

So I have long planned to do illustrations accompanied by short stories. This one is only about 80% done both in terms of writing and painting, but I figured I'd show it to you already. The whole thing isn't set in stone pertaining to how it fits into the overall narrative and I didn't wanna do an even bigger exposition dump. Let me know if you have any questions.

Sorry if the writing is still a little rough, I'm not a native english speaker and it needs some more work regardless. In any case, if you're not averse to some (soft) watersports, read on. High res images on [patreon.com/hides!](https://patreon.com/hides)

Tal wiped the sweat off his brow. He wasn't used to physical labour. He'd thought he was in decent enough shape when playing ball with the young commoner men in the village, but this was certainly a different matter altogether. His father had pushed him to do something other than lazing about the town house and Henry, the stallion groundskeeper, had been happy for some help, however little it was.

"So, this what the old man has in mind for your future now?" he asked, before bringing down the large wooden hammer on top of the loose fence post Tal was struggling to hold on to. Each thundering blow from the easily eight foot tall equine rung in his bones.

"No, pretty sure doing a hides' - work isn't what he - envisioned for me. This is his idea of - punishing me. No offense"

"None taken. He's right you know. I reckon you should be following in his footsteps. Or even looking about getting married by now. Not that I'd mind having another farmhand, I ain't getting any younger. But you're lacking a bit of fur for that"

"I don't make that distinction. Honestly, farmhand sounds better to me than 'Councilman Tallen'. This here is honest work, nothing dirty about it"

"Right." The horseman replied, spitting on the ground before a smile formed on his large, coarse lips. "I think this one's in proper. Take a break, kid. I gotta piss."

Tal got up from the tall grass and rubbed his wrists, thankful for the reprieve. It was sort of an oppressive atmosphere, a humid heat hung in the air and it was laden with the smells of the two horses proper, standing on what was apparently a mating pasture. Tal occasionally snuck a look over there, it's not something he had seen firsthand and he was admittedly a little curious, for now they were just chasing and nipping at each other.

Readying to go off into the hedgerow a few dozen paces away, Tal turned his eyes back to his companion. Standing next to him, he watched the horseman shake a fly off his massive neck, before, to Tal's astonishment, he reached into the slit in his overalls and pulled out an

impossibly thick bundle of dark brown flesh. The overbearing, sweet smell of equine sweat seemed to suddenly intensify.

The sight of Tal's shocked face, which felt like it must have been a deep shade of red by now, elicited a rumbling snicker from Henry.

"What? you never seen one of these before?"

"No. Uh, I mean sorry," Tallen stuttered, "Thought we'd go into the bushes or something, for a bit of privacy"

"You really are sheltered. This is how us lowly hides do it. Here, take a look." Henry reached below his sheath and pulled at the leathery skin below, popping his massive testicles out over the straining denim, each one easily the size of both Tal's fists. He made a quick thrusting motion, bouncing his package like a sack of overripe fruit. "That's about the extent of it. And then you just let it go. Any questions?"

Henry cocked his head at the young man, who was still stood there as if frozen to the ground, mouth agape. "C'mon kid, whip it out. This is a teaching moment."



"Uh, okay." Tal hesitantly hooked his thumb into the easy-access slit in his overalls, pulling out his comparatively modestly sized package. Truth, he could have probably fit it his INTO the stallion's cock pretty easily. There was now a suspicious tingling below the base of his member, and he could feel it thickening under his grip. His eyes were still affixed to the smooth slab of horse meat that slowly extended out of its sheath on its own, almost imperceptibly bouncing with the larger male's heartbeat. Henry casually grabbed it at the base and gave the young man a friendly bump with his elbow.

"You ain't doing too bad yourself there, kid"

A warm, carefree smile adorned the equine's face and turned the corners of his eyes into a subtle labyrinth of crow's feet. He clearly didn't mind this at all and it eased Tal's tension a bit, though he still wasn't quite sure what he was feeling in regards to these new sights, smells - and sounds: Like from a water pump, a glistening stream of piss began rushing over the lip-like slit at tip of the horse's sheath. Even from a distance, he had seen enough out on the pastures to know that this wasn't even half his actual length. Tallen turned his gaze to the horizon and tried concentrate on actually getting the job done.

"C'mon, we ain't got all day" the workman said and gave Tal an encouraging pat on the denim-clad butt that almost sent the young man flying face-first into the puddle of piss that was forming at the horse's hooves. It seemed to fulfill its purpose, the short rush of adrenaline sending forth a modest sputtering of pee from Tal's foreskin, that settled into a steady stream. He couldn't keep his eyes away from the torrent next to him though.

"Impressive, huh? Almost producing as much as the fella over there," Henry said, motioning his head towards the excited stallion on the other side of the fence, "only that when he does it in his stall, that ass knows I have to clean it out eventually. Seems to be even more satisfying to him. Still wanna go down this career path?"



Tal replied only after another long moment of taking in the scene. "Uh, excuse me, what

did you say?"

This seemed only to amuse the stallion further. With a snort he offered:

"Wanna hold it for a bit?" Getting only a puzzled look in reply, he softly took the ordinarily talkative human's wrist between his fingers and placed Tal's hand on his sheathed, pissing cock.

"Whoa" was all Tal managed to contribute as he felt up the soft, velvety skin encasing the warm chunk of meat. It was trembling from the torrent of piss rushing through it. Conflicting feelings were welling up inside him. Handling another man's member wasn't really something he had ever devoted any thought to, let alone a hide's monstrously large cock. Surely, this wasn't in the same vein as relations with a woman?

As he slowly brushed down the length of it, he passed over the seemingly sensitive skin close to the tip, and with a shiver and a whinny the large horseman bucked backwards, soaking Tal's fingers in hot piss.

"Oh darn, sorry about that" Henry said, quickly finishing up and shaking the last few drops out of his plump, sheathed penis that bent under its own inertia. Still holding Tal's wrist, Henry wiped his dripping hand on the warm denim covering the horse's lower abdomen. "Got a bit ahead of myself there. Didn't mean to make ya uncomfortable. Or wet." Henry said, stuffing his massive dangling bits back into the overalls where they immediately began forming a large dark spot. Some male peculiarities seem to be universal across species.

Tal shook himself slightly and said "No - no problem". He hesitantly held his palm to his nose, which immediately got flooded with the older equine's powerful musk and the brothy aroma of his piss. He suppressed the urge to lick it. What exactly was going on with him?

"Thanks? I - we probably shouldn't tell anyone about this" Tal said, picking up his pack with the now appropriately empty jug of water.

Belly-laughing, Henry replied "Your father, you mean? Don't worry, I wasn't planning to". He hefted the large hammer over his shoulder and turned to walk with Tal along the fence back to the house. "Before we get back though, you might wanna put that away" he said, pointing towards Tal's center of mass.

Brow furrowed, Tal looked down on his body, his now fully erect cock still bouncing with each step.