

“Guh!” Scribbsie jolted awake, flailing around as he was brought abruptly back to the world of the living by someone jabbing his belly.

“Wake up hun, something’s wrong,” A voice called for him. He opened his eyes to find Kim’s face filling his vision. She prodded him again for good measure.

Scribbsie wiggled his hooves and made to stand up, immediately finding himself being pulled downwards again. He suddenly became aware of his collar—not unusual in itself, he was a pet pegasus after all—but the heavy padlock attached to it. The heavy padlock that was also connected to a very short leash, which was similarly padlocked to a collar around Kim’s neck.

She squirmed, poking him in the belly once more, drawing attention to the thick black elastic that was wrapped around their torsos, pinning their wings firmly to their backs.

“Wh-what’s going on, hun?” he muttered, trying to look around. The room was dank, moist and mostly featureless. Every surface seemed to be formed of moist cobblestones, glistening with wetness under the dim lighting.

“I don’t know,” Kim whimpered, “I don’t what we’re doing here or how we got here or anything,” She eyed the leash, the thick strip of leather barely eight inches long. “We’re stuck,”

He thought for a moment. “We might be able to stand if we do it carefully. We just need to move together,” he shuffled a little, putting his hooves into more of a kneeling position, “Ready?”

Kim shuffled a little herself, matching his posture. “Ready,”

“On three. One... two... three!”

They both stood up at the same time, the leash tightening slightly as they naturally pulled away from one another. The leather strap dragged them back however, leaving them almost pressed cheek to cheek.

Walking was clumsy and slow. Their hooves were close enough to get tangled if they didn’t coordinate each step and neither of them wanted to end up back on the floor. They moved towards the wall, giving them something to lean against as they thought through the situation.

The room had four walls, a floor and a ceiling. It was dark, cold, and moist. Probably underground somewhere. There were no windows and no door, but there was light and a breeze, which would mean...

Scribbsie looked up. A narrow metal grate was embedded in the ceiling, letting a minimal amount of light and air in from the surface. This was an oubliette. Now their bindings made sense—getting up there would be easy for a pegasus, but even if they managed to ditch the elastic and fly up there the short leash would stop them fitting through the exit together.

He groaned, slumping against the wall. “Ugh... this is impossible...”

Kim was forlorn, but her boyfriend’s mood drop hurt more. She shuffled the leash so that she could nuzzle his cheek, “It’s okay, sweetie. We’ll get out of here eventually, right?”

He grunted nonchalantly, finding it hard to take her comment sincerely.

“We will though, right? Whoever put us here wouldn’t do it just to let us die, would they? It doesn’t make sense!” She kept nuzzling, hoping it would pick up his mood, “When they come back we can fight them or negotiate with them or do whatever it takes to get us back home!” She shuffled the leash again, putting them nose to nose, planting a soft kiss onto his lips.

A sound like a whip cracked through the air, the miniature sonic boom echoing through the room! Their eyes widened in horror as a thick, purple tentacle had—in an instant—wrapped itself around their necks, constricting itself just enough that it forced their mouths together, the tip of the tentacle slipping comfortably in.

In a panic they flailed around, their hooves tripping over one another, sending them crashing into the floor. Above them cobblestones were sliding out of the wall, the stones crashing to the floor as more tentacles stretched into the room, each one enclosing itself around one of their squirming hooves until they couldn’t move a muscle.

The prisoners pacified, the tentacles lifted them from the dank floor and suspended them both in the breeze below the grate, their muffled screams too quiet to be heard by anyone but each other—soon silenced completely as that first appendage started spewing a stream of goo into their mouths. Unable to spit it out they simply swallowed the viscous fluid, feeling it forcefully run down their throats and into their stomachs.

The sound of more falling stones signalled more incoming tentacles. Scribbsie barely saw a glimpse of one in his peripheral vision before it plunged itself between his butt cheeks and pushed up inside him. No amount of tentacle goop could muffle his moaning as it started filling him afresh from there.

Kim watched on in confusion as the stallion's terror rapidly turned to pleasure. His cheeks had turned a hot red, eyes drooping as he continued to moan softly. She could feel his cock unsheathing and pressing against the bottom of her tummy.

Even more horrified she squealed and squirmed with renewed vigour, more tentacles wrapping themselves around her limbs to hold her steady. She whined softly as she felt one edge around her clitoris before thrusting itself inside, a soft moan rising from her throat as it started to fill her too.

The two pegasi—too distracted by cardinal pleasure—lost all sense of fight. Their stomachs stretched outwards as the tentacles pumped gallons of the viscous goop into them, their round tummies rubbing against Scribbsie's thick shaft and making him moan even more. Their kiss—once enforced by the tentacle—quickly became consensual, their tongues swirling around each other as they explored each other's mouths and the goop that filled them.

The tentacles holding their hooves slowly loosened, keeping them suspended in the centre of the chamber whilst also giving them a little more freedom. The kiss maintained, they used their hooves to explore each other's bloated bodies, eliciting even richer moans as they rubbed over their sensitive, swollen stomachs.

The tentacles sensed their moment. In a flash one had wrapped itself around both their torsos, squashing Scribbsie's thick, erect cock between their guts as another tentacle forced itself into Kim's rump, all of them doubling down as they started gushing more of the viscous goo into her insides.

Kim could only moan louder as her body ballooned outwards, rubbing harder against the stallion's shaft with each added ounce. He couldn't hold himself much longer. His hot shot splattered against their guts, matting their fur as it was captured by Kim's swell. The mare gasped loudly as she too struck orgasm; an overenthusiastic tentacle to blame.

Their job done, the tentacles retreated completely. Scribbsie panted heavily as he laid on the floor, penis still painfully erect and pressing into his bloated tummy. Kim—still leashed barely a few inches from him—was entirely beached atop her round, sloshing gut; she could barely reach two hooves to the ground.

They laid in silence for a few moments, catching breath. Finally, Scribbsie leant in and pushed his tongue past her lips, swirling it around messily; his stallionhood pressing deep into her swollen hide.

They might not be getting out of this dungeon any time soon, but he just thought of a great way to pass the time!