

Garnet squirmed where she lay, the warmth of the bedsheets settled comfortable up around her shoulder with the heavier weight of an arm resting across her lower belly. Cozy and content, the Clydesdale felt no pressure to move or adjust in the slightest at first, instead just lying here to enjoy the closeness and companionship – but then she shifted one of her legs, and gasped at the spike of urgent discomfort that rippled up from her lower belly.

Then again, and again, and... that arm slid down a bit, elbow pressing slightly into what she imagined had to be the visible bulge of her bladder, at this point. She gritted her teeth and grunted, trying to work herself out of that gentle grip without waking her companion here, but instead found the caribou behind her to be quite settled in his own sleep. That made sense, after all: the two *had* stayed up rather late, and the influence of the drinks that Piebald behind her here had made for them led them down some wild roads.

No more wild than what the two had explored growing up together, of course. Back then he had known Garnet by a different name, a slightly different face, a somewhat different body – but in the time since the two had reconnected with this new, lovely version of herself, he had put all of that old knowledge to use. Of course there had been a bit of a grace period, the bumbling caribou doing his best to listen to her guidance and requests. She had already worked on her voice a bit by that point, and the hormones had begun some fantastic changes throughout her body, though sometimes she still saw that same old shell she used to be in the mirror.

For a cis boy, though, Piebald sure *was* good with his fingers and his mouth... and, for a cis boy, he didn't quite understand the *other* changes that the hormones could have, one of which was the vastly reduced bladder capacity and control. Garnet squirmed again, trying to work her thumbs in beneath his arm and wrench it up off of her, her silk-soft panties swelling in the front around her natural endowment. At least she didn't have to deal with morning wood too often anymore, which had been quite the source of strife at the start of things, though – Piebald's now pressed and grinded up beneath the base of her tail, the reflexive little twitches and clenches it pushed through her body just accentuating that urgency even further.

Finally, pushed literally to her limit, the Clydesdale sighed, tapped at the cervine's arm, and turned her head to try to get his attention. He had buried his snout behind her neck, breath puffing along against her shampooed mane. "Hey. Hey. Pie, I need you – to-"

He stirred and gave a little rumble, thankfully moving his arm... only to rest that dead weight across her side with his spread palm gripping her lower belly instead, thumb digging into soft belly and fingers straying just beneath the hem of her panties. Immediately she gasped, twitched, then had to deliberately clench her muscles down as tight as they would go – and still shivered, trying to evade the little point of dampness that spread out from the peak of that bulge there.

"Ah – Piebald, come on, I... have to..."

"Nmm-mm." He smacked his lips, nuzzled up between her shoulder blades – which gave her a slight rush at the sensation of her bra tightening around her chest, tugged along his nose – and squeezed his hand more firmly in place there.

"Please – I drank too much last night, and now I... really have to..." Again she shuddered and clenched, both hands now trying to push his away even though he dug in deeper, intentionally tightening his arm

around her lower body. It *was* true that the two of them indulged in that kind of play far back before her transition, but she had fallen away from that in the meantime, and across their last several visits the subject hadn't even come up.

Except for how she may have offhandedly mentioned it last night, something in a drunken haze about holding it until she felt fit to burst, and then putting herself in some situation where she simply *couldn't* let it go. This wasn't quite like one of those – she vaguely remembered saying something about waiting in line at the bank, or giving a presentation at her work, or something like that – but still, she didn't want to mess up his sheets.

"I've got you here," he rumbled, voice low in her shoulder. "And I'm just *too darn sleepy* to move. So I guess whatever you've gotta do..." Again he tightened his fingers, causing that damp spot in the front of her panties to shimmer and spread. "...you'll have to do right here."

Again and again she tried to resist, urgency growing even as her arousal did just the same. Garnet's panties tugged a little bit tighter around her body, and that simmering heat in her lower abdomen grew, and strengthened, and sharpened, and – then with a gasp, a buck, and a shuddering attempt to squeeze those muscles down again, she felt the floodgates burst free. Her grunt of effort turned to a little moan of pleased dismay, fingers spreading along Piebald's arm and then coming up to cover her face in embarrassment as she felt herself hopelessly release here, overfull bladder freely draining out, pouring free from inside of her.

Wet warmth soaked through the thin fabric of her panties and slid down along her pelt, quickly seeping in to heat her skin beneath. That puddle expanded down along her body, spreading out beneath her and dampening the sheets and mattress beneath her – and as it reached further she felt Piebald's morning arousal strengthen underneath her tail, each twitch causing her stream to jitter and bounce instead of pinching it off. Try as she might, no amount of squeezing could seem to close off the flow, and she kept on squirming and shuddering in the growing puddle of her own heat and scent until she had no more to give.

Then, panting softly, she shifted uncomfortably atop the soaked mattress, some of the mess having worked its way up to the sheet resting over her body. Piebald continued rubbing and stroking at her lower belly, which did indeed feel flatter and emptier than before, then slid his hand down into her soaked, dripping panties. Gentle fingers slid along soft, smooth skin – she made sure to lotion every night – and dipped beneath and between the wrinkles of her sheath, little rivulets of fresh piss having flowed down and soaked in.

"There," he murmured, lifting his head up to rest it on her shoulder. "Isn't that better?"

Garnet grumbled, face hot with embarrassment, but still couldn't resist the little grind and thrust into his hand as he squeezed and rubbed and stroked. "It's – it's... *ah...*"

That was another thing that stood out about him: Piebald knew her body almost as well as *she* did.