

“Alright, honey, are you ready for the surprise?” Fred asked as he gazed into his lover’s eyes, for the expected anticipation and excitement.

Ashton, for his part, had some idea what his newly-wedded husband had in mind for their bedroom fun this evening. Fred had promised something extravagant to celebrate their second month of married life. It seemed like a silly milestone for them to be observing, but Fred was eager to show off his newest idea. And Ashton had to admit he didn’t mind the attention. After all, this was their happily ever after, a time for them both to enjoy life properly as husbands.

The two had been dating for almost two years before Fred had popped the question. Ashton had been unsure at first, not really thinking marriage was the right move for him. Not that he didn’t love the man, and he had no intention of ‘keeping his options open’. In truth, marriage between gay couples had been so recently passed where they lived that he didn’t want to bring the attention to himself.

Yet, Ashton found that he was unable to say no in the end. It had truly been a special occasion, a small ceremony for their close friends and family. Ashton found himself more in love with the man than he ever had in all of his life. Their whirlwind of a honeymoon came and went far too fast, but Fred was hardly done showering his new husband with affection. Each week was something new to be celebrated, exploring every facet of their new lives together. And their sex lives had never been better!

Fred was loaded, his parents having passed away in recent years leaving an old-fashioned farmhouse and some decent cash in his bank account. Ashton and Fred had decided to move into the old farmhouse for their married life. It was out in the country, away from the bustle of city life that had been a source of stress for the two of them. With no neighbors around, it truly seemed like a dream come true.

One benefit of their new lives together was plenty of time to explore their sexual desires. Both men were somewhat kinky in the bedroom, and each new experience brought both more satisfaction than the last. They tried all manner of things, from whips and chains to manacles to two-sided dildoes to anything their local sex shops sold. They even went online for some more unique things, horse-tailed buttplugs being one of the newer fascinations of the pair.

So, naturally, it was always exciting for Ashton to see what his beau would bring to the bedroom. Fred had a bit of a dominant streak, usually being the one to top during their activities. Given the nature of the farm they lived on, and Ashton’s recent enjoyment of the horsetail butt plug, he had a fairly interesting idea where the fun might lead tonight. But, he didn’t want to guess and spoil the ‘surprise’. Fred’s visit to a local tackle shop recently all but confirmed it!

“I have no idea what it could be,” Ashton responded, slyly.

“I’ll be back in a few minutes honey, just sit tight!” Fred said as he made his way to their bathroom to get ready.

So, Ashton sat there, having taken his clothes off and awaiting his lover to show him what he had in mind. Ashton wanted to start things off by teasing his lover with his well-toned body. He loved to see Fred’s reaction so much it always brought him to full arousal. It was all he could do in the moment not to touch himself and ruin the mood before Fred was ready.

Yet, to his surprise, Fred didn’t come in as soon as expected. Perhaps he was taking a little longer in the bathroom? Ashton wanted to peek in on his love a few times, but the excitement of waiting in the bedroom so his love could get an eyeful won out in the end. Fred wouldn’t keep him waiting too long, after all!

“Hey, come on outside! Your surprise is in the barn!” Called the familiar voice, and Ashton ran to the window to see his lover waving him out.

Ashton thought for a moment, not wanting to get dressed and unsure he could stuff his modest 7 inches back into his pants with how eager he was. Not wanting to keep Fred waiting too long, he simply put on a robe and sandals before running outside to meet his love. With no nearby neighbors, there was little chance of anyone seeing him looking so ridiculous outside. Besides, he figured that Fred would love the show, especially when he lost the robes!

The barn was an older structure, refurbished over the years from when Fred’s grandparents had kept animals. His parents had given up on having any livestock, not wanting to spend their energies on a hobby farm, thus leaving it unused for many years. It hadn’t been the first time Fred and Ashton had enjoyed a ‘roll in the hay’ so to speak, the pair even bringing a cot out there for a night to pretend they were rutting animals living in the barn. That had been a weekend!

Unable to contain his excitement, Ashton almost ran across the yard to the barn. Careful of his sandals, Ashton opened the door, eager dong bobbing at the ready. He was excited to rip off the robe and show his lover how ready he was for the night’s festivities.

The barn was relatively clean, a little musty-smelling though not offensively. The scents always reminded Ashton of home, of his parent’s basement where he’d played as a child. There was nothing else stored in here, save some leftover old tackle. Surely, Fred didn’t have that old and rusty gear in mind for their play!

Yet, that was not to be the case as Ashton's eyes settled on the new, leather saddle, bridle, and other tackle that his naked lover stood holding, evidently purchased from a local supplier. These were not simple kink supplies. This was the real deal. It seemed his lover had inclinations of making Ashton a pony for real, and the idea made Ashton harder than he'd ever expected!

"Hey, *'stud'*", Fred called out, making Ashton leak all the more. He was inherently subby, and totally willing to submit himself to whatever Fred had in mind.

"Hey, my sexy master," Ashton said, coming up to give Fred a passionate kiss on the lips as the two of them made out for a few moments.

It was Fred that inevitably broke the kiss, though not without a wink as he picked up the saddle. "Time to get you all dressed up like a good horsey," he simply said, that shit-eating grin wide on his features as his cock bobbed up and down.

Ashton eagerly did as he was told, turning around and allowing the leather to touch his somewhat sweaty back. He knew the thing was far too large for him, even though it was likely the smallest that Fred could have purchased. But, with some effort, Fred managed to get it around his lover enough so that it didn't immediately fall off.

"Fits like a glove, sweetie," Ashton said, reaching around to kiss his lover as the two of them held each other close. Ashton had to admit, it was hot as hell to have the thing attached to him like this as they made out. What would it feel like to make love while wearing it?

"Ready for the best part?" Fred asked, and Ashton grew impossibly erect at the sight of his favorite toy being brought out. The horsetail buttplug was shiny and new, cleaned from their past usage.

Ashton got down on his hands and knees, spreading his ass cheeks with his hands to give Fred a clear target. He could feel his lover apply a generous amount of lube before the cool metal of the plug touched his anus. Ashton shivered, bracing himself for a moment as Fred expertly slid the toy inside. Though a little uncomfortable at first, Ashton got used to it quickly, hardly being the first thing to go into his ass. And its presence provided enough stimulation to his prostate that it made him leak all over again!

"Now, let's have one last kiss before I put the bridle on my good horsey," Fred said, before he took his love in another embrace. Fred then pulled away, slipping the reins over his lover's head before placing the bit in front of Ashton's lips.

Bracing himself, Ashton allowed the bit to go into his mouth, doing his best not to spit it out at the taste. This thing was supposed to go between a horse's front and back teeth, fit into that empty space. But, Ashton was forced to bite down on it slightly, the metal making him very uncomfortable. Worse, he was worried that their sexual acts might pull the bit out of his mouth and hurt his teeth!

Yet, he wanted to keep it in as long as he could, lest Fred not be as into their game. He was a good sub, after all, always eager to please his dom. It took a few moments, mostly forcing him to drool a little until he could find a place above his molars where it would sit comfortably.

"There, there, that's a good horsey!" Fred said, kissing his love on his cheek before getting up and standing over Ashton's back. Pulling out a riding crop, he started lightly slapping Ashton's skin, making his lover leak from the bestial treatment. It didn't hurt, of course; that object had obviously been purchased for pet play. But, it still made the experience all the more arousing to have the crop hit his bare skin like a true equine!

"Let's go, horsey!" Fred cried, and Ashton got down on his hands and knees, thankful the barn floor was relatively clean. The wooden floor was a little rough, but he didn't mind it for a few minutes before they had their fun. It was all part of the game, after all!

Ashton could see Fred's feet beside him as the man's bare ass straddled the saddle. Ashton walked around on all fours, playing the part of the good horsey that would soon be put to stud by taking his lover's cock.

"Whicker for me, horsey!" Fred commanded, and Ashton did his best impression of a horse's whicker. It didn't sound too convincing, of course. But still, Ashton tried, making horsey noises as best as he could to get them in the mood.

"Come on, stud. You can do better than that. Whicker for me, horsey!" Fred commanded again, pulling at the reins and startling Ashton a little. He had just whinnied, hadn't he? What more did Fred want him to do?

He wanted to ask, yet such a question would break the magic of their role play. Besides, Ashton felt a compulsion to open his mouth and try again to please his dom. So he did, attempting to make another equine whinny with the best of his ability.

Shock filled his ears at the sound that escaped his lips. Though he had little experience with horses, Ashton could not separate the sound he was making from that of a real equine. It was like nothing his mouth should have been able to make, yet the more he tried, the more whinnies that escaped his lips.

“That's it, good horsey!” Fred simply replied, and at that moment, all of the fear and doubt left Ashton's mind at the praise. If his dom was happy, then Ashton was happy, right?

Ashton went to reply, yet it felt as though there was a frog in his throat, something preventing him from speaking. He coughed a little bit, feeling his throat tense up as he let out a series of moans that were akin to a horse's whickers. Feeling a little panicked, he tried again, only equine notes escaping lips that were a little larger than he recalled. What was going on?

“There, there, horsey! Don't worry. You don't have to speak until Master tells you to!” Fred told him, and Ashton simply felt himself relax. It was immensely fulfilling to know that he didn't have to panic as long as Master was near to give him commands. And he was Master's good horsey, right?

“Now, let's prance! Giddy up horsey!” Fred commanded, making Ashton feel excited. The words were invigorating, making him want to show off for his love. And his cock was rock hard, making the whole experience all the more enticing!

Ashton did his best to move his body, even getting up on his knees to whinny and show off. The position pained him, however, despite his eagerness. Worse, his hands were starting to get uncomfortable and dirty, making it a struggle to keep down on all fours. He had to essentially crawl, leaving him uncomfortable and stiff. Hopefully, Fred would be finished teasing him soon; otherwise, Ashton would be too sore for sex!

“Come on, horsey, you can do it! Be a good horsey for Master!” Fred encouraged, making Ashton stiffen. He was a good horsey, right?

Just then, a warmth seemed to seep into his bones, eliminating the soreness from their strange stature. It was as though the muscles underneath were swelling, giving him the strength necessary to listen to his Master's commands. His arms, too, seemed like they were lengthening, a series of cracks running through them as Ashton found he was able to stand more easily on all fours.

Ashton felt a momentary panic, feeling his body shift slightly in ways that should have been unnatural. Yet, the alterations were making it easier to get up off his knees and hold himself up on all fours without having to stick his backside up in the air. He would have thought such a stance to cause aches and pains to wrack his body. Ashton was flexible, having worked out with his lover frequently. And they had mastered several sexual positions that would have made most men envious. But he certainly wasn't anywhere close to being *this* flexible!

How was his current movement ability possible? Ashton was walking with such ease, feeling the saddle against his skin as Fred adjusted himself. He did want to prove himself a good horsey for Master, right? But how was he able to move like this with his human body?

“There, there. Good horsey, Good Horsey. You’re right down on all fours where you belong. You’re such a good horsey for Master,” Fred said, reaching up to rub Ashton between the ears.

The warmth from his Master’s touch seemed to transfer into his ears, making them tingle slightly. Ashton reflectively wanted to raise his hands up to touch them, but Master’s fingers were doing a much better job. Fred seemed to be pulling them upward, tugging at the warm skin as though the heat made them pliable. New muscles twitched underneath them, making Ashton elicit a whicker of surprise. Yet, their newfound mobility only allowed them to lean into the wonderful sensation of such nimble fingers.

The previous conflict in his mind started to ease somewhat at Master’s words of encouragement. Why was Ashton so worried when it was clear Master wasn’t at all concerned? Surely, everything was alright if Master said so! All he had heard were Master’s words of praise and all he felt was Fred’s gentle touch on Ashton’s skin, after all.

Somewhere, deep down, Ashton knew it was a game, that they were role-playing before what he assumed would be amazing sex. Yet, Ashton seemed to be getting a little *too* into it, in both body and mind. He wasn’t an actual horse, and Fred was supposed to eventually take him from a literal romp in the hay, right?

Yet, the more that he thought about it, the more it felt *right* that he was on all fours, acting the part of the horse to his rider and Master. At no point had he felt that it was going on for too long. And, Master was in charge of their actions, right? He hadn’t told Ashton to stop. In fact, he had only encouraged his horsey to prance even more and show off the power he possessed as a skilled bottom.

Ashton continued to prance for his lover, moving forward with as much grace and poise that he could muster in that current position. He wished he had enough strength in his body to really take off, and take his Master for a ride. But, he would have to settle for moving around the barn, the footfalls of his Master beside him as he did so.

Though the barn had air conditioning, it was still hot in the late afternoon. Ashton knew he would be sweating in their lusts, but wasn’t quite sure that he wanted to get this sweaty from prancing around. He wouldn’t have any stamina for their rut if he kept this up!

“Alright horsey, you must be tired! Let's get a drink!” Fred suggested making Ashton pant. He *was* feeling a little dehydrated. A drink would be just the thing he needed!

Pulling the reins the other way, Ashton turned himself around in tandem with his Master's prompting to find a familiar odor hitting his nose. It was that made him drool, one of alcohol. Had Fred planted some booze out here for him to find?

Ashton was rather surprised to see a trough set up at the other end of the barn had been filled with a few can's worth of beer. It was a little dusty on the surface though, and warm from sitting out in the sun while they played their game. Did Fred expect him to drink from that?

“There you go, horsey! Drink up!” Fred said as he got off, gently tugging out the bit and reaching back to grab himself a can from behind the trough. Clicking the can open, he stared at his lover for a few moments, as though waiting for him to drink his own from the trough.

Ashton regarded the beer for a few moments, wondering what he should indulge his Master's wishes. After all, Master had told him to, right? And he did want to obey Master. Even if part of him thought that was taking their game a little too far, what would be the harm?

He almost wanted to ask for a cup, not expecting to actually have to stick his face in and start drinking. But, it didn't seem that Fred had gotten him one. And, any time he tried to open his mouth, only equine whickers escaped, as per Master's wishes. So, he had no choice but to put his head into the warm liquid, sucking with his mouth a little uncomfortably as his chin and face became soaked. Thankfully, Fred held his hair back so he didn't get that in the frothy fluid!

The beer, warm as it had turned, wasn't bad, and Ashton found himself drinking down more than a can's worth in one go. He was thirsty, and beer was just the thing. Not caring that it might affect his boner going forward, Ashton continued to drink, happy in the knowledge that he was serving Master. He had been told to drink up, after all!

“Good horsey! Drink it all up, then I can take you for a real ride!” Fred said, making Ashton's cock leak.

The entire time, Ashton's prick had been at half-mast, never really going down from the excitement of what was going to happen eventually. However, at those words, he sprang back to full attention, wanting to touch himself but not daring to. He would let Master fuck him and stroke him off however Master liked!

True to his command, Ashton did not stop until only the bottom of the short trough was left with beer. He felt a little dizzy; there must have been a six pack's worth of beer in there, and

he was a lightweight on even the best of days. But instead of the usual lethargy that came with drinking, he felt rather invigorated, clear in his intentions. He didn't need to think with Master so close to him, right? Besides, the buzz just made him more excited for the fun to soon follow!

Immediately, Ashton's cock started to ache with the need to piss. How had he not realized that would be the result of drinking so much so fast? He would have to empty his bladder before he got off. The ache was getting rather insistent, and he didn't think he could hold back his need for long.

Trying to speak, only an equine whicker escaped his lips and left him unable to articulate his need. Ashton tried to get up, but all at once, he could feel Fred's legs wrap around him, preventing him from making the motion.

"You need to stay down on all fours, just like a good stud. Do you have to piss, horsey? Just go on the ground like a horse!" Fred said, making Ashton puzzled for a moment. Surely, if he did that, then he would make a mess over the floor and perhaps himself. Worse, he couldn't even grab his penis to try and aim, not with his hands being used to hold up his body.

Ashton wanted to protest again, but could not get himself to rise with his Master on top of him. Whether it be from the booze or the command to stay down on all fours, Ashton couldn't go to the other side of the barn and pee. Instead, he was forced to relax his bladder, his Master's words making some semblance of sense in his drunken stupor. If he was a horse, then he would just urinate where he was standing, right? Horses weren't modest about that sort of thing, after all.

The sound of pee splashing against the barn floor was the only thing that could bring Ashton's attention from the relief that he felt from urinating. Getting it all over his legs, Ashton suddenly realized the mess he was making and felt immediately ashamed. He was relieving himself, just like some sort of animal! Why had Fred asked him to do something so gross?

Yet, Fred's hands were on his flanks, keeping him in place as he emptied in his bladder. A slight bit of conflict passed through his mind, but ultimately it was hard for Ashton to do anything but piss until his bladder was empty. Still, it was a little disgusting to feel the urine on his legs and even arms from the splatter, taking him out of the mood entirely. He didn't want to have sex while reeking of piss!

Yet, his Master seemed to care little about the current development. In fact, it was his words of praise that came next. "That's a good horsey. All sweaty now and dirty, just like the horse you are. We better go hose you down before I give you a good breeding!"

Ashton wasn't sure why taking a piss would earn his Master's praise. But, he had drunk a significant amount of alcohol at this point. It was hard to question the notion with his thoughts fixated on Fred as they were. Besides, it was the rest of the words that had Ashton excited. He was going to get hosed down like a horse, and then get fucked like the pretty pony he'd wanted to be for Master all evening!

Somehow, despite the booze he'd drunk, his penis was still erect under his body, swaying almost a few inches longer than he was used to. Ashton could only feel his arousal grow as a tingling in his cock seemed to intensify. It was a pleasant sensation, though one that carried with it notes of confusion. After all, he'd never felt so big in all his life.

Thinking it to be a trick of the booze, Ashton decided to go along with it and follow the commands at his reins. Besides his aching cock, Ashton did notice a few other strange sensations. The pleasant pulsating from his penis seemed to be pounding through his body now, sending ripples across his skin. It was as though ants were crawling over the flesh, relentlessly covering every inch of him. He desperately wanted to rub the skin, though it seemed to begin to twitch of its own accord like it was trying to alleviate the irritations.

That was hardly the strangest sensation to overcome him at the moment. His muscles still felt slightly sore, though an insistent warmth kept over them that allowed Ashton a modicum of relief. It was as though the very bones under the skin were cracking and reshaping in ways that should have been excruciating. But Ashton only felt a mild irritation that was soon enveloped with that lovely warmth that kept the drunken man crawling forward.

Though he was being led outside, the warm air did little to exacerbate Ashton's notions of embarrassment or worry. He knew that no one would see them here. He was slightly worried about the state of his hands and feet from walking on the ground. But something about the way that the nails were thicker on his hands and feet made it almost painless. It was as though he was made for it.

Ashton's attention soon traveled to his altered four-legged stance. His knees were straightened, and it seemed now that his arms were the same length as his legs as he walked. His back, too, seemed longer and was still growing all the more. The power and ease with which he traveled made Ashton want to try and move faster to show off. Best of all, none of the motions caused him pain any longer, making him prepared for the wonderful sex to soon follow.

Though Fred had been simply carrying on with walking over top of him, Ashton was now aware that Fred's legs were almost too short to do so. Ashton's new stature made it so Fred's legs could not reach the ground anymore. His husband struggled to waddle with the extra distance

from the ground that made him stumble a few times. It was almost easier for Ashton to raise himself up, to make Master trip and settle in the saddle.

Though it seemed impossible that he should be able to take the weight of another human male on his back, the notion seemed to sit right with Ashton. He bucked a little and easily made Fred fall over onto Ashton's back. The weight should have been jarring, but Ashton found that even the prone form of his master did little to hinder his stride. Fred was heavy, sure. But it was hardly any extra effort for Ashton to keep walking as Fred readjusted himself into a comfortable position in the saddle.

“Wow, what a strong horsey! You can even hold Master up now!” Fred exclaimed as he started to rub the side of Ashton's flank. Ashton made a few more eager whickers that seemed to please Master more.

The warmth from Master's touch sent shivers through Ashton's body. He could feel the skin prickle, the itching returning in spades. Yet, the gentle caress of Fred's fingers seemed to relax the poor man, making him forget there was any discomfort. Even the bizarre itching and twinges of evident growth were of little concern while Master was petting him. All that mattered was that Master was near, and was guiding Ashton and preparing him for what was sure to be a good fucking!

In no time at all, the duo had made it to the hose at the side of the barn, the metal rusty from years of negligence. Ashton wasn't even sure that it would turn on, much less spray him with water warm enough to clean off the sweat and filth that had acclimated. Still, Fred dismounted, walking over to turn on the water to spray down his horse. Ashton braced himself, not wanting to be dirty but not wanting an ancient hose to be the thing to clean him. Still, it was how one washed a horse, right?

A whicker of annoyance escaped his lips as water too cold for his skin hit him all at once, leaving the man-playing horse shivering and sputtering. Yet, though he could feel how cold the water was, the temperature did not seem to annoy him as much as it should have. It was as though his skin was more resilient than before, and even freezing water was welcome, especially with the heat of the day. Ashton allowed himself to be sprayed off, appreciating the removal of the sweat and urine that clung to his form.

“Alright horsey, are you ready to take cock for Master?” Fred said, and the words sent a shiver through Ashton's body once more. He had felt himself retract a little from the spray of water, but now his cock was at full attention once more, leaking at the anticipation of having his Master inside of him.

Ashton expected that Fred would have to take out the butt plug to fuck him properly. He could still feel it swishing against his skin and making him think that he was a real horse for Master. Yet, a sudden soreness seemed to assault his taint, as though the butt plug itself was causing him pain. It seemed to be pulled further inside of him than it should be able to go, moving up towards the edge of his rectal walls. The warm skin of his innards seemed to envelop it, as though the buttplug inside was merging with the flesh. But that should have been impossible, right? Even when compared to all of the other sensations that had been plaguing him, feeling the metal slide through his flesh was a little more bizarre than he was ready for.

Yet, the strange sensations sent shivers through his spine as his asshole instinctively puckered. His anus started to move open and closed, the muscles clenching with the desire to be filled. It seemed that his back door was larger than before, but Ashton hardly had the wherewithal to look back in his current state of inebriation and lust.

Yet, to his surprise, Ashton could still feel the hairs of the tail tickling the skin of his backside. As he thought of it, it started to move, prompting a peculiar motion from his rear that left Ashton stunned. It was almost as though he had an extra appendage, one that could move at his prompting. Had he a horse's tail for real?

Ashton hardly had time to reflect on it when the familiar touch of his lover on his testicles brought him out of the reverie. Fred was reaching down to lovingly stroke Ashton's balls, making them swell in anticipation. Yet, they soon seemed to expand beyond that, threatening to burst their meager confines before his ballsack could keep up!

Ashton felt no pain from the experience, only the pleasure of arousal that came from both his Master's touch and presence. Each caress sent tremors through his loins, culminating in his cock as it continued to leak its fluids. A horse-like whinny escaped Ashton's lips at the implication of what was to come. It was almost too much, making him want to blow his load right there!

Yet, he was a good horsey, as Master had told him over and over. He would not ejaculate until Master was deep in his bowels, ready to release his own seed. Ashton was eager to receive whatever teasing that Master saw fit until Master was prepared for the main event.

Standing still, Ashton felt Master reach down and rub his taut erection, eliciting even more whinnies from lips that felt numb and rubbery. He was sure it was from the beer. That was the only explanation for why his face felt off, and why the itching was continuing to cover him from head to ass. Surely, he had to be drunk!

Yet, any concerns were washed away by Master's sweet whispers. "There, there. Such a good horsey. Good horsey. Let Master take care of you," Fred said, reaching down and stroking Ashton's cock with the tenderness of a skilled lover.

Ashton stamped his hands at that, loving the sensation welling from his penis the more his Master stroked him off. Each touch was electric, as though his cock was far more sensitive than it had been during the entirety of their tenure as lovers. Waves of joy rocked his prostate, eliciting whickers from larger lips that simply made Ashton fall into the moment.

Lost as he was in ecstasy, Ashton was hardly aware that his lover's cock was teasing the rim of his pucker sensually as Fred applied his own precum as a lubricant. Normally, Ashton would have at this point felt the cool application of artificial lube to his insides, accompanied by a loving finger. But, instead, Master seemed to think his own secretions sufficient as he continued rubbing at his lover's fuck hole.

Ashton was remiss for not reflecting on it further as the familiar warmth of his husband's penis was shoved inside of him, eliciting a pleased whicker from his lips. Though Fred was usually larger than this, Ashton nonetheless left invigorated inside and out by the familiar cock in his rectum. Fred's balls slapping against his own, albeit larger ones, made Ashton stamp his back feet in annoyance. He wanted more!

Ashton's insistence was rewarded by the sensation of Master's hand on his cock, rubbing him up and down in a steady rhythm with his thrusts. Ashton snorted at that, his sensitive flesh throbbing with need. It was almost more than he could bear to be stroked off like this, Master's skilled hand running all the way down to the tip as Ashton leaked rivulets of fluid. The sensations were amazing, topping anything that Ashton could recall from their marital bed. Was he *that* into the notion of pony play?

"Good horsey, such a big boy, aren't you!" Fred praised, making Ashton whinny his approval. He loved being talked down to in this way, making him feel owned, loved in a way no human experience had done prior. It was truly the moment when Ashton fell in love with Master all over again.

"There horsey, let's get you nice and big for me!" Master exclaimed, rubbing frantically at Ashton's throbbing erection.

Ashton allowed himself to thrust back against his Master, matching the motions as his cock seemed to pulsate from Fred's touch. It was as though Master's hand was pulling at his cock, not painfully, but in a way that made Ashton shiver. In fact, the sensation seemed to be

reshaping it to make it larger. The more Master stroked him, the further his hand had to go to make it to the tip!

Ashton was sure it was the buzz that was making him perceive that Master's ministrations were remodeling his member. Still, it was impossible to deny that his tip was flattening, his pisshead pulled to the bottom as the head flared into a crown. The more that Master tugged, the more skin he loosed from Ashton's shaft, tugging it down into what felt like a sheath. The excess skin seemed to meld with his groin, a warm sensation forcing his penis to face towards his toned stomach.

The more that Master pulled, the longer that his cock seemed to get, almost to the point where Master could no longer reach his flared tip any longer. Ashton missed the touch to the sensitive flesh, but having his member stroked off in that way was a worthy substitute. It was as though his penis was being pulled longer and longer, nearly reaching the ground from the sheer size of the member that was being granted him. As though to confirm his suspicions, the hand on his penis seemed smaller, as though its girth had expanded. It was almost as though Ashton truly had a set of horse tackle between his legs!

The more he was fucked, the harder it became to stand in the position he was in. Outside, the ground was a little rough against his fingers and toes. And Ashton had to readjust his stance several times in order to keep Master inside of him. Several cracks and pops seemed to resonate through his legs, making him even more awkward. If he didn't know any better, Ashton could swear that his legs were getting longer, forcing his ass into the air and against Master's groin.

The slap of a massive hand on his ass made Ashton whicker loudly, loving the idea of being objectified in such a manner. It was exhilarating to feel the hand smack him over and over again. The muscle in his hindquarters seemed far thicker than his ass once was, more firm. The slaps seemed to get smaller, as though the diameter of his ass had grown larger from Master's touch.

Much too soon to his pleasure, he could feel Master pull away, almost falling on the ground from the force of Ashton's suction on his cock. Ashton wanted to look back, but the sensation of a hand on his mammoth penis kept him facing forward. It was much smaller now relative to the massive stature of his dick. How was Ashton getting so big so fast?

Yet, the sight of Master in his periphery gave him sufficient pause to take his thoughts away from the creaks and groans of growth that were overcoming his body. Master was grabbing a stool that had been set out by the side of the barn, one that had escaped Ashton's notice until now. Ashton stood still, letting his lover place the stool behind his feet and getting on top of it.

He wanted to question the reason that Master needed such a thing now, but Master's hand was on his side, caressing him gently, and Ashton found it hard to stress with Master's touch.

“There, there. That's a good horsey. Don't worry about anything. Master is here to take care of you,” Fred said, allowing Ashton to instantly relax. He was a good horsey, right? It made sense he was bigger than Master!

Still, Ashton groaned as the aches and twinges continued to play over him, as though he was still somehow growing. Muscle was rippling under the skin, bones and tendons stretching into larger shapes as his breaths became deeper. His belly felt as though it was barreling outward, gaining fat and muscle as his thighs bunched up to accommodate his massive ass. His swishing tail played over an anus that was higher up than he recalled it should be.

Ashton wanted to look back, but every time he turned his head, Master's hand pulled the reins to keep him facing forward. Ashton was an obedient pony, not wanting to move in any direction that Master didn't want. Despite the bizarre twinges of change, he felt duty-bound to be the best horsey he could be!

Even a soreness in his feet could not dissuade Ashton from not turning to look. His stance was awkward from the size of his backside, his altered hips forcing him on tiptoes. They seemed numb, though it was not pain that made them stiff. The middle toes were pressing against the rest of them, raising him even higher. It was like a bowling ball was glued to his middle digits, ever-swelling to the size of his leg and even beyond that.

The same soreness assaulted his hands as Ashton was forced onto his middle fingers. Yet, the aches of his stance soon faded as the numbness intensified and Ashton was left unaware that there was anything wrong with the way he was standing. It was as though he was meant to be on all fours, legs supporting the massive stud that Master thought him to be.

“Good horsey...just a little more...my good horsey...” Fred moaned, getting up on his stool and spearing for Ashton's pucker. Ashton's tail was flagged and ready, his pucker almost winking with the need to be penetrated. It was the culmination of everything he had been teased about all evening!

Ashton grunted slightly in his hoarse voice, though Fred's cock was hardly large enough to stimulate the massive beast he had become. Still, he could feel Master's stiff member plowing him, just enough to tease his prostate. And Master's warm hands were stroking his cock and mammoth testicles, all while giving him words of encouragement.

“That's a good horsey...cum for Master,” Fred whispered, making Ashton raise his head and whinny like the horse that he was being treated as. The tickling of longer hairs on his neck went unnoticed as he felt his cock slap against his belly, the base being stimulated by his lover. It was too much for the massive horsey, and Ashton felt himself going over the edge into orgasm.

Nothing could have prepared Ashton for the sensation of his massive cock shooting like a firehose, spraying over his belly and the ground. It felt like gallons of jism were exploding from his penis, making more of a mess than Ashton had ever recalled. Yet, all that he cared about was the sensation of the penis in his bowels throbbing. He was going to make Master cum too like the good horsey he knew that he was!

“Yes, good horsey! Make Master cum!” Came the cry as a modest amount of semen was deposited inside of Ashton's bowels. Waves of joy ran through Ashton's body and mind. Nothing he could imagine provided so much fulfillment. Not only had he cum, but he had brought his Master with him!

“Alright horsey, let's get you cleaned up and then out on the field to graze,” Master said, before heading over to grab the hose one more time. Ashton was a little confused by the words, but a rumbling in his stomach did signal he was hungry after all the amazing sex.

Yet, there was nothing out there for him to eat, save the field of grass. Ashton wasn't expected to eat that, right? But...the smell of the lush greens hit his nose all at once, and the hunger Ashton felt only grew in intensity.

Lowering his head gingerly, Ashton pulled up a mouthful of grass, finding the bland flavor more palpable than he could have expected. The texture didn't bother him as much as he thought it would, and even the flavor of the sod pulled up with it made no difference. His mouth numb, it only allowed him to eat more than he thought was possible. Were his teeth perhaps larger in his lips? That was the only explanation as to why he was able to pull up so much grass so efficiently!

A light haze fell over Ashton's mind as he continued to eat, falling into a rhythm as he filled his expansive belly. Walking on all fours was natural at this point, and the fading booze made him start to wonder if something might have been wrong. Yet, Master stayed beside him the entire time, and every doubt was satisfied with the familiar pats to his ears and along his back.

“It's nearly bedtime horsey,” Master finally said, and Ashton allowed himself to be guided back to the barn, his belly full. Ashton felt the fatigue falling over him, all concerns gone.

He was a good horse for Master. He could fall asleep knowing that he was content and had fulfilled his role well...

Ashton woke up in a haze, his thoughts fuzzy and disorientated. There was a smell in the air, one of hay and sweat and other things that he had no immediate name for. He was not in his familiar bedroom, nor did it seem as though Fred was with him. Where was... Master? Ashton shook his head a few times, trying to make the events of the night return to his mind.

The contentment in his loins and lack of morning wood seemed to denote that Ashton had consumed far too much booze last night, or had the best sex of his life. But... so much of the evening was a blur. It seemed like many of the activities he had partaken in were impossible. And yet...

Something was wrong with the feelings coming from his body, as though he was covered with hay and dirt. Ashton must have fallen asleep in the barn. But the last time he had done that, there had been a clean cot and the snores of his lover beside him. He had certainly not been asleep on the ground, stiff and sore and swollen like he was now!

Ignoring the pain in his head that came with the apparent hangover, Ashton looked back to see the stuff of nightmares. Where his body should be was that of a horse, though he was not an expert on breeds. At first, Ashton thought that he was simply lying on a horse, though he could see no head. Yet, from the feelings of being massive and his bodily dimensions distorted, it was quickly apparent that the equine body was *his*.

The shock of being mostly horse was not lost on him even as he tried to raise his equine body off his side. To his surprise, it was relatively easy to do so, as though his mind had been altered. It shouldn't have been possible for him to move as adeptly as he was. But there was no denying he was able to raise his body up onto what appeared to be four hooves.

At first, Ashton thought he might have been a centaur of some sort, a half-man, half-horse. But it was quickly clear that he was more horse than man. He stood on four hooves, though fingers still persisted on the ends that he could wiggle if he tried. His chest and torso had barreled out into equine flanks, and his backside was indistinguishable from any normal stallion. To his shock, even some of his facial features had altered, his ears twitching and his lips feeling rubbery and flexible. Even his teeth were thicker in his mouth, likely why he tasted grass on his breath as though he had been grazing.

Memories of the past night came back to him in stages as Ashton tried to struggle with what had happened. He recalled having acted the part of the horse that his lover had wanted him to be. He even recalled the twinges of change that explained why he was mostly a horse now. But then, how had he not noticed himself transforming? Surely he wasn't drunk from so little alcohol.

Ashton had little time to contemplate it before churning in his bowels caused him to clench his backside. The need to relieve himself was almost all-consuming, the cramps worse than anything that he could imagine. And they had come on so suddenly! Ashton barely had time to move from his spot before his tail lifted up and to the side, and he was expelling his leavings in massive clumps that plopped audibly onto the barn floor. Not only was he a horse, but he was taking a dump like one, too!

Ashton had no control over the process as his bowels emptied of their manure, or when his penis slid out of what felt like a massive cocoon between his legs before unloading what seemed like gallons of piss. The smell of his waste hit him all at once, making him almost gag. It was far more pungent than anything he recalled smelling before in his life! Yet, there were nuances to the odors that soon carried more interest than disgust, notes of health that should have been impossible to detect. The odors of his own body soon relaxed him, as though they were part of him and his home.

The sound of a barn door opening brought his attention to the far side, where Master was coming towards him. Wait, didn't he mean Fred? No, the word 'Master' seemed to sit better with his mind. Why did he think of his husband that way now?

"Pew yeewww! You smell! I'm going to have to get you washed down before I give you proper breeding!" Fred exclaimed.

Part of Ashton's mind was greatly embarrassed that he smelled so much like a farm animal. But, another part was excited to know that he would be cleaned of the stench from his backside. Better yet, Master said the word 'Breed', reminding Ashton of the wonderful fucking he'd received the night prior and making his cock come out of its home once more.

Ashton was eager to have the water wash away the filth from his backside. Yet, he could not suppress a whinny of shock as the cold water hit his pucker, making him shiver. Soon, however, the water warmed up, and the feelings of soap on his hide made him feel cleansed. His lover's touch made him relax all over as he was properly washed like the horse he mostly was.

By this point, both men were hard, Ashton able to see and smell his lover's erection as well as feel his own. His tail raised up and to the side again, exposing his now-clean pucker for

his Master's inspection. Fred wasted no time getting the stool and inserting his cock, thrusting back and forth and prompting Ashton's own to thrash against his belly.

Even lost in the fucking he was receiving, part of Ashton's mind still puzzled over the state that he was in. After all, he'd been literally fucked into a horse-man through forces he had no control over! Why was he OK with this?

As though reading his mind, Fred had the answer, even as he fucked his subby, horsey lover. "I *UHHH* thought it would be fun to *UHHH* make you a pony for real! *UUHHHH!* You can stay my good horsey for as long as you *UUUGGHHH* want to!

Ashton found himself turned on by the idea of remaining a pony-man for the next little while. It felt amazing to be fucked in his tight equine pucker by a skilled and loving Master. Best of all was the sensation of his mammoth horse cock slapping against his belly while his Master's skilled hands rubbed his balls. He was getting so close...

"NNNEEEEEIIIIIIIGGGHHHH!"

Ashton couldn't help but whinny like the horse he was as his cock shot all over his belly and the ground. The clenching of his rectal muscles was enough to bring his lover with him as his rear was filled with a modest amount of human semen.

Ashton felt it nice to be hosed off again, Master cleaning off his belly and anus with the now-warm water. He hoped the two of them could spend some time together while he was changed like this. It was nice being Master's horsey, after all. It made him feel loved and emasculated in the best way, even surpassing some aspects of their marriage.

Yet, to his dismay, Ashton found out quickly that he was expected to stay in the barn, Master going even so far as to lock the paddock and trap him inside. Ashton wanted to listen to Master's words about being back shortly. But, both the human and equine parts of his mind were worried. What if Master didn't return? And why was he being left alone? Surely, Master could revert him into a human form for the times that they weren't playing pony. Besides, Ashton had work to get caught up on!

Ashton found himself wishing that Master would be back soon. Yet, the minutes ticked by like hours, and Ashton found himself becoming increasingly bored. There was little to do, other than to stand in a sunbeam and allow his fur to dry. Master hadn't even had the decency to clean up Ashton's mess, something that Ashton was helpless to do without hands. Ashton was left to swat flies from his tail and skin, and munch on some of the hay that had evidently been left for him. How much did Master want him to experience being mostly a horse for real?

It wasn't until nearly nightfall that Ashton's ears twitched towards the sounds of his lover returning. He felt his tail flick and his asshole clench at the thought of being fucked by Master again. He hoped Master was in the same mood!

Yet, before Fred could even approach, a scent in the air caught Ashton's attention, one that made his cock grow more painfully erect than at any time he could recall. It was rank and a little musky, but it turned Ashton on more than even Master himself. There were no notes of familiarity, but that didn't matter to the bouncing horse cock that Ashton so desperately needed relief for.

Opening the stall door, Fred beckoned Ashton out with a smile. "Follow me, horsey. I've got something special for you," he said in that same commanding tone that excited Ashton almost as much as the erotic odor.

Ashton went along willingly, of course, though his throbbing horse meat made things difficult. He was led to another end of the barn, towards the trough that had held his beer. For a moment, his mouth watered, thinking it was going to be allowed to be drunk again before the inevitable fuck that was to follow. However, he was surprised to see what looked like a dummy mare, sitting up along one of the walls.

Ashton's face went white as he realized what his lover had in mind. It was one of those instruments that a horse was expected to cum in to harvest semen. Did Master want him to fuck that? Worse, the source of the odor was starting to make more and more sense. Though his nose wasn't fully changed, it seemed as though his body was into, what, mare pheromones? That was disgusting! He was gay, damnit!

Still, it was impossible to deny how much the odor was turning him on. It was coming from a damp rag, one that Fred had evidently dipped in a jar of pheromones. His cock was leaking like a fountain now, eager to rut and cum in whatever would give his nose more of that succulent smell!

Ashton could barely contain himself as Master set up the dummy mare for him to fuck. "Now, now, horsey, just stay calm. You'll have plenty of time to rut her. And I'll be rutting you, too, like a good horsey! You love taking my cock, don't you?"

"And you'll have lots of chances to use the stand later. After all, the spell I had put on the saddle is...well, a bit more permanent than I'd have preferred. But, I think that it will be worth it in the long run, don't you, horsey? Those big horse testicles of yours are going to make me a

mint with how good of breeding stock you are! And you'll need to empty them multiple times a day!"

Ashton was shocked by those words. A day or two was fine, maybe even exciting. But, forever? He didn't want to be a horse, messing himself in a stall and standing about swishing flies from his backside until Master called on him to sniff mare fluids and rut in a dummy stand! He was a human being, damnit, and married to whom he thought to be a wonderful man!

Ashton went to protest but evidently forgot his ability to do so was taken away. Only equine whinnies escaped his lips as he stamped his frustrations. Fred had taken everything from him. Why? Did he not love Ashton anymore? How could any husband do this?!

Yet, before he could move, Master's hand was on Ashton's back, petting him as though trying to calm him. Master's touch seemed to have the desired effect, causing Ashton to back down and to allow Master to speak softly in his ear. "There, there, horsey, that's a good horsey. You love to serve Master, don't you? If you're good for Master, then I'll make sure to give you some sugar cubes and beer later. and perhaps a good fucking while you rut for me. Can't have all that semen go to waste, now, can we?"

Ashton couldn't believe what he was hearing. Yet, the more that he was petted, the harder it was to think about why he was so mad. Master was here with him, right? And he was a good horsey, wasn't he? The conflict in his mind was maddening!

It seemed as though Fred had the same thought as he brought the damp rag down towards Ashton's nose. Ashton wanted to turn away, but it was impossible for him to move with such an alluring aroma so close for the taking. The ache in his cock drew him forward, following his nose as Master moved it up past the breeding stand.

Taking Ashton's neck in his modest human hands, Fred guided his former lover up to grip the sides of the dummy mare as he placed the rag in the provided hole. Ashton reared up all the way, feeling the stand against the upper side of his cock as he started to rut with gusto.

Yet, there was no sensation on his penis as he tried desperately to work his larger body into the stand. The needs in his cock overrode any thoughts of disgust or resistance. Ashton simply needed to fuck and needed to do so now!

The familiar sensation of Master's hands on his penis made him whicker softly before his horse meat was raised towards the end of the stand. The moment his slick cock slid into the warm, moist tunnel was the moment that Ashton's mind was whited out. It felt too good, too

right to fuck like the stallion he was. It was far more fulfilling to have his cock enveloped in such a tight hole than to have it simply slap against his belly while he was fucked.

At the thought of having his tight tail hole filled, Ashton realized that Master had gotten behind him and was inserting his cock into Ashton's rump, just the way he liked it. Ashton whickered, thrusting faster and setting the pace for the two of them as they rutted, the bestial need taking over their minds

"That's a good horsey. Fuck for Master! Good horsey! Just let it all out!" Master cried out as his hands rubbed Ashton's massive, quaking balls.

Any thoughts of resistance were long since passed as his body went into orgasm. The grip on his penis was too tight for him to hold back as with an echoing "NNEEEEEIIIIGGGHHHH!" Ashton blew the load from his balls and into the dummy mare. Fred was not far beyond him, the tightness of Ashton's equine male cunt too much for himself.

"There, there, that's a good horsey. Gooooood horsey. Let's get you a treat now, shall we? Such a good horsey for Master. That's how you please Master," Fred said, and Ashton felt any straggling inhibitions melt. He was terribly hungry as he climbed down off the stand, and Master had offered him some tasty treats!

Ashton was vaguely able to recall why he had been hesitant about the current state of his body and the permanency of his predicament. He would be into pony play for the rest of his life if Fred's words held true. His days would be boring, living like an animal until he was forced to rut and breed like the horny stallion he was. His life, his friends, his job, and his relationship with his husband were robbed from him forever.

Yet, it was nearly impossible for Ashton to recall *why* he was so concerned about the state of things. He had Master, he had food and beer, and most of all, the sweet scent of mare juices to spur on his arousal. He would be lonely without Master beside him at all times, but he knew in his heart that he was a good horsey. It was harder to fear what he had lost with how fulfilling it was to have what he now had.

The buzz from the beer in his belly relaxing him even further, Ashton got down on his side to sleep for the night. It was cold in the barn, but his flesh was warm and his body massive. He would miss Master at night but knew Master would be close by.

Yet, to his surprise, no sooner had he closed his eyes than he felt the warm body of his much-smaller Master lying against his own, curling up around his chest and tenderly rubbing Ashton's massive flanks.

“I love you, my wonderful horsey,” Master said, leaning in to kiss Ashton’s much more rubbery lips. Ashton returned the gesture, happy that his Master was close as he closed his eyes and drifted off into blissful slumber.