

"Hm."

Carlos sat on the plane on his way back to Spain. It was the seventh or eighth time he'd said, "Hm", and the person next to him was beginning to wonder whether she was hearing things.

Far from the euphoric rush Carlos had felt after his first "client", he primarily felt a little embarrassed at how the upstart black kitten had managed to control the situation while tied up. It was inexcusable, and Carlos was determined never to let it happen again. Taking his phone from his pocket, he started going through the pictures he had taken of the equipment at his disposal, some of which was so unfamiliar that he didn't even know what to call it. Nevertheless, he resolved to use the idle time on the plane productively and began transcribing the pictures into a textual list that he could start researching.

By the time the plane landed, aside from his phone having a very low battery, he had identified something on the order of 100 unique items and managed to look up most of the ones he didn't recognize. That left a little bit more homework to do on the identification front, but now he could shift his focus more towards the process elements of his "sessions".

Work proved particularly time-consuming and energy-sapping the first week, and Carlos had little to show for his efforts by week's end. But, come Saturday, he delved with gusto into what he was planning to do. By the end of the day, he had laid out a plan for himself and committed it to memory. On Sunday, he started going through mental war-games, imagining how he would handle different circumstances. These proved enlightening because they touched on a few things his original plan hadn't considered. "Listening" to his victims' body language was important—he had gotten an exceptional thrill from that, and it provided the opportunity for improvisation—but what would he do if his victims were either so stoic as to give him no clue or so squirmy that nothing in particular jumped out as *the* way to torment them? He went back to his planning, inserted some arrows and flowchart blocks, and by the time he was done, he felt pretty confident that the process he'd identified was ironclad.

The following week, he contacted Ulises on Wednesday to confirm that he would be in town on Friday, and Ulises agreed to have a package ready for him by that evening. The rest of the week was spent with Carlos wishing that work would hurry up and be over so that he could get down to the *real* business. His flight was uneventful, and with his business concluded, he hurried to the warehouse, eager to put his new plan into action.

"Ah, Ulises," he said, rubbing his paws together as he strode in, "What have you got for me today?"

Ulises gave him an expectant look. Carlos grinned sheepishly and produced payment, and then Ulises stepped out of the way and gestured invitingly to the tarp covering Carlos's next client.

Okay, Carlos, remember the plan.

With trembling fingers and breath ragged with anticipation, Carlos reached forward, grasped the tarp, and pulled down.

His eyes bulged. A perplexed look flickered across his face, mixed with delight.

"Ulises..." he said, cocking his head and trying not to drool, "Where on *earth* did you find a horse?"

Ulises frowned. "It wasn't hard, my friend," he said, a little perplexed himself at Carlos's reaction. "Diego does not discriminate; he employs all manner of species. Most of them are cats and dogs (and their cousins, lions and wolves), but he also uses horses and donkeys, goats and sheep, the occasional pig... really, anything he can get his paws on." He looked at Carlos quizzically. "Are you disappointed, amigo?"

Carlos was staring at the young buckskin stallion's face, his paw instinctively reaching to caress the gentle contours of his lower jaw.

"N—no," he said, snapping out of his reverie and looking over his shoulder. "No, he's—he's beautiful," he murmured.

"You haven't even looked at the best part, amigo!" Ulises chuckled, whisking the tarp the rest of the way off.

Carlos's eyes bulged. His paw went instinctively to his chest, and he winced, doubling over slightly at the sight of the plump, glossy black sack perched between the colt's golden thighs.

Revenge of Age: Chapter 3

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

"Amigo! Are you okay?" Ulises gasped, rushing forward and putting his hand supportingly on Carlos's shoulder.

"I—yeah," Carlos stammered, raising his hand in a reassuring gesture. "He—he's... he's perfect. Just... perfect."

All of Carlos's plans vanished like wisps of smoke as he looked down at the sleeping colt.

Unable to help himself, he caressed the buckskin jaw, trailed his paw down the slender neck, over the gently rippling pecs and abs, stuck a finger into the stallion's little navel, felt of the heavy balls that looked ready to burst with youthful juices. As he ran a finger around the stallion's sheath, he began salivating again and bit his lip. If his own penis weren't so obstinate, the mere sight of those muscular thighs would have brought it to attention.

Ulises watched Carlos uncomfortably for a moment, then started edging towards the door. "Well, amigo, you know where to find me," he said. "Let me know when you're ready for pick-up."

Carlos's ear flicked towards the cop.

Wait, what am I doing? Remember the plan! The plan! Uh, let's see, um... what was the first step? Um, had a look, check. First impressions—lemme stop drooling—check. Uh, what comes next, uh...

"Wait!" Carlos cried, a little more forcefully than he meant.

Ulises frowned. "Amigo?"

"Uh, sorry, I, um, I—I wanted to ask you something. See, I got a little egg on my face with the last one, and—"

"Really? The kitten made no mention of it."

"I recovered," Carlos said grimly. "But, I decided to plan out these 'sessions', and one of the things I wanted to do is ask you if you know any of this colt's background? Any history you can provide can help me, ah, *customize* the experience for him."

Ulises stared at him, then a concerned look came over his face.

"You really are some kind of *monster*, aren't you, amigo?" he asked quietly. "That cat... the rod I pulled out of his penis... he urinated so *much* when it came out! How long did you plug him for? I can only imagine how much it must have hurt, needing to urinate but being unable to! Never mind, don't answer." He shook his head. "A deal with the devil, it is," he said, shrugging resignedly. "All right, amigo, well, I can tell you that he is thirteen, and his nickname is 'Blanco'. I do not know why they call him that. His crimes are mostly theft, and beware his kick; he packs quite the punch, I'm told."

Carlos pursed his lips and nodded slowly. Truth be told, he hadn't been expecting a horse, and the sight of the stallion's sheath frankly changed everything. Possibilities Carlos had not even conceived of suddenly availed themselves to him, and he was reeling from it.

"Are you okay, amigo?" Ulises asked, cocking his head. "Your eyes keep wandering off into the distance."

Carlos shook his head, trying to snap out of it. "I—I—I'm sorry," he stammered. "I—I wasn't expecting a stallion, and—"

"I'm sorry; should I bring you something else?"

"No!" Carlos yelped. "S—sorry." He swallowed hard. "I just have to adapt a little, is all. My mind is swimming in a sea of possibilities."

Ulises pursed his lips. "Ah. In that case," he said, edging towards the door again, "I'll leave you to it."

"Uh, wait."

Ulises gave him an exasperated look.

Carlos whipped his head from side to side, looking for something from one of his pictures.

"There!" he said, pointing.

Ulises followed his finger. "A hoist?"

"Can you help me get him over to it?" Carlos asked.

Ulises hesitated. "Okay, amigo, but then I have to go. I've already been here too long, and he will be awake soon."

"All the more reason to get him there before he wakes up," Carlos said with a faint smirk.

Ulises shrugged, then went to the end of the bench nearer the stallion's hooves and pushed.

"It *rolls?*!" Carlos gasped.

"Yes? Did you not know, amigo?"

"Well, that's convenient!" Carlos said, grinning and rubbing his paws together. "I'm sorry; if I'd known, I could have done that by myself."

Ulises shrugged. "It's worth it to watch your gears turn," he chuckled as he lined the bench up under the hoist. "Anything else, amigo?" he asked expectantly.

Carlos shook his head. "No, Ulises, that'll be all. Thank you for your help. I'm... looking forward to this one."

"Don't have *too* much fun," Ulises said with a knowing smirk.

Bowing slightly, the orange tabby turned on heel and headed for the exit.

By the time the door slammed shut, Carlos had attached a pair of cuffs to the stallion's wrists and lowered the hook on the hoist to snag the strong chain between them. Pulling on the ratchet chain, he began to slowly raise the stallion's arms over his head, then to lift his body off the bench.

As soon as the equine's back and buttocks were clear, Carlos attached cuffs to the stallion's pasterns, then tied them together with a short length of chain. Then, he grasped the colt's legs and slid them off the table. The chain overhead jingled in protest as it suddenly bore the bulk of the stallion's weight.

The jolt also made the colt stir, and Carlos knew he had to hurry. Shoving the bench out of the way, he cranked on the hoist until the stallion's hooves were planted firmly on the ground but with enough tug on his arms to stretch him out.

Carlos paused in his labors and admired the client in front of him. The dark brown eyebrows matched the colt's mane, tail, and the color of his sheath and balls, but aside from his black hooves, everything else on him was a tawny gold. While Carlos had not intentionally picked this particular pose for the stallion—hands over his head, head and weight listing off to one side, body stretched upright as the hoist and gravity battled over control of his body—it was truly a flattering one.

"This is an unexpected gift," Carlos murmured to himself. "I had... such *plans* laid out, but I"—his mouth watered as he knelt in front of his captive—"I really want nothing more than..."

He trailed off, his eyes closing and his ears folding back passionately as he brought his nose to the stallion's sheath. This one had clearly already started puberty, and there was a faint musk emanating from his balls, though so delicate and subtle that it was impossible to pin down. Carlos shuddered as his tongue reached out to caress the stallion's sack, taking one orb then the other into his mouth. Carlos's hand instinctively went to his own crotch and squeezed the flaccid lump there, then reached up to gently fondle the colt's scrotum while his tongue moved on to more interesting things.

Sitting up straighter, he moved his nose over the stallion's sheath, which was already beginning to elongate, the loose skin pushing up and out like a volcano. The musky smell intensified a little bit, and Carlos, unable to take the anticipation anymore, thrust his tongue against the stallion's glans just as it emerged from its preputial hood.

Oh, the feeling of that firm-yet-pliable cock! Carlos shivered with delight, his hands moving up to grasp the stallion's lengthening, swelling shaft in his paws. His tail twitched in ecstasy, and he began licking the meaty head in front of him, alternating between teasing the fleshy parts and the little donut-shaped urethra in the middle.

The stallion stirred. Carlos glanced up, holding his breath in anticipation for a few seconds, then resumed nursing the stallion's half-erect cock. It was not yet hard enough to stand up straight but instead arced upward from his sheath, peaked, then drooped down into Carlos's eager paws. Though his sheath was dark, his prick was mottled with dark bands that matched his balls and lighter, pink areas. And, although it had not yet reached full length, it was already over a foot long. Carlos imagined what it must feel like to have such a large cock inside his ass, and the thought alone made his butt itch, craving the stretch and fullness that must surely accompany such a proud member!

Later, Carlos reassured himself. For now, let's take a gift-horse's cock in the mouth.

As the stallion stirred again, Carlos opened his mouth wide and stuffed the colt's glans into it. Carlos's eyes snapped open, and the stallion abruptly stood at full attention, his girth swelling, thickening, and hardening into a steel cylinder in half a second. The abrupt turgidity caught Carlos off guard, and the stallion's cock jerked of his hand and his mouth and sprang upward.

"Oh, my *gosh*, that's hot!" Carlos blurted.

"Ungh, wh—"

The stallion came to, his eyes blinking erratically until he shook his head, cleared his vision, and stared blankly at Carlos.

"Wh—where am I?" he asked.

"Blanco, I presume?" Carlos asked, still kneeling in front of him.

The colt didn't reply. Looking down his length, a puzzled expression came over his face, followed swiftly by alarm.

"Whoa, hey!" he cried, jerking his arms.

Feeling them tied together, he looked up and finally saw his predicament for what it was. His ears pinned, the gentle contour of his eyebrows turning angular, his nostrils flaring.

Perhaps it was instinct, or maybe he still had his catlike reflexes despite his advanced age, but Carlos leapt from his knees out of the way just as the horse's hooves flew through the space he'd been occupying a split-second before.

The chains clinked, and the colt let out a startled yelp as his flying hoof abruptly ran out of play on the chain connecting to his other one, and the momentum of his kick knocked both of them out from under him. Hooves scrambled against the concrete floor as he tried to regain his balance, his weight supported solely by his wrists for several painful seconds.

"Say, now," Carlos said sharply, wincing at the hip he was fairly sure he'd thrown out in his hasty retreat, "That's not a very polite way to treat your elders, especially ones treating you so kindly!"

The colt's frantic struggling finally paid off, and at last, he got his hooves under him and perched uneasily atop them.

"What, you call stringing me up like a slab of meat 'kind'?" he retorted at last, panting in a way that made his chest muscles ripple tantalizingly beneath his fine fur coat.

"Well, there is that," Carlos conceded, "But I was referring to this."

Standing and wincing again, he moved around behind the stallion and closed the distance, bringing his paw up to cradle the underside of the stallion's length in his hand. The surprise of losing his footing had made the colt go partially flaccid, but the faintest touch from Carlos quickly brought him to attention again. The feeling of the cock swelling and hardening in his hand elicited a breathy exhale from the old cat.

"Dude, get off of me," the stallion snapped, his ears pinning.

"Oh, no," Carlos replied, now wrapping his paw around the stallion's girth and firmly tugging it a few times. "Not until you cum for me. I'd suggest you calm down and give me what I want; I'll certainly make it worth your while."

Revenge of Age: Chapter 3

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

The colt did a double-take. "Excuse me?" he asked, taken aback. "Do I look like a cow to you, old man? Like a—a, a dairy cow, waiting to be milked?"

"Mm." Carlos shuddered. "You know, I had not considered it that way, but now that you mention it..."

His grasp tightened around the stallion's cock, and he began stroking him in earnest.

The stallion gritted his teeth, his hips bucking involuntarily a few times as nature desperately wanted to take its course in response to Carlos's expert touch.

"Man, I said get *off* of me!" the colt barked.

The chains gave a telltale warning, and Carlos leapt out of the way as the stallion's hoof snapped out behind him. The stallion yelped as he was flung off his feet again, and the sound of scrabbling hooves once again echoed through the warehouse.

"That's gotta be terrible for your back," Carlos remarked as he moved in next to the stallion but stopped short of helping him regain his footing. "When you get to be my age, I'm *sure* you'll have reminders of this day."

The stallion ignored him, his ears pinned and his lips drawn tightly against his teeth in a determined grimace as he finally regained his footing, then looked up at Carlos haughtily.

"Maybe I wasn't clear, old man," he growled. "I am *not* some cow to be milked. You touch my dick again, and I'm gonna touch yours with *this*," he warned, lifting his hoof and turning it this way and that to show off the glossy surface and sharp edge.

In the back of his mind, Carlos cried. When he headed to the warehouse today, he'd had such *violent* fantasies planned for his victim-to-be, but all of that had vanished in an instant on seeing the stallion's face, replaced by an overwhelming desire—no, an overwhelming *need!*—to caress the colt all over, to dote on him, to bring him to orgasm again and again and drink what he imagined must be a bucket of cum, and—if the colt didn't put up too much of a fight—to maybe try to take his cock in the ass, to see what that might feel like. For, as experienced as Carlos was, his experience was limited to strictly dogs and cats, having never ventured out beyond the "known" species. But now, seeing the unruly colt scowling at him and hearing his threat ringing in his ears, Carlos knew that he was, in fact, going to have to do this the hard way, that in deference to his commitment to listen to his clients, he was going to have to put his own desires to the side and adapt. There was, he contented himself, still the possibility of drinking a bucket of cum—in fact, he was determined to make it happen, barring any catastrophes—but the notion of straddling and riding a willing stud would regrettably have to wait.

He set his jaw, his demeanor visibly shifting as schoolboy optimism melted away to reveal stony determination.

"So be it," he said. "I didn't want to do this," he said over his shoulder as he strode off to this table then that, collecting things he knew he would need. "But," he said as he laid some short surcingles, a short length of two-by-four, and a heavy, leather strap on the table next to the stallion, "I am *committed* to teaching you that you are whatever I say you are." His voice dropped to a low growl. "And *if* I choose to use you as a dairy cow, you *will* produce and fill my bucket."

"Psh," the colt scoffed as Carlos hovered his hands over the instruments he'd laid out. "You think you can just—"

POP!

"OW!" the colt shrieked as Carlos rolled his shoulder, the broad side of the two-by-four still warm from the sharp hit across the stallion's buttocks.

"What was that?" Carlos asked.

The stallion glowered up at him but said nothing.

"That's what I thought."

POP! POP! POP!

Revenge of Age: Chapter 3

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Shrill whinnies reverberated off the walls, deafening Carlos as he rained down blow after blow on the colt's ass, using both hands and swinging as hard as he could. The colt's cock, once standing proudly, rapidly shriveled and retreated into its sheath as sharp, stinging pain radiated from his butt and coursed through his body.

After about fifty swats, Carlos was sweating, and the colt's knees had bucked out from under him. He hung limply from the chains over his head, tears streaming from his squeezed-closed eyes, his jaw quivering and his ears laid out submissively to the sides.

"Now," Carlos said, trying to catch his breath, "Are you ready to be a good cow and do *whatever* I want?"

The colt sobbed, hesitated, then nodded.

"What's that?" Carlos asked, feeling the taste of power making his fingers numb, his stomach twist, and his chest swell. "Say it," he hissed in the colt's ear. "I want to hear you say it. Say you're a cow."

"I," the stallion sobbed, "I'm a cow."

"That's right. And you're gonna do whatever I want. Say it."

"I—I—I'll do whatever you w—want."

"Good," Carlos purred.

Rising, he went back to the table and put the two-by-four down. He started to turn back to the colt, but the surcingles caught his eye.

I wonder...

Stacking them together, he held them at one end and effectively fashioned for himself a makeshift flogger. Curiously, he lightly flicked them against his wrist, feeling the sting and thud as the separate tails landed at different times and angles. A cruel smile came over his face.

The colt, his head drooping, had his eyes closed and didn't register as Carlos padded over.

Cocking his head, Carlos lined up his target, then raised the flogger over his head.

Whack!

The stallion's head jerked up and back, his shoulders pulling together tightly and his chest thrusting forward, accompanied by a startled, pained yelp.

"Interesting," Carlos said, his eyes widening in surprise at the red, raised streaks that had appeared across the colt's back.

Reaching forward curiously, he felt of them and was surprised to feel intense heat radiating off of each one.

"Very interesting."

"P—please," the stallion begged, "I'll be a good cow; I'll do what you say..."

"Yes! I'm *sure* you will," Carlos said, nodding sagely. He leaned in and used the bundle of surcingles to lift the colt's chin. "And what I want from you right *now*," he said in a low voice, his eyes flashing and his chest heaving with sadistic glee, "Is for you to endure my whip."

Crack!

"Ah!" the stallion cried. "Oh! *Augh!*"

"Oh!" Carlos mocked, cackling to himself, "Ah! *Ahh!*"

He shuddered at the last one, then stopped his whipping for a moment, his mouth opening, his eyes closing, and his head turning skyward as he felt himself orgasm.

There was no cum, but it was an orgasm nonetheless.

Panting and gasping, he opened his eyes, a shocked, bewildered look playing out in them as he reckoned with what had just happened.

Did I just... climax... just from beating this colt?! His eyes blinked rapidly as he tried to process. *Oh... Oh, this is new*, he panted, a wide grin spreading across his face. *I... I didn't know such a thing was possible. New—he grunted and shuddered as an aftershock went up his spine—n—new possibilities abound with each new client!*

His face flushing, both from the climax and from a little embarrassment at having enjoyed himself so much, he turned to the trembling colt in front of him. "Congratulations, Blanco—that *is* your name, isn't it?—you've just helped me discover something I didn't know about myself. As a reward, I'm promoting you to a new role: my whipping boy."

With that, he cocked his arm forward, then snapped it back sharply in a back-handed crack of the surcingle across the colt's chest.

Tears streamed from the colt's eyes as he threw his head back, his mouth open to let out an anguished cry.

Whack! Whack! WHACK!

Furious, red lines crisscrossed the colt's slender chest, some of the deeper ones beginning to seep blood and plasma that stained the colt's golden coat. Carlos felt a pang of remorse at having marred the colt's perfect body.

"He'll heal," he murmured aloud, shrugging.

But as he cocked back for another blow, the thought occurred to him, *What if he doesn't? What if... what if I hit him hard enough, cut deep enough, that he has to wear my mark forever, a permanent reminder of what I've done to him?*

He glanced over at the trembling colt and felt a wave of nausea at the prospect of permanently damaging such a perfect body. Still, despite the general discomfort with the idea, he retained a lingering titillation from the idea.

Not this one, he resolved. *Not on purpose, anyway. Maybe next time.*

Feeling relieved at not having that hanging over his head anymore, he took a deep breath and let it out, calming his extremely aroused nerves. As he raised the surcingle flogger again, he realized that he, too, was trembling, not from pain, but from the sheer rush of it all.

"Damn," he whispered to himself, grasping one shaking arm with the other.

It's not very intimidating for your torturer to be standing in front of you trembling! Get ahold of yourself, Carlos!

Exhaling sharply, he rained down a few additional blows, increasingly noticing how each one made the stallion's chest flinch backward, inadvertently thrusting his hips forward in the process.

A sly look came over Carlos's face. Going to the table, he grabbed the leather strap in his dominant hand and transferred the surcingle to his other.

"What's this do?" he wondered quietly.

Cocking back, he landed the belt across the stallion's belly.

"Augh! Haw-haw-ugh..." the stallion shrieked.

Seconds later, a thick, red welt swelled his golden flesh right across the abs.

"Ooh," Carlos murmured, feeling of the heated flesh. "Now *that's* powerful! I better be careful with this one..."

He hit the stallion again, a little lighter this time, because what he *really* wanted came next.

As the colt's chest jerked backwards and his hips surged forward, Carlos came around with his other hand. The surcingle ends flew through the air, but to Carlos's disappointment, the majority of them missed, only one of them lightly catching the stallion's balls.

Despite the light graze, the reaction was satisfying: the stallion's forward thrust was cut abruptly short, replaced by a backwards jerk and a squeezing of his legs together—in vain, of course. The resulting motion was a strange series of hip-jerks that made the hoist chain jingle and the colt groan in pain.

"Interesting. I can do better."

Carlos repeated the action, hitting with the belt, then bringing the surcingle to bear. This time, the belt slapped across the colt's chest and wrapped around his side, leaving a wickedly bleeding cut on the back of his shoulder blade. The resulting pain also made him jerk his chest forward rather than back, resulting in his hips being tucked deeper in and harder to get to. The surcingle on which Carlos had been focusing his attention, meanwhile, followed the trajectory he'd planned for it, but the colt's hips weren't there when it sailed by, and it missed entirely.

"Okay, this is hard," Carlos admitted. "I need to practice."

He glanced at the colt, alternately straining in terror and sagging with exhaustion.

"No time like the present," he said.

Over the next hour, he experimented with different strokes and blows and practiced his aim, while the tortured colt bore it like a punching bag. At last, Carlos managed to finally deliver the one-two hit with the belt and surcingle, and his gloat of triumph actually drowned out the resulting yelp from the colt as the surcingle tails connected, slamming hard into his testes and doubling him over as much as the hoist would allow.

"Hmm..." Carlos said, running a claw over the welt on the stallion's testicle, "Those *are* plump and juicy, but they're not much of a target for inexperienced, old me."

His eyes lit up with an idea, and he went over to another table, grabbed a length of rawhide, and returned.

"Time to come out," he said, trailing his claw around the perimeter of the stallion's sheath.

Too exhausted and weary to fight back, the colt lay there passively as his sheath swelled and stretched, and then everted and exposed his glans.

"Got you!" Carlos hissed triumphantly.

As soon as it was out, he began licking and gently tickling the colt's member, coaxing it out further and further until it was about two-thirds of its full length. Then, he took the rawhide and tied it tightly around the base of the colt's cock.

Suddenly coming to, the stallion grunted in discomfort as his penis suddenly swelled. With limited ability to escape, the blood in his prick hardened it and stretched it out to full length.

"Now *that's* a target!" Carlos grinned.

The colt's eyes flashed in terror.

"No! No, please!" he cried, struggling, "Please, not there! Anywhere but—"

His voice caught in his throat and couldn't escape as the belt came down across his glans. His eyes twitched, his mouth opened in a silent scream, and a new wellspring of tears streamed down his face as pain unlike anything he'd ever experienced took his breath away.

But it wasn't enough for Carlos.

WHACK! Slap! THUD-POP!

The sounds rang off the walls of the warehouse, sharp, squishy, and hollow. On the verge of passing out, the colt endured the cruelty without a word—for no words could he utter.

For Carlos, the silence punctuated by the sound his blows was thrilling. With each strike, he felt bolder, stronger, more powerful than ever before. He didn't need the sound of screaming or begging for mercy, though the latter was a nice treat now and again. No, the mere knowledge that he was inflicting this pain, that he held this perfect stallion in his clutches and had the power to inflict misery on him, was enough. And so, long after the colt ceased being able to vocally respond, Carlos kept hitting him again, and again, and

again. It wasn't until sheer exhaustion on his own part that Carlos stopped and at last surveyed the damage he had done.

The stallion's penis was purple and dark gray in places where Carlos had hit it with the belt. It was still thoroughly erect—the tight rawhide around its base had made sure of that—but it was clear from the stallion's body language that he was both terrified and pained beyond comprehension.

Frankly, Carlos was a little disappointed with himself for having gotten so carried away. Yes, knowing that he could inflict pain was empowering, but what good was actually doing it if the recipient couldn't comprehend it, couldn't *appreciate* it?

The sadistic elation subsided abruptly, leaving Carlos feeling slightly nauseous.

Turning slowly, he put the blood-stained surcingles back on the table, along with the belt.

You really are some kind of monster, aren't you, amigo? Ulises's words echoed in his mind.

Am I? Am I a... a monster?

Carlos's eyes roved over to the colt, beaten, broken, hanging limply by his wrists.

He wanted me to punish them, Carlos thought. I think this one has been... well-punished.

He felt a pang of remorse, much stronger than the one he had felt after breaking the colt's skin and making him bleed. For a moment, the fear of becoming a monster seized him. He began to panic and shook all over, his eyes darting to the door.

I can—I can run away. Call Ulises, tell him to come get this one, then never call him again. I can leave this all behind, can start over. This isn't me; I'm—I'm Carlos de Gernika, an upstanding businessman with a solid career at my back!

His eyes darted back to the stallion, to his battered penis, to the angry welts all over its length.

Gosh, that must hurt... he thought. Cocking his head, he turned towards his victim, then knelt in front of him and reached up to flick at a bruise.

A pained hiss was all the stallion could muster.

Carlos's fingers trailed up the colt's length. How innocent he had seemed only a few hours ago! Carlos remembered wistfully his desire to feel that cock in his ass, to nurse it and drink a bucket of cum from it.

"In all things, there must be balance," Carlos murmured, feeling like he was quoting someone but not knowing the source.

I have gone too far, I think. It is time I balanced pain with a little pleasure.

He reached to grasp the rawhide, but as he untied it and the colt's prick rapidly retreated from view, the curve of the stallion's eyebrows caught his eye. For a brief instant, he saw a flash of the cocky belligerence that had unleashed his wrath, and he remembered clearly the colt's words.

"Everything in moderation... especially moderation," he mused. Shaking his head, he addressed his captive. "Well, Blanco. You've had quite the evening, haven't you, my little milk-cow? And you *are* my milk-cow. Isn't that right?"

The colt averted his eyes.

"Say it," Carlos cooed.

The colt's lip trembled.

"Unless you'd like another beating..."

"I am," the colt whispered. "Your little milk-cow. Please..."

"That's right," Carlos said. He cocked his head earnestly and ran his paw over the colt's forelock, brushing it out of his face. "And are you... full of milk, my little cow?"

He reached down and lightly cupped the stallion's bruised balls, eliciting a wince followed by a gasp at the soft touch.

"Well?" Carlos asked quietly, gently tickling the underside of the colt's scrotum.

Blanco's sheath stirred in response, and Carlos reached up to lightly graze the swelling flesh with his claws, encouraging it to grow even more, to reveal the colt's glans.

The colt's jaw quivered. Carlos could see the turmoil, the conflict simmering in the colt's mind as he tried to figure out the right answer, to say whatever would prevent him from getting beaten again.

"Yes," Blanco whispered at last. "I'm full of"—he struggled to get the words out, the nausea at having to say it plain on his face—"full of m—m—I'm full of m—milk."

"Well then," Carlos said, patting the colt's semi-erect member, "We shall have to milk you."

Carlos was about to begin stroking the stallion's cock when he suddenly spotted something on the ground near him. In the blink of an eye, he had identified it and had already determined what to do with it. He had no idea why there were cleats cemented into the floor, but at this moment, he was grateful for them. As he rose, a malevolent smile twisted his face.

For his part, Blanco's heart began to race. What had he said? What had crossed the cruel cat's mind that made him make that face?

"P—please," he begged. "I—I'll be good..."

"I know you will," Carlos said over his shoulder as he grabbed some chains and brought them over. "I shall personally see to it."

Without unhooking the chain connecting the colt's legs together, Carlos attached another chain to each of the ankle cuffs, then ran these chains down to the cleats and pulled them tight, lightly spreading the colt's legs to the degree the interconnecting chain would allow. Then, in a deft move, he unhooked the chain connecting the colt's legs and pulled tightly on one of the separate chains, yanking that leg further out. With a quick hitch, he locked that chain in place, then went to the other leg and tightened its chain the rest of the way, too.

Although he had gone to great pains to ensure the colt could never get enough freedom to kick him, Carlos realized that with his victim as broken as he was, Blanco wasn't even trying to fight back at this point.

Still, it's good practice, he thought.

"Now, Blanco, he said, rubbing his paws together, "Since you were such a *nasty* cow and tried to kick me, I'm—"

"I'm sorry!" Blanco cried. "Please, I—I didn't mean to; I didn't know—"

"Oh, so you *accidentally* tried to kick me?" Carlos laughed. "Nice try. No, what I was going to say is, since you were a nasty cow—"

"Please don't hurt me again."

"If you don't stop interrupting me..." Carlos warned, giving the colt a withering look. "Now, as I was saying, since you were a nasty cow to me, I'm not going to give you the pleasure of milking you like you're used to."

Grabbing a rolling doctor's stool and rolling it over, he sat in front of the stallion, who was now at a perfect height for what he wanted to do.

"Instead, I'm going to milk you in the way that drains your prostate and gives me what I want but denies you the pleasure you don't deserve."

The colt looked relieved to hear that he evidently wasn't going to be beaten anymore, but his relief proved short-lived when Carlos spat on his fingers, then abruptly shoved them up the stallion's ass.

The chains rattled as the colt flinched in shock, but Carlos ignored that, instead focusing on feeling out the landmarks in the colt's rectum. His fingers played against the tight walls, but soon he felt what he was

looking for, a firm, rubbery lump a few inches inside. As he pressed it with his finger, the colt's head cocked and he grimaced uncertainly.

"Ah, yes," Carlos said. "This is your prostate, Blanco, and it is going to give me everything I want, while giving you none of what you want."

For emphasis, he rubbed it a few times, and the colt's knees strained inward, trembling as goosebumps appeared all over his body. His sheath stirred, but even without everting, clear liquid began to ooze out of it. He grunted, squirming against the restraints as the sensation of arousal hit him sharply. Abruptly, his sheath everted, and his prick poked out, lengthening and growing towards Carlos's face and trailing a bead of clear pre with it.

Carlos reached forward with his free hand and touched the bead, then brought it to his lips and tasted it.

"Mm," he said. "Faintly salty. But this is just an appetizer. Let's see if we can get the main course."

He leaned forward and applied firm pressure to the rubbery lump in Blanco's ass. The colt squirmed harder, his wrists and ankles straining against the chains and his tail clamping down in vain on Carlos's fingers as desire built inside of him, unfamiliar and unwanted. Suddenly, his eyes snapped open, and a look of panic came over his face.

"I—I gotta pee!" he whispered.

"No, you don't," Carlos said. "That urge you're feeling, that building pressure? That's not pee." His tone shifted. "You should try to hold it back," he said, barely able to keep a straight face. "I'm going to enjoy forcing it out of you, *milking* you like the cow you are."

Despite the pain and exhaustion, the anger of indignity flashed into the colt's eyes. Carlos saw it and grinned infuriatingly back at him.

"Go on, little milk-cow," Carlos taunted. "*Try* to keep your milk from me. Just try. Prove to me that you're good for anything but being locked in a stall and being milked day in and day out!"

With that, he backed his finger off of the colt's prostate, waited just long enough for the colt to relax, then brought it to bear again, this time exceptionally gently, just barely enough to register.

Blanco began to gasp and shake all over, his moans of frustration growing louder as Carlos expertly taunted and teased his prostate, never giving him enough time to relax but also never giving him quite enough stimulation to get off. After ten minutes, the chains were rattling constantly as the colt's body shivered with pent-up lust begging to be released. A new kind of tears were streaming down his face now: tears of frustration.

"Please, I can't *take* it anymore!" the stallion cried after twenty minutes. "You win! I'm nothing but a milk cow! Please, just get it *out* of me!"

Carlos couldn't help himself. He began purring even before he brought the colt's cock to his lips.

"Be careful what you wish for," he taunted.

Before Blanco could react, he pressed his finger down on the colt's prostate.

"A—*augh!*" Blanco's voice raised an octave as his hips thrust forward involuntarily, and his penis, its head now securely sealed inside Carlos's mouth, began to dribble.

As the first drops of thick, milky, bleachy cum struck Carlos's tongue, he closed his eyes and savored the tingling sensation, the complex flavors—a bitter-salty base with a barely perceptible hint of sweetness and something herbaceous, anise maybe?—the thickness and texture of the pent-up load—smooth yet sticky, too thick to drink in quantity from a standard straw yet not quite thick enough to chew, and not *quite* homogenous as some bits were thicker; others, runnier—and the feeling as it dribbled percussively down onto his tongue.

As he started to swallow, he was tempted to run his tongue over the colt's glans, to elicit a much stronger reaction and a harder spurt, but he caught himself just in time.

He tried to kick me, Carlos thought in the back of his mind. *He deserves to experience a pleasure-free orgasm.*

With that resolution, he deliberately moved his tongue away to avoid providing any additional stimulation as he swallowed the stallion's first offering. Then, as he moved his tongue to collect the next batch, he worked his fingers inside the colt's ass.

A sudden light-headedness hit Blanco like a freight train. Staggering, he slumped, and his weight fell onto his wrists as he felt his balls suddenly contract. Blinding pain shot through his groin as the effect of the bruising on his orbs took its toll. The resulting flinch contracted his pelvic floor muscles at just the right time, and the feeble squirt that would have slowly dribbled onto Carlos's tongue was propelled forward just like any cock-focused ejaculation.

Carlos jerked in surprise, but as soon as he figured out the reason for the colt's forceful emission, he relaxed and savored his fresh mouthful. The colt had indeed been pent-up, for the sheer volume of this single spurt was enough to puff the old cat's cheeks out delightfully.

I've been missing out, he thought, briefly lamenting that he hadn't hit on any hot studs when he himself was a young cat, but not for long.

As Carlos played Blanco's prostate like a piano, the colt began to understand the old cat's warning to be careful what he wished for. Far from the euphoria and sense of satisfaction he felt when he jacked himself off (for the colt had not yet known the pleasures of a filly's pussy or a fellow colt's ass), Blanco only felt *more* pent-up. To make matters worse, he felt the humiliation and sense of having done something dirty that accompanied a normal orgasm even as his body was begging him for more, even as the frustration grew so distracting as to cause pain. In fact, his penis was *begging* for stimulation. *Any* kind of stimulation would do; even the *belt* would be preferable to the stimulus-free purgatory in the old cat's mouth!

He tried several times to voice this need, but every time he tried to say anything, a wave of hot embarrassment washed over his face as the urge to urinate surfaced, peaked, then dissipated as his cock carried another load of stolen cum into the greedy cat's mouth, and then his horniness intensified.

Carlos watched the colt struggling and grinned sadistically to himself. *Here* was a way he could torment his victims without leaving any visible marks, a way to continue to inflict misery without feeling like a monster when overt torture got too hot and heavy. He made a mental note to induct this lesson into his process, to give himself another way to control the pleasure and pain, humiliation and orgasm.

That the young stallion's jism tasted pretty good didn't hurt, either.

After five or so minutes of intermittent squirts, the colt's production dropped off, and Carlos was lucky to get even a drop or two.

"Don't tell me you've run out of milk already, milk-cow," Carlos said.

The colt's ears flicked backwards indignantly, but then moved out to the sides in humiliation, knowing that he didn't have the right to protest after giving up so much of his seed. In that and the literal senses, he didn't have a leg to stand on, for his knees had grown so weak that he couldn't support himself anymore.

And yet, for as much "milk" as he'd produced, as much fluid as had flowed through his semi-flaccid cock, he felt hornier than ever, and the drumming of the cat's finger on his prostate had driven him nearly mad.

"*Please!*" he gasped abruptly, his body punctuating his cry with a sharp jerk.

Carlos frowned. "That's... not a valid answer to whether you've run out of milk," the cat said.

"Please, let me go!" the colt begged. "I—I need to jack off!"

He tried to squeeze his legs together, then gave up and thrust his hips forward, hoping to at least rub the top of his glans against the roof of Carlos's mouth.

"It—it hurts; I—I need to get *off!*"

"But you just *got* off," Carlos cooed. "I have half a belly-full to prove it."

"It's not the *same!*" the stallion cried. "It—my balls, they—*gah*, it hurts worse than the belt!"

Carlos's face lit up. "Oh, does it, now?" he asked, getting eagerly to his feet.

"Wait, wait, no!" the colt begged as Carlos went to the table, grabbed the belt, and then whipped around and cracked it across the stallion's testicles.

CRACK! Crack!

The sharp sound was followed by the quieter but equally sharp crack of hooves on concrete as Blanco's body jerked and his hooves crashed hard against the floor.

"Now, is it *really* worse?" Carlos asked.

The stallion had doubled over, his crisscross-flogged abs bulging from the strain as they lifted his legs off the ground and pulled against their chains. It was multiple seconds before he breathed again, and when he did, it came as a halting gasp fueled by his body's need for air but resisted by the tightness of his abdomen.

"Well?" Carlos pressed, readying the belt. "Which was worse?"

"Th—the belt," Blanco croaked.

"Oh."

Carlos sighed and put the belt down, visibly disappointed. The notion that sexual tension could hurt worse than a literal belt-slap to the balls had intrigued him, but if it was only hyperbole, then he wasn't interested.

Unless... Carlos halted, pursing his lips. *Unless I just didn't tease him long enough; what would he know about being pent-up for a long time; he's only 13! What if the chronic effects get worse with time?*

"Science *demands* an answer!" he muttered.

Sitting back down on his stool, which had rolled away when he left to get the belt, he moved over in front of Blanco, leaned in to press his face against the colt's groin, and thrust his fingers into the stallion's ass once more.

"A—*ugh!*" the stallion shrieked, his voice jumping into falsetto.

"What?" Carlos asked indignantly. "I haven't even *touched* your cock or balls."

The answer came swiftly in the form of a dribble of milky liquid tickling the back of the old cat's head. Feeling it, Carlos instinctively slapped at the back of his neck, then felt something wet on his fingers. Leaning back, he looked in surprise at the stallion's leaky cock, then grinned, his eyes glinting greedily.

"Oh, right. So, it hurts to cum after getting hit in the balls, huh?"

"Yes," Blanco winced.

"Interesting."

Doubling down on his "experiment", Carlos began poking and prodding insistently at the colt's prostate, urging it to produce more. But, though the stallion groaned for another minute or so, the pain eventually seemed to subside, and Carlos had to content himself with amassing a larger and larger collection from the colt's penis, a not-wholly-unsatisfying endeavor, if Carlos was being honest with himself.

In fact, the experience of milking the colt for every last drop proved *exceptionally* satisfying, though it did require an element of creativity *and* a fair bit of perseverance Carlos wasn't accustomed to wielding.

He made do, though.

At first, he used his tried and true method of rubbing and drumming on Blanco's prostate. When that began to fail, he turned his wrist upside-down and began flicking it sharply with his middle finger. Of course, doing so required fitting a substantial portion of his hand inside the colt's ass, which was in itself rather impressive, if Carlos said so himself.

The colt's reaction to the flicking was immediate and intense. Having changed his position to be able to get his wrist turned around, Carlos had forgotten to put Blanco's cock back in his mouth when he delivered the first flick, and despite the absence of penile stimulation, the force of the colt's spurt flung his limp cock up and back, slamming it into his chest and striking the ceiling with cum, some twenty feet overhead.

"Oh, *no!*" Carlos had wailed, mourning the loss of such an intense spurt to the rafters.

It was a loss that would haunt him off and on for years, but in the moment, he persisted, quickly stuffing the stallion's cock into his mouth and flicking again. While the force *was* substantial—enough to shoot the stallion's load down his throat without him swallowing—he could tell from the colt's body language that the truly awesome power of the first spurt was lost to the sands of time.

Flicking proved effective for several more minutes, but eventually, even that wasn't enough to wring anything else from the colt's prostate.

"Please, I need a break," Blanco whimpered. "My dick hurts, and so do my balls, and so does my ass."

"Would you prefer the belt?" Carlos asked.

"N—no," the colt said quietly, then fell silent, resigned to endure the dull ache in his pelvic floor rather than the sharp pain in his glans, balls, or ass.

And so, Carlos moved on to more drastic measures. If gently rubbing or sharply flicking wasn't enough, he reasoned, the only thing left to do was to squeeze it. And squeeze it, he did.

Inserting several fingers into the colt's ass, he pressed them hard against Blanco's prostate and then, using his thumb against the colt's perineum, he pinched his fingers and thumb together, trapping and squeezing the exhausted gland between them. This elicited no sharp spurts or voluminous squirts, but it did manage to wring a little more from the colt's young body, the very last drops he had to give.

As Carlos lapped up those last few morsels, he sighed in resignation, knowing that he was not likely to get any more from the colt without a rest. But, he lacked the patience to wait around for the colt to recover, and he didn't like the idea of leaving him alone and coming back later. Who knew what kind of mess the kid would make if left by himself?

He shook his head, conceding that he'd wrung as much fun out of this colt as he could. Scoffing, he swung his hand forward, and his palm met the colt's scrotum with a resounding *smack*. The colt doubled over, coughing and drooling, his torso hanging from his stretched-out arms.

Carlos cringed, not having meant to deliver such a harsh slap but misjudging the force he applied. But seeing Blanco writhing in pain, especially given the context that for all intents and purposes, the colt was now as impotent as Carlos for the next little while, the cat felt sadistic power surge through him.

"Oh, did that hurt?" he asked, a maniacal grin on his face. "Here! Have some more!"

Using one hand to shove the colt's chest back, opening up his crotch for more torture, Carlos cocked back and open-palm slapped the colt's sack as hard as he could. Tears sprang from Blanco's eyes. His mouth pulled back in an anguished grimace, but no sound would come out; the pain had taken his breath away.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Over and over, Carlos beat the colt's balls until his hand was sore, then switched hands and kept going. The already-dark skin of the colt's sack grew even darker, the shape of Carlos's fingers appearing as a darkened smudge on the bruised flesh.

"Not so full of cum, now, are you?" Carlos sneered. "Just *look* at you! Your boyish muscles are so worn out that you can't even pull your cock back into your sheath! Pathetic!"

Seizing the flaccid member, which hung down like a slinky at the colt's waist, he grabbed it roughly in one fist and stretched it out, pulling so hard that he raised the exhausted colt up onto the tips of his hooves. Then, he began slapping it with his other hand.

Slap! Slap! SLAP!

He smacked it with his palm, with his fingertips, with the middle of his fingers, painting bruises everywhere he went. He beat the underside of the shaft near the base, slapped the colt's balls, then yanked his handful of cock downward and began spanking the glans like a furious parent unleashing hell on a bratty child.

Yet he wasn't the slightest bit angry—oh, no—no, Carlos was drunk on power, the power to *hurt* this upstart colt where it hurt the most!

"You think you're better than me, but you can't get it up, either, can you?" Carlos gushed. "I tell you what," he said, releasing the colt's cock and practically throwing it at him, "If you can get hard in the next ten seconds, I'll let you go right now. Ready? One."

The colt didn't respond. The only sound that came from him was the huff of quiet sobbing, for he'd screamed so much that he'd lost his voice.

"Two. What, you're not even gonna try? What kind of a worthless horse are you?"

He leaned in. Blanco was trembling so hard that the chains rattled.

He growled in the horse's ear. "You know what they do to lame horses, don't you, Blanco? Look at me."

Blanco squeezed his eyes closed and looked away, but Carlos grabbed him by the jaw, squeezing his thumb and fingers into the hollows of the colt's cheeks and driving his teeth apart.

"Look at me," he reiterated, his voice soft but intense.

The colt's eyes opened. His eyes swept a long arc as they eventually made it to him.

What Carlos saw as he gazed into the stallion-turned-mewling made the cat shiver harder than any orgasm.

Abject terror.

But though he felt the surge of ecstasy coursing through him from whiskers to tail, he didn't let the colt see a hint of it.

"They make *glue* out of them," he said earnestly, locking eyes with the terrified horse.

Cocking his head thoughtfully, he grabbed the colt by the cock again.

"I think we'll start with this," he said. " 'Blanco' means 'white', yes? I guess we'll be making white glue out of this if it can't make any white stuff of its own anymore."

He lowered his grip on the stallion's penis, grasping it a little above the base, then started flicking it with his wrist, using it like a whip to slap the colt's underbelly.

He'd slapped about a handful of times when a thought suddenly crossed his mind.

He stopped mid-slap, his eyes widening and glinting as a demented grin spread over his face.

"I know what I'm going to do," he purred. "You know, from the minute I first saw you, I *knew* what I wanted."

He stepped back and began pulling down his pants.

"I had such *high* hopes for you."

He stood with his pants and underwear at his ankles.

"More than anything, I wanted that juicy cock in my ass. It was such a *pretty* cock, hard, throbbing, presumably full of cum..."

He trailed off wistfully, then stepped forward, his voice hardening.

"And then, what did *you* do? You *kicked* at me!"

His next move wasn't exactly lightning-quick, but it didn't have to be. He lifted his leg, turned to the side, and thrust it out, striking his captive prisoner in the groin. The colt's legs buckled out from under him, and he sank to the ground, his body limply hanging by the wrists.

"Getting kicked *sucks*, doesn't it?" he asked evenly. "But, the thought *just* occurred to me that now, you are weaker than I am. You know what that means?"

He grabbed the colt by the forelock and yanked his head up to look at him.

"It means that I *will* have you inside of me. Little milk-cow gets to get his dick wet, after all."

He pulled the ratchet-chain on the hoist, lowering the stallion to the ground, then dragged him by the wrists until his hooves, still chained to the floor, pulled his legs out straight. Then, using another loop of chain, he

tied the colt's wrists off to a third cleat, immobilizing him and ensuring he didn't get a second wind and try to fight back.

"You know, I was going to be disappointed if I didn't get that cock into me, but I *am* looking forward to this!" Carlos purred as he straddled his prey, facing him.

Reaching down, he grabbed the colt's floppy malehood and tried perfunctorily stuffing it into himself, but it was so limp that it just flexed and bent. A pained hiss escaped Blanco's lips.

"Well, it was worth a try," Carlos muttered, shrugging dismissively.

Scooting back to bring the stallion's prick up between his legs in front of him, Carlos for a moment imagined what it would be like to have such a massive rod of his own jutting up from his waist. The thought made him purr involuntarily, but he dismissed it. His days of wielding his own cock were behind him; now he would wield *this* one, and he didn't even have to worry about hurting himself!

But as he held it in one hand and examined it, he quickly realized that there was a problem: without blood and stimulation, it was so flexible that it just mushed up against his anus as he tried to shove it in. If he tried to wriggle his hips to coax it in, it bent off to the side and deformed without any structure to keep it even the slightest bit firm.

"I might as well be trying to stuff an empty sock up my ass," he complained. "Well... we can always fill the sock."

Getting up, he went and grabbed his trusty rawhide, then brought it back and tied it excessively tightly around the base of Blanco's cock, savoring the gurgling noise that came from the colt's throat when he did. Then, he spat on his hands and began vigorously stroking up and down its length.

It took over fifteen minutes, but at least, the colt's penis was just barely firm enough that if Carlos grabbed it tightly, he could force enough blood into the head to shove it inside of himself. Below him, Blanco squeezed his eyes closed and uttered a breathy, protracted gasp as the blood forced into the tip of his mangled cock made it feel like it was going to rupture.

Carlos tried the first time without lube, but though he was confident he could take the colt at his current size, the colt's prick was just too sticky to go in. Annoyed but determined as ever, Carlos again got up, found some medical lube, and squirted it on his hand, then slathered it up into his ass and all over the colt's glans and upper shaft.

Once he and the colt were both glistening with lube, Carlos tried again. Gritting his teeth, he squeezed the colt's prick for all he was worth. Blanco bucked beneath him, his eyes rolling skyward and his jaw grinding hard as the cat rocked his cock-head against his orifice, angling it this way and that.

Carlos gasped as he felt himself open up, felt the smallest bit of the colt's tip slide into him.

"Yes," he hissed.

Bearing down, he twisted the colt's shaft, felt it slip out, doubled down, then felt it pop inside.

"Guh!" Carlos roared triumphantly. "Finally!"

His chest heaving from exertion, he looked down on his living dildo.

"And now," he said, "The rest."

The stallion's legs kicked involuntarily, jerking ineffectually against the chains as Carlos squeezed the equine's cock at the base with both hands, concentrating the blood in it, then sat down.

About half a foot was all he could get to go inside; he just couldn't get the spent colt to stay hard enough to jam any more in. He flexed his ass a few times, feeling of the girthy—albeit nearly completely flaccid—cock inside him. He liked the way it held him open and the dull stretch he felt, but it was hardly worth the effort it had taken to get it in.

"Next time I get a colt," Carlos resolved aloud, "I am riding him until the cows come home."

Revenge of Age: Chapter 3

© 2024 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

He lingered a minute or two, hating to give up on what had taken him so much effort to achieve, but at last, his impatience was catching up to him. He had now *thoroughly* used up everything the colt had to give, and it was time to put him away, to find another toy. For a fleeting moment, he entertained the notion that if he had more than one to play with at once, perhaps he could take turns with them, wearing one out and then using the other while the first recovered.

Later, he thought. Get good at using one first, and then we can consider two. I wonder how much Ulises will charge for that. Can I talk him into a discount?

The last thought shifted his mind back into his usual businessman mentality, and he found himself immediately "done" with the whole scene.

Blanco didn't even ask to be released as Carlos got his clothes on and began walking to the door, dialing his phone as he went.

"I'm finished with this one," he said, then fell silent, listening. "Yes," he said slowly, "It was... an all right session, but... I dunno, I wanted more from him. Two? Funny you should ask; the thought crossed my mind, but no, not yet. Soon, though... with a ten percent discount on the second one, I trust." He raised his eyebrows and chuckled. "I did not expect that to work; I should have asked for twenty! I'm kidding. No, I appreciate it. I will have another one tomorrow, though. Thank you... amigo."