

Valeris kept her half-lidded eyes on this stallion above her as she bobbed her head between his legs, lips squeezing around his hard cock and tongue working against the smooth skin. From when he'd first dropped his pants for her earlier, she'd been able to tell by the familiar tickle in her nostrils and tingle between her thighs that he'd had a good session at the gym today, to be verified when he actually brought it up a little later. Of course she'd only been half-listening at that time: hard to focus on anything else while she busied herself with coaxing his shaft out of his sheath, one hand hefting his sizeable balls, lips and tongue digging gently into the supple folds of skin there and tracing along the warm, slightly-sweat-salty flesh.

It had taken Ian mentioning how he'd emptied his jug of water - she'd seen it: damn thing was as deep as the stallion's chest, and probably held at least five liters - not once but twice at tonight's workout, for him to really catch her attention. She'd done her best eyelid-flutter and eyebrow-raise then, still running her nose up along the smooth skin between the base of his heavy sack and his lower body: Valeris knew perfectly well what that meant, and Ian knew that she knew. This had been the routine ever since they started reserving their Friday evenings together.

And now that she knew that, it wasn't hard to pick out the effects of having an overfull bladder while a thirsty muzzle dove down along his length and back up, again and again. Ian gripped one arm of his chair while the mare between his legs worked, fingers tightening around the fabric and then releasing, in the same rhythm that Valeris bobbed; she'd had a lot of practice doing this, especially in the past few weeks. That didn't mean that she didn't have to be careful, though: full-blooded Clydesdale draft stallion here, which meant Ian was thick in just about every part of his body. Neck, shoulders, biceps, pecs, calves... dick that made Valeris feel like she was deepthroating a baseball bat, balls that she had to use both hands to cup. She hadn't been to the gym herself in a while, since dealing with Ian's *endowment* provided plenty enough in terms of weightlifting.

Once again, the stallion above her squirmed in his seat and breathed out a low sigh, halfway between shivering enjoyment and tense discomfort. Before they'd really started in tonight, Valeris had enjoyed stalling and teasing him, running her fingers along the underside of his length as it still grew out of his sheath, dragging her tongue over the surface and tasting his sweat and musk, intentionally holding off from getting him fully hard so that she could enjoy the knowledge that Ian had a very full bladder that he was, probably literally, aching to empty.

The two of them didn't talk about it; they hadn't since their first little date together. Again, it was just routine. Valeris went through her usual Friday, cleaning up at work, coming home, relaxing for a bit... and then spending some time getting ready for the weekly visit from the stallion. And once Ian arrived, it was right back to work, unzipping his pants and sliding them down his legs, working her hands in to feel his balls and the soft skin of his sheath, coaxing his sizeable length out along her arm, starting to work down on it.

She liked his little bucks and twitches, and the way his facial expression changed, and especially the noises he made. Ian also had a tendency to be a bit more... *vocal* than Valeris's

other partners, something that she didn't mind one bit. Hearing a guy gasp and moan and maybe whimper when she drained his balls was perfectly fine, but there was just something about feeling a hand settle on the back of her head and hold her down, lips tight against his medial ring (and sometimes past it; again, she was far from inexperienced in this) and the blunted head of his cock pressing into her throat - and hearing him urge her on, coax her further down, tell her that he's just about to fill her belly to brimming.

Ian usually did, too. As in, he both told her that, and then actually did it. If he'd had a long week, if his work brought him from the time he woke up to the time he went to sleep like it sometimes did, then usually his balls ended up as full as his bladder when he came over, and it was up to Valeris to empty him and swallow every drop. After a week without having any time to get himself off... she used to think she was good at swallowing, until she had to drink from him. The first time, it almost felt like he wouldn't stop: she could feel his cock pulsing along her tongue, could feel his bulging urethra press out inside her throat, and most of all, she'd had trouble catching her breath between swallows. Good thing that at one point he pressed firmly enough into her throat that she didn't *have* to swallow anymore, and instead just felt her belly filling up and growing steadily warmer with what he had to give her.

And that was just his load. Something about feeling him pulse on her, something about hearing his rumbling moan, something about squeezing his sack while his heavy balls pulled up towards his body. Valeris always made an effort to drink down every drop of his piss afterwards, too, and so far she'd always succeeded.

"Haah..." Ian gave another twitch in her throat, and Valeris responded by sliding back so that only the blunted end of his cock remained between her lips. She drew her tongue over the surface there, up across the already-slickened skin and the wide slit dripping with thick, sticky pre, salty-sweet, delicious. Every flick over that part of him made him stiffen and throb again, and Valeris could feel the stallion's heavy sack pull upwards just a little bit, before it settled back down over her massaging fingers. "Feels good..."

"Mm?" Valeris left a few saliva-thick kisses against the end of that cock, still looking up at the stallion. She ran her other hand along his length near the soft flesh of his medial ring, bunching the smooth supple skin up towards his head, relaxing it back. It wasn't something she told him, but sometimes after she gave Ian his relief and sent him on his way, Valeris would relax back in bed and bring herself through another orgasm (or two or three) just smelling the scent he left on her hand, and feeling the weight and warmth of his cum and piss on her breath and in her belly... "What've ya got for me today, hon?"

"Aah. Jus' you wait n' see." One of the stallion's strong hands settled on her head again and pulled her back down... and didn't stop until Valeris could feel his girth slide its way down into her throat, and briefly cut off her breathing again. She could remember when her jaw used to get sore from sucking dick, back in college... "Not too much longer, y'know."

"Yeah?" Another reason Valeris enjoyed hearing Ian's little comments and encouragements was because she liked his voice, low and smooth, a mug of hot cocoa on a cold winter day - and he had an accent too, markedly Scottish, all natural. "You get off at all this week?"

"How 'bout I jus'..." Ian lifted his hips, and gave a little grunt. Valeris started kissing her way down along the side of his length, making sure to breathe in little tastes of his scent as she went. "...let you find out for yourself?"

Perfectly acceptable for her. Valeris pressed her lips against the rim of his sheath once she got there, the stallion's thick pubes tickling at her nose. A while back she'd figured out that he liked it if she dug her tongue and lips into this spot, or along the underside of his cock right where his sheath met the smooth leathery skin of his sack - so she did just that, squeezing his shaft against the side of her face so she could feel the resultant twitch and throb and thrust, and then nuzzled down to lift her nose between those heavy balls.

When she got in the mood, however - and Ian could get her there quite easily; her other hand had drifted down towards her own thighs and slipped beneath the waistband of her pants, the crotch of which she could tell had already started to soak through - she couldn't just nuzzle and nose and sniff and kiss, and expect to satisfy herself. It was like she *needed* a cock in her throat, like her body desired the feeling, the pressure, the slick wet heat sliding between her lips, pressing down over her tongue, stretching her jaw.

So she remained where she was for a moment longer, eyes closed and the weight of Ian's length resting over her head, before she retreated back towards the end of his shaft and started right down on it again, this time bobbing fast and hard, hand wrapped as far around him as she could. One time she'd tried getting him from soft to hard just with her mouth, lips pursed against the wrinkles of his sheath and tongue digging and working, through his shaft starting to slide out and fill her mouth... and she'd almost ended up choking herself.

Almost. That was the important part. She'd long since trained away her gag reflex.

The stallion lifted up from the chair again, hips starting to work and churn in a slow, steady rhythm beneath Valeris's bobbing, a little throb rippling through his flesh every time his blunted head pressed against the back of her throat. Valeris let him do that for a moment, enjoying the grip of the stallion's hand on her head and the way his fingers dug into the smooth hairs of her pelt, how that grip tightened and relaxed with his rhythm and his thrusts... and then how it tightened and this time didn't let up, once she dove easily back down along that length.

Or, maybe *easily* wasn't the right word. It certainly wasn't challenging for Valeris, though: she just had to relax her jaw, flatten her tongue, tilt her head at the right angle... and keep one hand at the base of his thick length to make sure he came in at the right angle, before she felt that so-familiar pressure filling out her throat again. She couldn't quite swallow around Ian's length, but she knew how to work the back of her tongue and throat in a way that still squeezed and rubbed

at him in just the right places, and when combined with the continued stroking of her hand behind his medial ring...

"Ah - get ready, now, you're - gonna make me-"

...it really didn't take much longer. The stallion's grip loosened on her head and then tightened; the motion of his hips slowed and stopped, instead turning to him pressing steadily forward, deeper into her throat, until her breathing cut off again; and then he pulled in a low breath, held it for a moment... and let it back out through his teeth, right as he started to unload.

Just like those other times, Valeris could *feel* it both in the pulsing of his cock, further increasing that pressure out on her throat, and in the hot, sticky weight filling her belly. A second hand came down to keep her in place while the stallion emptied rope after rope of his seed directly down into her, hips bucking forward another inch with each strong spurt.

Once he started draining his balls, the mare slid her hand down from the base of his cock and sheath to his sack, so she could wrap her fingers along one of his balls - and tug back down along it as it tried to pull up towards his body, his spurts pulsing through the hot, heavy flesh beneath her fingers, before they emptied out into her throat. The mare kept her thumb squeezed around the base of Ian's sack near his sheath so she could feel the tugging, the shifting, the twitching of those balls against her palm through his peak.

Very quickly, though, she had no choice but to move back, and try to slip him out of her throat so that his head remained, at most, past her lips: if she were to pop his flared head free of her mouth, she wouldn't be able to get it back in. Still, though, she made sure not to miss a drop, taking the last few spurts, weaker but not by much, right across her tongue. Even so, those last few gave her enough to bulge out her cheeks; she gladly swallowed down the thick fluid, and shivered sweetly with the way it felt like it coated her throat.

With that done - for the most part, at least; mouth stretched around the stallion's flare, Valeris was kept aware of the last few drops of his cum dribbling out and down along her tongue - Ian relaxed in the chair again, letting his body touch the back of it for the first time since his fly had been undone. One of his hands fell from her head while the other remained in place, fingers brushing gently along her pelt and over one of her ears; Valeris swallowed one more time, and focused her eyes on the stallion's face. He had a thick, rich taste to him, slightly bitter, somewhat astringent, one hundred and fifty percent man. She'd thought (and fantasized) more than once about gathering this stallion's load in that water jug of his and chugging it down that way.

"*Gods*, I needed that..." Ian breathed, and rested his head against the back of the chair. Valeris could still feel the echoes of his orgasm, smaller throbs and pulses of the thick veins along the side of his shaft. "Hooh. That took almost as much outta me as my workout tonight... but, you're not quite done yet, love..."

And she knew it. In preparation Valeris wriggled her tongue down beneath his shaft and worked her way back down along his length, taking that wide flare as far as she could while still being able to breathe; she'd need to be able to do that here in a second. The softer flesh of the stallion's medial ring touched against her lips, and she kept her eyes on him for a moment longer. Just like before, it was fun watching the way his expression scrunched up and relaxed, how his lips curled and smoothed but remained parted in the afterglow of his orgasm, how he brought in another breath... and let it out, warmer, slower.

Of course, that wasn't the *only* thing he let out. It started out as a slow dribble, though quickly grew to the strong, full stream that Valeris had gotten to know him for: she could taste how much water he'd drunk in his piss, the faintly-salty tang washing over her tongue and mixing with the heavier, headier musk of his cum, still strong in her throat and nose. With his flare keeping her lips plugged, she had no choice but to continually swallow each mouthful as it came - not that she would've spilled it, anyway. Ian came over every week for the explicit purposes of having her drain both his balls *and* his bladder.

Throughout the blowjob, Valeris had gotten used to the effects of this brimming pressure on the stallion's bladder. Now that he was emptying himself, though, she could see the way his entire body relaxed with that pressure finally being relieved; however, that pressure had to go somewhere, and Valeris received it right against the back of her throat, not quite like a garden hose turned on full blast, but somewhere along the way to that.

Honestly, she used to struggle with Ian's sheer *output*. Just like his thrusts when he fucked her throat, fast and hard: even practiced as she was, the mare still almost had trouble keeping up, swallowing down a full mouthful every time her cheeks started to swell out with the hot liquid. Such an odd feeling, this intense warmth growing and stirring down in her belly, becoming steadily more intense the more she drank; it wasn't long before she could feel her thirst start to quench, but still she went on, simply because Ian still had more to give her.

Valeris's tongue tingled with the heat and salt of the stallion's piss, still showing no sign of slowing or waning. Above her all of the tension had gone out of Ian's body, and he let his jaw hang open with the relief of his emptying bladder; every time he pulled in a slow, satisfied breath through those parted lips, his stream increased in strength for just a second, and then resumed at its normal pace.

Between those swallows, Valeris could still taste him on her breath - the heavy, almost-bitter flavor of his cum, the dry spice of his sweat and musk, the faint salty tang of his piss. Her hand had made its way back around to the underside of his length to feel the way the liquid rushed and pulsed through him before it sprayed out into her mouth and throat, and her other had returned to its original spot beneath her own pants.

Finally, though, right as she wondered if he'd ever stop, that stream began to weaken back into a slow dribble, and from there a few last sprays, paired with Ian pressing his hips forward. By now his flare had mostly gone down, and Valeris took the chance first to massage her jaw, and

then to swallow that last mouthful, move back, pop his head out from between her lips, and run her tongue along the end of his cock, making sure to catch any extra drops that oozed out. That last swallow admittedly took a bit of difficulty, with how her stomach was already more than full, how she could feel the heat and the spice of his piss on her breath with each inhalation, but of course that didn't stop her.

"Jeez..." The mare leaned back and wiped the back of a hand across her mouth, stifling a quiet burp. "Y'really had to go, didn't cha?"

"Well, I *did* tell ya..." Ian rolled his head back again, letting out one last relaxed sigh. "Bah, *gods*, that felt good. I've been needin' that."

"I bet you have." She bit back another little belch, and let her hands drift down to the stallion's still-quite-plump sack, rolling his hefty balls over her fingers, and letting his slowly-softening length drape over her shoulder. As long as it didn't drip down her back... "So. See ya next week?"

He looked down at her through half-closed eyes. "What're you pushin' me out so soon for? Can't a guy have a moment to catch his dang breath?" Ian gently tapped his cock against her cheek; Valeris placed a few more kisses up along the side.

"You know I gotta call my kids." Four of them. She used to try getting the others, too, but they never picked up.

"Aah, yeah... y'know, one of these days..." Ian rose to his feet, heavy shaft and sack hanging down right in front of the mare's nose even as she leaned back to allow him room. So, so tempting to lean in and take a deep drag of his scent again. "...I'm gonna have ya get me off twice."

"Fair's fair, so you know you'll have to return the favor." *All* favors. Sometimes when she got a *really good* orgasm, the kind that made her legs shake and her body tingle, she also ended up losing control of her bladder. It'd be good to have a stallion down between her legs to catch some of that mess. "C'mon. Let's go. Unless *you* wanna talk to my kids, too?"

He had a nice ass, too - he wasn't one of those guys who worked out only one set of his muscles. Thighs and legs good enough to really put some force behind his thrusts, pecs and arms solid enough to pick Valeris up and hold her in the air against himself... she walked him out towards the front door and leaned against the threshold there. Sometimes he stayed for longer, and sometimes he didn't. He always, *always* had her drain his balls and his bladder, though. That much was routine, and one she didn't want to see end.

Good thing she wouldn't have to worry about that, though. The mare pushed the door closed with her shoulder and stood there for a moment... then slid one hand down beneath the waistband of her pants. Calling her kids could wait about fifteen minutes, right?