

The Help

A Short Story

By

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The sun rose with deceptive calm over the surrounding landscape as he stepped up onto the porch and rang the bell. He'd arrived a bit early but, as it was his first day, he wanted to appear as eager and ready to work as he could. During the intermittent time where he waited for the door to open, he double-checked his appearance to make sure he was still presentable.

He brushed off a bit of debris from his red and black plaid shirt that must have been picked up from the seat of his truck. Then did the same for his blue jeans, which were peppered with a small amount of the same material. When done, he made a mental note to clean the wood chips out of his vehicle that were still left over from the logging job he'd done the week before.

After only a minute or two, a shadow passed across the small, frosted window in the door. Which gave him just enough time to run a quick hand through his mop of short, unruly hair before it opened.

"Yes?" a woman in her mid-thirties asked as she poked her head out and eyed him carefully.

"Hello, um... Miss Cuthbert?" he inquired as he proffered his hand to her, "I'm Tony, we spoke on the phone yesterday about the add in the paper, for a stable hand?"

Her eyes brightened in recognition, she took his hand and shook it warmly while giving him a jovial smile. "Oh yes, Tony, it's good to finally meet you. You're here a bit early though, you mind waiting out by the barn for a couple minutes, while I get ready?"

He nodded and went to respond but, before he could say anything, the door closed in his face. It startled and confused him for a moment, however, he figured that his showing up so early had simply caught her off-guard. It worried him for a bit that he might have been the rude one for seeing her before she'd prepared for the day.

After some thought, he shrugged and plodded around the house and down the rutted and a little overgrown gravel road toward the barn. Where, after getting there, he milled around for a while to familiarize himself with the structure and the locations of the tools he might need for any job she needed him to do. It was a typical barn with what anyone would expect to find in the usual places.

A path, large enough to drive a vehicle down, ran through the center. Where the right side was lined with a series of stalls, each capable of holding a large farm animal of any kind. While the left, it was divided into several large alcoves, which were being used to store equipment, supplies, or as a workspace.

But what caught his attention more than anything else, was the trio of large, beautiful mares that stood to eye him from their stalls. Their dark eyes shining against the relative darkness of the barn from the morning light. While the dark auburn fur of their necks glistened and shimmered against the early sunlight that drifted in. Which seemed to highlight the powerful muscles that shifted under the graceful, furry flesh.

They were three of the largest and sleekest chestnut mares he'd ever seen. The biggest of which was easily seven feet, or twenty-one hands, at the shoulder alone. They'd been shuffling about within their stalls as he approached but stopped to stare at him the moment he'd appeared in the doorway. A watchful, unblinking gaze that grew more uncomfortably intense as time passed.

The sight gave him pause, at first, the way they looked at him with such a hungry gleam in their eyes. As though waiting, and with barely checked patience, for something that only he could give them. He figured they just needed their morning feeding and, as he was there, then he must be the one with their usual bucket of grain. But still, the way the largest one never took her eye off him as he paced about the barn, even licking her lips now and then, made him uneasy. And he found himself edging further and further away from her stall.

He couldn't explain why it would, either. A hungry equine looking at him for its food was a normal thing and had never sent a cold chill up his spine like that before, nor should it. But he could practically *feel* their eyes on him and the intense hunger behind them. With a shake of his head, he walked out of the barn while chalking it all up to lack of sleep and their unusual, though impressive, size.

As he stepped back into the open air, he saw Cuthbert approaching with a smile on her face and two large cups of coffee in her hands. "You find the place alright?" she asked as a cup was offered to him. "I know it's a bit out of the way, and some people seem to have a hard time navigating the roads out here."

"Oh... yeah, I found the place just fine," he replied as he blew the steam away from the cup before taking a sip. "Your directions were great."

"Good," she said as her eyes wandered over him, a bit distracted by her thoughts. "Tell me," she continued after a moment as they raised to meet his again. "You said you've done this kind of work before; how often do you find yourself doing manual labor? You keep in good shape?"

The bluntness of the question overshadowed the strangeness of it. Which is why he failed to notice the way her keen gaze again swept over him. Flicking between him and the barn several times as she considered something.

Instead, his mind drifted as he thought for a second before replying. “Oh... well, I keep myself busy,” he said with a shrug. “If that’s what you mean... it’s not as though I’m an unemployed lay-about or anything like that.”

She waved her free hand dismissively and offered him an apologetic smile. “Sorry, no offense,” she replied, her tone smooth and calming, “It’s just that this is rather hard work and can be quite a filling job, if done right. So, I’d prefer to have someone that’s lean and well suited for the task... is all.”

“Oh,” he said with a nod and another long sip of coffee, “I see what you mean.” When the words properly registered in his head, he added, “Fulfilling... don’t you mean?”

“Hmm?”

“I can be a fulfilling job? I think that’s what you meant to say there,” he proffered with a nervous chuckle.

He didn’t want to start out his first day by correcting his boss but was beginning to get a little weirded by the way her eyes kept raking over him. As though sizing him up for something. She was probably just judging whether he was fit enough for whatever work she had planned, but it was still a bit unnerving.

“Oh yes, of course,” Cuthbert replied with a seemingly forced guffaw, “My brain doesn’t seem to be working yet this morning, too early I guess.”

They shared a quick, awkward chuckle and started the day. Which was a fairly standard workday, as far as Tony could tell. Other than the odd looks he kept getting from the trio of equines in the barn, which got more intense each time they fixed him their view.

The rest of that day and the next couple that followed went by pretty quickly. With the work being rather simple and no more than he’d expected. Which made him wonder why she’d made such a big deal about it. However, on Monday of the following week, he began to notice several more oddities about his employer and the animals around him.

He'd arrived early that morning, as usual, and headed back to the barn to get started. Where the same hungry stares greeted him as he entered, however, that morning there was one less pair of eyes watching him. Although, the absence of one of the mares seemed to have made the way the others looked at him all the more ravenous.

The week prior, Tony had tried his best to avoid getting too close to the stalls. Not wanting to risk something happening, and only going near them whenever there was an absolute need. But having noticed that one of them wasn't there to greet him as per usual, spurred him to hazard approaching them for a quick look. If something was wrong with one of her prized mares, then Miss Cuthbert should know about it.

Setting aside his anxiety, he inched up to stand as close to the seemingly empty stall as he dared. All while keeping himself well out of reach of the other two mares. As they'd been a bit nippy whenever he'd gotten close before and didn't want to get bitten that morning.

He looked down into the stall and found the missing mare. She was laying on the floor and looking back up at him with a rather pleased and, almost creepy, look of content. The really odd part was that she looked as though she'd become pregnant over the weekend. As her middle was distended quite noticeably, far more than should've been biologically possible over the weekend.

Tony didn't know all that much about horses, other than when to feed them and muck out their stalls. But he was pretty certain they couldn't get *that* pregnant over a weekend. Nor had there been a stud around since he'd been there, so far as he could tell, which only managed to further confuse the matter.

His musing was interrupted, however, by a soft voice behind him. "Good to see that Ramya is settling down alright," Cuthbert said as she sidled up next to him. "She had a somewhat tiring afternoon on Saturday, and it may take her a while to... *process* the results of it."

Tony gave her a quick, sidelong glance, and said, "Must have been a very interesting day. Not sure I've ever seen a breed able to get so pregnant that quickly."

Her eyes darted over to him with an oddly nervous look, as though realizing she'd almost said something wrong. "Yes... they're a very, um... rather unique breed," she said with a shrug, "Capable of quite a few... interesting things that few other horses are able to do."

He felt her eyes linger on him for a second or two, seeming to again be judging and sizing him up for something. It was still just as uncomfortable as before and he thought about saying something to her. But her eyes drifted back over to the lounging mare and the moment passed. Besides, he'd gotten a little used to the way she looked at him, and even wondered if there might be something else to it.

She was, after all, an attractive woman in her own homely kind of way, perhaps she had some romantic thoughts in mind. It wouldn't be the first time he'd found himself in bed with an employer. In fact, it was far more common than he would have expected. And despite the occasional issue that came with it, he welcomed the boon whenever it presented itself.

"I suppose that has its benefits," he said, forgetting about the oddity of the mare before him for a moment. As his thoughts started to shift toward more carnal matters and their looming possibility. "I'd love to sit down and talk about them sometime... if you'd like."

Cuthbert gave him a wry, little smile. "Oh, I'm sure we'll have that opportunity sooner than you think," she said with a tone that held just enough allure to perk him up.

Her eyes lingered on him for a second or two before straying over to glance at the other two mares. As both of which were staring eagerly at them. Their eyes filled with an expectant gleam as though waiting for her to give one of them something at any moment.

As the tension seemed to have eased a bit, he thought it was a good opportunity to ask a couple of questions. So, with a casual gesture toward the other two mares, who's eyes still watched his every movement with rapt attention, he queried, "They really seem interested in us, why are they like that? I've seen horses that are pretty intent on their caretakers, but never like this before." He offered an alluring look of his own and added, hoping to press on her pride and perhaps inch a little closer to getting into her pants, "I guess you're just the best caretaker around then."

She rolled her eyes and ushered him out of the barn with a chuckle, to start the day's work. Although, her lips still stretched as a small smile played across them.

Throughout the course of the day and as the rest of the week progressed, he poked his head in every now and then to check on the plump mare. Both due to his curiosity and because he thought it might score a couple of brownie points with Miss Cuthbert. However, what he saw, as time pressed onward, fought hard to press the thought of scoring some pussy out of his mind.

The mare's belly started to get smaller with each passing day. She could stand and walk about the stall the next morning without any problems and, by Thursday, her belly had almost returned to normal. The most notable thing, though, was that as it shrank her coat became softer and took on a healthy shine. The mare even seemed to grow by nearly two full hands in height, all while her body seemed to surge with a renewed lusty energy and drive.

He wasn't stupid, as far as he was aware, so, he knew there might be something very odd going on. And probably should have said something about it, or even left the farm right then, as this many would have considered it a red flag. Nevertheless, he just shrugged it off as a strange quirk about the breed. After all, he was no expert on equines by any means, what right did he have to question something he'd never seen before. It was what he found on Friday, however, that gave him pause.

An object presented itself as he worked to muck out the stalls that he couldn't quite explain. While he scooped up the alarmingly large pile of fresh, pungent manure, the shovel hit something hard within the mass of waste. He didn't think much of it, at first, and was about to toss it into the wheelbarrow with the rest of the muck. However, a flash of white amongst the greenish-brown caught his eye, and he leaned down a bit to try and get a better look at whatever it was.

It was a small chunk of bone, no bigger than his pinky finger. For a moment, he wondered if it'd been sitting on the floor of the stall and had somehow gotten mixed into her shit. Which only brought up further questions about what such a thing was doing in a horse's stall in the first place. But as he looked it over, he could see that it had clearly come out of her, as there were bits of fecal matter pressed into even the smallest of holes within it.

There were signs that it'd been etched by powerful enzymes, not too long ago. Even a small hint here and there of the living flesh that must have only recently been stripped away. The bone was small, too small to have been anything larger than, say... a rodent or something similar. So far as he could tell. Perhaps she'd swallowed it by mistake during a recent feeding, they did tend to gorge down their food at times. Besides, there's no way her body could have processed anything larger... right?

The sight of the tiny patch off white, brought up an image of the mare, laying in her stall on Monday. What stood out in his mind, was the shape of the bulge in her midsection. While the light had been too low for him to make out any details, and his loins had started to distract him after a

moment. It seemed as though something about its subtle contours had seemed to form a rather alarmingly familiar shape.

A small chill slithered up Tony's spine as his mind considered the grim impossibility of the image. However, as he reached out and was about to pick it up to examine it a bit further, Miss Cuthbert called to him from outside. Distracting him just enough to let his train of thought derail and fizzle out. As her voice seemed to carry an enticing quality that drove everything from his mind.

So, he set the shovel aside and left the barn to see what it was she wanted. While the ever-present possibility of seeing her curvaceous body naked again played in his mind.

"Ah, there you are," she said with a jovial smile as he exited the barn. "What are your plans for tomorrow? After we're done with the day's work, that is."

"Oh... well," he muttered, caught off guard by how soon she seemed ready to have a tumble with him. Which managed to fully erase any concerns over his recent discovery from his thoughts. "Nothing really all that important, I guess. Is there something you, um... needed me for?"

She gave him a knowing smile. "Yeah, something like that, I have an issue that I think you'd be perfectly suited for," she said with a wry smile. "Let's just say that, after a week of you working here, I think your just the right *size* for something I have a need to *fill*."

A silent whoop rang within his head as he tried to curb his excitement and act casual, as though fucking his boss was no big deal. Although, while not the strangest euphemism he'd ever heard, it certainly wasn't very subtle.

"Yeah... I think I can help out with that," he said with a shrug and wagged his eyes, "If you think I'm the best *fit* for it."

"Oh, I do," she said with an impish grin, "I'll pick you up at your place tomorrow morning. I'm going to be in town anyway so I might as well save you the drive... its not as though you'll be heading back that night anyway. In fact, I think you might even be sticking around for a while afterward."

He bowed his head in a solemn, agreeable nod. While inside, he danced a little jig of erotic celebration. He allowed a long, calming breath as he tried to think what she might make for

breakfast on Saturday, then offered, “Alright, if that’s what you want to do. I suppose it might save some time in the long run.”

The rest of that day, while no different than any other had been so far, and for most of the night afterward, was spent with rapt expectation. Which was then further fueled by the look she gave him when he climbed into her truck that morning. That, and the subtle glances she shot him during the quiet drive to the ranch.

While other than the occasional glance or subtle comment, the day progressed as normal. He even managed to not get too creeped out by the looks the largest mare was giving him. Which seemed to now be fully focused on him with a strange, ravenous expectation. A look that would have sent a chill down his spine if his mind hadn’t been clouded with thoughts of soon to come bedroom delights.

As such, he nearly ran to put everything away and finish cleaning up at the end of the day. While she too seemed somewhat eager to get him inside the house. Even letting him leave one of the large carts out, saying she might use it later and, in any case, he could always deal with it at another time.

Once inside, they relaxed and chatted for a bit. Then after a while, she made them drinks and they retired to the couch in the living room.

“So, what made you look for work all the way out here?” she asked as he took the freshly made drink from her hand. “From what I’ve seen, few people are all that willing to come way out here, to the middle of nowhere.”

He shrugged and took a small sip from the glass, pursing his lips at the biting strength of it. “Oh, well,” he said as he admired the drink, wondering what it contained that had hit his pallet so hard. “I’m just willing to do whatever it takes to get the job done,” he continued after taking a proper swallow if it,” Go to any length to *satisfy* my employer, as it were.”

Cuthbert smiled and had to stifle a chuckle at his candor. “That’s good,” she said, her tone darkening almost imperceptibly, “Because I have something very special in mind for you to do. Something that’s very *satisfying* indeed.”

Tony grinned as he chortled into his tumbler while taking another drink, his mind starting to get a little fuzzy. She really knew how to mix up a rather strong drink. Although, if she wanted to have a bit of fun later, then they should limit themselves to only one of these.

“I’m a very satisfying person... you know,” he said with a small, but increasing, slur, “I take great pride on, erm... in giving every— everything I have to... en— enso, uh... to make people happy.”

Her eyes narrowed as his head began to droop and bob, despite his best efforts to stop it. “I’m glad to hear it,” She replied as her hand took the glass from his unresisting hand, “Since I happen to have something quite like that in mind.”

“Hey... wha...?” he muttered as darkness began to creep in and cloud his vision. While his limbs suddenly lost their strength, letting the almost empty glass fall from his hand and clatter to the floor.

“Hmm... a pity though,” she cooed, “You seemed so eager for a quick romp too. Perhaps I should’ve let you have one last hurrah first, it might have been fun... oh well.”

He strained against the looming unconsciousness that pressed against his mind as whatever she must’ve drugged him with took hold. It acted for quicker than he could react and he slipped into a dark, dreamless sleep. The last thing he saw was her kneeling before him, as a triumphant and predatory smile split her face.

* * *

Tony’s eyes drifted open as he awoke sometime later. His head hurt somewhat from the drug’s lingering effects, and it took a while for the grogginess to fully lift. He lay still for a moment and wondered if it had all been a bad dream before trying to sit up.

The last of the loitering mental sluggishness dissipated quickly, to be replaced with alarm when his body refused to respond. He looked around as wild panic surged in his chest to send waves of adrenaline through his body in a vain attempt to get him to move. However, the only response it

generated was a slight movement in his neck, although, this did allow him to take in his surroundings a bit better.

He was outside and realized, with further alarm as a light breeze blew against his skin, also quite naked. The back door of the house rose above him, several feet away and, with great exertion of effort, he managed to twist his head just enough to look around. Where it was discovered that he lay on the large cart that'd been left outside.

Seeing that she didn't seem to be around, and this was probably his best, if not only, chance to escape, he made a valiant attempt to get his limbs to respond. However, they refused to do so much as twitch and gave up. So, he had no other option but to lay there and await what fate she had planned for him.

After another minute or so, the door opened, and Cuthbert stepped out. She looked down, noticed that he was awake, and gave him a pleased, beaming smile. Which managed to somehow be more disturbing than anything else.

"Oh good, you're awake," She murmured to him as she began to casually push the cart down the path toward the barn. "I was a little worried that I might have gotten a bit carried away and given you too much. It'd be a shame if I had to put off you getting *acquainted* with Riona so that she wouldn't get sick from the Tubocurarine still in your system. After all, she's been such a good girl and waited so very patiently."

The drug sounded vaguely familiar and something about it was rather alarming. He tried to respond but found that his mouth seemed to be among the other parts of his body that didn't work. So, he just glared up at her with a mixture of anger, fear, and pleading as the cart moved inexorably toward whatever fate awaited him. While the comment about her horse getting sick kept echoing through his head with increasing amount of horrifying clarity.

"Oh... don't look so glum," she cooed as they trundled along, "Riona really seems to like you, I'm sure you'll both get along just fine. And she's ever so gentle with her new friends, so, there's nothing to worry about."

He wanted to scream, to curse, to call out for help, anything but lie helpless and idle as she nonchalantly conveyed him along. Taking him to an unknown fate that, by the sound of it, probably

wasn't going to be very pleasant. If not really... really weird. But whatever she'd done to his body was too powerful for him to overcome.

To make matters worse, each bump and shift of the cart was starting to make his back ache the longer he lay there. While having his legs being bent at such an odd angle was cutting off their blood supply, which made the tingle painfully. At least he could still feel them, so, she hadn't paralyzed him or anything; which meant it might wear off if given enough time. Perhaps if he could stall her long enough for that to happen.

"Here we are," she called out merrily when they entered the barn. "You know," she continued as the cart came to a stop next to one of the stalls with a jolt, "I almost kept you on for another week, you really are a good worker, you know. But poor Riona was beginning to pout, and I just can't resist those big, puppy-dog eyes of hers when they beg like that."

She opened the stall door, pushed the cart inside and dumped him onto the hay-covered floor. The same straw, he noted, that he himself had only recently covered it with. She withdrew the cart, then reentered with a small stool before closing the door behind her.

His head rested at an odd angle, which made it hard to see anything other than the front of the stall. But could see enough of the corner, where she placed the stool and sat down. Where gave him a long thoughtful look.

"Now then," she sighed as a large shadowy shape started to move ominously behind him, "You did say how you'd go to any length to satisfy me. Well, I'm pretty sure you were alluding to something else entirely, however, I think you'll still manage to do an adequate job of that here." She gazed down at him for a moment with a wry little smile, "Oh yes, she's going to be very satisfied with you."

A sudden blast of hot, humid air against his lower back startled him, where he'd have jumped or cried out, were it still possible. Instead, all he could do was lay there as the horse's large snout drifted curiously across his body, washing it with her sweltering breath. While every now and then, her probing tongue would slip out to give his flesh a soft, questing taste. Which spread an ever longer patch of warm wetness with each increasingly eager lick.

His eyes frantically darted in alarm as he realized what was most likely about to happen. Which, despite seeming not just impossible but downright evil, was something he should have

caught onto before now. As all the subtle clues from the previous week slowly linked together in his head to form the obvious conclusion that his libido had kept him from seeing. He gathered his strength and, with herculean effort, managed to angle his head enough to look directly at her. Where his eyes fixed her with a pleading and rather accusatory glare.

She watched him perform the feat raised a curious eyebrow, a little impressed with his fortitude. "Well now," she said with a smile of approval, "You are a scrappy one, aren't you? I don't think I've ever seen anyone manage to fight through the paralytic effects like that before." She let out a very pleased sigh and gave the still gently questing mare a wide, beaming smile.

"I think you're in for quite a treat tonight, Riona," she said softly to the mare, which seemed to let out a low chortle in reply. "This strong, young buck you have there is quite special indeed, I told you the wait would be worth it. So, I suggest you savor this one while you can, don't just gulp him down like you usually do."

Hearing her speak so casually about being consumed by the massive equine above him sent a nasty chill down his spine. Nevermind the sensation that swept through him at knowing such a thing might actually be possible. The chill soon climaxed into a blind panic as his feet were suddenly immersed in hot, slimy wetness when the mare swept them easily into her unnaturally large mouth.

What made it worse was how powerless he was. There was simply nothing he could do to try and stop the process as Riona slowly guided his feet and legs back towards her throat. While she tossed her head once or twice to get him to lay fully flat, where it would be easier for him to slip inside her mouth.

He was still trying to come to grips with the fact that his feet were actually in a horse's mouth, who apparently had the intention of eating him. When the mare lunged her head forward in a swift, agile motion that sent his toes over the back of her tongue and surging down into her throat. Which gripped his legs and started to pull the rest of his body into her dripping maw as she carefully guided him in with her tongue.

Just as her throat took hold of his legs, the mare took a step forward while lifting her head slightly. Which tilted him back and upwards, where she then pushed down to force him into the wet confines of her maw even faster. The hot wetness slathered ever more of his legs, increasing in

speed with each passing second. Until her dark, leathery lips soon began to lap at the base of his hips.

He gave another imploring look at Cuthbert, who only gazed back at him impassively. While speech still alluded him, much to his continued frustration, he somehow managed to make a frantic noise in his throat. The sound was unarticulated, but a clear beseechment of her to let him go, which only made her smile.

She let out a soft, low moan of enjoyment that tinged with excitement as her eyes closed for a moment. “Oh yes... you are quite the fighter, aren’t you,” she said while scooting forward to the edge of her seat to watch him slip further into the mouth of her prized mare.

Riona paused for several heartbeats as her lips reached the bulk of his midsection. Then she flicked her head again and pulled further into the air, before thrusting it forward to engulf his hips. Her throat gulped hard as she did so, sending his legs surging up her canted neck and toward her rumbling stomach.

As his loins slip with ease into the warm, wet embrace of her maw, he had to bite back the sudden welling of pleasure from his cock. As it sprang to life and sent tingles of joy through him as it was drug over the slick, supple flesh of her writhing tongue. Which made him a little glad that he couldn’t easily speak or move at all. As the squirming moan of mounting delight that fought to escape him would have only entertained her further. That, and he really didn’t want to give her the satisfaction of that right then.

Nevertheless, he grew quite hard within the soft, squelching confines of her mouth. The feeling grew at a steady rate until, as his hips neared the precipice to her throat, it had him quite close to release. There wasn’t much he could do to stop it either, it made him feel, in a way, as though he were being raped as well as consumed. Which he had some rather mixed feelings about just then, for a variety of confusing reasons.

The matter that was then compounded when her jaws clamped tightly around him. Which greatly increased the pressure against his midsection and sent further, tingly waves of pleasure through his body. She then lifted her head while tilting it to point skywards, causing his arms to flop down uselessly against her snout. All while her head shook and jostled him about to better position him for the imminent trip down her throat.

Despite the lulling of his head, he was offered a good view of the large equine that held half his body in its mouth. Albeit her lower half. Whose eyes looked up at him with a bit of mild curiosity mixed in under the ravenous, fiery hunger. She held him there for a tantalizingly long moment as her neck stretched ever upward and outward. The tension within it easing to allow his bulk easy passage through it, to her inner depths.

Then, just as he was getting to the point where he could no longer stand it, the pressure against him released. And, with a sudden, almost primal, force, her head lunged forward while gaping her mouth open and gulping hard. The act caused his hips to surge back and easily slip through the bottleneck of her jaw and plunge down her tight, pulsating esophagus. Although, the slick wave of pressure that came with it sent his already mounting climax over the edge along with him.

The unwanted release obscured his vision for an instant as the pleasant, pink mist of it filled his head. Which meant he was only vaguely aware of the hot wetness that crept up his skin as he plunged into the mare's mouth. When his awareness returned, it was just in time to watch with distress as her teeth passed around his head and frame his progressively limited view of the outside world.

Which soon cast Tony into sudden, inky gloom as her dark, leathery lips came together around his head. She held him there for a moment, sealed within her mouth, to savor the last of him as her tongue writhed and swirled under his face, neck, and arms. All while his arms flopped down from her lips uselessly.

With his head now within her maw, he was surrounded by a deafening cacophony of organic noise. From the liquid squelching of her tongue as it continued to work him into her throat. To the deep, sonorous thump of her heart as it pounded with excitement at his taste. Even an occasional breath that managed to force its way past him and thunder through the cavernous nasal cavity just above his head.

Seeing as this was the last chance he would ever get, Tony made one last, futile attempt to cry out. Not plead or beg for mercy, but so that his life wasn't extinguished without so much as a mild complaint. As one of the things he'd always dreaded was to be snuffed out while passively watching it happen. This desperate fear seemed to give him the strength needed as he felt a rumble build in his chest and surge up his throat.

The mare tossed her head as a surge of flesh sent him slipping quickly backward, this sudden, primal act further strengthening his resolve to be heard. “No!” he managed to finally cry out as he was shoved into her eager throat with a casual contraction of the tongue under him.

His voice echoed through the horse’s mouth and then reverberated off the soft, fleshy walls of her esophagus. Which, as he slipped further down toward her stomach, became more of a mournful howl than anything else. All while tears of frustration and sorrow mixed with the thick mucus and saliva that coated his body and the pulsating flesh around him.

Cuthbert watched, with grim satisfaction, as the mare tilted her head and gave a quick, powerful flex of her jaw. Which sent a large lump crawling down her neck as a final, loud swallow resounded throughout the stall. Her eyes followed his arms and then hands disappear as the last of him was slurped into her maw and down her throat.

When he reached the equine’s foregut, his body twisted and bent painfully, as the esophagus entered through the side of its stomach at a rather nasty angle. Which cut off his final lament, replacing it with an anguished grunt as he gritted his teeth. Where he then landed amongst its mostly caustic contents with a slimy splash, while the chamber gurgled and churned in excited welcome.

The air that greeted him was thin, which he counted as a mercy. It burned his lungs and stung his eyes as what little that filled the space swirled about at his face. Nor was there anything he could do to alleviate it, as he still couldn’t move. At least there was some solace that he would most likely drown or suffocate before being forced to endure the agony of his flesh slowly dissolving.

As if in answer, the caustic sac gave a large spasm as the walls began to secrete a thick, biting fluid that oozed over his naked flesh. It shifted and compressed his body while sloshing the liquid contents of the stomach that were building at his presence. Which soon managed to submerged him in a wave of acrid, pungent chyme, filling his lungs with fire and ending his mortal existence with a short, bubbling gasp.

Cuthbert sat on the stool and watched the horse, with a beaming smile, for a long, silent moment. Pleased to see her beautiful mare prance about the stall and whinny in triumphant glee at finally having been properly fed. The noble equine always did seem to enjoy dominating her meals and, of course, the feeling of a nice, stuffed belly it gave her afterward.

After Riona settled down, she stood and gave the mare a few long, loving strokes along her massive snout. As she did, a thought drifted through her mind. One that had several times before and was getting more persistent each time it did.

That, sooner or later, one of her precious girls would likely turn to her to sate their hunger. A hunger that grew more ravenous with each feeding. She doubted it would be anytime soon, but still wondered which of them it would be. And what it might be like to slip between the equine's lips, and into oblivion, when the urge to fill her belly became too great to ignore any longer.

She shrugged, no need to bother with such thoughts at that time or at least dwell on them for too long. So, with a quick, thoughtful look at the mare's distended belly, she left the stall to make her way back to the house. There were a couple of phone calls she needed to make; a new ad or two had to be placed in the paper. As she now found herself in need of yet another new employee, and there was still plenty of work to be done.