

Fran swept the horse shaped, mylar balloon between her long, slender legs and closed her thighs in on either side of it with the softest of squeaks to hold it in place. Holding it firmly in place with her supple thighs, the Viera ran her hands up and down its neck roughly, quickly, letting her long fingers trail across the foil like material with a series of creaks and squeaks that were music to her tall, lupine ears. Its taut, jet black skin squealed as her hands flowed over its gracefully curved neck, her claw like nails dimpling its surface wherever they passed.

Fran stood in the middle of the plains, the grass emerald green underfoot, the sun blazing down from overhead and a cool breeze plucking at her long hair. It was, even by Viera standards, an incredibly beautiful day.

She quickened her pace, stroking the balloon hard and fast, up and down its long, curved neck. Reaching down to its chest, Fran trailed her claws up its underside to the horse's chin with a soft, scratchy rustle. She arched her long fingers into the balloon with her second pass, letting her clawed tips leave deep grooves in their wake, quickly filled as the material moulded itself back into its original shape.

Bending down over it, the Viera planted a soft, but firm kiss on the side of the horse's white tipped muzzle. The material crinkled loudly as she opened her petite mouth and bit down on its puffy, white mane; the pressure forcing a rush of helium back into its body and making its sides tighten minutely between her legs. Her eyes locked to one of the balloons, brightly painted onto its surface to look back at her. Her long fingered hands pressed in on either side of its neck, making it squeal as she gently nibbled on its mane, making it crinkle loudly between her teeth. After a long second of nipping at the material, Fran opened her mouth and leaned down to rub her cheek against the horse's' head, nuzzling it tenderly. The cold metal of her cheek guard ground into the mylar material, which only made the Viera press against it harder with her next pass.

Opening her mouth again, Fran extended her soft, pink, wet tongue and dragged it across the horse's' cheek, leaving a thin trail of glistening saliva behind. Closing her eyes, she lapped at it again and again, hungrily slathering its neck and cheek with her spit. Murring softly to herself, Fran slid sinuously back to her full height, leaving the balloon firmly pinned between her two legs.

Her hand slid tenderly beneath the underside of the horse's' neck, while her left lifted the veil of silk covering her stomach. The balloon squealed as she dragged its neck upwards, tilting its body between her armour clad legs, until the sleek mane lining the back of its neck rubbed against the soft, bared flesh of her belly. Looking down at it with her usual, expressionless gaze, Fran rubbed it back and forth slowly, letting its mane stroke her tanned skin gently, almost tickling her with each soft passage of the mylar material.

Letting her silken veil drape delicately back across its face, Fran brought her left hand thumping into its side, sending a hollow vibration rippling through its entire body. She dragged her right hand up across its muzzle with a wet squeak as her fingertips caressed through her own saliva. The balloons head snapped back into place as her hand slid clear, releasing it from her merciless grip. Its sides stood taut against the flesh of her bare thighs.

Reaching around behind her, Fran found its tail and gripped it hard with a loud rustle. She tugged it into an upright position between her legs, putting even more pressure on its already taut seams. With a smirk, Fran gently wove her hips from side to side, moving with a

slow, elegant grace. Lifting her arms above her head, she slowly began to fluidly dance, her hips swaying sensuously back and forth, moving in lazy circles as she twined her arms overhead. Her eyes drifted closed as she moved to music only she could hear, breathing deep and slow. The balloon remained clasped firmly between her legs for a long moment, stepping one way and the next, the horse squeaking with every motion. She loosened her grip with her thighs just enough for its long, white tail to snap back into its original position at the horse's rump.

Fran's hands slid down her lithe sides to her hips, letting them rest there as she swivelled them back and forth for another long minute. Her reddish brown eyes opened languidly and the Viera let her hands glide down over her hips to the horse's neck. Planting them there, she ground the heels of her palms suddenly into its pliable skin with a loud, grinding creak. Cocking her head to one side, she massaged the balloon's surface with the tips of her clawed nails, letting them prick at the material, leaving cruel indents behind. They dotted the length of the balloons neck as she mauled it, tempting fate as she drew deep furrows through the mylar skin hard enough to split its paintjob.

Smirking now, Fran slowly lowered herself to one knee, keeping the balloon held firmly in place with her slender hands. Its legs crinkled loudly as she bent them up under its body, making sure they were in line under its broad body. Fluidly, she swung down onto her other knee, letting the horse's curved back take the full brunt of her weight as her firm ass sank down into its skin roughly. Its curved sides bulged under the sudden pressure, the mylar material tightening towards its bursting point against her palms. Unable to resist the urge, the Viera gave its neck a hard squeeze with her hands, making it tighten even more under her rump with a tortured squeal. Murring softly to herself, Fran slid her hands up to her hips and let them rest comfortably there as she let the balloon take as much of her weight as she could give it.

The muscles along her long, supple legs tightened as she gave a little hop; just enough to clear the balloon's surface and drop back onto it again with a hollow thud. Gingerly at first, Fran began to bounce on the horse balloon, making it pulse each time her firm ass came thumping back down into its pliable, stretchy surface. It squeaked, crinkled and groaned under her slow pounding, trapped between her body and the hard, plains ground. Each time her ass slammed down into the balloon, she could feel the impact ripple up through her entire body, which only made her let out a whispering sigh of pleasure.

Fran got quicker and harder, arching her hips downwards each time she dropped onto the hapless balloon, making each impact carry as much weight as she could. The balloon sagged minutely each time she pushed herself into the air, before snapping taut as she landed back on it, making it pulse and throb between her long legs.

Her armour drew squeaks and squeals where they ground into its skin, leaving deep dimples and scratches behind. Fran's ass thumped rhythmically down into the balloon as her pace fluidly quickened, even as her hands slid down across the horse's thick neck. Her hands roamed across its wet surface squeakily, her claws jabbing and pricking at the balloon mercilessly. Her long, slender fingers encircled its neck and, as she lifted her weight off it, she suddenly squeezed in on the column of air hard. The mylar crinkled and rustled as she gripped it, a second before squeaking pitifully as her weight slammed back down into its body. Gripping it as hard as she could, Fran bounced on it roughly, making it creak each time her weight

hammered down onto its back. The sounds were music to her tall ears though and Fran threw back her head with a breathless sigh. She could feel the balloon on the very edge of bursting and all she wanted to do was make it explode between her thighs.

A split second later, that's exactly what it did; the horse balloon burst with a low, hollow 'thump', and her ass slammed into the ground hard as the mylar skin shredded in her hands. Smirking slyly, Fran released it and slumped back onto the ground. Propping herself up on her elbows, with the crumpled balloon trapped beneath her weight, she looked up at the crystal clear blue sky and smiled.