

To The Horse's Mouth

By Vivid Lucidity

M/F vore, horse pred, ambiguous prey, sex, horsecock, some size difference, one mouth to another, big cock

Waves crashed against the shore as the heat of a summer's day blanketed the sand. Lucy however was kneeling in the shade, although her choice of shade was most interesting. She knelt beneath a stallion, a horse with deep, dark brown fur and a form rippling with strength. No saddle or bridles were upon him with a person at his service, not the other way around. Lucy was able to kneel comfortably upon a cushion beneath him for he was that large. Size that went to other areas as well.

Before her dangled his thick, girthy horsecock. The balls and base were pitch black, while the length of it was splotched pink and black. It hung slightly limp, bouncing slightly with his powerful heartbeat, yet it was as long as her leg and a bit thicker than her thigh. She hadn't seen any creature, man or equine, with a shaft as big as his. It would've made her salivate if she wasn't already. For already her tongue lapped and ran along the two hefty, full balls behind the monster. Each were almost the size of her head, making them impossible to grip entirely, leaving her fingers rubbing and massaging along the surface. They were just so heavy, plump and full. She could feel the weight of them, how they resisted her efforts to move them through their sheer inertia, as if they were made of solid iron. Her face was smothered beneath it entirely as she licked the leathery surface. A surface treated with a thin layer of sweat and musk that set her taste buds alight as she dragged her tongue along it. Face pressed against it, tongue lapping against it, she was forced to breathe through her nose. Breathing in the musk that warmed her body far more than any sun could hope to.

After getting them nice and wet with her spit, she slowly dragged her face up his fully erect rod. She pressed her nose and right cheek deep into it, coating her face in the thin layer of lubricant on his shaft. Her tongue licked and lapped all along it, trying to curl around it even though she couldn't cover a tenth of it. Between her licks she peppered it with kisses. After crossing the thicker base of the shaft, she was upon the shaft itself, running her tongue along individual veins. A thin layer of cum coated the shaft which she eagerly lapped up between kisses. The shaft thinned only ever so slightly as she approached the head, before widening greatly with his thick flare. She put her lips to the ring and licked the underside as she slowly ran her mouth all around it. Suckling and moaning, she covered the entire circumference. She then pulled away to the front, put her tongue at the very bottom and dragged it up, up through the valley of the head. A head that was just smaller than hers. A head big enough for her to mash her entire face into. After flicking her tongue off the top, she wetly planted her lips on the urethra. She kissed it like a lover, being the only part of him small enough for her to comfortably work with. After swirling her tongue tip around the edge, she then pushed it in as deep as she could go. Her tongue squelched as it dove into the heart of his heat, of his desire, her tongue lighting up with fresh, intense taste that almost made her cough. After swirling her tongue around for a few moments she pulled away, giving a final quick kiss.

A kiss returned with a small stomp of his back right hoof and a snort that sent hot air washing over her back.

"Enough foreplay for you? Then lets get to the main event~"

And then she began to take it into her mouth. It was massive, easily the biggest shaft she had ever seen, but she was determined to make the biggest shaft she had ever taken. She started by stretching her mouth as wide as it could over the slightly pointed tip at the top. It was firm, yet had some pliability, some give to it. Just enough to let her stretch her lips over it, filling the front of her mouth with throbbing hot horse cock. As soon as she did her mouth was filled with a primal flavor of musk that satisfied her on a primal level. It gave her the strength to

pull her face down and use her fingers to help pry her mouth open wider and wider. Until with a deep suck of air, take it into herself fully, and slip the thick, girthy ring past her lips. Nose planted just above the shaft, she had nothing to breath but the musk wafting off his cock. She had nowhere to look but along the long, long shaft. It stretched out into the distance like a highway in a desert. Maybe it was just her musk addled mind, but she swore she could see the light ripple from the heat wafting off it.

Pushing off with her knees, hands on her knees to help, she slowly worked it forwards through her mouth. Her tongue was stretched firmly planted against the floor of her mouth to let him through. After ten seconds she had filled her mouth fully, with her uvula easily batted aside as it rested against her tight, fleshy gullet. Reaching up, she wrapped her arms around the shaft in a hug, feeling the musk squish beneath her fingertips. With a deep groan and well of all her strength, she pulled, and the flare pressed hard against her throat. Yet it did not budge. A roll of her eyes and another deep breath before she redoubled her efforts. And with a squelch and rush forwards that surprised even her, she took it inside. Her throat bulged out obscenely from the horse cock wedged inside it. Her throat was over twice as wide now. The sensation was familiar, yet the sheer intensity of it was not. But she couldn't deny it was alluring.

Taking a few more breaths, she then worked her way forwards. He was impatient, but she knew that slow and steady would win this race. With deep moans and squelches, she took the shaft inch by inch, more of it disappearing into her body. His heartbeat throbbed in her ears as she worked forwards, drowning out any thoughts she may have had. A quarter way down his cock and she finally managed to reach his balls. Relief washed into her as she gripped those plump orbs once more with the surface just feeling right to her. With a few more inches she was able to reach around to the back and use them as an anchor to pull herself forwards with. There was no pain for him to do so, since they weighed so much in comparison to her.

With some effort, the thick bulge in her throat disappeared past her collarbone, down into her body. She was now crouched, so much of her body forced to horizontal to take his shaft, but it helped hold her up. It took the pressure off her legs somewhat, letting her put them behind her, plant her toes firmly on the floor, and push off with her legs. He let out a pleased snort as several more inches easily disappeared into her body, while she gave a muffled moan in response. With several more long, drawn-out thrusts forwards, she had almost reached halfway. She felt her gut quiver and then make a 'pop' as the flared head entered her stomach, no doubt with a flood of pre, spit, musk and sweat. Yet she continued ever onwards, taking more and more of his shaft with every second. Before long she felt her stomach distend as the horsecock pressed against the far wall. Another push, and a faint bulge appeared in her midsection. But she didn't slow, not with the base so close!

Reaching up around the base of his balls to give a proper hug, she pulled herself forwards once again. It was so much harder now that was stretching out her gut with every pull. But she had finally reached the base of the shaft, with a thicker ridge right in front of her lips. With her gut distended massively, she knew it would be hard to clear even that, to let him go for a run while using her as a cocksleeve. Maybe next time. But for now, her duty was still to pleasure him. Gripping the base of the shaft with her hands, fingers unable to stretch around it, she managed to push back just a few inches. She left behind a cock slick with her frothy saliva. After pushing back, she then pushed off with her legs and hugged his balls tight to go forwards again. She rocked her body on his shaft, dragging her stretched tight throat up and down the lubricated cock like a fleshlight. The stallion's nostrils flared as he let out pleased

grunts and snorts. His body rocked forwards and back slightly, while her body trembled as his heartbeat grew quicker and stronger. She could even start to feel the cum sloshing inside his sac. She knew he was close and quickened her pace.

Until her myopic focus upon the shaft was interrupted by a growing shadow to the side. Looking to his right, her left, she saw four pale brown horse legs off to the side trot up beside him and stop. Before the muzzle of a mare came down, peering under his body to look at Lucy. She was almost as big as the stallion himself. She looked inquisitive, before her gaze grew frustrated as she looked at Lucy wrapped around his shaft. Lucy's eyes went wide for a moment, not expecting visitors, before she focused back upon the shaft. Her whole world was the cock, everything else could come later. The mare snorted, sending hot, humid air washing over her body, before she pulled away and trotted off to the stallion's front. Unable to even turn her head, his shaft forming an iron backbone through her body, she couldn't see where she went.

"What is she doing...?" She wondered, moments before the mare's hot, wet mouth clamped down all the way up to her left ankle. A slick, soft tongue immediately rubbed along the bottom, dragging the slimy tastebuds across her. Letting out a scream choked down into muffle, she panicked and tried to yank the foot out. But the horse's grip was strong, with the long tongue already curling around her ankle, budging only slightly from her yank. She could feel the tongue constantly move upwards as more of her leg disappeared into the hot, humid horse maw. Lucy was wedged so firmly on the cock that she didn't even budge from the mare's tugs, the horse merely moving upwards with her mouth.

Now unable to move her left anymore she kicked wildly with her right. Only for them to stop dead as it went straight into the mare's open mouth before she clamped down, pinning them together in soft, humid wetness. She couldn't feel the hard teeth, thankfully, but the gums and tongue were more than strong enough to keep her legs firmly pinned together. The fact the mare was swallowing a load twice as wide didn't slow her in the slightest, with those horse lips now creeping up her shins. Lucy tugged hard to try and pull her legs out, yet the mare's grip was firm, and all Lucy did was pull herself back down the shaft by two inches. Eyes bulging again from her mistake, she quickly reached up and hugged the balls tight, yet it was a struggle to intertwine her fingers. She merely hung on as she felt the heat slowly creep its way up. The thick tongue curled and slipped around her shins, then knees, before working its way up her thighs. Lucy's body bristled and squirmed as she brushed against the tight flesh of the horse's gullet. Cringing, she tried to pull away...

Only for the throat to come down on her and pull tight as she swallowed. In an instant, she was swallowed up to the ankles by her throat. And with the mare's head still, Lucy was yanked back off the shaft. With a long slurp, a muffled gasp, and a pleased snort from the stallion, Lucy was dragged several inches down the shaft. The mare's head was dipped right below the front of the stallion and went no further. But it was no problem as her lips crept up towards Lucy's ass cheeks, with Lucy slowly being pulled down off the shaft. Lucy's eyes watered slightly as she was dragged down the shaft far quicker than she ever hoped to go. But then suddenly, she stopped ... as the flare caught and dragged on the entrance sphincter to her stomach. Lucy's eyes bulged as the mare began to tug and pull back and forth, trying to free the flare lodged at the end of Lucy's gullet. The flare was doing its job and not letting go. The mare's mouth was firmly around the base of her rear now, giving her grip as she continued to tug on the stubbornly stuck Lucy.

Lucy held some hope that the stallion would do something to get her to stop. Intervene so Lucy could finish the job and bring him to climax. Yet it was shattered when she heard his pleased snorts, when she felt the river of pre sloshed into her stomach.

He was enjoying this.

Knowing she was truly alone; she gripped his balls tight and welled her strength to try and pull herself forwards... only to get tugged back. With a single forceful pull, the mare yanked her back, forcing the flare up into the tight gullet with another squelch. The stallion whinnied from the rush of pleasure and a gut punch of pre sloshed into her stomach soon after. Lucy's whole body trembled and turned to static from the sudden shift, when her senses cleared, she was three inches back. And the mare had cleared her rear and was working up to her waist. It took her a few moments to realize there was a new source of pleasure emanating from her loins: the thick, powerful tongue lapping her already wet lower lips. It was strong and dexterous, finding no problem in pushing the tip inside, making Lucy give another muffled yelp. And all the while she continued to inexorably tug her off. Millimeter at a time, she was dragged off the cock, leaving a trail of spit in her wake. Lucy's arms trembled as she hung onto the balls for dear life, before her fingertips were yanked off, and the balls swung pendulously back to their original position. Lucy's arms swung down, her energy sapped. The mare was up to her waist now. In a last-ditch effort, she tried to grab the mare's lips, push herself up out of the maw...

...only for them to slip inside the mouth as well. Pinned tight to her spit-soaked sides, all they could do was wiggle ineffectually. Just like the rest of her body.

Mere moments later though, Lucy was suddenly thrust forwards. Her eyes bulged yet again as she was shoved several inches forwards, her throat dragging over the well lubricated cock. She felt the flare press at her stomach's sphincter, about to come through, before the mare tugged back again. Lucy was pulled several inches back again, only to be thrust forwards, then back, forwards then back. The mare's head bobbed as she dragged Lucy forwards and back over the shaft with far more strength than what Lucy had. Every pull back was slightly longer than the thrust forwards, with the mare taking Lucy deeper into her own body slightly with every thrust. Not that Lucy was very much aware of it, her own body utterly overwhelmed by sensation. She laid limp on the cock, barely even struggling now. Through all the motion, the sensation, she heard the pleased snorts and whinnies of the stallion.

And that's when it hit her.

The mare was bobbing her head as if she was deep throating him. Which she was. She was just deep throating him via proxy, via the proxy of Lucy.

To the mare and the stallion, Lucy was nothing more than a fleshlight. A woefully too small fleshlight, to extend the range of her mouth and make oral sex an easier fuck for them.

The mare's tongue crept ever higher, the tongue swishing and basting upon her soft underbelly. As the tongue began to lap at her breasts, the thick flare tugged at her own throat. But then, the mare suddenly stopped. The pressure on her midsection then redoubled, and the mare thrust her head forwards, shoving Lucy a good half foot forward. When the shock cleared her system, Lucy felt the base of the cock throbbing. She had a moment to prepare before the stallion unleashed his load.

His cock swelled to one and a half times its width as he unloaded into her. Lucy could feel the cum rushing down his cock, stretching her throat out even more slightly as it passed, before it crashed into her stomach as a powerful gut punch. The mare held her there tight as the first wave slammed into her, then the second, then the third, then Lucy lost count. Each rope of cum was a second or two spaced apart, giving her but a moment to prepare before the next crashed into her. Each rope was slightly smaller than the last, yet it was little comfort to her. After a dozen seconds, she felt her gut start to swell slightly, with the mare's throat compressing it down, squeezing her body even further. After half a minute, the waves finally ended.

Lucy let out a sigh in her mind, thinking it was all over ... before the mare pulled. With the force and strength of such a large mare, she yanked Lucy's body off in one long, squelching motion. Lucy felt the ring bash up through her throat, catching on her gullet at her mouth for a moment before she was yanked free with a pop. And finally, after so long, fresh air washed into her mouth. Moments before a few final ropes of cum splashed across her face, coating her head entirely.

Lucy hung limply from the mare's mouth, a steady stream of cum dribbling out of her mouth. She didn't even have the strength to close it anymore. Her face was utterly caked in cum with her eye lids glued shut. She just hung there, two thirds of her body inside the mare, yet too tired to even wriggle. A low moan seeped out of her mouth. After a few moments, she looked up and forced one of her eyes open by just a crack...

...just in time to feel a hot breath ruffle her caked hair and see the stallion's maw approach her. A cavern ringed with white teeth and dripping with stalactites of saliva that fluttered in his hot breath. A thick, broad tongue hung low, ready to take her, with a river of spit running down the centerline. And a pitch-black gullet looming at the back. Lucy mustered the strength for a moment's scream before it was silenced as her shoulders and head were easily taken into his mouth. Cum across her face was replaced with spit in an instant as the rough tongue slapped across her face, pushing in deep and rubbing his bumpy tastebuds all over her. Her head quickly pressed against the gullet as his lips reached down her body, taking her breasts into his mouth, and kissing the mare that held her lower half. They held there for a few moments in the kiss, a moment of serenity for them as Lucy struggled in his hot, foul, rank mouth.

The stallion then pulled back, yanking her out of the mare's throat by a few inches, before opening his mouth and bobbing forwards again. His lips pressed against hers, while Lucy's head pressed against the soft, spit-soaked flesh of his gullet.

And for the second time that day, Lucy was swallowed.

A thick, heavy slurp and gulp echoed all around Lucy as she was swallowed headfirst, the tight flesh painfully tugging on her head and neck to drag her down the throat by a foot. The muscular throat clung tightly to her form, forcing the saliva into her face and mouth and washing away the last few drops of cum. The tongue now dragged along her midsection, sliding and slipping from side to side. Heavy squelches rang out from behind her as the tongue hastened its movements. Lucy then could feel the mare's tongue doing the same, just along her thighs, crotch and underbelly. It hit her a moment later.

They were making out. The two horses' heads turned slightly from side to side as they kissed passionately with each other. Their tongues slid over each other, and more importantly, the meal they shared between their two maws. Like the horse treat she was, Lucy's entire body was licked all over as they kissed, every inch of her body utterly and completely soaked in spit. They enjoyed her presence, they enjoyed sharing her between the two.

But when he swallowed again, dragging her shoulders into his throat, it was clear who she was meant for.

The stallion gulped slowly, clearly wanting the moment to last, yet no less forcefully. Lucy was slowly, inexorably, dragged up out of one horse's throat and down another's. The gulps were spaced far apart, with Lucy being pulled forwards and back slightly as they indulged their love. Yet she continued ever downwards the stallion's throat. She wriggled the whole way yet what could she do? Her struggles did nothing but make imprints in the bulge travelling down his neck. A bulge, which relative to him, was smaller than the bulge in Lucy's throat as she deepthroated his cock. Her waist slipped into his mouth, then her rear, then her thighs. With a slurp she felt some air over her body as the last of her was finally pulled out of her throat. Before she felt another slurp as the last of her was slurped past his lips like a piece of pasta. Time seemed to drag on as Lucy hung there in limbo...

GULP!

Before he tilted his head back and gave one final, forceful swallow, shoving the last of Lucy down his throat. Lucy felt the pressure build slightly as the mare's head pressed against his neck, licking and nuzzling the bulge as he dealt with his prey. Moments later, a tight, spit soaked, rubbery ring slowly slithered over her face as she was thrust into the hot, acrid stench of his stomach. Her nose wrinkled at the smell before she was forced into the slop of the chyme by another swallow. The rest of her was fed into the tight chamber with folded walls. As freedom to her arms was finally returned as they exited the throat, they were quickly dashed as her face was mashed into the far wall, making it hard to move. Yet he wasn't done. With strong swallows, the rest of her was forced into his stomach. Her body curled up into the fetal position, facing upwards. Her whole body was slick with juices and being slithered by the folded walls of his stomach. A few scraps of grass squelched beneath her body, while hot trickles of slime ran down her slick body.

All Lucy could do was squirm. Squirm in the tight prison, her body a faint bulge in his gut. He had no trouble holding a meal like her. Rocking her body back and forth, she just managed to free her hands from the tight grip of the folds. She fumbled blindly, hoping to be able to crawl up his throat, or at least out his 'backdoor'...

When suddenly, she was forced into the bottom of his gut as he reared upwards. Before being pressed with double the force against the top as he came down onto something. Lucy's whole body was compressed as a heavy weight pressed up from underneath, mashing her into the stomach walls above her. The stomach walls squeezed tight, compacting and shrinking around her, making it impossible to even wiggle. She felt a faint sense of moving forwards, while the heartbeat thrumming around her began to quicken. Before she lurched back, then forwards, then back, then forwards. She knew exactly what they were doing. And she could nothing in response.

The mare whinnied and brayed as her knees buckled in pleasure as the stallion mounted her. He snorted into her mane as he thrust back and forth, his thick cock spearing into her soft, tender, and utterly soaked folds. All the while a small bulge in his midsection pressed against her back, being nice and soft to not dig into her. He may have just cum, yet his balls were still heavy. After seeing the mare deal with his toy like that, well... Just one climax wasn't enough to sate his burning desire.