

An Unexpected Ride

For Kayllik

By TheSpiralledEye

Jennifer grimaced as she opened the car door; the smell of dirt and animal dung filled her nostrils and made her want to gag. People always complained about the smog of the city and how refreshing country air was; she didn't get it. At all. Damien, the smug bastard, looked like all his Christmas' had come early, already dressed for a day of hiking, horseback riding and becoming 'one with nature' as he put it. She liked Damien, really, she did; he was fit, handsome and made good money, if only he wasn't obsessed with hiking and other outdoorsman hobbies, he'd be perfect. He'd been at her for weeks to come out here for a day and Jennifer was already regretting giving in. Her new boots, the only good thing to come out of this little adventure, already had mud splattered on them.

Some southern hick of a girl with cornflower hair done up in braids greeted them, eagerly showing them to the stable where they were going to clean their gear and mount up ready for the first ride of the day. Jennifer balked, she had to clean and dress the horse *herself*? What sort of business was this anyway? No, this would not do, promise or no promise she was not doing this. As soon as the hick girl had disappeared to get more 'tack', whatever that was, she turned to Damien with her best acting hat on.

"Babe, I don't think I can do this. These animals stink, it's giving me a headache."

Damien sighed heavily.

"Jen, you promised. I do everything you ask; can't we just do one ride?"

"But they're so gross." Jennifer complained, flinching away as one of the horses flicked their heads toward her. She pinched her nose, this stable stank of horses and hay, she hated it.

"I'm going to throw up it smells so bad!"

"There's city girls and then there is you, Jen." Damien rolled his eyes and pushed up his sleeves. "I was hoping it wouldn't come to this but I think it's time you do something I want to do. Whether you like it or not."

Jennifer gave him a withering look; he was using his sexy 'I'm a man's man' voice he used in the bedroom. It was hot during sex, she'd give him that, but did he really think she was some delicate flower who would bend to a man's will just because he had big muscles and a low baritone?

“I am not,” she stamped her foot on the floor for emphasis, “getting on a horse and there is nothing you can do to make me.”

To her surprise, Damien kept smiling.

“Actually, there is.”

He walked up to her, palm held out and poked her in the forehead before taking a step back. He actually poked her like a child, the bastard. She opened her mouth to give him a serious talking to about maturity but no words came out. Shocked, a hand flew to her throat; her voice was completely gone! Not only that but her mouth was feeling dry, her tongue leathery and tough against his teeth. She’d read some New Age healing book years ago that talked about pressure points, was that what this is?

She went to take a step forward only to trip; her shoe was loose all of a sudden. She looked down in horror, she almost seemed to be shrinking, withering was the right word; her skin was going from a sunkissed tan to a dark leathery brown. She held up her hands, mouth open in a silent yell of shock as her skin began change and shrink, her vision blurred and she tried to blink to clear it but was unable. She was...she didn’t have eyes anymore! Or legs, or a mouth! Her vision cleared and she was laying on the floor, her body completely changed to some other inanimate form. She tried to make sense of her surroundings, she felt stiff, unable to move of her own volition but she could see in any direction she pleased, if she concentrated.

She looked up at Damien, who was standing over her with a small smile before leaning down and picking her up. She could feel his warm fingers hooking under her curved form. Had she the capacity, she would have shivered, there was something strangely intimate about the gesture.

“I promised myself I was done with magic.” Damien sighed, “But if this is the only way I can enjoy the outdoors with you, so be it.”

Jennifer wanted to yell at him, when he turned her back, she was going to dump his ass so fast and sue him for everything! Lacking a mouth or any other way to make sound though, she settled for glaring at him. Perhaps it was magic or just intuition but Damien smirked.

“I know you’re probably pissed right now, but we’ll see how you feel after the ride.”

He hooked her under his arm and began walking into one of the stalls. Oh no; no, he wouldn’t dare put her on one of those smelly, awful beasts! But he did. Somehow, despite her new saddle form, Jennifer could still feel and smell along with seeing. She was fortunate there was a blanket between

her and the horses back or the fur would be tickling at her underside. Still, the smell was everywhere and were she still human she would have gagged. He was going to pay for this.

“Where is your girlfriend?” The blonde girl was back.

“She decided to go for a hike first, just me I’m afraid.”

“Oh, what a shame. Did you want me to come keep you company?” The girl had the audacity to smile, what a little harlot! Just because she was going to dump Damien as soon as she was human again didn’t mean she couldn’t get jealous.

“Nah, I feel like just being alone in nature for now.”

Jennifer took pleasure in the girl’s disappointment. Damien led his horse out of the stable and she wanted to sigh with relief, compared to the stink of that wooden hell hole the mountain air really did seem refreshing this time. She felt her form pulled slightly to the side for a moment as Damien mounted before suddenly, she was squashed beneath his weight. She could feel his jeans rubbing up against her and slowly his body heat seeped through to warm her new leather skin. The horse smell was suddenly overwhelmed with his own heady, masculine scent. Pinned beneath him, drinking in that smell she couldn’t help but feel arousal stir inside her despite the circumstances. Normally, when she being held down this way, close enough to smell him, they were fucking and even as a saddle she couldn’t get rid of the association.

His thighs squeezed her as he clicked his tongue and the horse began to move, slowly at first before speeding to a playful trot. Each bouncing motion sent Damien ever so slightly into the air only to press down on her again within the second. His strong legs rhythmically pressing into her as he rode. From her strange position she looked up at him, taking in that chiselled jaw and the strong-arm muscles taking up much of her vision. How was she supposed to stay angry when he kept touching her like this? The warm scrape of jeans rubbing against her tough surface sent strange tingles through her new form. How on earth a saddle could get so turned on was beyond her but the why and how wasn’t really important. Strange as it was, it was happening and she had to deal with it somehow.

“Enjoying it down there?”

Damien’s voice was smug, did he know how she was feeling? What dirty thoughts those thighs around her were causing?

“I bet you’re secretly loving being at my mercy like this.” He mused, “You talk big but deep down, you’re a little sub. Desperate to be dominated by a big, strong guy like me.”

Jennifer wanted to tell him he was wrong, but those words sent pleasure streaking through her. Could she even get off in this form? She was going to bet not, which meant she was stuck being teased with no pleasurable end in sight. The thought turned her on even more.

“I’ve been wanting to do this for a long time you know.” Damien mused, loosening his grip on the reins and letting one hand grip her cante firmly.

That hand felt so warm and rough against her, not only could she feel and smell his skin but she swore that she could taste it now. That salty, uniquely male flavour.

“You needed to be taken down a peg.” He continued, “In this form you can’t cum, just so you know, you can only feel the pleasure build.”

Oh God.

“But, I am merciful, I’ll give you the next best thing.”

A new smell joined the others, an indescribable scent that set off a primal feeling within her. She could feel him, through that thin denim, his large cock growing hard. Pleasure pooled inside her and he began to grind the hardness down with each movement of the horse beneath them, letting the friction pleasure him as well. The air around them began to stink of sex in the most wonderful way, she desperately wished she could moan. Even doing that would help her release some of the pent up pressure and pleasure within. But she couldn’t. She could only take more.

Damien’s hand let go of her, tracing his fingers down her leathery surface to his own crotch. Jennifer swore she could feel lightning coursing through her as he did it. She watched as he unzipped himself, reaching inside to let his length free. As the hot skin made contact with her, she was instantly assaulted by the ever growing scent of precum and the taste of his length against her. She could almost imagine her leathery skin was her human tongue, running along his cock and tasting it. A drop of salty fluid slid down from the tip onto her, that tiny drop of warm wetness giving her such a feeling of bliss; she wished she could soak it all up inside.

The horse continued to bounce them as Damien’s hand palmed at his cock, pushing it firmly into Jennifer so there was no way to ignore or distract herself. She could hear him groaning, even as he smiled down at her. He was enjoying this, deriving pleasure from her helplessness. He must have known how desperately horny she was with no way to release herself; she could only watch as he got closer to the edge and live vicariously through him. Suddenly she felt his cock pulse and warm seed spilled onto her; were she able she would have cried out as Damien was. A deep, wonderful

pleasure coursed through her saddle form vicariously as Damien came; the knowledge that on some level she had been the cause of such bliss was as close to orgasm as she could get. The cum was all over her and she revelled in it; the smell, the feel and especially the taste. She wanted to soak it all in but her shiny, smooth surface wouldn't allow it anymore that it could the precum.

Damien was telling the truth though, he was merciful, he let the cum stick to her as long as he could. Allowing her to truly savour the feeling of that sticky fluid before he finally wiped it away with his handkerchief. It was only then Jennifer noticed they had finished the circuit and the barn was in sight. She was so horny she could barely think, the moment they got back and he transformed her into a woman again she was going to pull him to the ground and fuck him right there in that stable. It was only a few meters away, she wouldn't have to wait long, thank God, she was so close...

"You know what, it's such a lovely day." Damien grinned down at her, "I think I'd like to take another ride before turning back."