

"Welcome home, Sable."

Surprised, Sable opened the door the rest of the way and did a double-take. Straddling a long, sausage-shaped and very full balloon was his girlfriend, Aspen. The mare was completely naked, a fact only emphasized the way the rubber spread her legs and cradled her groin. Momentarily forgetting himself and standing transfixed in the doorway, the black-and-white stallion could only stare. The mare's long, blond, flowing mane trailing down her milk-chocolate-colored shoulders and slipping seductively between her cream-colored breasts took his breath away.

"Cat got your tongue?" the mare teased, looking up at him with big, blue eyes.

Coming to with a start, Sable realized he'd been gawking.

"H-hey," he replied, shaking his head sheepishly as he closed the door. "This is..." He trailed off, at a loss for words.

"Do you like it?" Aspen asked.

Speechless, all the stallion could do was nod vigorously.

Rising, the mare carefully stepped over the balloon and walked up to him, her shapely hips swaying seductively side-to-side. Sable could only watch, breathlessly taking in the mare's beauty as she approached him. The way her cream underside blended into the rich, light brown of her thighs lent her an air of innocence, yet the knowing smirk under her white blaze and the purposeful movements of her dark brown lower legs clip-clopping over the wooden floor belied her mischievous, flirtatious intentions.

"Long day, Stud?" the mare asked, reaching him and lightly nuzzling his chest before bringing her muzzle to his.

Sable gasped, then smiled and kissed her back, their lips moving sensually against each other as the stallion melted at the mare's touch.

"I think you should get comfortable and stay awhile," the mare said, smirking and raising an eyebrow.

Reaching forward, she pressed her fingers lightly to the stallion's chest and began to unbutton his shirt. Slowly and deliberately running her fingers down his torso as she went button-to-button, she began to peel back the fabric to reveal the stallion's mottled black-and-white coat. The stallion shivered, kissing back even more passionately as the mare helped him out of his shirt.

"That's better," the mare said. Cocking her head, she gave him a mischievous look. "But I know something that will make it even better."

Bending down, she reached for and picked up an uninflated, mottled-purple-and-yellow balloon off the ground. Sable gasped in surprise, both at not noticing it when he walked in and at its size: almost a foot in diameter without any air in it at all. As Aspen stood back up, the stallion licked his lips, hanging on her every movement. He loved the way her coat accentuated her movements when she bent over and straightened back out, the way her mane seemed to caress and draw attention to her curves.

Of course, the fact she was holding a balloon only heightened his enjoyment watching her.

With a knowing glance at Sable's bulging shorts, the mare brought the balloon to her lips and gave it a long, slow exhale right next to the stallion's head. The sound of her air whooshing into it, the faint crinkle as it expanded from two dimensions to three, and the way it slowly straightened out as Aspen's breath filled it made him shudder.

"I thought you might enjoy this," Aspen murmured into his ear as her hand reached forward to cup against his groin.

Holding the balloon between her lips, she knelt and pulled his shorts and underwear down in a single, slow movement. The stallion's penis leapt out and stood half-erect.

"Looks like I was right," the mare teased, rising again and running her fingers tantalizingly up the stallion's inner thigh, grazing over the underside of his scrotum, and trailing teasingly up his shaft, which stiffened at her touch.

Sable shuddered again, closing his eyes, then gasping as the mare's lips met his once more, kissing him passionately and holding the balloon in her free hand. The stallion's mind reeled; he'd only told his girlfriend about his balloon fetish a few days before, yet here she was, getting into it and doing *everything* he loved. He shivered as she pressed the balloon against his cheek, smiled, and then blew another sensual breath into it. The rubber pressed against him, and he could feel it expanding and stretching as the pressure inside it grew.

Aspen's fingers grazed the underside of his cock, eliciting a soft whimper of enjoyment. His penis strained, throbbing and bobbing against her as she gave him only enough stimulation to tease him but stopped well short of getting him off.

The balloon continued to grow, swelling in the mare's hand as she continued to breathe life into it. Already almost two feet in diameter, it bobbed lightly against Sable's shoulder each time she blew into it. Taking a step back, she pressed it to the stallion's chest and gave it another blow. It conformed to the stallion's abs and pecs, and as the mare's breath entered it, it rubbed against him, swelling upward to brush his neck and chin and downward to lightly bump against his straining member.

When she could tell that her boyfriend was reaching the limit of teasing he could take, Aspen took a slow step back and beckoned for him to follow her. Still holding the pinched, bobbing balloon in her hand, she turned to give him a good look at her ass as she swayed her hips on her way to a bean-bag chair. Lightly raising her tail off to the side, she looked over her shoulder and gave him her best "come hither" look.

While his voice might not be working too well, Sable's legs knew what to do. Walking stiffly and breathing heavily, the stallion followed her over. The mare turned, balloon in hand, and then sat down on the chair with her legs spread. Sable looked at her quizzically, but then followed her lead when she gestured between her legs. Sitting in her lap, he leaned back and sighed contentedly, feeling her breasts cushioning against his back.

To the stallion's surprise, Aspen's hand reached around him and lightly grasped the base of his shaft. Sucking in a breath, he didn't even have time to moan before the mare had brought the balloon to her lips and given it another long, sensual blow. The hiss of her breath echoed and reverberated inside the sphere so close to his face, and Sable couldn't help but reach out and feel of it with both hands. It stretched against his palms as Aspen exhaled into it once more. The stallion moaned loudly, his eyes rolling back in his head as his girlfriend's hand stroked up his length. He closed his eyes and thrust his hips gently forward, grinding against her hand and the very swollen balloon.

Something brushed his lips. Opening his eyes, he gasped in surprise to find the mouth of the balloon pressed against him. Glancing to the side with a conspiratorial smile, he opened his mouth to let the balloon in and then inflated it with a slow, quavering breath. Sniffing sharply through his nose as Aspen's hand slid over the sensitive nerves on the underside of his penis, he watched wistfully as the mouth of the balloon pulled from his lips and disappeared behind his head, only to greet his ears with another soft hiss as Aspen gave it a few more puffs, her chest and breasts rising, falling, and rubbing against his back.

Now almost two and a half feet in diameter, the balloon was pressed firmly against Sable's chest, bumping lightly up and down in rhythm to Aspen's ministrations on the stallion's cock. The sensations around him were beginning to get to him, and he felt his balls straining with their load, eagerly preparing to let off the pressure. Not ready for it to end, yet, he let out an anxious whimper, his hooves scuffling against the floor as he gritted his teeth and tried to hold back.

Sensing his distress, Aspen smirked to herself behind him and backed off on her stroking, giving Sable just enough of a break to reduce the urgency. But as soon as he seemed to relax, she started again, making the stallion's hooves curl backwards in a strange mixture of ecstasy and agony. Over and over again, she brought him to the edge, only to let him down gently again. Sometimes she would bring the balloon to his lips and tell him to breathe while she stroked him, the sharp but controlled movement of air calming him down as she stroked him. Other times, she would inflate the balloon herself, modulating her stroking to reduce the intensity *just* enough.

When Sable's body began to buck and Aspen knew he couldn't take anymore, she at last gently let go of his member. Tapping his hips to get him to sit forward, she took the balloon and stood up behind him, stepped out of the bean bag chair, and walked in front of him.

Clamping the balloon shut and setting it within her boyfriend's reach, she grabbed a bright red, smaller balloon beside her, put it between the stallion's legs, then leaned over it and used it to support her chest as she brought her face to his groin. Sable eyed her breathlessly as she moved her nose up to nuzzle his balls, smirking mischievously. The stallion lurched in his seat, and the mare grinned wickedly as she stuck her tongue out and caressed his scrotum. He panted hard, writhing, and Aspen used his distraction to grasp his shaft and pull it down within reach. Licking her lips seductively, she brought the tip to her lips and gently kissed it. Sable shuddered. Groping around for the balloon beside him, his fingers found the neck and held on for dear life.

Working her lips over the hard, throbbing tip, the mare slipped it into her mouth and slid her tongue along the underside. The stallion bucked, his legs twitching under him as his testes redoubled their efforts to vent the intense pressure inside them. He panted hard, his legs driving him into the chair. He gripped the balloon neck tightly as the mare's mouth slid down his length, pausing only to tease his medial ring before swallowing him down to his balls.

"Augh!" he cried, his hips bucking. "A—Aspen, I—I can't—I can't—I!"

The mare only grinned in response and rubbed her tongue encouragingly against his shaft, urging him on.

The stallion's tail flagged, his hips tensed, and with a euphoric whinny, he felt his balls squeeze, purging their pressure at last. A wave of warm pleasure washed over his face and rolled down his spine as he felt the ecstatic delirium of post-orgasmic haze settling in. Panting and light-headed, he sagged back into the chair, his grip on the balloon slackening as Aspen grinned impishly and swallowed the fruits of her labors. Gently pulling her muzzle off his cock, she stood, reached over to take the balloon back, and then slipped up between his legs to sit facing him, his limp, spent penis draping languidly over her leg.

"Did you have fun, Stud?" Aspen asked, smirking knowingly as she removed the clamp on the balloon and reached forward to stroke the side of the stallion's face.

"Mm," Sable replied, smiling drowsily.

"I'm glad," the mare replied. "But," she said, grasping his hand and pulling it to her groin, "I'm just getting started."

The stallion gasped, his eyes widening as he felt the intense heat and wetness between Aspen's thighs on his fingers. His penis, despite its recent exertion, twitched in response.

"You think you can do something to help?" the mare asked, letting go of his hand and running her fingers along the side of his neck.

A smile crept over Sable's face, and he nodded. Leaning forward, he brought his lips to his girlfriend's teat, slipped his tongue out to find her nipple, and then sucked it into his mouth. Aspen let out a surprised gasp, then bit her lip and moaned softly, grinding her hips against the chair and her boyfriend's fingers. Sensing her arousal, Sable moved his hand forward and upward, slipping two fingers between Aspen's tight, wet, hot folds and pressing his thumb against her clitoris. The mare's eyes bulged, and she gave him an incredulous look, panting as she ground against his hand.

Whether to tease her boyfriend or just to take her mind off the intense pleasure his hand was giving her, the mare brought the balloon to her lips and began to inflate it some more. Where her breaths were slow and sensual before, now they were short, sharp, and intense as she panted into it. Each rush of air and each little stretch were not lost on Sable as the balloon rubbed against his shoulder, and he responded by nursing Aspen's teat all the more passionately, sending electric shocks tingling down her spine and flooding her groin with pleasure.

Feeling his girlfriend's reaction through the squeeze of her legs against him and the way her hips and chest pressed tightly against his body, Sable quickly recovered from his recent orgasm. His limp penis regained its strength, straightened, and began throbbing once more, jutting up between them.

Their eyes met, and with an unspoken, shared glance between them, Aspen rose on wobbly legs and stepped forward. Sable guided his penis, and as Aspen squatted, pressed himself into her. Stallion and mare let out a chorus of whinnies and moans as they felt the other rubbing against their sensitive parts. Clutching the balloon tightly, Aspen set her jaw and slipped downward, groaning in pleasure as Sable's tip

brushed against and passed by her g-spot, only to be followed by his medial ring. The fullness felt so good to her, and she eagerly began to raise and lower herself, using his thick, throbbing malehood to get herself off.

Of course, the mare's tight, wet, burning pussy wrapping around and swallowing his cock were equally as thrilling to Sable as his pulsing member was to her. His hips bucked in pleasure, catching them both off guard and eliciting another chorus of ecstatic snorts and grunts. As Aspen began to ride him, Sable's hips began to undulate under her, moving in time and meeting each of her movements head-on. Her lips stroked and squeezed him all around, kissing his balls, grasping wistfully at his shaft, spreading around his medial ring and snapping closed on the other side, and teasing and tormenting his crown and glans. His thick head rubbed roughly against her g-spot, flooding her with anticipation before moving past and letting her relax just a moment before his medial ring repeated the process all over again. And all the while, they continued to take turns breathing heavily into the balloon, filling it with passionate, moist air.

When neither of them could stand it any longer and even the balloon was as full as it could stand, Aspen paused mid-stroke, clamped off the balloon, and hastily raised herself up off of Sable. Hurriedly putting the balloon down behind her, she flicked her tail off to the side, pressed her chest against the balloon's rubbery surface, and gave Sable the most desperate "I need you" look the stallion had ever seen. Wasting no time, he got to his feet, leaned over her, and covered her doggy-style, his throbbing malehood taking only two light thrusts to find her soaking-wet pussy and slide deep inside. They both groaned loudly, and from there, instinct took over. Grinding his chest against Aspen's back and feeling the balloon shift to accommodate them, he brought his hips forward to slap his balls against his girlfriend. They both grunted at the sensation—her from fullness and him from her warm, tight caress—before his hips pulled back automatically and repeated the process.

It did not take much to push them both over the edge. With only a few strokes, Aspen's vaginal walls clamped down as a passionate whinny burst from her lungs. The sensation shot through Sable's prick, spread from his balls to his thighs, and then jolted up his spine. Their tails flagged, and the stallion erupted into her, flooding her and leaving them both euphorically happy and serenely exhausted.

The balloon squeaked as Aspen's spent body slid down it, then leapt slightly into the air and bounced away. Aspen curled up on her side with Sable spooning her as his prick continued to lightly twitch inside of her. Sighing contentedly on the floor, they lay there catching their breath and enjoying each other's company.

Aspen opened her eyes, glanced behind herself, and grinned as she reached forward. Feeling her stirring, Sable wrapped his arms around her, squeezing her waist tightly before letting his hands stray upward. Yet as he reached up to squeeze her breasts, he felt his fingers strike something rubber. Frowning curiously, he lifted his head, then rolled his eyes and chuckled on seeing a small, green balloon nestled in the mare's cleavage.

"Lucky balloon," he murmured.

Aspen just smirked knowingly.