

Predator

Chapter Two

Written by Amethyst Mare (Arian Mabe)

“Ladies! How marvellous to see you again!”

Ace greeted two human females with a warm smile at the gate to the viewing pens where she displayed and paraded suitable males. Usually, she left the basic running of the farm to her employees but it was good for her to touch base with customers from time to time. It was late afternoon and Amethyst had spent the day with her on the farm, assisting with work much to Ace’s dismay. A guest should not have to work on holiday! And Amethyst was far away from home, just to visit her. Besides, the mare had accompanied her throughout the day and she had done her best to be a good host, informing Amethyst of the different cuts of meat and whole males she supplied to different predators. The writer loved her inspiration and had been spotted more than once scribbling down notes in her pocket notebook.

Her customers, dressed in loose clothes against the heat of the day, shrugged their handbags more comfortably on their shoulders. It was not uncommon for human ladies to frequent her farm, for themselves, friends or their partners.

“What can I do for you today?” Ace enquired, pulling herself back to the present.

The women, who must have been in their mid-thirties, looked at one another and grinned.

“Your best males, of course, Ace.”

The woman on the left, a brunette with sharp, intelligent eyes, folded her arms below her bosom, and inclined her head. From past encounters, Ace knew her as Nyarai, not a native but as good as for being born on the continent.

“Our husbands have devoured our previous purchase already,” Nyarai continued, that sly smile playing across her lips. “They have a certain taste for your produce, in particular, Ace.”

“They are insatiable,” her friend, Mary agreed, flicking her blond hair back over her shoulder. “But your stock is the best of the best, Ace, we’d be lost on how best to feed them if not for you.”

Nyarai snorted and cast her friend a teasing look – only Ace saw her wink.

“Speak for yourself! Keyon does the cooking! You haven’t trained Olamide enough yet, that’s your only problem!”

She would have spent more time with her customers but Amethyst was waiting at the pens to see what happened at the tail end of the day. Ace could not leave her friend hanging with nothing to do and thus she had to, regrettably, lead her customers to the first square pen where the fatter males roamed, picking at select grazing from fence feeders.

“Ladies, I am afraid to say that my work of the day beckons. Please browse at your leisure and we will deliver your purchases as normal. One of the hands will fetch me if you need my help.”

They nodded, allowing her freedom to leave, and Ace smiled as she listened to them exclaim over the quality of the males, trying to guess which ones would be the most delicious for their husbands. Ace's ears flicked and she pressed the tips of her fingertips together. They were right: her stock was the best of the best.

Around the back of the pens resided the 'stables' and, further still, the pasture where the males who were not needed that day could be sent out to graze and roam. Amethyst leaned against the fence, watching the wind play through the long grass, tail swishing as she enjoyed the evening sunshine. The heat of the day dissipated and, soon, the land would plunge into its nightly chill.

"So sorry to keep you!"

She called out as she approached the fiery chestnut and raised her paw in greeting. Amethyst smiled and half-raised her paw in turn, casting her eyes to the nearest barn-like stable where the unused males were waiting, stomping their feet behind the gate as they chomped at the figurative bit to be let out. The red, wooden barn walls stretched to either side of the metal gate, housing more males that had to be kept inside for the night for one reason or the other. Some would be butchered the next day.

Ace whistled, calling her three sheepdogs to her. The black and white bitches bounded up in a flurry of fur, tongues lolling; they knew they had a job to do. Someone always had to watch the herd, after all.

Casting a cheeky grin at Amethyst, Ace put her paw on the stable gate, the gate to the pasture already open and prepared for them.

"Ready?"

"Ready!"

Ace whistled and opened the gate, allowing the first of the males to stream through, lips pulled up in dopey grins.

"Come on!"

Once the first were through, encouraged by the dogs, the rest of the herd followed at a brisk jog, bare feet pounding the hard packed dirt. They were keener than she had ever seen them to reach the lush meadow and Ace laughed as they raced by, engorged genitals swinging between their thighs. Some of the males were even hard with excitement and their hefty balls bounced off their thighs as they ran, ignoring the discomfort in their rush to reach fresh grazing.

When the last boy had trotted past, Ace latched the stable gate and strode to the pasture, beckoning Amethyst to follow. They leaned on the fence after fastening the main gate – Ace would not have wanted any of the livestock to escape, after all – and watched the males spread out, finding their favourite spots to graze as if they were well used to the procedure of being let out.

"I did not expect you to let them roam the fields like this," Amethyst commented, looking past Ace to where some crawled on their hands and knees, feeding off the choosiest plants they could find.

“It’s the best way to enhance the meat’s flavour,” Ace answered, arms folded over the top of the wooden fence; though not very high, the stock had never been taught to climb and, subsequently, had never learned.

When Amethyst raised a curious eyebrow, she went on, eyes fixed upon the boys.

“I’ve tended the pasture and crops so that the best produce may be produced for the boys – everything they consume improves their flavour. You’ll see the bushes and trees about the pasture, which they will also graze from. They are what they eat and my dogs make sure that they only eat what is best for them. The plants I’ve cultivated also heighten their already docile nature. I’m sure you’ve seen how placid they are.”

“So...by keeping them happy and reducing stress, I suppose you add to their flavour there too?”

Amethyst worked through the thought, eyes distant. Ace’s ears pricked and she bobbed her muzzle happily.

“That’s exactly it, I don’t want them to be stressed or frightened. The plants numb their fear and even make them more randy than normal!” Ace giggled. “It’s cute.”

Amethyst nodded, falling quiet as the equines relaxed, sweat beading on the back side of their necks. Amethyst’s mane stuck to her short coat and she swore, cursing how difficult she found it to adjust to the African climate. The males of Ace’s, however, seemed perfectly at ease in the meadow, kept in line by the three sheepdogs, eyeing the perimeter for any stragglers.

Resting her chin on her arms, Ace watched the sheepdogs herd the males, nipping at their heels to keep them moving and grazing. It was never good to allow the boys to linger too long in one spot – they did not receive the best nutrition. That was why she had the dogs, though none of the ones she owned were male.

They are working very well today, Ace thought, head tilted thoughtfully to one side. I’ll have to make sure they have a couple of the boys as a reward. Business is booming, I can afford to let them have a few. They deserve it for all the work they do, keeping the herds in line.

*

Ace sprawled on her raised bed, stretching out on her back with her hooves hanging over the end of the bed. A younger male knelt at her hooves, polishing them to a shine while two others combed through her jet-black mane and tail. Besides her coat and hair, she was as naked as the boys that she had chosen to attend to her that evening, only after Amethyst had retired to bed. The doorway and windows were covered with mosquito nets in startling green: one would not have known that they had a practical purpose if they had not been told. The mare enjoyed her little luxuries, alongside the greater ones.

After she deemed her mane and tail to be gleaming with good health, Ace rolled on to her stomach, allowing the males to switch to massaging her. They were evidently used to her preferences and immediately pressed their hands to her coat, coaxing the stress and workday from her sore muscles. Pressing her muzzle into the pillows, she moaned, rolling her shoulders.

She licked her lips: dry. Now that would not do. Rising to her hooves, she walked languidly across the room, chuckling to herself at how the boys followed close upon her heels. The wine had been left on her dressing table and she tipped the bottle to pour a splash of red into the glass. She'd allowed it to breathe and she inhaled the aroma, not even jumping when one of the males brushed his lips up her thigh.

When he was not pushed away, the boy pushed between her muscular thighs and swiped his tongue across her sex, drawing a throaty moan from her lips. She had no chance to react – and no will to deny – when another nuzzled under her tail and worked his tongue into her pucker, teasing the sensitive nerves until her breath came in short, sharp gasps. The third and final boy's lips kissed all over her body and she lost track of where he was, feeling his lips upon her shoulder and then, in the next instance, her rump. And then he was in front of her, kneeling on the dressing table to reach her greater height, lips conforming to hers as he wound his fingers into her mane.

Ace shuddered and groaned, steadying herself on the dressing table even as she flagged her tail for more attention. Even through the kiss and the rising pleasure-tension, she knew she needed more and broke the kiss, sharing breath with the boy for a brief moment. Somehow, she made her way to the bed and flopped on to her back, crooking one finger at the boy who started licking her cunny. He leapt up, a goofy grin on his face: he had been chosen!

The other boys fell back, watching with their members hard and bobbing, though they would never complain at not being invited to join their owner in bed. The first boy pushed his head between her thighs again and lashed her clit with his tongue, adding fuel to the fire he had begun. Ace ground her pussy lips up into the boy's face and hissed out between her teeth, clenching them together until her jaw ached. Every time she thought she could stave off the onrush of pleasure but it was never easy to hold herself back, tense her body to that point that she could last longer. Her boys drove her to heights that she had never before imagined.

The inevitable flooded her senses like a tidal wave. Arching up from the bed, Ace's back bowed and she howled out her orgasm, riding the boy's tongue as her juices dripped down his face and chest.

She sprawled, chest heaving, and flung her head back on the pillows with a wild little giggle. Unbothered by the mess on his face, the lucky boy kissed and massaged her thighs, paying her all the attention he had to give while she recovered. Ace propped herself up with one arm and smiled, ears pricked.

"Come on, boy," she panted, beckoning with one, shaking paw. "Up here, now, come on."

He needed no further encouragement when presented with the rare treat of her pussy and scrambled up to her spread legs, easing between. As if he had performed the act a thousand times before, he took his pony-sized cock in one hand and guided it into her pussy, pushing in until his hips were flush against her. Ace closed her eyes and exhaled, wrapping her arms around the smaller boy and drawing him in close to her chest, breasts warm against his skin. His breath mingled with hers as they kissed and Ace planted her hooves flat on the bed, using the leverage to rock her hips up the boy's cock, forcing him deeper into her.

The other two boys rested their chins on the edge of the bed and moaned as their fellow herd member fucked their owner. They imagined every thrust he made was their own and the chosen boy gripped Ace's forearms tightly as his pace increased, damp curls of brown hair sticking to his

forehead. Pussy tingling after her first climax, Ace twisted and dug her hoof fingertips into his skin, loving how it dimpled in so easily under her touch. It showed that her boys were the best of the best when it came to livestock.

Perhaps that was why she lusted after them so.

Whilst being fucked was fun, Ace grinned wickedly, raising her arms above her head as if in a gesture of submission, though she was never one to 'bottom', so to speak. Using her greater size to push the male on to his back without even needing the aid of her paws, Ace squeezed her thighs around his and smirked, trapping him beneath her. He gasped and smiled, hands on her thighs, massaging the lines of muscle with slack-jawed appreciation. His cock throbbed within the mare's cunt and she thrust her chest forward, grinding down until her clit scraped through that little patch of hair upon his crotch, sparking pleasure along her veins.

Rocking as if she was simply using a sex toy, she placed her paws on the boy's chest for balance and groaned, tail flagging up high. The boys behind her murmured at the sight of her tail hole, tight and intriguing, and the fat shaft pounding her sex, pleasing her as they so desperately wished they could have the opportunity to please. Trying to buck up into the mare, the boy whimpered and submitted to her domineering touch, gazing up in wonder at the equine who controlled him so. As if she was riding a wild stallion, Ace rode him harder, gasping when his cock plunged into her sex and exhaling in a sharp rush when she rose up, only to drive down again. The very sensation of fucking herself upon his length shocked her closer and closer to a second orgasm, body trembling with constrained lust.

The boy could not restrain himself as well as her, however, and gave a strangled cry as he rocketed over the edge, hips jerking. His cock throbbed and pulsed, sending rope after rope of thick, creamy cum into her pussy and Ace moaned her appreciation, eyes half-closed. Hot cum splashed into her and oozed out around his shaft, marking her inner thighs and the boy's crotch – not that she cared. It did not even matter that the bed sheets were getting mussed up again. One of the boys would clean it up later, with his tongue.

And then he would take care of her.

His orgasm set off hers a few heartbeats later and Ace cried out so loudly that she was sure the lionesses would hear her; it would not have been the first time Muscles twitched, jerked, and she lost control of her own body, pussy squirting and clenching down around his shaft. He whined, sensitive from climax, but otherwise made no complaint at the rough treatment her pussy gave him, quivering as she rode out her climax upon his still hard and throbbing cock. Briefly, Ace was thankful she had bred her boys to have such thick, meaty cocks. Besides being delicious to the predators she sold them to, they made for an electrifying lay and their balls could easily handle several loads in quick succession.

Collapsing on the bed, Ace idly ran her paws down the boy's back, allowing him to relax on top of her, his cheek pressed against her breast. The moment was idyllic and she felt herself on the edge of dozing off, she was so relaxed and at peace. Boldly, the other two boys joined her on the bed, kissing and massaging her arms, legs and wherever else they could reach, feather-light touches nudging her nearer sweet, sweet slumber.

I'm not sure why I had them do my mane and tail first... Ace thought through a haze of post-orgasmic pleasure, stroking her paws down the male's smooth, hairless back. *Will I ever learn?*

Likely not.

*

Dear Diary,

How can this be so addictive? I never considered it as more than a bit of fun the first time I fucked one of the boys. And then it happened again. And again. And again. I couldn't stop. They are so keen to please me, so devoted. Could any male of my stature match up to that? Now, with them fawning over me, I feel like I've found my place. They will make me orgasm over and over again until I can barely move. And then they massage me to sleep, the most devoted boys I could ever wish for. Just writing about this is making me wet.

Yet every time...the guilt grows. I mean, should I be guilty about this? I'm not harming anyone. I'm not being harmed either. No one gets hurt. It's the taboo, it's the illicit side. The boys that I fuck must end up in the jaws of the lionesses: I can never be sure that they will not talk otherwise, no matter what they say. I must keep my secret safe. I don't know what would happen to me if this got out... I would be shunned. Even Amethyst wouldn't want to talk to me.

No, I have no choice. Everything must remain a secret. But what am I to do when I want to share my joy and experiences? I cannot talk to anyone, no one at all. I love fucking them, feeling their huge, heavy balls slapping my thighs as they buck like the animals they are. Yet it drives me insane to watch the lionesses, especially Delilah, devour them, my underwear soaked as the light fades from their eyes. Oh, how I adore that last breath. I take the best of my stock to my bed and it is only fitting that they meet their end in such a luscious splash of crimson.

Not that all the males I fuck end up with the lionesses, oh no. They need to eat more often than I am willing to give one up. No, they always have the best of the best, just as they deserve.

I'm getting off topic. Maybe this is a thought for another day.