

LD's Lucky Day

LD (rumored to be short for "Lucky Day") deserved a special treat, today. The tall, regal Gypsy Vanner's body was aching and sore with stress and tension. There was only one place to go to fix that. Б́аня - мать втор́ая, after all. The proud breeding stallion breezed through the reception of his favorite place. They knew who he was, they knew his account. He adjusted his sunglasses, grinning widely at the courtyard of the spa center, an open air area with small food booths and tables and mats to relax on. A natural spring bubbled clear, fresh water up in the middle, and, most importantly of all, there were females. So many females. Breasts swung, fertile hips swayed, as females large and small, young and old, socialized all about.

LD captured the elbow of a male tiger attendant, gesturing to the assembled ladies. "Servant, what is this? So many females?"

The tiger furrowed his brows, then looked around the courtyard. "Oh... special meeting. Ladies only." The feline looked LD up and down, tongue licking slowly along his chops as his gaze rested between the stallion's legs. Wheels spun, as LD's nostrils flared to take in the delightful perfume of so many females. "But, uh, sir, we do have one area reserved, just for males, and their companions. Right this way, please." The tiger stepped away, but LD resisted, enjoying the moment.

"Why can't I stay here? I am sure that I would get along with these lovely mares?" LD said, as he undid his belt.

"I do not think you could afford them, friend," the tiger said, as he watched LD strip himself down. The feline held out his hands, taking the equine's clothing as he stripped down from his pants and shirt. The equine's body was compact, muscular and strong, with a soft glossy pelt of piebald black and white covering his entire body. The equine's long, cream colored feathery fur around his calves and elbows seemed to float out as it was released into the open air but what was released to dangle between the equine's thighs was decidedly much denser. The equine's reddish shaft was currently dormant, only partially extended out of the warm dark fur of his cheetah. Behind it, two massive horse testicles bobbed in their loose, dangling, stretchy scrotum. They were pulled up somewhat, closer to the stallion's groin, which allowed the scrotum to 'puddle' underneath them, a soft tag of wrinkled pouch that enticed the tongue and fingers to explore it.

"What do you mean, I can not afford them? They are prostitutes?" LD asked, scoffing at the thought. "And not only that, but you make ME pay to breed THEM, and not the other way around?"

LD was a breeder, a very well esteemed breeder. His cock had plumbed the sweetest, deepest, snuggest depths, and he sold his output by the drop, not by the ounce. His testicles WERE his livelihood, the source of all of his money and reputation, and they paid very well.

"No, it is nothing like that. They are on a spiritual retreat, you see," the tiger explained. "They have taken a vow of celibacy, for their patronage. Any male that they have sex with, they will be obligated to marry. Do you want a harem of ripe and horny mares to take care of? The church only asks for a sum of-"

"No, no, I understand," LD said. He frowned and gave his cock a slow stroke, stretching it out away from his groin and then releasing it to slap back between his heavy balls. "Well, I can at least admire them, without touching them, right?"

"Of course," The tiger said, as he led the equine towards a private banya. "We have a brand new banya, just for you, and I think you will appreciate one of the features of it. You will be the first customer to use it, and we will be honored to have your scent mixed with the smell of cedar and eucalyptus."

"Well, I do appreciate that. I hate the smell of other males in the banya," LD said, relaxing into being led away from the females. Quite a few of them watched him go, disappointment on their faces. If they had heard the lies the tiger was making up about them, they would have been furious! Alas, it seems that yet another male customer had decided to leave with the tiger. The fertile, horny ladies would have loved the chance to play with such a virile stud! But instead, they would have to make do with their own company for now.

LD could smell wood burning as he ducked down into the wooden building. The room was entirely made of wood, and had a familiar pleasant closed in feeling. The walls were lined with birch branches, which gave a pleasant smell that made LD thirsty. His hooves TAK'd sharply on the smooth cobblestone floor, as he stepped between the large benches that formed a circle around the wood stove in the middle of the room. Heat poured out from it, filling the room with radiant comfort that was already pleasantly soaking into the large stallion's knuckles. Warm steam filtered into the room through a wooden grate on the floor, warming the room to a pleasant heat. A door marked with a snowflake was on the other side of the room, with four towels hanging from bars on either side of it.

"I hope this is to your expectations?" The tiger said, as he closed the door behind LD. He rubbed his hands together as he looked the stallion over from behind. The stud was meaty in all the right places.

"Yes, this will do. I would like some tea, and a female. Not... one of those females though. A Fresh one." LD said, as he peeled off his shirt, pulling it over his head to reveal the smooth, athletic, toned body of a virile stallion. "Can you acquire one for me?"

"Of course I can," the tiger agreed. "I will mark this sauna as occupied, to prevent any interruption. In the meantime, you should get comfortable; I will return with a female to take the edge off, and then I will give you a massage. Afterwards, we will finish with a branch thrashing. We have some fresh birch branches. Does that sound nice?"

"It does," LD sighed, knowing that the tiger was staring, and not minding. Everyone stared when you had equipment as large and potent as a stallion's, and his was larger than all others. He casually scratched at his plumped up ball-sack, letting the silken skin slide between his fingers, his cock gray pudgy from the scent of all those beautiful females. It was a shame they were contaminated, they smelled delicious. "But be quick about it, I do not like waiting."

LD enjoyed the calmness of the banya as it warmed up. The steam swirled around his feathered calves, as he stretched his arms up over his head. There was a small pot of wax being heated in one corner of the room, filling the air with the essential oils of cedar and sweet birch and some other scent, something soft and flowery. Perhaps lily of the valley? It was pleasant and heady and grounding, and the breeding stud could feel his nerves relaxing, muscles softening as he strolled around the room. He examined the birch branches hanging on the walls. They were dried but fragrant, and LD hoped that they were purely for decoration. He clopped back to the bench directly in front of the stove, sitting down and spreading his legs. The direct heat of the stove felt good, basking against his drooping penis, bathing along the aching weights of his massive testicles. LD felt no need to reach down and handle himself, that was what the attendants were for.

Speaking of, the tiger returned to the room, with a blue and white female sergal in tow. LD's nostrils flared, as he squinted at the newcomer. In the dim light, he couldn't quite make out the specifics of them, but he could SMELL the 'mare in heat' scent that poured off of her in waves. It made the big stallion's mouth water as the scent charged up his body. His shaft, already dropped and ready to play, began to stiffen immediately. The sergal, seeing it, began to back up, but the tiger held their arm around the elbow and dragged them closer.

"I'm back, sir, and I found this little mare sneaking into our off limits area. She.." The tiger glanced at the sergal, then back to LD, "has agreed to indulge me with a 'favor' if I do not report her to the authorities." He brought her closer to the stallion, pointing to the bench next to the stallion. "Why don't you lay on your belly here, and we'll see about you swallowing your debt, and-"

"No, wait." LD said, squinting at the sergal. His nostrils flared and relaxed, the stallion taking in more and more of the hormone-soaked scent of mare. This was no mare, though. "What are you? You are not a horse, why do you smell like a mare?"

"She's a sergal," the tiger said, smoothly interrupting Zunder before the emasculated sergal could respond. "They're from a far away land, where horses evolved slightly differently than around here. Legend has it that they bred with dragons to create their distinctive appearances." The attendant stroked a hand up along Zunder's rear end, the sergal stiffening and trying to pull away. "I have tested her out myself," the tiger said, with a grin full of bright, shining teeth. "She is certainly female, as fresh and pure and ready for sex as any other mare you could find here."

LD frowned at the thought of tiger seed inside the female, the attendant having the gall to despoil a female that he had requested for himself. "If you're already tasted her front, then I will have her rear."

"Oh yes, her ass is most succulent, and with my seed pre-lubing her, you'll have no trouble-"

"Really? You took her ass and her front? Without allowing me the privilege?" The stallion bristled. "Fine, I will have her mouth, then." He gestured to the same bench that the tiger had gestured to, shifting and pivoting so that he was sitting at the end of his own bench, his balls and cock hanging over the edge. "Lay on your back, with your mouth open."

"I-" Zunder said, but a sharp elbow quieted them as the tiger nodded agreeably.

"SHE'd love to, wouldn't you, you little tart?" The tiger taunted. The female sergal did as LD ordered, laying down on the bench, shifting and adjusting so that she could lean her head back over the edge. "There ya go, soooo obedient! Such a nice mare!"

"We'll see about 'nice'," LD gruffed, as he clopped closer. He straddled the bench as well, allowing the lengthy flop of his cock rest along the mare's snout, throat, and chest. The smoothness of that chest was kind of a turn off, but it must be one of those things that a breeder stud like LD was trained to ignore. "Go on, suck on it."

"It's too-" the mare said, but whatever she was trying to say was lost with the crash of a WHAP against the stallion's shoulders. The tiger had retrieved the frozen birch branch from the back closet, the ice-crusts leaves and branches breaking against the big stud's shoulders with a stunning, refreshing blast of cold water.

"The вѣник! How refreshing!" LD said, closing his eyes and arching his back. He had to take a step back, in order to haul up the massive, thick hose that was his cock, the unflared head fat and puffy, as big across as a pancake. The protesting mare's mouth was easy enough to plug with it, the rubbery flesh snaking down into that protesting mouth, filling it with the salt and musk of the unabashedly virile stallion. LD thrust forward, the bracing impact forcing that big hose deeper down the mare's throat. She was resisting though, gagging and trying to reach up to pull LD's cock away, to pull it out of her mouth.

"Tiger, this mare..." LD sighed, and pulled out, lifting up his cock and flopping it over her face. "She is useless. I don't like her."

"What do you mean? You aren't satisfied?" The tiger attendant asked. He had been watching the two with appraising eyes, gauging just how good the female was at swallowing equine cock.

"I'm not. I think, perhaps, I do not need a female after all," LD said. He lifted up his cock, and dropped it on the mare, the thick length leaving a goopy smear or precum against her chest, her belly. "You should leave. I would rather have nothing than such a poor quality female."

The sergal mare looked up to the tiger, who nodded agreeably. "You can go. I promise not to share your secret. Go to the ice baths and wait there and I will find you soon."

The mare nodded, coughing and wiping at the thick syrupy precum that coated her lips. She scrabbled out of the room, the door slamming behind her.

"Tiger, I'm not happy," LD grumbled. "This is very disappointing. You serve me this beautiful place to relax and release my seed. It is filled with the sweet perfume of ripened females, ready to mate." The stallion lifted his cock, which throbbed in his hand, the sheer length of it almost incomprehensible to a non-equine. "And I can not have even one of them? What cruelty is this?"

The tiger nodded as the stallion squeezed behind the medial ring, his glans flaring out dramatically.

"This should be buried deep in hot juicy mare pussy, not roasting in the open air. My testicles ache with need, tiger. You are going to help me."

"Of course I am," the tiger said, and brightened up. "In fact, this is the perfect chance to show you why I picked this banya for you. I know that a breeder's body like yours can only be interested in females. However, if you are willing to trust me, I believe that we can take care of that ache in your balls. Come this way."

Charn opened a small hatch, on the side of the wall. He gestured for LD to approach, and pointed inside. LD could smell the ripe, pleasant perfume of mares, wafting in through the window. Charn stepped aside as the stallion slipped his head into the chute.

"This used to be where the chute for the stoves went, for both rooms. Unfortunately, you won't be able to climb through, but if you lean in, you should be able to watch and smell the mares as they... clean themselves."

LD found the chute to be at just about waist height, and so it was easy for him to lean down and half-crawl into the large chute. His belly rested on the hot cedarwood, in a pleasant way, his chest as well, and if he craned his neck just a bit further out, he could just see three mares, cuddled together. Their hands clenched and shifted between each other's thighs, as they kissed and moaned in soft, feminine delight. LD leaned forward, trying to see exactly what they were doing in the dim light. He did not care if he was caught staring; he was far too horny for that.

Back in the banya, the tiger assistant stared at the proud breeder's backside. The stallion's legs were spread wide, hooves bracing against two old bricks that jutted from the wall. The stallion's massive cock lay flat along the cedar planks of the wall, drooling its precious precum against the wood. An unethical tiger would place a glass there, something to capture that delicious fluid, to sell or consume later. This tiger would never be distracted by such a paltry distraction.

Charn grinned, carnivore fangs glimmering brightly as the stallion's heavy testicles dangled and throbbed on either side of the fat dick. *Oh, they were beautiful.* The feline cupped up underneath them, his fingers splayed as he let the weight of each ball rest in the palm of his hands. Stallion testicles were usually around the size of a navel orange; large in its own right, rounded, and firm to squeeze. These were more like shot puts. Brassy, solid, firm balls, smooth like glass as the feline stroked his palms against them. The scrotal skin slid smoothly over them as he inspected them.

"What are you doing?" The stallion asked, irritatedly. He did not like his view of the lovely mares being interrupted like this.

"Sir, while I am not allowed to get you off, I am extremely well versed in stallion physiology and would like to give you a testicle massage, free of charge."

"What is a testicle massage?" The stallion asked, one foot lifting slightly, and stomping heavily on the ground, a clear threat.

"It just means that I will use my fingers to firmly massage your nuts, helping to increase blood flow and ramp up your fertility." As the feline spoke, he moved a thumb up to the back of that nut-sack, pressing the tip of a scythe-like claw into the back of the stallion's scrotum. He pulled down, slowly unzipping the protective shroud and baring the crowded, swollen flesh inside. "It will help ease the sensation of blue balls, since that is mostly just cramping. You can trust me, I've helped dozens of stallions with this technique." The tiger gently squeezed with his other hand, rolling the horse's left nut back and forth with his fingers in a soothing, relaxing way.

"Fine... but no funny business. I don't want to feel your mouth on me." the stallion said.

"I promise you that you won't," the tiger smiled. He was a professional, after all. Hot, humid air poured out of the nearby Banya, which helped mask the exposure to the open air. Charn knew that it was perfectly calibrated to match the inside of a horse's scrotum, so when he reached into that debauched scrotum and cupped his palms against naked testicles, lifting them reverently out into the open air. The flesh was taut, swollen outwards with the pressure of too much fluid inside. The seed inside these were worth more than gold, more than saffron. The tiger attendant pulled gently, being ever mindful of the sensations he was giving the stallion, as he examined them from one side and then the other. Gently turning them over, he found the epididymis on the backside, so puffy and inflated that it looked solid. He traced his thumb slowly over it, and the horse's flanks shuddered, tail flicking as if to swat away a fly.

"What is this?" The stallion questioned, but the tiger leaned forward and pressed a shoulder against the back of one thick thigh.

"I'm getting a feel for you. You are painfully backloaded, so I must be very careful. If I do not handle you correctly, you might accidentally cum from me touching you, or, you might rupture your beautiful flesh."

LD would have responded, would have thought about it, but the mares had changed position and now one of them was displaying herself wantonly to him, her thighs spread and juicy, dripping pussy on full display. He could SMELL her, and it burned his heart to know that she was so far away. He bobbed his head, and ejected his tongue, lapping at the air lewdly to get her attention. He would not breed her, of course, but there was no reason she could not share her lust with him, since she was clearly allowed to enjoy herself with the other mares. She glanced over at him, noticing him for the first time, her eyes lidded with lust, and LD's cock throbbed. His dick thumped hard against the wall, kicking it, as he watched that lucky other mare licking and lapping against the chosen one's soft wet succulent pussy.

The tiger took the stallion's silence as acceptance. Perfect. To be fair, he WAS concerned about how fully packed the stallion was. It was likely that his body was going to take matters into its own hands and initiate an automatic purge, if something wasn't done, fast, to stop it. Fortunately, Charn always came prepared. In his uniform pocket, the feline pulled free two special tubes. Each one was about eight inches long, and about an inch and a half in diameter, the outside a glossy black metal, with two small, discrete hinges on one side and a splittable seam on the opposite. The top and bottom were uncapped, and the inside was almost entirely filled with neoprene, save for a small cavity in the center. Charn ran a seal along the seam of one of the tubes, and it popped open, the neoprene puffing outwards as the pressure was released.

The tiger lifted the tube up, and carefully fitted it around the top of the stallion's testicular cords. The plump, gnarled cords were almost the exact diameter of the tube - much thicker than the other stallions that the feline had used these on before. Still, they were JUST cords, only soft compressible flesh. He took the testicle in his other hand, pulling down on it to stretch it as tautly as possible. The smooth, heavy flesh felt so good in his hand, fingers barely fitting around the widest part of it, and he stretched it further than he should. He could hear the soft crinkle as tissues were abruptly stretched past their normal point, and there was a kick against the wall. Before the stallion could ask or try to see what he was doing, The feline clapped the two sides back together.

The tube closed, and the puffy neoprene firmly, but gently compressed on both the front and back of the equine's testicle cablings. The pain of the hard yank was almost immediately replaced with a sickening pressure that mingled up inside the horse's belly, threatening to soften the erection that throbbed and pulsed against the wall. However, it worked; the tube clasped shut, locking in place. The compression immediately began to flatten the cords; sperm fluids were worked upwards into the stallion's groin, and forced back down into his already over-swollen epididymis, making it ache even more. The compression along the nerves served to dampen their warnings to the brain - while LD could feel everything happening to that testicle, it was like hearing sound underwater. Present, but distant. It would not distract him from his view of the mares eating each other out.

Charn took a few moments to allow LD to acclimate to the crushing compression, before he shifted his focus onto the other testicle. It, too, needed to be compressed, and he enjoyed pulling down on the heavy testicle, stretching it almost as far down away from the equine's body as its brother was. He applied the second compression tube, slotting it into place and trapping the tautly stretched cabling inside it. The stallion grunted as the cold metal was slid up, pressing up into the scrotum and nudging into the inguinal canal itself. The horse's hips bucked forward, and the tiger immediately began stroking, rolling the already-pinned testicle with his other hand, the soft warmth of his palm and fingers soothing and pleasing to the horny stallion. The equine's shaft twitched, its length giving a healthy throb as the handling stimulated more blood to flow down inside it. He wanted to reach down and jack himself off, or to bring the tiger's face to his cock so that he could tend to that as nicely and strongly as he handled the stallion's prized testicles.

Instead, he watched the mares putting on a show for him. The mare whose attention he had caught had notified the others, and they seemed amused seeing the big proud stallion put into such an interesting position. "It's just like the teasers, at the farm," he heard one of them say. The most voluptuous of the three stood, her chestnut colored fur damp against her heavy breasts with the moisture of her own sweat. She swung her hips as she approached him, her groin supple and succulent.

"You want to taste me, don't you? Will that make you nice and hard, ready to breed?"

LD grunted, prying his head as close to the mare's groin as he could reach, his tongue lapping aggressively through the air. She stepped closer, her smell so much more intoxicating this close to him. His body knew that smell, and began to respond, preparing itself to fuck his dipstick deep into warm and gripping female body. LD had been to saunas like this one, many times. He trusted the assistant to prevent LD from doing anything he would regret later, like fucking this mare, and so even though the tiger was handling his balls behind him, LD freely ground his hips, rubbing his dick against the wall, enjoying the arousal and need that the mare elicited inside him. The tiger would help him with that, eventually. The assistants at this one may be a bit unorthodox, but LD knew that he would leave the spa extremely satisfied.

Even if he couldn't quite understand what was happening with his big, heavy breeder balls, he was sure that the tiger knew what he was doing. As the second tube pressed down, compressing along the long, stretched bulk of his second set of cabling, the stallion snorted to himself. He'd never felt such an interesting... procedure, not over both testicles, not at the same time. The compressions began to warm up, which added an additional pleasure to the firm squeezing. It was better than the hot rag compressions that his normal girl did, certainly.

With the cords trapped and compressed, Charn was ready to move on to the delicious part of this little operation. The reduced blood flow and reduced sensation meant that the stallion would be less likely to get spooked and buck, which meant that those fat, hanging nuts were practically his to do whatever he wanted with.

Fingers traced over the fascia; the white protective sheathing that protected the testicles inside. It gleamed, dark squiggly lines revealing the veins that interlaced the stallion's meat, keeping it fed and warm. The tiger's finger tips pushed inwards, slowly puncturing into the tissue, but only the slightest amount. Like an onion's many layers, the tiger had to be careful and precise about what he was doing, lest he cause irreparable harm to the stallion's delicious flesh.

He pulled down slowly, and the white protective sheathing split, bulging outwards as the over-pressured flesh within found a place to expand. For LD, the sensation was simultaneously relieving and painful; the internal pressure was relieved partially, but now the fascia crushed at different pressures on different parts of the testicle. It didn't last long, though, for as soon as Charn was able to, he gripped the edges of the fascias and peeled them away, like the rind of an orange. The tissue crackled as it separated from the testicle itself, which was a pale salmon pink.

The feline discarded the shed shrouds, just as he ignored the scrotum now. These were the chewy, tough, flavorless protective layers of the stallion's prized equipment. The tiger wanted the naked innards.

Now that he had the naked testicles, he could really massage them. The tiger's fingers did not have to deal with the protective layers, and the soft, tender flesh bulged and shifted under the tiger's thick, deft fingers. The stallion grunted, groaning as the gentle probes and nudges dented into the soft flesh as firmly as a kick or crushing squeeze would with the protective layers on. His testicles had never been this vulnerable before, and the naked molestation was an intense sensation that, even muted, was hard to ignore. However, it was exactly what LD wanted, needed. His balls had been abused in the past; sat on, bitten, squeezed by jealous or zealous lovers, but this was different.

The hot fingers of the tiger gripped and crushed his ripe fruits more intensely than he had ever felt before, the naked eggs bulging between strong fingers as Charn casually masticated the horse's endowments between his fingers. LD let out a deep, pleasant whicker, lifting a foot instinctively and then settling it back down to the ground.

"Are you doing alright?" Charn asked, pausing to rest a hand on the breeder's lower back. The stallion had not tried to pull away, but he wanted to make sure he wasn't going to get a hoof in the face. "I'm not being too intense, am I?"

"Hmm? Oh, yes, you are fine," LD said, his mind lost in the thoughts of sweet, hot, juicy mare pussy. "Keep going, whatever you are doing, it is quite nice."

Charn continued stroking the equine's haunch with one hand, the other still holding the horse's heavy testicle in his palm. "Excellent, glad to hear that. Now, of course, friend, a good massage is supposed to be somewhat painful. I would say, ignore the pain and focus instead on how good it feels to have such capable hands, handling you in such a pleasant way. Your testicles are just very tender due to how backed up you are."

He licked back drool as he settled back down, and reclaimed the free ball, holding the two balls together in his palms and squeezing the bloated eggs together. "Just trust me, stud." The stallion sighed, and reached back through the hole. The mares had found a toy; a wooden bed post that was significantly smaller than his own proud cock. It infuriated him to know that he could not sink himself into their dripping, ready snatches.

He had no idea, of course, how much they wanted it; how they had been told that if they could convince the stallion to join them that he would breed and give them top tier colts. The mares were trying to tempt him to come and breed them - they wanted to 'satisfy' him. However, the stallion's libido required more; he had come to this specific spa to be fully satisfied, and his balls ached with the need to be pleased.

He would leave this place fully satisfied, the ache in his massive balls relieved. That, he knew.

The tender testicles were slightly deformed now, shifting and adjusting to their new, free form existence. They looked slightly misshapen, bulging in certain areas in an unusual, unhealthy way. The tiger decided to allow them to 'settle' for a bit, and reached up behind the two testicles, to find the epididymis again. Heavy, swollen and packed tightly, the tiger could not help himself with these delightful toys.

He squeezed them between his fingers, pinching the bulging flesh and stroking firmly down along it. It creaked and squeaked like rubber. There was nowhere for the fluids trapped inside of it to go; the way out was clamped shut. Charn knew this, and that's why he crushed and squeezed them, holding the palm-sized tissues and crushing his fingers into it.

He scrunched the flesh, sinking fingers slowly into it. His goal was to separate the epididymis from the testicle itself; the plump juicy worms would be a delicious start to this meal. He just had to carefully pinch and slide his fingers underneath, carefully working the tissue loose with soft snaps and popping sounds, and-

The left epididymis ruptured. He felt the immediate collapse of tension, just as he heard the wet plop of a hot paste skidding down along his palm. He must have jerked his fingers in response, as the other epididymis exploded immediately after.

"Shit." The tiger said, frowning. He cupped his palms against the back of the balls, feeling the pure seed that was stored in them seeping down between the crotch of his fingers and along the back of his wrist. "Dammit."

Well, that was a waste. He slid his palms upwards, and tried to scoop and press the outflowing seed back up against the naked testicles that had created it, to help push it back into the maimed testicles. However, there was really nowhere for it to go - the balloon-like epididymis were just ruined flaps of skin, their hot potent seed released to tingle and seep down into the crevices and between the bulges of the fat breed-nuggets.

Some of it dripped down, oozing along the underside of the stallion's erection. Charn glanced down, finding that LD was partially flared, his broad cap seeping even more fluid, his body trying to find something to fuck, the tiger's actions arousing and stimulating the equine despite the unorthodox and unseemly delivery system. The tiger simply knew what the big stallion's body needed, and was providing the tender, rough, firm attention that LD had been really craving for so many years. If Charn needed any confirmation that it was working, the stallion's huge pink glans beginning to flare out was it.

Charn re-scrunched his fingers into the thick rubbery ruptured tissue, and pulled down and away from the stallion's nuts. The deep tissue connections stretched, the veins that siphoned seed from deep in the horse's balls attempting to hold on to the tissue that it had fed for so very long, but there was no use. It couldn't hold up, not under that kind of strength. Charn held the left testicle up by its epididymis, bouncing and shaking it in his hand until the ball tore free with a wet shrp. It swung down, slamming into the other ball with enough force to tear that one free of its own epididymis. The balls swung back and forth as the tiger licked the ruined, pulped tissues from his palms. Finally, he was allowed a taste of the spectacularly fabled breeder that he had been hunting after for years.

It was pungent and sharp, and pure, a creamy manly essence. It was the very nectar of the stallion's testicles, the most purely masculine fluid his body could make, and now it was Charn's luscious milkshake. He lapped his palms clean, greedily, ravenously. He almost bit into the meat of his left hand, the predatorial instincts nearly reaching a frenzy point.

"What-" the feline heard from the stallion, but the tiger slapped his muscular buttocks, claws sinking in slightly.

"Relax," Charn said. "The massage is almost over, that aching sensation is about to leave forever. Your huge balls are amazing, I've never tasted anything like this before,"

"Tas-" The stallion began to ask, but Charn laughed, hurriedly gripping the fat balls in his sticky, cum-glazed palms, and squeezed. The sensation, even muted, was enough to blow out the stallion's concern, replacing it with unusual pleasure and muted pain. Charn kneaded the heavy testicles, the soft tender flesh so easy to hold, still so warm despite being effectively pinched off. Of course LD would be such a stud that he would be able to force fresh blood through even eight inches of clamping pressure. The stallion was asking something, but Charn mumbled something about this being the last bit, just one more thing to do and then LD was going to be able to go fuck ALL the mares. The lies flowed easily, and they worked to help keep the stallion excited and distracted.

The mare in front of the stallion was helping as well. She had enjoyed his eager attempts to taste her, stepping back when he lurched his tongue and head towards her, and the other mares had joined them. All three of them had the most delightful scent, sweet and bitter and salty, and the tiger could be doing anything back there and LD would have been fine with it at this point.

LD was in such a state of arousal and need that everything felt great, pain and pleasure both just sensation. He bobbed his head, whickering in frustration, demanding that the mare submit to him and let him taste her.

Behind the wall, Charn lovingly traced his fingers along the aching, bulging length of raw, peeled 'fruit', until his fingers rested at the very top of the left testicle, where the cords connected. He carefully wiggled thumb and fingertip between the cuffed nut cord above and the huge, swollen nut meat below,, and squeezed his fingers together. The fibrous tissues of the cords creaked as they were crushed and rolled between the tiger's fingertips, as Charn cruelly pinched that soft flesh, rolling his fingers against each other.

Charn wanted to pinch those proud cords off rather than removing them from the testicle itself. The heavy egg twisted back and forth underneath, as he crushed and flattened his pinch of meat. He could use his claws, but this was so much more intimate. The stallion whinnied, and Charn could distantly hear a fist thudding against the wood on the other side of the wall, as LD tried to warn the feline that he was going too far. A helpful tiger attendant would have listened, let go and moved onto another part, but Charn had ulterior motives.

The mare stepped closer, her fingers slick with her arousal as she reached to her pussy, tugging the lips of her cunt apart and inviting LD to explore her. His soft, sensitive nose pressed in against them, taking in a deep draught of her aroused hormones. Yes.

Charn squeezed down further, and wiggled his hand back and forth. The full weight of the testicle swung like a pendulum, slamming into the other nut, then away, the solid bulk of it pulling down firmer and firmer against the strained connective tissues. The pinched flesh was already being uprooted, tissues stretching and yielding a bit at a time. Another male, with smaller, less dense nuts, would be fine. But LD's balls were like stones, and stones were dense, and stones were HEAVY. The tug of gravity strained those overworked tissues, and after ten or so swings of the pendulum, the ball was hanging only by nerves.

The mare gasped as the equine's tongue penetrated up into her. It was long, rough and flexible, more powerful than she could have expected, probing deeply up into her and tasting the entirety of her pussy with one thick, urgent lick. His eyes closed, all he could feel was the delicious euphoria of her horny neediness for his cock.

Behind LD, the tiger finished pulling the testicle free of his body; the veins and connective tissues and everything else had split and torn loose of its moorings, as the massive ship pulled away from its figurative dock. Charn only had to cup lightly underneath it, holding the still sensitive, but very much wounded testicle in his palm again, and lightly twist it. He turned his wrist, unscrewing the nut, still pinching the cords. There was just no laxness in the tissue that connected the testicle to the cords that Charn was pinching, and after two... three twists, the bulb came free, sinking down with the fullness of its weight in his palm.

"Fuck," Both males said. One in ecstasy, his cock spurting a long and heavy throb of mostly precum as he finally got exactly what he needed, a taste of the mare's sweet pussy filling his mind with its promise of pleasure and lust. There had been some pain in his left testicle, but even that had been intensely sensual, the sensation of the tiger prying and pulling at his ball climaxing in a burst of intense pleasure before finally tapering off and disappearing.

Charn lifted up the ripened tomato-sized egg with a greedy vindication. It was still potent with ripe stallion seed. It gleamed in the dim light of the banya. Charn grinned. That was one down, but one was not enough. He needed both of the breeder's prized eggs for himself.

"This is fantastic," The stallion groaned, nudging his snout against the mare's pussy. He had pulled his tongue free of her, kissing affectionately against it as the mare staggered back, gripping at her groin, moaning and collapsing in shuddering ecstasy. Yes, it had only taken one flick of the equine's tongue. That was simply how good he was, how in control of his body.

Charn nuzzled up against the lone testicle that still dangled from LD's groin, the other pressed against his own rigid erection. "It felt good, yes? You can handle a little roughness, right? You're not chickening out just because your balls hurt, I hope?" the feline said, as he lay soft kisses against it as well.

LD groaned, his cock letting out another spool of thick white seed to splatter on the floor beneath him. He shuddered with the intensity of the experience. He had not been restrained like this before, and he loved the challenge. He bobbed his head, gesturing for the second mare to approach, to let him taste her sex as well. It was all so exciting, so new, and his cock was stiffer than it had been in a long time. He was close, almost, to asking the tiger to take care of that for him too. LD was not into males, but as horny as he was, he was almost ready to fill the tiger's belly with his hot nut. This was something new, something that LD had never felt before, and his whole body sang to him in excitement for it. "It felt quite good, but I wonder if you are being too gentle with me. I am not a little foal, your magical fingers can squeeze and pull as hard as you like." He huffed, his cock straining. "You aren't going to hurt me, little kitten."

Charn chuckled. "Well, I only want to give you what you want, of course," he said, licking his rough tongue along the ball that filled his palm so fully. It was divine. "Now I will show you a special massage technique that can only be performed by my kind and only on males of your kind."

Tiger jaws widened, a broad pink gullet designed exactly for gulping down BIG pieces of meat bared to the doomed testicle. Were tigers designed to be the perfect carnivore to devour horse balls? Perhaps. Perhaps Charn was a fluke, a happy accident of nature. IF he was, though, he was the perfect fluke. He had gulped down enough massive nuts to know that his one talent, the thing that he was the very beast at, was consuming the balls of other males. It didn't matter how big or small, how empty or pent up, it mattered very little to Charn what the value of the ball was to its owners. To him, all balls were a precious gift, and gifts were meant to be shared.

Charn's hunger was, too, a gift, and one that he shared with any fortunate enough to elicit it. LD made Charn feel famished. Today, the big breeder stallion was blessed, given the chance to show off his greatest gift. to the one feline in the world who could break through the enchantment that the stallion's huge testicles had on himself and the rest of the world.

Such massive eggs had been cherished and desired, every sperm fought over on international markets, for the chance to be fertilized. But for the tiger, they were something else altogether; just as impressive, just as awe-inspiring and precious, but unlike everyone who wanted to worship and fawn over these big balls, the tiger wanted to take the stallion's overwhelming virility and make it part of himself.

Those fangs slide up, framing around the dangling, vulnerable flesh. The puffy pink lobes could be bitten into, sheared like juicy peaches from the stallion's body, but that wasn't nearly as fun as what he wanted to do. The tiger's jaws spread wider, tongue flattening against his maw, so that the huge balls didn't touch a single part. Descending down, past his tongue, the tiger's tonsils just gently caressing against the outer edges of the dangling tiger treat.

Hot, humid breath streamed past the testicle, and it clenched, trying to tighten and lift up, but the cremaster muscles were gone, and so it just twitched and wiggled a little.

Charn had the testicle at the back of his mouth now, at the entrance to his throat, and now he closed his mouth and swallowed. For LD, a peculiar warm breeze was suddenly replaced with a clamping down around his testicle that was more strangely intimate than anything he had felt yet. The tiger's throat gripped and swallowed, and the unshielded testicle was molded, elongated and crushed and sculpted to fit into the tiger's gullet. The tiger didn't use any teeth, instead he swallowed and allowed the powerful peristaltic gripping and kneading of his throat to do all the work.

LD's testicle really had no chance. The toughest, densest bull nuts had been crushed to paste in that gullet, that crucible of lust, and LD's nut was overly plump with soft, wet seed. Its armor was stripped away, there was nothing except masculinity there, and the lobes and flesh were easily compressed and squeezed.

The sensation was intoxicating, beyond pain or pleasure, as LD felt the ball itself deforming and disintegrating, turning from a testicle into pulped tiger fuel in that gripping, grinding throat. There was a moment where it seemed that it may survive the crushing gripping waves, and then it just ruptured, flesh separating in thick greasy lobes, the entire mass succumbing to the pressure. Charn purred, vibrating deeply around the mass in his gullet as the flesh slipped in pieces down into his belly. It was sooooo satisfying. Already he could feel the virility of the stallion seeping into his stomach, fueling him with raw stallion libido.

He slurped and gulped, stripping every last piece of that nut away, and then pulled back. The naked cuff emerged from his gullet, but at the end of it where there was once a testicle, there was only a teaspoon sized piece of flesh, the only amount that had managed to hold on. Charn grasped the two cuffs in his hand, squeezing them together.

LD grunted, dazed, confused about what he had been feeling and why it had stopped. "Is it over?" The gelding asked, staring at the mares with an ache in his belly unlike any blue balls he had ever felt. "Are you done?"

"Almost. And I just found out that the mares in that room...." Charn said, as he pulled down, sliding his fingers against the cuffs as he firmly pulled on the cables. They resisted, the tissues still firmly anchored in the stallion's groin. Charn expected that. "...are ready to be fucked. You think you got it in you?"

"I'm FULL of seed, tiger, let me at them," The stallion protested, and Charn had to push against the stallion's haunch with a shoulder to keep him from backing up.

"One last thing. Hold on, this is to help stretch out your ligaments. It may hurt a bit, but I promise it's for your own good!" He pulled down, firmly but slowly tugging the cuffs away from LD's body. The cuffs pulled an inch away, and then another, and LD could feel the tendons and cords deep in his loins stretching, hurting in a way that he's never felt before. It was a deep ache and one that made him feel... insecure. Then, there was a slithering sensation, as things slid down and loose from inside his body, some slithering tissue being lifted away and pulled out from deep in his loins.

It almost made him cum, honestly. The stallion's cock, forgotten and ignored, had been mostly hard for quite a while, and feeling that.. sensation, of something being taken from deep within, like some ancient thorn pulled out of an old scab, made him FLARE. He felt his body attempt to climax and dump its seed out, but the tiger had told him that the females were ready to mate, and using all of his will power, LD prevented himself from cumming.

He wouldn't want to waste this orgasm on a silly tiger and a cedar plank wall, after all.

The tiger said nothing, and the stallion waited, patiently, feeling the immediate urge to cum passing. HE waited for signals; touches or words to indicate he was free to get to the mares, but he felt nothing. Carefully, slowly, he pulled out of the wall.

He smelled cum. Seed. HIS seed. HE looked down on the ground, seeing a puddle of sticky white. That wasn't just precum.. that was sperm. He could smell the richness of it. HIS sperm. But how?!

He looked down, to his cock, hanging half hard, still desperate to sink into the hot wet snatch of some luscious mare. And then he saw the shriveled, empty, dangling, useless carcass of his scrotum. Emptied entirely, hanging down like a molted snakeskin.

THAT TIGER!!!!

Charn slipped deftly through the path of the spa. He had about three minutes before the stallion came looking for him, but that was more than enough time. In his hand he held the massive, freshly plucked, still full-of-seed testicle of the biggest, most famous breeding stallion in the region.

In his belly, the remnants of the other testicle simmered, digesting and fueling the tiger's own hard erection. He brought the remaining ball to his lips, slurping it like an oyster across his tongue.

Simply splendid.

The salt and cream, the musky smokey flavor of the raw flesh, the flavors danced across his tongue. This ball, this one he would cherish. The bulk of it filled his mouth, from tongue to palate, perfectly. He slurped, licking at it, gulping down the nectar that leaked from the potent tissues. In his other hand were two empty cuffs. When they had come free, tugging a good part of nerves and tissue from deep in the stallion's groin, he had enjoyed the succulent snack, crawfish style. Bringing the dangling meat to his muzzle and biting down, tugging and slurping the meat loose like the meat from a crab's legs, slurping the tender, potent delicacy down whole. There was quite a bit, and the tissue was absolutely suffused with the potency of the stallion, having been soaked in cum and hormones for so many years.

Now, the last of LD's masculinity was melting in his mouth like an oversized gummy candy. It was a great haul.