

Horse Condom

By: IndigoRho

When Jet saw his friend Clyde wipe out on the rail he couldn't help but grin. The black-furred, white-spotted cheetah had bet Clyde he couldn't actually pull off a trick he'd been gloating about all week, and now he was wishing there were others at the skate park to witness Clyde's bruised ego. Jet casually strolled over to the cream-colored horse, sarcastically clapping as he did.

"Wow Clyde, either you were being super cocky as usual, or you just really wanted a taste of mine~" Jet laughed.

Clyde glared up at Jet, pouting. Their bet had started off involving money, but the stakes had escalated until Clyde had suggested the loser had to give the winner a blow job. Though Jet and Clyde enjoyed both giving *and* taking, it was still frustrating to lose.

"It's dark out, that threw me off!" the horse insisted as he stood back up.

"Dude the street lights aren't even on yet, that's a terrible excuse even for you."

With how often they snipped at each other, most people didn't realize Jet and Clyde were friends.

For once Clyde didn't bother with more excuses, instead simply fuming quietly. "Whatever. Let's just get this over with quick and head home, I've got some streaming to do."

"I don't know Clyde, why don't we get adventurous with things this time?" Jet said as he stealthily retrieved a small vial from his pocket.

In a flash the cheetah popped the cork off the vial and waved it right under Clyde's nose. Clyde scrunched his face as powerful lemon scent flooded his nostrils, shaking his head and stumbling backward. Once he'd recovered from the suddenness of it his eyes widened, the horse recognizing both the smell and vial.

"W-what was that for! The bet was for me to give a BJ, not get shrunk!"

Sure enough a wave of dizziness hit the horse, his whole body tingling as his clothing began to feel slightly looser. He'd already lost a few inches.

"Oh trust me I'll still be getting that BJ," Jet chuckled, carefully pocketing the emptied vial. "I just had an idea for making it funner. And no, I don't have the antidote on me and I sincerely doubt you do either, so maybe just accept the inevitable."

Clyde took a step forwards and nearly tripped, his shoes no longer fitting. The horse was a foot shorter than usual and shrinking fast. His pants and boxers slid off as they became too loose, his shirt feeling like a poncho. He blushed, thankful there wasn't an audience for his disrobing. As much as he hated admitting it, Jet was right: there was nothing he could do to stop shrinking.

Cursing, Clyde stepped out of his shoes and frantically pulled off his socks, not eager to end up trapped in either once he was tiny. His shirt proved more bothersome, the horse struggling with it as he shortened to three feet, then two feet. He proved unable to get it off before vanishing beneath it. It was as if a circus tent had collapse atop him.

Jet crouched down near the shirt and waited as he watched the moving bulge that was Clyde continue to get smaller. When the horse finally wandered out from beneath the shirt he was barely six inches tall.

Jet grabbed his tiny friend in one paw, chuckling as he felt Clyde squirm in his grasp. "Don't worry dude, you're getting VIP accommodations for the trip back to the apartment."

A jar was pulled out, Clyde grumbling then neighing as he was dropped inside. A lid with plenty of holes in it sealed him within. Jet was relatively gentle, though he still teased Clyde the entire way home.

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The apartment door swung open and Jet hurried inside, plopping down on the couch right away. He spun off the lid of his jar and unceremoniously dumped Clyde out of it on the cushion beside him. Clyde offered up plenty of complaints but he didn't make a run for it. A bet was a bet, and if he tried to dodge this one then he wouldn't be able to embarrass Jet with the next.

"Alright, we're home, turn me back to normal," Clyde demanded, not that he was in any position to negotiate. "Unless your whole plan is to have me ride your cock like a mechanical bull to jerk you off or something." He turned his head away to hide the blushing.

Jet snorted. "Not why I shrunk you, but I'll have to keep that in mind for a later date. No, I just wanted to test if horses made good condoms."

As Clyde looked up in confusion Jet unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, which was nearly at full mast already. From the tiny horse's point of view Jet's member looked massive, intimidating. Of course in reality there was nothing unusual about its length. Again Clyde was picked up, Jet's paw guiding him right up to the tip of the cock. There was no longer any doubt in Clyde's mind what his friend wanted.

"D-dude, it's too big, I'll barely be able to get my mouth around it!" Clyde whined. "And your loads are heavy, I'm not sure I can handle that much all at once!"

"Clyde I've got full confidence in your abilities—and your durability~" Jet grinned.

Clyde was too flustered to speak. With great uncertainty the horse opened his mouth wide, taking in the tip of Jet's cock. Little-by-little the small horse was pushed forwards, his mouth and then throat filling with dick. Once Clyde had been properly stretched Jet began to gently pump the horse up and down.

The sensation was new and exhilarating for both. Jet's cock was throbbing, the cheetah's breaths heavy as he pleased himself with his shrunken friend. Clyde's face was permanently red. He wasn't feeling any pain or soreness, just embarrassed euphoria.

Soon a trickle of pre started oozing from Jet's member. To Clyde it was more akin to chugging from a faucet. He gulped and gulped, his chubby belly swelling some as it filled with cum. His thoughts kept drifting towards what would happen when Jet actually went off, how big he'd become. He didn't know if he should be worried or excited.

Faster and faster Jet pumped, almost forgetting the friend "blowing" him. He could feel the inevitable approaching, and bit his lip as he tried to hold off for as long as possible. Opportunities like this didn't come very often, and he doubted Clyde would volunteer to be a condom in the future.

It was impossible for Jet to hold back forever. A gasp went out, and the floodgates were opened. Clyde's eyes bulged as a torrent of cum rushed down his throat and into his stomach. He felt like he'd placed his mouth over an active fire hydrant.

While the horse's belly had been swelling before it was not ballooning rapidly, bouncing from the cum flood. Jet's paws were firmly around the expanding horse to keep him in place, and he grinned as he felt Clyde blimping up. When Jet let himself remained pent up for too long the resulting loads tended to fill condoms like water balloons, and this time was no different.

Clyde was flailing, his immense belly growing heavier and heavier as it swelled. With his mouth tightly around Jet's pulsing cock he couldn't even groan in dismay. He swore he could feel his hide creaking, and became utterly convinced he was going to pop before Jet was through.

Gradually the gusher of cum slowed, until it'd returned to the barely oozing trickle of before. Jet's dick grew limp, and Clyde was finally pulled free. The horse moaned and let out a sloppy *uorrrp*, too full to talk coherently.

As Jet recovered from the discharge he lifted his "condom" up in both paws in admiration. Clyde was dazed, beached on his massive, wobbling belly. A little shake was all it took to jiggle the horse and make him burp, which brought Jet much amusement. The BJ had been one of the best he'd ever received, if only for the dramatic results it'd had on the one giving it to him.

"See, Clyde, you held it all in like a champ~" Jet said, giving the horse a gentle prod.

“Ummppppphhh—braaaaaap!” Clyde groaned.

“Glad to hear it was just as good for you as it was for me.” Jet sighed, then yawned. “I think I’m gonna shower up and head to bed, though. Sleep well you greedy little hoss.”

Jet placed the bloated horse down on the middle of the coffee table, where he was least likely to roll off and make a mess on the carpet. Clyde rocked back and forth, oblivious to Jet wandering off. It’d be quite a while before he returned to his normal size...