

The thing about horses is that they tend to be big. Not, like, third-arm can-pick-his-nose-with-his-own-dick big (*usually* not, at least) but still definitely sizeable, in volume as well as in - *volume*, if you get my meaning. It wasn't often that I got the chance to mess around with one, not necessarily out of a lack of interest but rather because - kind of hard to get to, with my circle of friends.

There's my friend Alonso about two hours out, and while we *have* spoken about - *things like that*, we've never actually done anything of that sort... and other than him, there was one tall mare I met through a friend of a friend of a friend, but last I heard, she'd moved away or something. The one time we got to spend time together, her taste and scent remained on my lips for a good half-day afterwards, and we continued to trade pictures and videos (as well as delicious in-depth text messages about certain things) for a few months afterward, but then she just... I don't know. Dropped off the face of the planet.

Whatever, right? I still make sure to send a concerned message every now and then, and I also figure if she wants to talk to me, she'll find a way to do it. Always gave me a little bit of a... well, *some* kind of feeling, a tugging in my chest and a pulsing in my groin, whenever I went through my older messages and saw her name there. *Aura*, with a little flower emoji afterwards - she'd been the one to put her number into my phone contacts while I was still conked out on the couch trying to catch my breath: *last seen 144 days ago*.

One day, there was a rather forceful knock on my door, audible to me across the house with my headphones on. Usually when someone knocks that hard, they're either a really good friend or just the police (and in my case, sometimes both; I know a sergal who likes to pretend to arrest me, just so she can handcuff me to the bedframe and rail me - that's right, so *she* can fuck *me*), and I generally don't like taking a chance on either, so before too long I'd gotten up and headed over.

I didn't recognize the shadow outside the door, visible as a foggy silhouette through the misted glass on either side. Whoever had decided to pay me a visit today was tall, stout; probably a full two heads on me and at least twice as wide at the shoulders, just judging by that. Of course, looking through the peephole offered no help, either; all I could see was chest, brown fur (I think) beneath a fairly tight-fitting tank. They had their hands half inside their pockets and stood stock still, not doing that kind-of turning side to side thing that some people do, not pretending to look at whatever plants we didn't have out on the front porch, none of that.

They didn't even shift or jump with the *chnk* and rattling of the lock and door as I opened it. And - hell, I opened that door to a sight I certainly wasn't expecting: this was *definitely* a horse who had come to visit me, smooth chocolate-brown all along her snout and neck and arms with just the slightest patches of cream white, the largest of which disappeared beneath the cut of her shirt and curve of her breast, almost straining against that fabric.

"Hey," she said, and extended one of her hands out. Even with her quite obviously holding back the force of her squeeze when I took that hand in mine (or rather, when I set my paw in hers, looking at the size difference), I could still feel my knuckles crunch and grind together a little bit. "I'm Ryley."

As I shook out my paw, I looked up and down this horse's body. The same sort of build as *Aura*, that kind of tight, sleek gym-goer look (which either definitely *did* or definitely *did not* apparently

occur due in part to genes, looking at some pairs of siblings) that I think looked a lot better on an equine than, say, a feline; same color of hide and eyes. Same height, too, if memory serves...

...and of course, being me, that thought brought me back to when Aura had shoved me down to my knees in front of her and buried my head between her legs. My eyes drifted down the front of that tank top, charcoal grey with a cute chibi stylization of a horse on it, and then down to her pants, baggy cargo shorts... something about them was just - *off*, though. Again, they were baggy, so maybe it was just that, but... it seemed as if there was something front and center right there keeping the material lifted, just like the set of sizeable equipment I'd expect from a stallion.

But this was definitely a mare standing in front of me. No denying that, especially looking at the crease of the shirt between her breasts, and hearing her voice - a bit husky, a bit gravelly, kind of low, but definitely feminine.

For the most part.

"Do I... know you?" I had to force my gaze up to her face. She either didn't mind or just hadn't noticed my trying to figure out what she had behind that button and zipper. Hell, maybe I'd be able to get her to show me.

"No, no, not me." The mare slid her phone out of her pocket and looked at it for half a second, then placed it back. "You know my sister, though."

See, that's where all of this was coming from. Back at the time this large mare showed up at my door, I honestly hadn't thought about Aura in... probably a month, about, and as a result it took me a bit of sorting through my mind, and even then I couldn't *quite* place the name. Ryley patiently waited for me, though, and then when she noticed I was struggling-

"Aura. You know Aura?"

Realization - and then, an idea. I lifted a finger, and leaned against the threshold of the door.

"Oh! So that means you're-" *Don't hesitate, don't hesitate - God, this is gonna sound stupid...* "-you're her... sister...?"

Maybe she caught my curiosity; maybe she didn't. Something briefly sparkled in those deep brown eyes. "You could say that, yeah. May I come in?"

Who would I be to say no? It actually surprised me a bit that she didn't have to bend down at all to fit herself through the door, though she came close and *did* have to turn sideways, else catch her clothing on the hinges. As she passed by me, she placed a single finger against my lips, and did so with enough accidental force to briefly knock me off-balance.

"Before you ask," she said in that low, cool voice of hers, "no, Aura's not ignoring you because she got a boyfriend."

"She's ignoring me?" I closed the door behind her with a *click*. "Wait, she got a boyfriend?"

"No and no. That's literally what I just said. You know how she was wanting to be a botanist?"

I motioned for Ryley to sit wherever she liked. The large mare glanced from recliner to recliner, and then - plopped herself down on the couch and spread out, easily occupying all three cushions. "That's news to me. Keep - keep in mind, we didn't really... *talk* about that kind of thing."

"I imagine it's hard to talk when your head's being squeezed between thighs as heavy as my sister's..."

That made me freeze up halfway into lowering myself down into one of those recliners. When my rudder *did* hit the seat, I had to settle my paws between my legs and pretend like nothing was going on. "She told you about..."

"Told me? Landon-"

"Lukas."

"Lukas, she showed me the pictures, *and* video."

"Wait, which one?"

...Oh. The mare's eyes focused on me, eyebrows raised and mouth showing a sly smirk. "Note to self: ask her for the *other* videos... anyway. *That's* part of why I'm here, 'cause of your little evening with her, but - we'll get to that later." This time when she pulled her phone out, she set it facedown on the nearby table... and then briefly adjusted her shorts. "I mention her botanist thing 'cause she got moved to Alaska for her university thesis. You might've noticed her absence; that's 'cause our phone company doesn't have service up there. She had to sign up for a new contract, new number... and just her luck, couldn't remember yours."

"Why didn't she just transfer her contacts? I think you c-"

That raised hand stopped me mid-sentence. "I didn't ask, man. But she sent me to find you and give you an update, and also..." Here, she sat right back up, swung her legs over the edge of the cushions, and scooted closer. "...well, see, this is the awkward part. I'm never sure how to start conversations like this..."

Okay, there was - there was *definitely* something else about her, seeing how the front of her shorts creased but remained bulged out like that. Of course I already had some idea in my mind, but - wasn't it damn rude to ask someone something like that? *Hey, I see you've got hella boobs, d'ya got dick, too?* - I mean, really. There was this one hot wolf one of my friends knew who had that sort of setup, and who I tried to get a good playdate with, but... things fell through.

I frowned. "Did something happen to her?"

"What? Oh, no, not at all. She's totally fine. A little... *dry* up there in Alaska, if you catch my drift, which again brings me back to the..." Ryley shrugged. "...matter at hand. Wait - actually, I know, let me... put it in her exact words..." And she reached forward to swipe her phone off the table.

I'd just opened my mouth to ask what was going on when she continued:

*“You are to-’ - oh, see, these are her words, when we were talkin’ about ya - ‘get him on his knees for me, he likes that - or, sit on his face! Makes him squirm and throb like nothing else, especially if you let him know you’ve got a full bladder - and I think he’ll be extra excited to hear that coming from you...”*

Oh God. Hearing *that* and remembering just what Aura’d been referring to... it made me have to lean forward a little further, to cross one leg over the other and try to hide my steadily-growing interest in this other horse. Try as I might to steer my mind away, all I could think of was what was behind that zipper; there was just something about finding myself pressed against the wall, or the bed, or in this case the couch or floor, with heavy breasts against my chest and a cock bigger than my own weighing down against me...

Ryley noticed my little wriggling, and smiled as she continued reading. *“‘Have him make you cum for me. I told the poor kid I’d make time for us to play again, and at this rate, that isn’t gonna be for a while. Besides, something tells me he’ll enjoy some time with you...”* ...and after that, we start talking about something else. So.” In two swift movements, Ryley set her phone back down on the table with a light clatter, and then spread her legs a little further and pointed down between them. “C’mere, you. You’ve got work to do.”

Just like I’d said before - who would I be to say no? And it was like she could see my curiosity, too, judging by how she’d already unbuttoned and half-unzipped her pants by the time I settled into place in front of her. And, *God*, the scent that wafted up from there... rich, heavy, unable to be ignored. Definitely not in a *bad* way, though maybe that was just because I’d spent so much time in this position with others and gotten a good taste for - *pheromones*. It was like... like rich, wet earth at its base, cool and sweet, with that characteristic and undeniable edged spice that you’d expect to pick up between someone’s legs...

...and of course, it was enough for me to ignore her underwear (boxer briefs, interestingly) for the time being and just - shove my muzzle up between those legs, shorts halfway to her ankles. What met my nose first other that aroma, bright and rich and full, was just what I’d expected: the familiar plump softness of an equine sheath with a *very* full sack below, pulling down the front of those boxer briefs a bit. While I nuzzled, as I grinded my nose into that soft flesh beneath the fabric and felt her sheath stir and twitch against my cheek, I reached up and hefted her sack in a paw, rubbed and squeezed, felt the heat and weight... of course Aura had been right about her whole *extra excited* thing.

Things were *already* uncomfortable between my own legs. After getting a good taste of this horse’s musk, after ensuring I could still smell it on my lip even after I’d leaned back, I wriggled where I knelt for a moment so I could open my own pants and tug them halfway down my legs, so I could at least twitch and throb more comfortably... and then reached up to slide her underwear off, too.

Such a delicious sight, then: black, creased skin of her sheath, smoothing and growing as my attention had started to coax her into arousal. Maybe she’d had a long day, maybe she’d forgotten to shower yesterday - like I cared: that scent sharpened even further once there was nothing between my muzzle and her cock, and I closed that distance and nosed down into the lip of her sheath against her growing length, jaw hanging open with hungry panting and lips and tongue teasing at the soft, leathery rim, glistening just a little with her slight sweat. I gotta admit, it was hot outside today.

“God,” I heard her murmur above me. She shifted to get into a more comfortable position. “She was right about you being eager...”

“What can I say?” was my response, huffed hotly against that spot at the base of her sheath, right where her sack hung. Still I massaged those balls in my paw, and felt a similar slick warmth beneath just like what I got from nuzzling into her sheath - so I swallowed and started to move down to there. “And - were you willing to... you know...”

Gosh, it was hard to think straight. For a few seconds, I weighed those balls across my muzzle instead of in my paw, and breathed in her scent - but then stopped. That scent had changed again, changed from the rich, masculine spice so thick on her sheath, to something... *drier*, almost, something with a different kind of edge and musk.

In short, it was the kind of scent that I'd worn on my lips (and tongue, and chin) after testing the endurance of my jaw between Aura's legs.

Ryley's voice brought me out of my confusion, though - still I nosed deeper underneath her sack, breathing deep. If what I suspected were *right*, then... “Of course. My sister went into good detail about how thoroughly she soaked you, so I made sure to keep a two-liter of water with me on the way over, so I - a-ah-”

There it was. Nestled behind her heavy sack and before the puffy rim of her tailhole (which was also something good on equines to tongue) was just what I'd thought: fresh, slick slit, dripping slightly with arousal, outside skin black like her sheath and sack and interior flesh fresh pink, responding to the touch of my fingers and tongue. So *this* horse in particular had the *full* setup. Ryley had trouble figuring out the rest of her sentence, with me shoving my nose as far as I could underneath her sack so I could dig my tongue between those lips, so I could add another taste and scent to the ones already stuck to my muzzle.

Honestly, it had always been a fantasy of mine to eat out someone like Ryley here, and have them lying back on the bed while I do so - with their balls on my nose and them pawing off, too... I couldn't help but wonder: when someone with this setup cums, where does it... you know? Maybe I'd find out later today.

Our eyes met after I moved back again - hey, even *I* need to breathe every now and then. Ryley licked her lips, panting, and shifted again.

“...so I'm pretty full, yeah,” she panted. “But something tells me the middle of your fucking living room isn't the place to do this... assuming you're - *thirsty*, of course.”

I imagine my expression, then, was as much of a “*bitch I'm always thirsty*” as she needed. As I rose to my feet, I noticed that she eyed what *I* had between my legs, and licked her lips - even despite being nowhere near as impressive as her. Just barely halfway out of her sheath and already I could tell that I'd have trouble taking her into my throat, much less between my lips at all.

A little bit of sticky slickness remained on my paw after I wiped my mouth. “Bathroom down the hall, the tub should be good, um... do you wanna...”

Lost my train of thought when this horse stood up, kicked her pants and underwear off, and then yanked that tank top off as well. She'd had a sports bra beneath, but that went with it - so all of a sudden my vision was consumed by sleek brown chest and heavy breasts, nipples the same smooth black as her sheath and sack.

After a moment, she raised a paw. "You gonna lead the way? You got me a little worked up, boy; this isn't something that can wait forever. Did I mention - two liters? I mentioned that, right?"

"Yeah." I swallowed and started towards the hall, keeping my pants up with one paw. Usually when I had someone over to mark me, I kept my clothes on; there was just something about feeling the weight and the warmth, about how it soaks into the fabric that just - *rrfh*. "S-so, um, when you piss, where does it... where do you..."

Ryley's bark of laughter startled me a little bit. "Was wondering when you'd ask. I can control it, kinda. Like how I imagine you guys stop mid-stream. Just gotta squeeze, choose one, or the other, or both... it's hard to put into words. I like to use a urinal when I can, but sometimes that just ain't an option, 'specially with - you know. Large chest like mine."

*Urinals*. Shiver down my back; last time I had a wolf friend over, that's what he'd called me. I bumped open the door to the bathroom and flicked the light on. "I bet. So, will you, um..."

Ryley waited for me to get into the tub and kneel down before she followed and settled into place in front of me, hands on her hips and - sheath and sack hanging in front of my muzzle. A small, pleasurable sigh echoed through her body as I nosed up between her legs, again inhaling that same scent from before. "Whatever you like. Get a drink, get a shower..."

"I'm not picky," was my response, though I continued to run my muzzle down between her legs. With her standing and myself kneeling down, we had the perfect height difference between us so I could easily nose up against that slit, so I could tilt my head back and run my tongue between the slick flesh of her lips, while keeping my nose against the supple skin of her sack... of course actually digging my tongue into her was a little bit difficult at this angle, but - really, I just wanted to tease at her clit, to feel that slickness on my lips and swallow it down-

-as well as a *different* taste, starting a few seconds later with another shiver from this horse. Up above, she pulled in a breath, held it for a moment, and then let it out as a low, shuddering sigh... and familiar watery saltiness dripped, splashed, coursed down my tongue and lips, quickly picking up in force.

Ryley widened her stance some, briefly splashing her stream against my lips and muzzle. Still I dug my tongue up against her, freely spraying that mark against both myself as well as her inner thighs; hell, I'd clean that up, no problem. It soaked into my fur, rolled down my chin and neck, dripped down my chest, onto my hard cock and through the fabric of my pants... she hadn't been lying when she said that she'd prepared for this. Carried almost no taste, other than the noticeable saltiness and a very slight form of that characteristic dry taste of piss, fresh from the source, but - again, not like I cared. That just meant I could close my lips on hers, let her fill my mouth, swallow some of it down and let the rest drip out down my cheeks.

The horse slid a hand down her front, briefly rubbing at her sheath and sack and then reaching down past there, to spread those lips of hers - and spray a little more forcefully against my

muzzle, with me leaning back and turning my head to the side to take it. "Man, that feels good..." she breathed, and then grinded the side of her sheath against my nose while still draining her bladder between her legs. A little bit of a wait, a somewhat-strained noise from her... and next thing I knew, she'd done exactly what she said she could, and changed her course.

*This* I had a lot more experience with. With that stream arcing up out of her slowly-growing length and over my muzzle, I could both dig my tongue into her sheath and soak her mark into my fur at the same time. I'd gotten enough mouthfuls from beneath her that that taste lingered on my breath and in my throat, and that I could feel the warmth of it stirring in my belly... but of course, my thirst still hung around. So right about when she'd gotten worked up enough for her medial ring to start to show along her shaft, I took her in my paws, squeezed the warm flesh and supple skin, and directed her right towards my open mouth.

Like drinking from a garden hose that'd been sitting in the sun for a little too long. Hot, hard, drenching me quickly and easily, way too much for me to keep up with, but that didn't stop me from trying. I pursed my lips against the blunted head of her cock, ensuring that she still drained directly into my muzzle against my tongue. Last time I'd done this - I think I mentioned a wolf earlier - I'd just gotten enough practice to keep up with him, lips around the tapered tip of his cock and throat constantly working to drink him down... but with Ryley?

Oh, there was no chance of that. Every swallow resulted in another half-mouthful being pushed out between my lips around her, soaking both of us more than we already were. With my paw at the base of her shaft, rubbing and coaxing her further out of her sheath, I could feel the *force* of it along the underside, spraying out across my tongue, against the roof of my mouth, into my throat and filling my stomach.

After a while I *did* get my fill, though, and moved back with my tongue hanging out of my mouth, just taking some time to catch my breath - as well as receive the rest of her mark directly against my head, flowing down between my eyes, down my back, dripping off my chin. Certainly seemed like it took a while, but eventually that stream started to pinch off, too, the weakened force inviting me back up to work my tongue against her tip and get at the last few drops, the last few mouthfuls.

From there, it didn't take long to bring her to her peak of arousal, evidenced by the powerful throb through her cock that ended in a bit of a flare along her head, and a slight weakening of her knees. I kept my lips against her tip and worked my paw halfway along her length, that ring of flesh beneath my palm as I stroked, and - let go of my own cock so I could slide my other paw up between her legs, behind her sack, through that warm and dripping hide towards her lips. A touch, a rub, a pair of fingers dragged between her lips and then pressed up into her - and she shivered and throbbed again.

Just like most of the other times I'd found myself in this position, right down to the irresistible desire twitching between my legs and the fresh mark dripping off my chin, a hand settled against the back of my head and held me in place, or worked me down along the cock on my tongue. Each stroke came in rhythm with pressing my fingers up into her again, and with both of these, the horse also bucked her hips forward against me, matching against that rhythm.

One of the reasons I'd stopped pawing myself was because, well... just having her hose me down, feeling her empty her bladder against my lips and onto my tongue... just *that* with the

stroking had been enough to get me close, and that wouldn't be fun if I didn't have her load streaked across my muzzle and tongue, too. So I wasted no time in rubbing her off, one paw moving fast and hard with my lips and tongue working at her head, other still between her legs pressing up into her and sliding back down, again and again among the slickness of her arousal, my saliva, her piss. A pool had gathered beneath me, caught by my legs on its way to the drain. Not that that was a problem.

I swallowed down the last glob of salty pre to ooze out onto my tongue, and then moved down along her length, past my paw as it still worked at her, and then pressed my lips up against the base of her sheath again, hot and supple just as it had been when I'd first done so - but now with the moisture of her mark on my lips, the scent of that and her cock still tickling my nose now mixing with the rich musk of her sheath, deeper in it, that slick and supple skin coming just a little bit over my nose with my firm, hungry nuzzling.

Breathe in through my nose, pant out between parted lips, drag my tongue up beneath the lip of that sheath, continue pumping her with one paw and fingering her with other... I could feel each throb, each clench, the growing slickness dripping down my paw between her legs, the upward twitching of her cock over my shoulder.

All of that culminated within a few more minutes, the scent of her musk again thoroughly ground into the wet fur of my muzzle and chin. Her hand tightened on my head, her thighs squeezed around my arm, Ryley jerked and gasped and - bucked against my muzzle, each spurt of her load palpable in the underside of her cock as she emptied them out, the first shooting entirely over my shoulder, the second only partially streaking across my rudder, the third down my back, the fourth dripping into my fur... and I leaned back and closed my lips against her flared head to catch the rest, thick and slick and heavy.

Even after those four ropes across my back, she still had enough to fill my mouth enough to bulge my cheeks out - and that one mouthful took me three attempts to totally swallow down, including the warm slickness clinging to my throat afterwards. Once I leaned back enough to see past that hefty sack and sizeable length, it took a moment for Ryley to meet my eyes again... simply because she'd closed hers in the throes of her peak, and had her other hand not on my head braced against the bathroom wall.

Those eyes fluttered open, and when she opened her mouth, a string of satisfied panting fell out between her lips. "Look at you," she managed, and licked her lips. That reminded me... hefting her balls in both paws, I leaned in, nuzzled up between her legs, twitched my whiskers as the intensity of the aroma there, and dragged my tongue up along *those* lips, slightly salty. "Soaked..."

"Like you can talk," I said, coming back to wipe my mouth. Even if she hadn't told me, I probably would have figured out her relation to Aura by now; siblings tend to have a similar scent, similar taste. *Tend* to. There's exceptions to every rule, of course. "You were a little bit... *wet* before I even got to you."

"It was hot today! Sorry about that." She moved to step out of the tub, shaking her legs off as she went. "Didn't seem like you minded at all. Last person who grinded their face into my crotch *that* hard was a stallion from college - and *he* was the one who got bred that night... ah. I'd say you need a shower, but..." The horse wiped a hand between her legs, then sniffed at it - and curled her tongue around her fingers to lap off the slickness. As her cock softened and retreated



into the thick folds of her sheath, a few more heavy drops of whitish cum dripped out and pooled on the tile floor. "That'd defeat the purpose."

I frowned. "The purpose?"

"Yeah. That was only half of what I'd drank today - finished it off in two goes. And, besides, what kind of guest would I be if I didn't show my host my appreciation?"

For a while there, I'd actually forgotten about my *own* arousal - and a paw ran between my legs let me know that I was soaked in more ways than one. A strand of pre remained linked to my thumb even after I reached for the edge of the tub. "I... I guess you're right. So, you want me to-

"-Go to your bedroom and bend over the bed. I take it you're not opposed to a tongue under that fine rudder of yours? I need to get in some good practice, and still gotta wait for-" Ryley motioned down between her legs. "-*this* to go down, and for the rest of that water to go through me... hope you're not too full, 'cause by the time I leave tonight, you'll have twice the water weight."

If *that* wasn't a hell of a promise, well...