler told me."

I saw his hand smoothly move behind his back. I didn't know if he'd draw down on me, but I didn't want to wait and see. "Wait," I said. "Relax and I'll prove it to you, right now." I quickly walked past him to the mare's stall and went in, him following close behind. I went up to her, stroked her flanks, then lifted her tail, finding the wet traces of cum still present. I lowered my head and slid my tongue in her pussy, lapping out the copious amounts of sperm Clay had deposited. "Mmmm, nice," I said, turning back to him with his cum still wet on my lips. "Tastes like you were having a good time in here recently."

He relaxed and brought his hand away from his holster, scratching the bulge in his jeans. "Well, Harry, I guess you're a member of the club."

"Have been since I was Tyler's age," I replied. "I had an instructive uncle, too."

"Tyler told you I taught him?"

"Well, don't get mad at him, he really didn't have a choice. I threatened him with going to Sheriff Barrows with the video from my security camera unless he told me everything."

"Well," he replied. "He didn't tell you everything, because I didn't introduce him to horse sex. I came in one day and found him sucking on that big stallion over there and not having much luck. I figured I'd better show him the right way so he didn't get hurt, and things just...uh...progressed from there. Must run in the genes. He treat your mare OK? I'll beat his ass if he was rough with her."

"No, he was fucking her like a pro. Had her tied right with an escape knot and everything. I guess you taught him well." I plunged ahead. "I have to tell you I really enjoyed watching him. He has a fantastic cock. I wanted to suck him clean right there."

"Why didn't you? He loves that. Probably would have cum again in your mouth."

Bingo. My instincts had been right. "Well I didn't think I should take advantage of him when I had him under threat. It was tempting, though."

"Would have served him right for trespassing. I'll have a word with him about that for his own safety. In fact..." He pulled out a Nextel phone and hit the radio button. "Where are you, boy?"

"Just riding up the back drive now" I heard Tyler say through the speakerphone. "Be at the barn in a few. What's for dinner?"

"Just get your ass up here and we'll talk about it." He closed the phone and looked at me. "He's just coming back from a ride. He comes out here on the weekends for horse fun."

At that moment the door slid open and Tyler walked in leading a small grey Arab mare. Seeing him in the light just added to my appreciation of this boy. He was wearing tight-fitting English riding breeches and a sleeveless shirt. The spandex breeches accented the curve of his ass and the bulge in his crotch. Sweat stains from the hot afternoon air darkened the damp fabric between his legs and the front of his shirt near his hairless armpits. His hair was sweat-damp from his riding helmet and fell enticingly over his forehead. He saw me and lowered his long dark lashes, before looking up at his uncle. "Guess you found out, huh?"

"That's right, boy. Mr. Royce here told me you were trespassing on his property and fucking one of his mares. I warned you about doing that kind of thing. You could get shot or worse. And it's not your right to mess with other people's animals without their permission. You're lucky Mr. Royce is one of us - " my skin tingled when he said that - "and didn't get you busted. But you're going to have to be punished."

Tyler looked crestfallen as he glanced back and forth between us. "What punishment?" he asked timidly.

"Well," Clay replied, "I can tan your hide with the riding crop, or..." he looked at me. "Or you can let Mr. Royce suck your cock."

I jumped, startled. This was moving fast! Tyler giggled and threw his horse's lead rope to his uncle. "I'll go for number 2!" he said gleefully and pressed up against me.

"Hang on..." I said, breathless. "Are...are you sure this is OK?" Clay looked silently at Tyler.

"Sure," the boy said. "I wanted to do it with you last night. Couldn't you tell?"

"I thought...maybe...but I wasn't sure."

"Well, you can be real sure now," he said, pressing against me again as he took off his sweaty shirt. "I hope you don't mind sweaty boys!"

In response I took his sweet face in my hand and gently pressed my lips to his. He returned my kiss enthusiastically and I felt his tongue probing my closed lips looking for an entrance. I parted them and let his tongue in, savoring his warm breath and wet mouth. "Mmmmm..." I heard him sigh into my mouth. I kissed him deeply for a few minutes, tasting his spit, then slowly moved down his chest, licking and kissing. I moved over to his armpits, breathing in his sweaty boy odor. I licked under his hairless arms as he giggled. I made my way slowly down, licking the salt-sweat off of him, until I reached his breeches. I held his hips and pressed my nose to his crotch, damp from several hours in the saddle. His preteen musk was strong and sweet

as I breathed in it and licked the hard bulge beneath the fabric. I couldn't take much more.

On my knees on the barn floor I sharply pulled his breeches down to his ankles and looked at his rock-hard hairless cock. I licked his skin around the cock and down to the tight little ball-sack. I spread his legs and licked the wet, sweaty skin between his legs and groin, the pungent musk strong there. I rolled his foreskin further back behind his cockhead and saw traces of old cum and guessed he hadn't washed since fucking my mare. The pungent taste of his cock as I wrapped my lips around it confirmed this. "Ooooooh..." Tyler said softly.

I licked around under his foreskin, my cock dripping at the taste of mare and day-old boy cum within, then began earnestly sucking him. He thrust slightly into my mouth as I blew him, his small hands stroking my hair. "Yesssss..."

Lost in my passion I barely noticed when Clay knelt behind Tyler and leaned in close. Suddenly I heard slurping noise and realized that the big man was sucking on his nephew's asshole. I placed my hands on Tyler's asscheeks and spread them to allow Clay better access. I heard Clay moan deeply as he was able to penetrate his little nephew's rectum with his tongue. I went back to deftly sucking Tyler as he approached his orgasm. To my amazement, Tyler suddenly thrust his hands down the back of my shirt and raked his fingernails stingingly across the skin of my back, and flooded my mouth with cum. I moaned into his crotch as the sweet taste of boy semen flowed over my tongue. This little fucker produced as much as I did! He continued to mark my back as he came in my mouth with each thrust of his hips, then fell back on his bare ass on the floor, looking up at me with his mouth slightly open and eyes glazed. "Holy fuck that was good!" He panted.

Clay didn't waste any time and pushed me over on my back, covering me with his heavy body as he jammed his mouth against mine to get at his nephew's residual cum. Tyler's ass juices covered his tongue and I moaned into Clay's mouth as I tasted the boy's dark, hot essence on his uncle. Clay, in turn, moaned as he tasted Tyler's cum from my tongue. As Clay mouth-fucked me with his tongue and I was about to blow, I felt small hands fumbling with my belt and unfastening the snap on my jeans. With a deft action, Tyler unzipped me and put my hard uncut cock into his mouth just as I started to shoot. Clay rolled off of me and we both watched as the boy hungrily devoured my sperm like it was a milkshake. I could see that Clay couldn't take much more and pulled his already-exposed cock into my mouth, sucking off the fluids from the mare as he quickly began filling my mouth with the biggest cum load I've ever swallowed that didn't belong to a horse. He just kept pumping: five, six, seven strong shots, till it dribbled down the side of my mouth. Then he grunted and collapsed back on his knees.

All too quickly it was over. Tyler crawled up my chest and snuggled against my sweaty skin, enveloping me in his scent as he nuzzled against my neck. I kissed him gently and nuzzled him back, and he raised his face to mine to lick his uncle's sperm from my chin with his small tongue. His soft, warm, damp body trembled slightly with the afterglow as I held him.

Clay looked over at me and let out a big sigh. "Well Harry," he said. "Welcome to the family."

-End of Part 2-

Do we want Part 3? Email your thoughts to horseboy30@yahoocom (no spaces). Comments and suggestions appreciated. Don't bother telling me about what is and isn't possible with a horse because I've raised them my entire life.

Btw, I think some readers may have tried to add me to YIM Chat and I denied them because of not knowing who it was. If you'd like to talk to me on YIM, send me an email first and let me know what nick to look for. Thanks!