##### Judge's Notes: Best Heavy Breeder, Mayfair County Fair, 2023.

##### *1st Place: Big Ben*

*Pelt color: Black*

*Breed: Belgian*

*Height: 18 hands*

*Notable attribute: Size, strength, testicles.*

*Big Ben is a Belgian stallion who stands at 18 hands tall. He is a powerful animal with a sleek black coat. Big Ben is known for his strength and endurance, and he is often used for pulling heavy loads. Of note, Big Ben's testicles live up to his namesake. Measuring a foot in length, eight inches in diameter, and weighing approx. 29 oz each. Absolutely stunning! Big Ben dropped his length with little manipulation, and was measured (dropped, flaccid) at ~42 inches. This length is prohibitive for natural intercourse, which ensures that, as a breeder, there is very little chance that he would 'off gas' those precious swimmers.*

##### *2nd Place: Hercules*

*Pelt color: Chestnut*

*Breed: Percheron*

*Height: 17 hands*

*Most impressive attribute: Speed, agility, responsiveness.*

*Hercules is a Percheron stallion who stands at 17 hands tall and has a beautiful chestnut coat. Hercules is the feistiest of the stallions examined, and exhibits remarkable agility and reflexes. He is also a very intelligent horse, and responsive to new training. Hercules endowments are sleek and befitting of a fast horse, while his testicles are still quite large for a draft stallion at a rounded seven inches diameter, they simply can not compare with Big Ben. His shaft is a stunning fifty inches, and could presumably touch the ground, however, it went from holstered to erect in an amazing five seconds. While this is useful for breeding stallions, we are worried this proclivity of uncontrolled arousal will lead to uncontrolled emissions as well.*

##### *3rd Place Name: Atlas*

*Pelt color: Dapple gray*

*Breed: Clydesdale*

*Height: 16 hands*

*Most impressive attributes: Stamina, obedience, productivity.*

*Atlas is a Clydesdale stallion who is known for his gentle nature. He stands at 16 hands tall and has a beautiful dapple gray coat. Atlas is a kind and patient horse, and he loves to interact with people. He is also a very versatile horse, and he can be used for a variety of tasks. As the oldest of the entrants, he is also the most experienced. This stallion's testicles are very likely larger than Big Ben's, with similar dimensions, however their density was somewhat alarming. While Big Ben's testicles were the anticipated density of a well done steak, Atlas's testicles were far denser and more solid. There are concerns that there may be seminal impaction, which is further validated with the very low response to manual stimulation. While the equine is clearly capable of arousal and precum, there was no response to manual stimulation. Despite the possible high standard in virility, the costs in time and energy in extracting Atlas's seed unfortunately placed him quite at the bottom of the list for requirements of Best Breeder.*

The judges were all impressed with what they had seen, and they had no doubt that Big Ben would make an excellent choice as a stud. He had the size, the power, and the testicular fortitude that would make him a great contributor to any herd. Big Ben was declared the winner, and his testicles had made the difference.

The judges praised Big Ben's endowments, and congratulated his owner on his victory. They were all in agreement that Big Ben was the draft stallion that would be the most profitable breeder at the fair, and that he would make an excellent choice for breeding. The judges smiled and nodded in agreement as Big Ben was walked back to his stall, proud and confident, almost as if he knew that he had been chosen for his superior endowments.

*Later that night....*

Later that night, most of the carnival's celebrants were enjoying the games and rides and cotton candy. The animal stalls were closed, with very few attendants. The horse stalls were being tidied up by a farmhand, the two-legged bulldog having almost finished sweeping up the loose hay that had been tracked through the main thoroughfare. Unfortunately for him, he had attracted the attention of Nibil, a tall, lithe wolf with primarily charcoal colored fur. The red fur that outlined his ears, face and fingers caught the farmhand's attention, and once he had made eye contact, well, that was that.

Nibil stood up from the unconscious dog's form. The farmer's fly was open, and a soft, limp, empty expanse of skin drooled out into a puddle on the ground, emptied of balls and cock. Only two small punctures indicated what deviousness may have happened.

Nibil's stomach should have been filled; the bull dog had been handsomely endowed and his bulk was settling nicely in the wolf's belly. He wasn't, though. He could tell, there were some delicious things around here, it called to him as surely as the scent of cotton candy called out to the pups and kits that scampered through the main thoroughfare of the carnival. He followed his feet to the end of the stable, past the mares and geldings, to the breeder stallions.

Inside were three magnificent stallions; all heavy drafts, with feathered tails and broad, bulky, tall bodies. All male, all EXTREMELY male in fact, their heavy malenesses and generous scrotums dangling loosely and relaxedly from their groins as they munched on hay in their respective stalls. Nibil slowly smiled, his paw moving to stroke against his belly, which was suddenly feeling quite empty. That farm hand was nice, but how could he pass up this bounty?

Time was never a thief's friend, and Nibil was experienced enough to know that he had enough time to poach ONE of these fine stallion's heavy testicles. Which one, though? sauntered past the first two, appreciating the bulk, the heft and blatant masculinity hanging down between the stallion's thighs, but it was the last one that really stopped him in his tracks. Nibil glanced over to the large blue ribbon posted on the gate near his feed trough. "Best Heavy Breeder, mm? Well, we'll see about that." He stared at the massive, pineapple-shaming testicles that hung down between the huge draft horse's thighs. They were ridiculously oversized, impressively comical in their exaggeration, the kind of balls that someone like Nibil only got to snack on once in a great great while.

He patted the stallion's butt, in a friendly enough manner, and Big Ben lifted his head up from the hay, turning back to look at the.... swirling, twisting, captivating, intoxicating eyes of the wolf.

Horses were a flighty sort, much more wary and suspicious than anthros, and Big Ben's will put up an immediate block, a front to prevent capture, but Nibil was an old pro at this. The horse's eyes swirled along with his, soon enough, the stallion turning his head back and staring forward, into the abyss. Atlas and Hercules continued grazing, content in not being involved.

A loud PINGING sound resounded from the fairway, as someone slammed a metal puck up to hit a bell. At the same time, Nibil's tongue ejected out from his muzzle, harpooning through the air and directly into the back of the stallion's left testicle with a wet THAK. The slender tongue twisted in the air, drooping slightly before tightening again, with a wet splirft, as.. flesh, tissue, and sperm, was dislodged from inside the deepest core of the stallion's testicle. The stalk of a tongue clenched and rhythmically flexed, as bulbs of siphoned meat and juices were drained out from inside the massive egg.

Big Ben's tail swatted against an imaginary fly, a haunch shivering as his prized left testicle was siphoned from. This was not a dissolving type of attack, this was firm packets of flesh being pulled up and into the suctioning type that was Nibil's tongue. Again and again, as six, seven packets of Big Ben's left nut slowly drew up along the warm tongue. The first one erupted into Nibil's mouth, the flesh exploding with wet, hot, salty stallion juice, the tissue dense and slightly rubber. Nibil swallowed it down, as another packet deposited itself into his maw. Rich, dense, masculine, full of testosterone and libido. Nibil's sheath disgorged hot red wolf cock, thickening up into the air until it pointed accusingly at the horse's massive scrotum.

The testicle was dented now, the walls caving inwards as flesh was forcibly pulled out of it, the tissues contained within the testicular boundaries drained in steady, pulling, crushing gulps. There was a moment where the two walls touched at the middle, with fully eighty percent of the horse's nut now in either the wolf's tongue or sliding down into his throat, mingling with the pulped masses of the farmer's own slippery testicle remnants. It was easily a pound of meat that had been taken, and there was still so much more!

Nibil proved with his tongue, sliding up and down, vacuuming out one heavy mouthful of tasty flesh after another. The center core had been the first part he had tasted, its precious flesh the densest, muskiest and most concentrated with Big Ben's libido. The outer edges were softer, frothier, foamier even, with more slurpable semen than dense tubules, but they were just as enjoyable. It seemed muck like the last remnants of a milkshake, asNibil scoured the testicle shell for its parts, before his tongue latched onto the shell itself. The crumpled, collapsed shell drew into itself as it was drawn up through the tongue-straw, cartilage crumpling as the tongue devoured inch after inch of it. The dried out, emptied out husk crinkled as it was crushed into one long, thin wad, the straw slurping up over the cords, following them up into the stallion's groin before pinching it off with a succinct, bloodless nip.

Nibil continued slurping and sucking the wads and packed of nutmeat and juices into his maw, groaning as more and more of the heavy thick virility slid in gulps down his throat, and into his belly. He was full, that was for sure! The horse's nut was like four chipotle burritos jammed together, a lot for even him to wolf down.

But there was still one nut left. And hanging down, nearly touching the ground, was the fattest length of cock that Nibil had seen on a stallion. It swayed, just barely peeking down past that half-emptied scrotum.

Nibil had never found a package he couldn't eat, though. He rubbed his belly, closing his eyes and retracting his musky, sperm-soaked tongue back into his maw, as he helped his belly churn down all that meat and energy and cum he had just stolen from the two males. He felt the dog's balls completely obliterate under the pressure, the handsome lemons barely noticeable in the soup of Big Ben's left nut, but as he squeezed and stroked, he felt his stomach digest the flesh in a fast way, leaching out the pure virility and dumping it straight down into his own crotch. His nuts plumpened, thickening out in their sack and dangling down heavier into his pouch, his cock extending an inch or two, nothing huge, but a pleasant fullness and heaviness to it in the cool autumn air.

Somewhere, fairgoers screamed in delight as a ride whipped them through the air. Nibil's tongue whipped through the air, spearing deeply into Big Ben's right nut. The horse's hide shuddered, tail flicking again, but the stallion wasn't in any considerable pain. A dull ache, perhaps, like Nibil felt when he sat on his nuts, perhaps, as his tongue began ripping out mouthfuls of nutmeat, wadding packets of it back up the line and into the wolf's open, drooling maw. Oh yes, his freshly emptied belly craved this, the sperm and heat, the raw virility. There was no need to take this testicle; Nibil could survive for a week on just the one he had already taken. This was purely for pleasure. The tongue swept back and forth, gobbling up more and more, bigger mouthfuls of Big Ben's right nut, the balls collapsing and crinkling, crumpling in on itself.

Perhaps Nibil had been TOO aggressive, as the testicle collapsed in on itself, the outer walls collapsing entirely. There was a hot, wet spurt, as the testicle crushed inwards, forcing a heavy mouthful of testicular gibbets into that searching tongue, just as another mouthful splashed hot and silken into Nibil's gullet. It was so tasty, so thick and hot and fresh, so potent!

Nibil was careful not to stroke himself as he devoured the broken testicle from the bottom up, drips of sperm or whatnot drooling along the drooping arch of his tongue as he took every last chance of children Big Ben had from the prized stallion's body. There would be no frozen sperms for him, no legacy, not even any hot cash as he was studded out. The only thing Big Ben was fertilizing was Nibil's stomach lining.

The horse's scrotum hung loose and empty, a sagging loose rope of naked scrotum sack with nothing inside it, as Nibil retracted his tongue. Big Ben let out a horse huff, staring straight ahead, and Nibil rubbed his distended belly.

"Well, that was delicious," the wolf said, after he'd retracted his tongue and smacked his chops. With his stomach full of the stallion's seed, Nibil was feeling quite satisfied, pleased even. He glanced over to the ferris wheel, and then back to Big Ben, seeing that big cock swaying disconsolately between the stallion's thighs. It was huge, floppy and long, three feet perhaps, with a broad dinner plate head that looked like it had never had the pleasure of being stuffed inside one hole or another.

"Poor fella. Got gelded before you ever got off, huh? And now your big dick is just hanging there, all alone, all empty." Did Nibil feel guilty about that? Taking every chance of fatherhood from this prized champion, for nothing more than a snack?

Of course he didn't. His tongue snaked forward, shooting into the stallion's taint, penetrating through the hot muscle until it found the very root of the stallion's cock, deep deep embedded in his groin.

SHLLLRRRRp. SHRRLRLLLLP. SHRLRRRRRRp. The sound of fluid being suckled out of the stallion's groin was audible to even the other stallions, who flickered their ears and grunted at the lewd sounds. Big Bens' cock retracted, pulling upwards an inch... and then another. A third, the broad cap swaying up into the air, further and further from the hay that lined the stall.

Nibil had not considered how full he was, when he decided to indulge with this final treat. His belly ached with the volume of masculinity that he had consumed, and now he was siphoning off mouthfuls of the biggest horse dick he had ever seen? He was going to get himself killed. He was going to have to roll himself out of the carnival like an over inflated prize balloon. He slurped another wad into his mouth, as the horse's cock un-telescoped upwards another couple inches. He shouldn't do this! He should just go... one more slurp though.

SHLLLLRP!

Two feet of wrinkled, contracting, saggy-skinned cock hung between Big Ben's leg, the thickness and firmness being stolen just as much as the length. The tongue siphoned it away at the source, at the spot where the stall.... gelding's cockroot split, at the point where blood surged up and into the flesh. The tongue was blocking any new blood from entering the shaft, and was sucking out big wet globs of it along with the inner tissue of Big Ben's maleness. The glans began to buckle inwards as the inner urethra was slurped up, finally inverting upwards and inwards.

SHOLORUP!

With just a foot of mostly-hollow cock left, Big Ben lifted up a foot and stamped. Nibil wished he could do the same; he felt positively BLOATED with the equine's maleness, his blood full of virility, his normally-lean belly bloated and puffy with the total mass. His eyes were always so much bigger than his stomach was! There was a slurping sound from Big Ben's sheath as his shaft finally tucked up inside of it, the entire wad of shaft finally dipping up into the wolf's tongue, one final massive wad that slowly, luxuriously wandered up before unfurling in a rubbery wad of flesh in the wolf's maw.

Gulp.

He didn't think he would get it down... but he did. Finally. It sank into his stomach, tamping through the mushy, mostly-dissolved remains of Big Ben's right nut and the rest of his cock, and Nibil leaned back against a support post for the barn, letting out a satisfied, musky belch. He had done it! He had won!

He reached down, stroking against his fattened nuts, his cock throbbing larger and firmer, fueled with the power of a draft stallion's libido. Grabbing the blue ribbon from the post, he tugged off the 'tails' from underneath, discarding the part that read "Best Heavy Breeder''. He tied the tails around the root of his cock in a fancy, shimmering satin bow, pulling it tight behind his knot.

Nibil glanced over to the loose, defeated scrotum and sheath dangling like two old towels between Big Ben's legs. The stallion was twisting his head as the hypnosis finally wore off, stamping his feet, though despite the apparent trauma he had endured, he seemed none the worse for wear. Come the next morning, he wouldn't remember having had anything between his back legs at all. Neither would the farm-hand. Everything they had had, was Nibil's now.

He flexed his cock as he walked past the other two stallions and back out into the fair's evening breeze. He smelled candy apples and deep fried pickles, but with such a heavy load weighing him down, all he wanted right now, was some fresh, hot coffee.