

Visiting Friends

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A commission for ShantyShack

A home-bound hyper horse invites his husky friend over for a movie night, but a pressing issue derails their plans. Fortunately, the canine improvises a solution, but their plans go down a different path as a result.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Male Horse, Male Husky, Male Blue Jay, Hyper Balls, Hyper Cock, Excessive Cum, Anal Sex, Cum Inflation, Immobility, Impregnation, Male Pregnancy, Hyper Pregnancy, Cum Addiction, and Dom/Sub elements.

Soft huffs of breath filled the living room while its occupant lounged on his couch, stroking his massive shaft and watching TV. The horse lounged on the plastic-covered seat and rolled his head back with an indulgent sigh. One of his hands rubbed the throbbing length, which barely fit in his grip, while the other teased its leaking head. His prodigious output lazily spurted free and collected in a specially-designed condom, which sagged to the floor with its sloshing cargo. The gifted equine's heavy balls spread his legs and pulsed with blissful regularity, unleashing gallons of his virility at a time. Troy shuddered with delight as he danced on the edge of orgasm, but he squeezed the base of his cock and delayed it yet again. His hold only relaxed when the rapturous tingle of impending climax faded, and his tongue lulled from his muzzle in hedonistic delight. The homebound horse didn't often hold back, but poor planning forced him to adjust. His was at the end of his stash of condoms, and the last thing he wanted to do was interrupt movie night to get more.

Troy briefly considered fetching more before his friend arrived, but a knock at his door ended that plan before it began. A thick slosh filled the room as he stood and sent waves through his condom, and to a lesser degree, his sac. He swung one foot out before him and then the other, pivoting on the balls of his feet as he crossed the house. It was a dance he'd practiced since puberty, and it showed as he managed the pendulous weights between his thighs. His cock reached out with every swing and threatened his furniture, but extensive experience sparred him of collateral damage. The stallion lifted his spire to his chest and clutched it out of the way as he opened the door, revealing a comparatively short husky. Sam stood on his small porch and greeted him with a smile and a blush. He'd known the equine and his steed for years, though he never quite got used to its sight. Or perhaps he hadn't become immune to the cloud of pheromones and lust rushing out to greet him. In any case, Sam remembered his manners and stepped inside, preventing any more of the hot summer afternoon from invading the house. He kicked off his shoes and left them on a stepstool by the door, and his nails clicked across smooth tile as he followed his friend to the living room.

The horse plopped down onto the couch and let his cock flop free, dropping the half-filled condom to the ground with a heavy thump. The husky's own loins pulsed in sympathy as he squeezed himself into the remaining space, and a noticeable bulge grew in his shorts as Troy opened his legs against him. Another shimmy from the horse pressed his balls against the canine's leg, squishing around and heated the monochrome limb. The husky's nostrils flared as the overpowering sexual presence saturated his senses, and watching his condom fill did little to distract him from it. The canine chided himself for the lapse of self-control and regained his composure, and a knowing grin spread across Troy's face. The massive equine simply patted his friend on the shoulder and told him he appreciated the attention. Sam relaxed and slouched into his claustrophobic portion of the couch, and their conversation drifted to the subject of their movie night. The canine scrolled through a list on his friend's TV and described each one, until they reached 'Splosion Man. Troy grinned and nodded at the cheesy action film, and the canine leaned into his side as he put it on.

They watched the rugged hero burst through windows and dive from explosions for all of ten minutes before the sexual atmosphere became unbearable. Troy's cheeks warmed

as he stroked his shaft with increasing energy, fueled by his friend's unwavering voyeurism. The stallion kept an eye the dog as he tried and failed to hide his own needs, subtly rolling his hips and grinding against his own clothing. The horse's bursts of cum came stronger and faster as they stopped watching the movie entirely, regulating the over-the-top film to background noise. The equine's condom swelled and sagged over the curve of his balls at an almost supernatural rate, stretching more than thin enough to reveal its swirling contents. It took Sam a moment to process just how large the bubble had become and precisely how much cum it contained, but it had quite the effect on him when he did. His eyes glossed over as his basest desires surfaced, and Troy watched them play across his eyes with rapt interest. The crotch of the canine's shorts stained dark with his lust, sticking its fabric to the profile of his cock. His tongue slid across his lips and lulled in a needy trance for just a moment, before the equine's rumbling laugh of approval brought him mostly back to reality.

The dog's eyes followed the lines of Troy's body to his shaft, drawn in by his hand's rapid motions. His breathing grew ragged and deep as he relentlessly pleased himself, pushing the limits of his stamina in a captivating display. The swollen condom jiggled and wobbled as it sagged and spread across the floor, filling the space between the couch and coffee table. Sam's cock throbbed when the cum bubble squished against legs and filled him with his warmth, and his gaze bounced it and the masturbating stallion until his self-control frayed. An eager zip announced the end of the husky's modesty, and his cock pulsed into the open air. His eyes glossed over with need when he followed his friend's example, though on a much smaller scale. The equine rolled his head back and squeezed his eyes shut when he reached the end of his endurance, and a whinny of triumph announced his orgasm to the neighbors. The first shot of cum bulged the condom out several inches before snapping back to his tip, as did the rest of the ensuing volley.

Sam watched with awe and envy as the stallion emptied his gigantic sac, launching thick spurts of seed for minutes on end. He could only imagine how it felt, though Troy's expression and posture gave him a decent idea. The equine's hips bucked and writhed as his balls pulled tight to his body, moving in time with each virile jet. A single shot alone dwarfed the canine's output, and combined they pushed the limits of the specially-engineered condom. Its skin stretched thin as it struggled to hold back the ocean of seed within, and though it stretched thin enough to see through, it resisted tearing. The growing ball of swirling seed rose above the edge of the table and spilled across its surface, and eventually shoved it away and strove for the edges of the room. It climbed into Sam's lap and buried his cock in a hot avalanche, pinning his length to his middle and setting off his climax. It's dominating growth finally slowed as the equine's sac deflated, shrinking to a slightly more manageable thigh-spreading size. It took him several times longer than Sam to catch his breath, which made since to the canine given the difference in their virility. He watched in stunned silence, until a breathy laugh drew him from his thoughts.

"Mmm, that never gets old." An aftershock of pleasure raced down Troy's spine as his afterglow set in. "I hope you don't mind, but it's always more fun with an audience."

The canine tried and failed to suppress his blush. "You do this often?"

"Most evenings, yeah," he breathed. "You'd be surprised how many people pay to see this kind of thing."

"I can see why."

"Really now~?"

Sam froze with the accidental admission, then stammered to take it back. The horse cut him off before he could, however.

"No judgment here man. But I would have done this sooner if you told me you were into it."

That did little for his embarrassment, but he was still relieved Troy didn't care. "Thanks, I think"

The equine nodded and began the arduous task of replacing his protection. A soft moan tumbled from his lips when he grabbed the condom's lip and delicately rolled it up the length of his shaft. It was a slow process, due in most part to his size, but he eventually reached his leaking tip. Troy's cock bounced free as he lifted it off, and he quickly tied it off like a lewd balloon. Its entire mass sloshed and wobbled when he dropped it to the floor, until it settled into a blob roughly twice the size of a beanbag chair. The stallion stood and rolled it to the edge of the room with his feet and stopped before a set of double doors. A questioning sound left Sam's muzzle as he pulled them open, revealing a ramp to a basement Sam had no idea existed. Troy sank his leg into the wobbling condom's side and pushed it over the threshold, then watched as it tumbled down. A second glance confirmed it hadn't broken on impact, then he shut the doors and returned to the couch. The canine started to ask where he'd sent the sloshing bubble, but an annoyed groan interrupted him.

"Damnit, that was my last condom," Troy realized.

"How long do you think you can go without?"

The equine shrugged but his cock answered. A thick rope of pre lunged from his tip and dropped to the floor, and a steady procession of pearls kept it intact and pooled between his ankles. "That depends on how deep a puddle you feel like dealing with."

"I can run down to the store and get you some more?"

"Thanks, but I can't get them just anywhere. The closest place that has them is over two hours away, and I'd rather not waste my evening like that." Troy dropped onto the couch with a huff, briefly breaking the strand of lust before it repaired itself.

"Got any buckets laying around?"

"Those'll only last about half an hour before I have to dump them, and I can't remember where they are. Plus, I don't like wasting my cum like that."

Sam's head tilted with that, but he pushed his curiosity aside and struggled to come up with a solution. The only one that came to mind filled him with mixed emotions, however. Aside from being impossible, he had no idea how much his friend would like it or what he'd think of him for suggesting it.

Troy noticed the dog's look of thought, and instinct told him something was on his mind. "Looks like you've figured something out," he knowingly grinned. "Care to share?"

The heat in Sam's muzzle blazed, but he stammered it out. "It's probably impossible, but I was thinking maybe I could fill in for condom duty?"

To Sam's surprise and relief, the stallion didn't shoot the idea down immediately. "I mean, you can if you really want to. My cum will loosen you up enough to make it possible, but it'll do other stuff to you too."

The canine's puzzled but interested expression said it all.

"It's nothing *too* bad, but you'll get addicted if you get too much of it, and I'm potent enough to get you pregnant. It doesn't matter that you're a guy either."

Despite the warning, the dog didn't back out. Troy kept a neutral expression to conceal his mounting anticipation, as it'd been a long term goal of his to get the canine in his lap, though his throbbing cock threatened to blow his cover. Fortunately, it didn't.

"I'll risk it," Sam decided.

The stallion gave him a lecherous grin, then lifted his cock upright and invited the husky to sit. Sam spent a moment figuring out the best way to mount the equine's beast and eventually decided on a straight forward approach. He mustered his nerve and dropped his shorts, then climbed onto the couch and over the stallion. The canine hovered over his friend's thighs while he lined himself up, and the horse held him steady when he started to drop. Troy's thick flare pushed between the canine's cheeks and met his tight pucker, but that's as far as he managed to get. Sam reached between his legs and held the stallion's spire steady and gently bounced against it, eager to proceed but unwilling to hurt himself or his friend. His efforts didn't earn him any ground, but they did coax out gushes of lubricating pre. The thick fluid tingled where it saturated his fur, and he gave the horse a curious look. The over-endowed equine simply shrugged and grabbed Sam's love handles, then pushed him down. The husky's breath caught in his throat with the sudden, painless penetration, and the horse stole the rest of it with an accelerated entry.

Jolts of pleasure shot up Sam's spine and echoed through his body, and by the time

they dissipated, he sat in his friend's lap. His hands drifted to the substantial bulge in his middle, which reached up to his chest. He rubbed its tip in disbelief, earning a soft, rumbling laugh from its owner. Troy joined him in exploring the pulsing ridge, essentially masturbating, coaxing out a stream of lust that collected under the husky's chin. The heated lust shorted the Sam's brain and struck him with almost narcotic bliss, while the stallion simply leaned back and restarted the movie. It served mostly as background noise, however, as the he found his substitute condom far more interesting than anything on the screen. He pinched and rubbed the growing mass of cum, earning little moans and groans from his friend with each touch. The husky's tail lashed with pleasure and slapped against the stallion's middle, and his enthusiasm stoked his lusts to greater heights. The movie continued in the background, totally forgotten, as the equine leaned forward, forcing Sam to set his hands on his knees. A faint gurgling filled the aural void between explosions as the stallion's cum drained into other parts of the dog's body, distributing the bump and greatly increasing his capacity. Troy gladly took advantage and launched into a proper breeding, bouncing the dog in his lap and racing to fill him.

A few minutes of the bestial rut exhausted Sam's stamina, but it hardly scratched the surface of Troy's endurance. The husky only passively tried to keep his balance while his friend gave him the best fuck of his life, relying mostly on the rigidity of his shaft to stay upright. The growing weight building in his belly made the task increasingly difficult, until the equine inadvertently offered assistance. He wrapped one arm around Sam's chest and rubbed his sagging middle with the other, relishing what his virility had done to the lust-drunk canine. The horse drew on more and more of his strength to keep their balance as Sam's stomach sank to the floor, which thankfully bore the rest of his growing weight. A sloshing bubble of white and black fur spread across the ground as the equine left his seat and climbed atop his improvised condom, where he let go of what little restraint he retained. The sounds of churning fluid filled the air as he pushed himself to the limits of his stamina, and a whinny of triumph leapt from his muzzle when he finally came. Sam's belly surged across the tile floor with the tide of cum, but his partially filled diminished the full impact. Still, each rhythmic pulse visibly added to his circumference, and he was many more times belly than dog by the time Troy finally stopped and passed out. In the wake of sympathetic climaxes, Sam fell into his dreams soon after.

The morning sun filtered into the living room as Sam woke from his post-climax nap. He stretched his arms out to work out the stiffness in his muscles, but unfortunately, he didn't get very far. His sloshing stomach resisted his movement, physically blocking his limbs with its fluid bulk. A fierce blush spread across his muzzle as he recalled how he reached such a state, which gave way to concern when he surveyed his bloated body. His stomach was much larger than it was when he fell asleep, stretching to the far wall with Troy's virility. He reasoned the stallion must have come in his sleep, and a lazy pulse somewhere in his depths confirmed his suspicions. The husky tried to wiggle free from the equine before he filled the entire house. Fantasies of doing just that drifted to the front of his thoughts, but he pushed them aside and attempted to struggle free. Sam vainly wiggled

for a few minutes, and when that yielded no results, he resorted to shouting. He only stopped when Troy finally stirred, who sleepily bucked his hips a few more times before fully waking up. The husky moaned when the equine pressed his hands into his rounded form, getting a feel for just how badly he'd ruined his figure.

"I really need to stop falling asleep in people," he chuckled. "How are you feeling?"

Each prod sent an electric bolt of pleasure through the dog, wiping his words from his thoughts and tongue. "Mostly alright, I think," he huffed. "How many times has this happened?"

"More often than it hasn't."

Sam found some small comfort in the fact the stallion would probably know how to handle the situation. "So what's next?"

"That depends."

The horse dismounted his bloated friend and slid down his side, sending ripples through his taught belly. Sam groaned into his crossed arms and utterly failed to hide his delight when the equine pressed his palms into his side. Troy poked and prodded the vast swell, and a grin spread across his muzzle when he felt faint fluttering under his fingers. The husky melted under his touch as he moved his hands around, scoping out the extent of his breeding prowess. The small herd reacted to his exploration, kicking hard enough to dent the canine's belly from within. An abundance of fluid muffled the impacts, though Sam felt them with almost perfect clarity regardless. They were clustered in at least ten distinct spots, inspiring a torrent of mixed emotions that paralyzed him as the horse pulled away.

"You're a natural," Troy whistled. "Nice numbers, big and strong already. I didn't expect to say this so soon, but you're going to make a great broodmare."

The statement further stunned him, but the deepening blush in his cheeks showed he least heard the stallion. Concern followed as it sank in, and Troy easily picked up on it.

"Relax, this isn't the first time this has happened, and you're going to be just fine. Better than fine, probably."

The husky wasn't sure if he felt better or worse.

"You can stay here while I get you sorted out. I've got some room for you in the basement."

Sam started to protest, but Troy buried his cock in his rear again and stole his breath. He shot the equine a heated glare, who responded with a shrug.

"It helps with leverage."

The husky opened his mouth to ask what that meant and the stallion interrupted him again. Troy grabbed his shoulders, then simultaneously thrust his hips forward and lifted upward. An unabashed moan leapt from the canine's muzzle as his weight shifted, sloshing his cum bubble of a belly across the floor. It's dense weight tugged at his hide and briefly instilled the fear of popping, but his elasticity held while the horse adjusted his grip. Sparks of pleasure lanced up his spine when the stallion took his first step, sliding his sensitive hide across the cool tile. He plowed a path through the living room's furniture as Troy made his way to the basement's entrance, where he paused to consider his approach. Sam's overfilled middle dwarfed the door frame, and while brute force was an option, it wouldn't be ideal for either of them. Fortunately, This was a problem the stallion had faced many times before. He released the canine's chest and squeezed the sides of his belly, compressing him just enough to squish through the opening. The husky let out a deep groan as the extra pressure nearly caused him to leak, but he managed to retain everything as they slide to the top of the ramp. Gravity took over from there, and Troy controlled the speed of their decent with his heels.

When Sam recovered from the extended belly rub, he looked around and took in his surroundings. A chute at the base of the ramp brimmed with his filled condoms, bringing the husky to wonder exactly how quickly he went through them. The lewd collection fell from his thoughts when they turned down a short hallway, which led to a large, circular chamber. What looked to be a large throne sat at its center, and a small mountain of pillows surrounded it and lined the floor. Fabric banners hung from the ceiling and trailed out to the walls, lending the space an exotic, intimate atmosphere. The canine's brow furrowed when he realized the room appeared to be a harem chamber, and his suspicions were confirmed when they properly entered. The faint smell of incense wrapped around Sam's muzzle, only just perceptible through the thick haze of sex, tickling and heightening his senses. His cock hardened and bounced against his belly as his mind clouded over, reducing him to a moaning mess by the time they reached the far end of the room. Troy lifted and dropped him onto a soft mattress before pulling his spire free, spiking the husky with a bolt of pleasure and shaking him from carnal trance. The space looked even more impressive from his new perspective, but it couldn't grab his attention like his new neighbor's familiar face.

It's owner drastically changed since the last time Sam had seen him, but the pattern in his feathers gave him away. "Scott, is that you?"

The blue jay stirred, and he lit up at the sight of the husky. "Hey Sam, good to see you!" He looked the husky up and down and a lecherous grin spread across his beak. "Looks like you decided to take Troy up on his offer too."

"Actually," the stallion interjected. "He offered. I ran out of condoms, and he wanted to fill in."

The shorter avian grinned broadly. "I didn't know you were into this kind of stuff~ Looks

like you're *really* into it too."

The husky looked down at his belly and got the insinuation. "I didn't mean for things to go this far," he admitted with a blush. "But I'm a little glad they did."

"That's good, because this is just the start." Troy turned to the bird. "Why don't you come over here so I can show him what he's gotten himself in to?"

"Of course, master."

The blue jay climbed from his cushioned nest and sauntered to the towering horse, inadvertently highlighting just how much his time with Troy changed him. He was every bit as short as the husky remembered, but at least twice as wide. A set of thick thighs and wide hips supported a body adapted to breeding, bearing the weight of his massively pregnant belly. The taught orb dominated his figure and somewhat hindered his movement, and its lower curve reached well below his belt line. His upper body was relatively unchanged save for the padding of a lavish lifestyle, granting him an exaggerated pear figure. Sam's gaze remained fixed on the avian's thighs as he got on his knees before his master, putting his beak exactly at cock level. He obediently opened his mouth and waited for the stallion to proceed, who teasingly rubbed the back of his pet's head before sliding across his tongue. The bird's cheeks quickly filled with equine virility, and his throat bulged grandly as his master pushed into his throat. He shut his eyes and groaned with drunken pleasure when the first bolts of the stallion's lust shot almost directly into his stomach, and his tail plumage fluttered as Troy languidly pumped his hips.

The wet sounds of oral sex filled the room as the horse established a steady rhythm, drawing the attention of the rest of his harem. Sam tore his eyes away from their display long enough to glance over them, but he didn't recognize any of them. He quickly turned back to the bird and horse, reasoning he'd have plenty of time to get familiar with them in coming weeks. The thought of being bed-bound with them sent an unexpected thrill of pleasure through his figure, but Troy snapped his fingers and called him back before he could dwell on it. The husky locked eyes with the stallion as he pumped his first rope of cum into Scott's middle, and he motioned for the husky to watch its effects. The avian's tight belly softened and sagged as gallons and gallons of cum poured in, flooding his system with addictive pleasure. Every muscle in the blue jay's body convulsed with bliss as the filling alone threw him into climax, and a small puddle of lust grew between his legs as his spilled seed spread across the floor. The stallion's excess spilled from the corners of the blue jay's mouth and washed it away however, and in the back of his mind, the bird lamented the spill. He audibly gulped in an attempt to keep up, but even with his clear experience, Troy was too much for him.

A thick coating of cum covered his front by the time the stallion relented, and he let out a pitiful groan when he finally withdrew. Scott leaned forward to hold on just a little longer, but Troy's flare soon popped free with a lewd sound. The avian's cheeks blazed while he panted and caught his breath, and Sam watched his belly heave and wobble with

obviously jealousy. The equine let out an amuse chuckle, drawing his gaze away from the blissed-out blue jay.

"No need to be jealous~ There's more than enough to go around if you agree to be my pet."

The offer teased at the husky's deeper fantasies and obviously appealed to him, but there was something on his mind he couldn't shake. Against the buzzing desire of his cum-drunk body, he resisted accepting right away. The husky started to ask how long Troy had been planning this, but distant ring derailed his train of thought.

The stallion picked up on it too, and a broad grin spread across his face. "Think about it, at least. In the meantime, I have another guest to entertain." He walked to the seat in the center of the room and reached into a trunk underneath it, then fished out a full box of condoms. The equine then pressed a button, dropping the filled one from the night before beside Sam. "That should tie you over until I get back, but in case it doesn't, Scott can show you how to get more."

A hundred questions ran through the husky's mind, but he didn't have time to ask any of them.

"Oh, and pets, feel free to give Sam your warmest welcome while I'm out."