

# Cauda Equina

Xen sighed as she cast a tired glare around the room. This was not the kind of party she had been looking for. If she was to be honest with herself, she hadn't been looking for a party at all. Rather, she had just felt the need to escape, to get wholly out of her mind, and the best way to do that was to move her body with the intensity that only a certain kind of music could inspire in her. Unfortunately, that sort of music was sorely absent here, let alone that level of inspiration; the boisterous crowd seemed content to sway drunkenly about to loud and soulless beats.

Furthermore, the night had been billed as an 'Enchanted Masquerade,' but it seemed she had been the only one to get the memo. At best there were a few drugstore-quality eye masks paired with black cocktail dresses. Things went rapidly downhill from there: a forest of inexplicable eye patches paired with pirate hats, an occasional toga, and a disappointingly high proportion of jeans and baseball caps. Ordinarily she wouldn't

have expected much more from a club in the industrial district, at least not these days – once home to a whisper network of alternative venues and resident artists, it had become infiltrated in recent years by a far less alternative crowd. Still, she had let herself believe tonight might be different.

Amongst the artless gallery of half-hearted costumes, Xen stood out like an immaculate vision. In the hours she had spent convincing herself to go out at all, and the hours more perfecting her look, she had finally converged on her skintight pleather bodice, embedded with metal O-rings along the centerline. It had the effect of creating quarter-sized portholes into the tender skin underneath, a pathway of olive moons up and down the front and back of her torso. On a different body, this could have been scandalous, but on Xen's slender frame it was merely suggestive, even ambiguous.

She had paired the high-cut openings of the bodice, arced above her hipbones, with thigh-high vinyl boots, a bright crescent of skin appearing between the two on each leg. Her look was not complete without her favorite accessory, a soft pack she had bought with her last partner, lovingly stored in a velvet lined box. Even opening the box gave her a feeling of power that thrilled her, despite the bittersweet memories of their last days together.

She carefully maneuvered the soft pack into the bodice, noticing the gentle pressure against her body. She immediately felt

a change come over her posture and spirit, as well as making a noticeable bulge against the skin-tight material. As a side effect, it was amazing how effective this small detail was in warding off leering men – if one started to approach her with those telltale eyes, a few well-timed hip thrusts had them running back into the crowd, tail between their legs.

She had just re-dyed her hair a brilliant electric violet, shaving the sides to the skin, and to complete her look, she had spiked the top into precise vertical points like a gladiator's crest. She had also darkened a thick horizontal band across the center of her face, enveloping her eyes in a pool of darkness. With her eyelids closed, it melted into a solid blindfold, accented from below with the dark smear highlighting her thin line of lips. At least nobody would be messing with her tonight, she had thought to herself with a smirk.

Now committed to the party, she moved as listlessly as the crowd around her, constantly checking her phone to see if she'd stayed long enough to justify the obnoxiously high cover charge. "Just three more songs and I'm out," she thought to herself, putting her device away.

As she turned back towards the DJ stage, she felt something brush against the crescent of skin between her bodice and her boots – not quite a hand, but something that felt almost like hair. Startled, she looked to her right to see a full horse's head on a slender body in a neck-to-crotch black body suit, thighs

cut as high as hers, with dark smooth legs descending into hoof-like boots. A luxuriously full tail swished behind them as they danced, completely consumed by the music – this must be what had brushed against her. She envied their immersion into the dance; it's where she had hoped to be by now.

“Hey! Did you just swat me with your tail?” she asked with the tiniest of smiles, almost yelling to be heard above the music.

“Oh, I, uh, sorry, I...,” they seemed to say, or something to that effect. The thick leather horse's head made it hard to hear, but they waved their hands in a gesture of apology and started to back away.

“No, that's all right,” she said, smiling more fully now and moving closer to them, turning to put her body directly across from theirs. “Would it be all right if I stroked your tail, Horsey?”

The horse head moved up and down in a nodding gesture. She moved with the music to close her body in with them, feeling a lump against her soft pack when she made momentary contact. “Is that a penis? Or are they packing too?” she thought to herself. Now in position, she reached behind the horse-headed dancer and pulled her fingers slowly through their tail. As she did, she felt the lump move and harden against her.

“Oh?” she said out loud, raising an eyebrow. “Definitely a penis,” she thought.

“Sorry, it’s, uh, connected to my...” the horse’s muffled voice started saying. The mask and the music made it impossible to make out the rest, but Xen had a pretty good idea of what it was connected to.

“Mmmm, I can *feel* that,” she said, moving her body closer to them, and putting her mouth near where she thought their ears must be. “Shhhhhhhh,” she breathed into their mask. “I think it’s better if you don’t talk, Horsey. How about if you just nod if this is OK?” She felt the horse head nod rhythmically into her neck.

“That’s better,” she said. She continued to tug and stroke on their tail, and felt the lump grow harder against her body. She was even more curious now. “How do you identify, Horsey, in terms of gender?” she asked softly.

She heard them murmur something which sounded almost apologetic, but wanted to be certain, so she asked to confirm. “Don’t be shy, Horsey, are you saying you identify as male?” she said gently, and they nodded again.

“You know,” she said slowly, “I don’t care so much for boys, most of the time...” pausing for a moment to collect her thoughts, “but I *do* like horses.” Stepping back and squinting, she asked, “So are you going to be a good Horsey for me?” Again he nodded, this time more vigorously.

“Good, very good,” she murmured into his ear, pulling him close to her again so that their bodies were pressing together. “I feel...” she said, letting her voice trail off as she looked around, “I feel like this is not really the right place for this kind of, um, *horseplay*.” He quickly pulled himself away, again making a gesture of apology.

“No, no,” she laughed, pulling him close again. “I meant maybe we should go somewhere else. Do you live near here, Horsey?” He nodded again. It was faster than she would usually have moved, but the soft pack always made her feel more powerful, even a little reckless, and she felt like she could easily keep things with Horsey under control.

“Well, why don’t we get our coats and I’ll get us a Lyft,” she said. They walked to the coat check and retrieved their coats. Hers was a long vinyl wrap that covered her entire costume; his was a wool trench coat that looked rather at odds with his horse’s head, as though he had just come from some kind of equine business meeting. She pulled out her phone and ordered a car, asking him to enter his address; within a few minutes it was pulling up in front of them.

As they walked towards it, he began to undo the buckles behind his head to take off the mask. “Oh no no no, Horsey,” she said in mock consternation. He stopped to turn to her. “If you do that, I might change my mind about this. And I’d really rather not change my mind at this point – would you?” He shook

his head and laughed, which sounded vaguely like a neigh from inside the mask.

“All right, then,” she smiled, as they got into the car. The driver was a heavyset, middle-aged man with a rough beard and friendly eyes. He seemed to be in a jovial mood and laughed out loud when he saw the horse’s head.

“What, is this your *pet*?” he asked Xen with a laugh.

“Something like that,” Xen replied with a smirk of her black lips as she gathered her long wrap into the car and closed the door.

“Well, you know, I’m not supposed to take pets in the car,” he joked.

“Oh, he’s an *emotional support* horse,” she shot back.

“Oh! Well in that case of course it’s OK. It’s the *law*!” he said and chuckled to himself. She put her hand on the inside of Horsey’s thigh; he made a soft sound and nodded. She smiled and looked out the window as the car swung out of the industrial district and onto the highway, heading downtown.

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As soon as they entered his apartment, she slid out of her wrap and threw it onto a chair in a single motion. She took a quick look around – it was boxy and functional, the typical shoebox of modern buildings in the city. The art on the walls seemed to be chosen for its meaning rather than being merely decorative; she allowed herself a small nod of approval. He had taken off his coat as well, as was now waiting patiently for her next move. She smiled.

“Aw, such an *obedient* horsey,” she said, stroking the leather cheek softly with the back of her cupped hand. “Let’s get you into the bedroom, shall we?”

He nodded slowly and she followed him into the room. The bed was large and covered with an assortment of multicolored pillows, “Not what I would have expected from a boy,” she thought to herself. The red expanse of the comforter looked soft and inviting.

“This will do perfectly,” she said, guiding him onto the bed on all fours. “Now can I get this bodysuit off you?” He nodded enthusiastically, and she was pleased to see a single zipper going down the entire length of his body, which would make this step far easier. His skin was a darker shade than hers, almost matching the dark red leather of his mask, and she was eager to see it unencumbered. She peeled the skin-tight suit from his arms and torso and pulled it down to his legs, taking care to guide the tail through the cleverly-placed O-ring in the



back. She wondered briefly whether this might be from the same designer as her own outfit. She pulled the bodice over his legs and feet, amused to find that he was already fully erect.

“But we haven’t even started yet, Horsey,” she said, lightly running her finger down the length of his cock, feeling him shudder with anticipation. “Well aren’t you a fine specimen,” she said, running her hand softly over his back and sides, admiring his slender but muscular frame, ending by stroking and gently pulling on his tail. She lightly traced her fingers down the narrowest part of his spine, just at the small of his back.

“You know, this right here is my favorite part of the body,” she murmured softly, almost to herself. “It’s called the *cauda equina* – it’s Latin for ‘horse’s tail.’ Did you know that?”

He shook his head no, and quietly waited for her to continue.

“So. It turns out the lower extremities grow much more than the spinal cord during gestation, so all the connections to the limbs grow longer and longer out of this spot, forming what looks like a horse’s tail of nerves. Every part of the lower body – your toes, your legs, your cock,” she continued, lightly touching each one in turn, “is connected back up to here,” returning her hand to his back.

“Even the nerves and control for the anal sphincter comes right back to this spot,” she said, stroking his tail and pulling slowly but firmly on it until she could see his muscles and sphincter clench as he struggled to hold the plug in. “Good,” she said with a smile, “I see you have great sphincter control. That may come in handy later.” Gliding her hands over his back again, she moved upwards and began stroking his hair and neck, gently turning the horse head towards her.

“Well Horsey,” she nearly whispered, “How would you feel about letting me take a little ride?”

He nodded vigorously and started to turn over onto his back, reaching for her hips. “No no no, Horsey, not like that,” she laughed. “That’s not how you ride a horse!” She pushed him back onto all fours, and quickly straddled him. He was surprised at her quickness and how light her body was, and as she squeezed her thighs into his flanks, how muscular her small legs felt against his sides.

“Giddyap, Horsey!” she yelled, and he started to move his body back and forth, like a mechanical bull. “Yes, that’s it, Horsey!” she cried, holding his shoulder with one hand as she lifted the other into the air. “Let’s see what else this horse can do!” She yelled, pulling back on his shoulder with both hands. He lost himself in the moment and reared up on his legs, milling his hands in the air. She pushed him back down again, and as he moved back and forth, he could feel her grinding against

him harder and harder. He had felt the lump in Xen's crotch even back at the club, and given the intensity of motion he was surprised his rider wasn't getting erect against his back.

Suddenly she leapt off his back and pushed her back against the pillows, facing him, her legs open in front of him. She pulled open the snap of her bodysuit and threw the soft pack off the side. He jumped back in surprise.

"Oh right," she laughed, "I guess you weren't expecting that. Well, here we are then."

She started rubbing herself vigorously and with ragged breath said, "Are you thirsty, boy? Do you want some water?"

He nodded eagerly and she pulled his horse head down into her, rubbing it over her vulva, putting two fingers inside herself and moving faster and faster. He started to move back and forth again but she said, "No, please, just stay right there, right there," and he froze, feeling and hearing her fingers move ever faster.

His body tensed as she held him there, wondering if he should do something, but remembering what she had said and resolving to stay in place as he had been told. After several minutes of vigorous rubbing, she came quietly, with a soft "unnnnh," and took a few deep breaths. Instantly he could feel her body relax as she gently pushed his mask down and through her legs.

“Well, Horsey, you had quite a workout, I think you might need a little rubdown.” He nodded again as she smiled. She got on her knees beside him and gently rubbed his bottom, brushing and pulling on his tail with her left hand, as with her right she started to slowly stroke his painfully erect cock from the base to the tip, feeling clear liquid drip into her hand from the head.

“Wow,” she said, “you have so much precum, Horsey, you must be *very* excited about this.” He nodded vigorously, and she stroked him smoothly and slowly, letting him get close but not letting him cum. She went through a cycle of several minutes three or four times, until he started to quiver with anticipation. “Oh, are you getting frustrated, Horsey?” She said with a laugh. “Well one good orgasm does deserve another,” she continued, and with that began to stroke more vigorously and rapidly. As she felt his body get close she pulled gently but firmly on his tail so he had to clench down over it.

In moments, his whole body convulsed with the orgasm, cum dripping profusely towards the bed. She caught some of it as it fell and rubbed it over his softening penis. “That’s a good boy, isn’t it, just like that,” she cooed softly. “I bet that feels good, doesn’t it now?” He nodded as body heaved with the release, his breaths coming fast and heavy.

“Well that was something, wasn’t it?” She asked, pulling him down to the bed with her as she snapped her bodysuit back

together. She reached for his back and felt his arms encircle her, the horse head wrapping around her neck. It was comforting in a way she was not expecting – but comfort was not what she had come here for. As quickly as she had pulled him in, she pushed him away, jumping out of the bed and to her feet.

“OK, Horsey, I have to go,” she said curtly, and strode out quickly to the living room, pulling her wrap around her in the same single motion with which she had taken it off. As she slid her feet back into her boots, he caught up with her. She could tell he wanted to talk to her, and though she wanted to make a quick exit, she felt she at least owed him that much.

“Ok, Horsey, speak,” she sighed, in a voice of resignation.

“Um, I know you don’t really know me, but would you consider staying for the night?” He asked sweetly, his voice still muffled by the mask.

A part of her did want to stay, and did want that comfort, but this is how the cycle of hurt began, and she had promised herself she wouldn’t do that again, not this year. He noticed how different her posture was; she had seemed so confident the whole night, and suddenly she seemed softer, more vulnerable. With her back to him and her hand already on the door handle, she started saying, “Look, I’m just not looking for...”

“A *stable* relationship?” He finished. He saw her small shoulders slouch down and start to shake slightly. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you or anything...,” reaching out to touch her.

She whirled around to face him and he realized her shoulders were shaking from laughter, not tears. “A *stable* relationship?” she asked. “That is the *worst* pun I’ve heard in a long time. *Buuuuuuut* – it turns out I do have a weakness for terrible puns.” He smiled, relieved.

“And...” she continued, “*sometimes*, for the people who make them. If they’re cute.” She reached behind his head and slowly, deliberately, unbuckled the straps behind his head holding the mask in place. Eventually she put both hands on its cheeks, and slowly lifted it off his head and put it aside.

“You have honest eyes,” she murmured, almost to herself, “and cute enough, I guess. Especially when you’re naked and covered in your own cum,” she continued, giggling.

He blushed – he had run out to talk to her before she left and hadn’t even had time to pull on a pair of underwear. He covered himself in embarrassment.

“No, no, I like it,” she said softly, pushing his hand away gently with her own, and moving in to press her body against his. “Well look, Horsey, I’m certainly not going to promise you any kind of *relationship*, but I think I could stay in your, um,

*stable* for a night. Besides, I might want to take another ride in the morning,” she finished with a smile.

“I can work with that,” he said, smiling shyly.

“C’mon Horsey. Let’s get you bedded down for the night,” she murmured. As she brushed by him, she lightly put her palm against his, feeling the weight of his arm pull back as she moved forward, gently closing her grip to lead him back into the bedroom.