

Full of Himself



A Short Story
for Adult Readers

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A Commission for Khendar

Gehart and Khen Belong to Khendar

*After a long career of cut-throat business, Gehart's karma catches up with him.
Khen takes matters into his own hands after his biggest client is poached, but can
he truly take down the ranching titan?*

Content Warning: This story is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Male, Buck, Bondage, Breeding Machine, Milking Machine, Inflation, Cumflation, Oral Play, Anal Play, Belly Growth, Turnabout, Near-Bursting, Masturbation

Dirty Deals

Tension filled the lowly-lit office, sourced from Gehart's client. The pig sat opposite of him, across the broad expanse of his executive desk, pouring over the contract set before him. The businessman's eyes darted across the endless text, sifting through a mountain of legal and technical jargon. A bead of sweat gathered on his brow, which he swiftly dabbed away with his tie. Gehart for his part simply leaned back in his chair and smiled a predatory smile. The buck drummed his fingers together while he waited, knowing his future client would soon cave to the presented deal. It was a generous proposal, far more so than the cut-throat buck was known for, and that fact sat at the root of the pig's hesitation. There had to be a catch, likely buried deep in small print, but those ruinous lines proved elusive.

A clock on the wall ticked out the passage of time, marking the ever-slowng instants while the pig scoured the document. Gehart's patience began to wear, spurring him to lean forward in his seat and place his elbows on his desk. The buck rested his chin in his palms, then gave a menacing chuckle.

"I'm afraid this is a limited time offer," Gehart rumbled. "We are approaching the

expiration point.”

A shot of adrenaline visibly surged through the pig, and he quickly rifled through the rest of the pages. He placed his faith in luck, hoping to catch the hook with a cursory scan, but failed to spot the buried barb, if there was even one at all. The porcine businessman hesitated with an audible swallow, then reached for his pen and signed the contract.

“Excellent, excellent,” Gehart grinned. “There are beautiful things in our future.”

“It does certainly look that way,” the pig murmured. “This deal is almost too good to be true.” He turned a worried look toward the buck. “Almost, of course.”

“Of course,” Gehart grinned. “Think of it as something as a sign on bonus for new clients. Switching is a stressful process, and everyone doesn’t always make the leap,” the buck shrugged.

The pig nodded, trying to avoid reading between the lines too much. “Agreed.” The porcine businessman rose from his seat, a motion that spilled his belly onto his thighs. “If you’ll excuse me, I need to go finalize this with the rest of my people. Just a formality at this point, but it still must be done.”

“I believe we’re done then,” Gehart nodded. “If any of your people need any, persuading, I’ll be happy to help with that as well.”

With that, the pig excused himself and departed, leaving Gehart alone in his lavish office.

The buck waited a few moments for his newest client to wander passed earshot, then rumbled with a victorious laugh. He leaned back in his seat and relished his victory, then reached into his desk and produced a small bottle of alcohol. The bottle alone was worth more than most common brands, and the fluid within praised as the highest quality. Gehart imagined the look on his defeated rival's face while he placed a modest glass on his desk, and a toothy grin spread across his muzzle while he prepared to pour himself a drink. As he tipped the bottle, however, a sharp ring stung his ears. His smile sharpened and he prepared himself for a victory speech, only for his chest to deflate when he noticed the caller's ID. His stable hands were on the other end of the line. The buck answered with an annoyed sigh, then rose from his chair and set off to address the problem.

A short walk took Gehart out of his office building, where the cool evening air greeted him. The oranges and reds of the sunset were a pleasant change from harsh florescent lights, and the breeze carried with it the approaching autumn. Most of his workers had already gone home, lending the ranch a peace that wasn't present during the day. Overall, it nearly made the bothersome call worth it. The buck strode with a posture fitting his office, back straight and chin up. His victory still lingered in his thoughts while he approached the stable wing of his business, a row of buildings partially open to the air and pastures beyond. Like his workers, the majority of his heard had turned in for the day, with the exception of his most

prized bulls. They ran on a much later schedule, and that fact eased the task of tracking down the source of the issue.

The faint sounds of jarring alarms and mechanical grinding confirmed what Gehart already knew, and he inwardly sighed as he stepped into the stable. One of his workers frantically scrambled at a wall of machinery, desperately pulling levers and throwing switches. In the pen below, a behemoth of a bull railed against his restraints, bucking and kicking with all his strength. The reinforced stall rang with his slams and bellows, adding to the confusing chaos. Gehart glared at the bull, then nudged his farmhand to the side and pulled a precise sequence of levers. The emergency stops kicked in, and the pumps spun down to a stop. The stallion at the controls offered a sheepish and apologetic shrug, which Gehart answered with a shrug of his own.

“It’s alright. This stall is always giving us problems. Once you’ve been here a little longer, you’ll be able to handle these like they’re nothing.”

Gehart then asked the stallion to fetch the cleaning supplies and hopped over the wall into the breeding stall. The bull was less than happy to see him, and his restraints pulled tight when he lunged at the buck. Gehart simply grinned and gave him a patronizing pat on the flank, then checked the breeding tools. The tube affixed to his cock remained firmly in place, its seal fully intact. The line leading from it retained its integrity as well, despite the scratches and dents set into its form. The buck followed it to the wall connection, where as he expected, the problem sat. An old gasket wrapped in tape sprung yet another leak, throwing

the system into chaos. Gehart muttered curses under his breath and tracked down a roll of tape, then swiftly bandaged the issue. It was a temporary fix, as were the several before it, but the buck promised himself to install a proper remedy eventually. He turned to climb out, but in that motion caught the bull glaring at him.

Gehart snickered to himself, sauntered to the bull's side, then leaned in next to his ear. "I'm going to remember this when your 'renewal' comes up, Mr Westing."

Gehart let loose a mocking laugh when the captive creature swung his head and horns, missing him by a narrow margin. He patted the animal's flank before climbing up and out, then ask the stable-hand to finish the clean up. The stallion obliged, and Gehart's spirit rose as he departed. He once more relished the evening air on his return to his office, until a buzz in his pocket tugged at his attention. A small pang of dread thumped his chest as he anticipated another problem, though he swallowed it down and answered. An automated voice claimed a call waited for him in his office. At his request, the bot held the call, and he continued on his way. A grin spread across his muzzle and deepened with each step, relishing the conversation that awaited him. The buck ran a few lines through his head, which he sharpened and honed, until he knew exactly what he would say to his rival. Gehart let those lines simmer in the back of his mind as he stepped into the offices.

Gehart sensed the rage radiating from his desk phone the instant he sat down. Its red hold light flashed exactly as it would with anyone else, though his rival's

fury leeches through regardless. The buck settled into his chair and made himself comfortable, ensuring his posture was exactly right, then reached across his desk and picked up the receiver. Silence answered, until the first syllable of Gehart's greeting passed his lips. Before he finished the word, a tide of profanity spewed from its speaker and filled his ears. The buck grinned a shit-eating grin and held the phone out, allowing his disgruntled rival to work that fermented bile from his system. Gehart simply reveled in his ability to get under his competitor's skin, and he committed the best tidbits to his memory for later use. Eventually his counterpart lost his steam, and an exhausted silence followed. Gehart waited another moment, then tried to speak again.

"Hello Khen," he greeted with audible smugness. "How are you doing this evening?"

"You know damn well how I'm doing," the other buck spat. "I just heard you poached my biggest client."

"Poached is a strong word. All I did was offer him a better deal, and he took it. It's hardly my fault if you can't retain your business."

Khen drew in a deep, audible breath, but let it out as a sign instead of a renewed string of curses. "Agree to disagree," he muttered.

"Fair enough." Gehart leaned back in his seat and kicked his heels up onto his desk. "I can't help but think you might have another reason for calling, however.

I don't think you rang just to congratulate me on my newest contract."

Khen bristled. "This will bite you in the ass someday. Sooner rather than later if you keep it up."

"I have no idea what you're alluding to~ But I can assure you that I'm poised to stay in this industry for a very, very long time," Gehart boasted. "In fact, maybe this bitter end of yours can also be a new beginning."

"You're out of your mind if you think I'll work for you."

"I wouldn't be so quick to dismiss this opportunity." Gehart brought his feet down to the floor and leaned forward. "You're a responsible businessman, so I'm sure you'll be able to run at a loss for at least a couple months, but do you really think you can hold out long enough to get out of the red?"

He paused to let that question sink in.

"Think about it. There are no more major contracts up. You're not going to steal them from me, so your only chance is to hope a player joins the game."

"You're a bastard, you know that?"

Gehart raised his hands to an empty office. "Look, all I'm saying is you don't have many options, and my offer to come work here still stands," he smirked.

For a moment, a long, drawn out sigh was his only answer. That breath came and went, and a lengthy, contemplative silence followed. Gehart began to wonder if the call had been dropped until Khen finally spoke up. “Alright, I’ll bite. I want to talk about details before I sign to anything though.”

“Of course, of course. What kind of businessman would I be if I didn’t negotiate?”

“Fuck you,” Khen retorted. “I’ll be there in about a half hour.”

“I eagerly await your arrival.”

Karma Calls

Gehart's head pounded with a pressure that dragged him from a dreamless sleep. A subdued groan resonated in his chest as his consciousnesses gradually returned, making him increasingly aware of the throbbing in his skull. He debated the worth of opening his eyes in the face of such a hangover, and after a few moments of inaction, carefully opened himself to the outside world. The dim lights of his surroundings seared his nerves and spurred him back into darkness, but he soon gathered the will to try again. What he saw did not inspire confidence. Gehart did not see his office, nor his bedroom. Instead, a dusty concrete slab filled his vision. He struggled against the weight of his antlers and took a better look, and a string of sluggish realizations slithered through his mind. The last thing he remembered was raising a drink to his lips, and with that memory came realization. Urgency snapped him to attention, and dread welled in his chest.

He was in a breeding stall.

Gehart reached out to the floor and found his arms bound, then tried to unfold his legs and met the same problem. A chill ran down his spine when the cool night air cut through his exposed hide, making him acutely aware of his nudity. A pang

of panic rose in his chest, and after a moment, he forced it back down with a swallow. While certainly unfavorable, his position was not salvageable if he came up with a plan. He knew he stood no chance of escaping with brute strength alone, a fact that forced him to search other avenues. Gehart closed his eyes and sharpened his ears. The stalls were as quiet as they'd ever been. The stable-hand who stayed late had long since departed, leaving the buck totally alone.

His captor, fortunately, seemed absent as well. Gehart took that moment of solitude to test his binds. A quick tug confirmed the lack of slack or weakness in the leather bands, and the faint rattle of chains announced he had been properly secured. Gehart considered the connections in the stable's rafters, until a sharp prod at his backside derailed his train of thought. He reflexively clenched tight against the cold steel tube, though a generous coating of lube gave it a smooth entry regardless. For better or worse, the sleeve that was fitted to his cock afterwards was a marginally pleasurable experience.

While Gehart recovered from his surprise probing, his ears perked and followed the sounds of footsteps at his side. He couldn't turn his head far enough to see, but he sensed his assailant walk to the end of the stall. The shadowy figure scrambled up the wall of the stall without a hint of grace, followed by an only slightly coordinated landing on the elevated walkway. Their possibly identities dwindled by the second, until finally, the figure flicked the stable's lights on. Gehart squinted at the flood of light, and the tension in his chest dropped when he saw them.

Gehart let out a deep sigh. “Khen, what the hell do you think you’re doing?”

The slender buck brushed a spot of dust from his suit, then straightened his posture and addressed his rival. “You’ve crossed me for the last time, Gehart,” he began. “I never wanted for much, just a modest living as a rancher. Similar to yourself perhaps, but unlike you, I was happy with what I had.”

The bound buck could do nothing but dangle and listen.

“You couldn’t let me or anyone else have anything,” he sneered. “Because everything had to be about you. You have to be the one everyone goes to. You have to be the best in the business, even if it means destroying everyone else. And you’re so goddamn full of yourself that you thought you were untouchable.”

“So what, you just expect me to turn away all your previous clients and break *my* contracts that *they* agreed to?”

Khen cackled. “Oh! We are well passed that!. We both know that anything you do to get out of this would simply be undone later. I don’t trust you an inch!”

“You expect me to retire?”

The smaller buck grabbed the rail between them and leaned over as far as he could. “No, Mr Gehart. I expect you to die.”

Khen paused, allowing that to sink in. “I know what’s become of our ‘missing’ rivals, you know. First I had thought to give you a taste of your own medicine, but I’d much rather end this nightmare tonight.”

“You’re not going to get away with this.”

“Not yet, but there’s nothing you can do to stop me,” Khen cackled. “But don’t fret too much about that. We’re going to have a little lesson before then. I need you to understand just how full of yourself you’ve been.”

Before Gehart could question what on the goddess’s green earth that means, his unhinged rival spun on his heel and left him to solitude. The quiet of the stalls lasted only a few seconds before a heavy lever thumped against its housing, signaling the pumps and tubes to begin their work. The first tug on his member kindled his arousal and forced him to full length, and the second coaxed out a spurt of lust from his depths. The breeding tool lodged in his backside thrummed with the vibrations of the machinery, an unintentional attack on his carnal stamina. Gehart sensed his endurance chip away with every squeeze and suck of the tool around his length, rendering him acutely aware of what precious little time he had to escape. He knew from watching others succumb to similar fates that his odds of finding freedom dwindled fast after the first release, a fact that spurred him to retest his binds.

The clatter of chains announced his struggles to the empty room, and their persistence confirmed their strength. Gehart searched for an alternative as his

hips began to roll of their own accord, driving the tip of the breeding tool against his prostate. A shudder ran the length of his spine with that burst of bliss, and his breath caught in his throat when another followed instantly. Urgency swelled with his blooming lust, though despite his frantic searching, he found no obvious escape. Gehart's train of thought derailed when his first climax crashed down upon him, scrambling his higher thought with an orgasmic wave. The stall's pumps whirred and clamped down on his member, ensuring it collected every drop. A few seconds later, a rush of heat filled his backside, and his own virility, along with a cocktail of enhancements, flooded into his depths. The buck's belly sagged and sloshed with fluid weight by the time he took it all, and the plethora of pleasures brought by such a state sent him tumbling into his next release.

A clashing combination of emotions swirled through the buck while his stomach bloated out more and more, though blissful indifference gradually won out. The thought of enjoying his final moments rather than railing against them crossed his mind, but before fully committing, a familiar sound caught his ears. As the fertility enhancements filling his inner workings took root, he brushed the capacity of the pumps. That grating grinding of gears that so often plagued him was music to ears in that moment, and as a haze of lust circled his thoughts, Gehart formed a plan. Instead of resisting the inflicted carnal urges, he would embrace them. If he could overpower the machine with his virility, the emergency shut off would give him a moment of opportunity. The bound buck took in a wavering breath, then leaned into the pleasures assailing his form. He clenched around the probe in his backside and drove it into his prostate, unleashing a climax powerful enough to blur his vision.

Immediately, the recently-repaired pumps hummed and strained to keep up with Gehart's supply. Every throb of his cock sent at resonating wave of bliss through his form, accompanied by the metallic gnashing of outdated parts. What the machinery processed flowed into his inner passages seconds later, flooding his already bloated belly with a fresh tide of his lust. The buck focused on that feedback loop of bliss and coaxed it to run out of control, bringing him to a fourth release that compounded with the third. Amid the many sensations swirling around and through him, Gehart faintly felt the warmth of his seed pool at the tip of his length. Hope fluttered in his chest between his gasps and pants, spurring him to double down on his indulgence. His harness creaked and swayed while he rolled his hips against the probe in his ass, stretching and massaging his inner walls. Every reflexive ripple of his heated passages compressed his prostate under that hard steel length, forcing free another shot of lust.

The pumps violently protested his efforts, whining and grinding loud enough to echo through the empty stables. Gehart felt the pull of mindless pleasure tug at the edges of his thoughts, spurring him to bite down on the tip of his tongue. The burst of pain brought him back from the brink of no return, and in that instant of somewhat clear thought, he registered a heavy pop from the machines. Swift clicking followed, and seconds later a heated rush awash through his inner depths. The buck's belly sagged toward the floor and sloshed with every pump of his hips, adding to the chorus of blissful and destructive noise. When the rush did not abate, he realized he had bested the flow limiter, but nothing else. Pleasure blinded with pain as his middle inflated with unregulated speed, stretching the

hair of his hide thin and gradually revealing the skin beneath. Stretch marks formed and raced across his growing globe as swiftly as lightning, each one sparking a bolt of confused rapture. Gehart retained himself through the maelstrom of sensations however, humping and cumming without regard for consequences.

Though it all, Gehart focused on his breathing in the hopes of remaining grounded in himself. The exercise seemed to work, until a faint twinge from deep within his body defeated his focus. Ominous gurgles and groans thundered out while the fluid weight within him shifted, migrating up and encroaching on his torso. A cum-laden breath revealed that the reserve of his lust reached his stomach, which bloated and swelled to accommodate his impressive stamina. Gehart's narrowing window of opportunity spurred him to act, though the breech to his belly deprived him of leverage. Every internal clench filed his middle faster instead of back-pressuring the pumps, leaving him with dreadfully few options. The strain against his inner walls staved off the threat of mindless overload, for better or worse, at the cost of forcing him to face his reality. He quickly glanced around the stall and tested his restraints once more, and with his helplessness reaffirmed, he fully recommitted to his plan with an added realization.

To fully overpower the pump, he would need to brace against his own limit.

With that harrowing thought in mind, Gehart let go and relaxed as much as circumstance allowed. The buck's stomach surged forth when he released the tension in his abs, granting his bowels room to expand. The sounds of rushing

fluid and turbulent flows filled the stall while his stomach sagged closer and closer to the ground, noises clearly heard in the absence of the pump's grinding. The subtle creaking and groaning of stretching hide joined in the lewd chorus, soon joined by Gehart's huffing and panting breath. He squeezed his eyes shut in a mixture of perverted pleasure and distressing discomfort, and the balance of those competing sensations tipped toward the latter when his lower reaches approached their limit. A deep, groaning gurgle thundered through the stall, and the upper curve of his middle bloated out in a tight curve when the flood of seed reached his stomach. The buck grit his teeth and drew on every ounce of his willpower to fight back the rising column of cum in the back of his throat, forcing it back down with swallow after swallow. Still, he clung to the hope of escaping.

The strained pulses of his swallows came closer and closer together as the pressure in his belly mounted, until he reached the instant to strike. On the cusp of his inner dexterity and outer durability, Gehart gathered his concentration and clenched with every muscle in his body. Bolts of pain lanced up his nerves and seared his mind with the sharp shock of pressure, and it only intensified while he held the tension. Instantly, the gears of the pump ground together and spouted their distress, locking up as an alarm sounded. Time slowed for the buck while he held himself at his absolute limit, and he divided his attention between the straining of his hide and the acute tones of the alert. His confidence began to waver with each sound off, until finally, he heard the sweet chaos of burst piping. A harsh tear snapped the air when his temporary fix broke loose, freeing a flood of cum to spread across the floor. The buck's harness released as safety measures activated, dropping him to the cold concrete. An exhausted grunt tumbled from

his muzzle when he landed on his bloated belly, then turned to the side.

Gehart only allowed himself a moment to recover. He had no idea when Khen would return, and he had much work to do in the meantime. Once he found the coordination to move, the buck arched his back and reached for his rear. He hissed with the pressure such a posture placed on his stomach, but the effort proved worth it. Relief swept through his system once he pulled the mechanical cock from his ass, allowing his sloshing seed to spill free. A shudder ran the length of his spine with the sensation of deflation, sapping the strength from his limbs. Seconds turned to minutes while he waited for the residual pressure to release, until it diminished to the point he could stand. Gehart rose on quivering hands and knees, then drew his feet under him and rose to his full height. His paunch bounced with fluid weight and sloshed with that motion leaving the buck to wonder how much of his virility would stick to his frame. He shook his head and cast that thought aside, then carefully climbed out of his stall.

If nothing else, the ordeal motivated him to do what he should have done months ago. The buck walked the length of his stable to its far end, where another out-of-order stall sat. He picked up a small toolkit along the way, then hopped its fence and opened up its pump system. It only took a few moments to extract the required part, and while he brought it back to his favorite stall, he thanked his lucky stars he had been so lazy about it. The repair came equally fast, a quick exchange and a new seal. The most difficult part proved to be removing the layers of tape used to “fix” it in the past. With his groundwork laid, Gehart considered the rest of his evening. A grin spread across his muzzle while he

imagined the many paths it could take, the endless methods through which he could have his revenge, though a craving for irony guided him to a single path. In a small act of mercy, he picked the breeding instruments from the floor and swapped them with a clean set.

After hooking them up to the pumps and resetting its harness, he cut the stable lights and disappeared into the shadows. The only sign of his presence would be a sharp blow to the back of Khen's head.

Misdial

A light, though pained groan sounded through the empty stables. Another followed while Gehart's rival teetered on the edge of consciousness, urgently trying to wake but unable to rouse himself. That primal fear that preserved Khen's ancestors bit at the back of his mind, screaming of the danger looming about. Despite that internal urgency, he struggled to open his eyes. When he finally did, a harsh light stabbed at his eyes and outlined an imposing shadow. His mouth moved, but no words came out until a surge of adrenaline broke him free from grogginess. A gasp signaled his realization, but also granted Gehart a perfect opportunity. He plugged the smaller buck's profanity with a cold metal tube, and once Khen realized what it was, his four-letter words only battered it harder. Gehart stepped into a more forgiving light, then addressed his rival.

"You can relax, that's not the one that was in my ass," the bloated buck began.

"Consider that thanks for giving me the kick in the ass I needed to finally fix this stall."

The muffled curses stopped, and Khen's eyes widened.

“That’s right, you picked the only stall I had any chance of escaping. Funny how that works out.” Gehart produced the broken connector from his pocket and bounced it in his palm, driving the point further. “I’ve known you long enough to know that was a mistake, rather than a kindness however. As such, you will receive no more kindness from me.”

Somewhat recovered from the shock of turnabout, Khen glared daggers into Gehart while he circled around, breeding tool in hand. The bounces and sashes of the larger buck’s belly undercut his efforts of intimidation, but enough made it through.

“Maybe you’ll learn something from this, if you make it through in one piece,” Gehart continued. “Frankly, I hope you do. You’re an excellent business buck, and it pains me to end our relationship this way.”

Another string of stifled curses crashed against the probe in Khen’s muzzle, drawing enough frustration to spur a kick of his legs. In that moment, Gehart spotted his chance and thrust the slicked tool between the slender buck’s cheeks. His muscles locked and his breath caught in his throat, allowing the rancher to slide the nozzle in to its hilt.

“Under different circumstances, I think we could have got along quite well,” Gehart mused. “But now’s not the time to consider the what-ifs. The fact is you tried to burst me, and now its your turn to be full of me.”

Khen's muffled words took a pleading tone as Gehart approached the pump console. They increased in frequency and urgency while the bloated buck set the parameters of the machine, culminating when he reached for a breeding tool of his own. Gehart only shrugged at the captive buck before fitting the tube over his bare cock, though a wince of soreness undercut his gesture. Despite that, he preserved the substance of the motion when he kicked the machine into gear. A sharp snap echoed through the stables when gears clashed into motion, followed by a wet slurp when Gehart's tube sealed around his cock. He couldn't stop his hips from rolling against the device, nor could he stop a moan from tumbling from his muzzle, but Khen was in no such position to mock those breaks of character.

Instantly, Gehart's sac drew tight against his hips, and a stream of pre flowed into the pump's core. It was a modest shot compared to his previous performance, though both knew it was only a warm-up. Traces of his seed clouded and flavored the viscous fluid, a detail Khen more tasted than saw when it spurted across his tongue. The chains above him shook and clattered when he recoiled against the lustful burst, though no amount of thrashing or shaking bettered his situation. The smaller buck's cheeks filled with a growing pool of his rival's arousal, but he clung to his pride. Khen refused to swallow and give Gehart an ounce of satisfaction. The still-bloated buck was patient however, even though the moment didn't require it. His rival's resolve only lasted a few seconds, until an idle reflex cleared his mouth. That fateful swallow and the groan that followed only just rose above the thrum of the pump, though both heard it clear as day.

That submissive sound stoked the fires of Gehart's arousal, and his desire to dominate overcame his carnal exhaustion. A devious grin spread across his muzzle, and he gripped his milking tool in both hands. He locked eyes with Khen while he slid it back, bringing it just shy of his tip, then slammed it against the root of his shaft. Gehart's nostrils flared with a blissful exhalation, and a sense of dread welled in Khen's chest. Lewd and slick noises filled the stall while the larger buck lost himself in self-serving pleasure, recklessly racing toward climax. His bare muscles tensed and his fluid belly bounced with each potent slam, gaining speed and momentum until he abruptly stopped. Gehart threw his head back and buried the milker against his hips, and a low groan resonated in his chest while he filled the pump once again. His inner muscles smoldered with soreness, but it was worth the expression on Khen's face.

Like his quadrupedal ancestors in headlights, the smaller buck's eyes widened with the sight of that swelling hose. He watched the bulges of Gehart's virility vanish into the wall, where the pump strained against its viscosity. Not a second later, the hoses leading to him similarly swelled, and he braced for impact as the first raced toward his nose. The leading burst was enough to fill his muzzle to the brim, and the one that followed forced it down his throat. The shots that found their way into his rear were a trickle compared to what passed his lips, leading to a lopsided filling while the pump worked. The upper section of his trim middle sloshed and sagged with Gehart's potent seed, easily eclipsing the slight growth below it. After a few swallows that struggled to keep up with the larger buck's output, Khen simply relaxed his throat and let the seed flow freely into his core.

While Khen's mind raced to find a way to escape, his body betrayed him and found pleasure in the moment. The fresh experience of being bound and filled from both ends struck a chord in the buck's submissive body, one that expressed itself on his throbbing length. A clatter of chains announced the smaller buck's discovery, brought out by the attempted crossing of his thighs. Despite his best efforts, nothing came close to concealing his aroused shame. Moreover, the more he tried, the stronger notice Gehart took. The edges of his lips curled in a knowing grin and he approached his rival's side. Khen shook his head in denial as Gehart knelt down, then ran a teasing finger down that tapered length. It jumped and spurted with his lightest touch, earning a chuckle from the sloshing boss.

"I'm starting to think you were made for this," Gehart teased. "Maybe I should adjust my offer. I'm starting to think you'd be better breeding stock than a worker. Especially since I can't trust you not to try this again," he mused.

Khen appeared more preoccupied with his predicament than Gehart's mocking, though the larger buck continued anyway.

"Regardless, you're not getting out of this. Either you prove yourself capable and earn a place in my stables, or you don't."

With that, Gehart threw his cares to the wind and fucked his milker without abandon. He dropped all pretense of prolonging Khen's bondage, a change that restored the urgency to his motions. A quick rattle of his harness revealed no new weakness, and like Gehart before him, he realized his only chance was to overload

the pump. Escape would be next to impossible even if he succeeded, but slim odds were better than none. The flow of Gehart's seed sputtered and slowed as he tested the limits of what it would take to back up the line, but his tongue alone could not hope to build enough back-pressure. Khen concocted the same plan as his rival, though he faced a much steeper challenge. Regardless, he relaxed his inner muscles and hoped he wasn't wrong.

The pumps audibly eased with him, and a knowing grin spread across Gehart's muzzle. He inwardly praised his rival's ingenuity, even if it would end in failure, and seized the moment to tease and mock the buck. He spoke of how quickly Khen gave in and openly gloated in his victory, only lamenting the mess that would need to be cleaned up. All the while Khen's belly grew and swelled, dominating his figure as it sagged toward the concrete floor. Gehart watched his fur stretch thin and reveal the web-work of stretch marks beneath, a testament to Khen's resilience. More of those angry lightning bolts formed by the second, and an ominous creaking joined the gurgles and groans of his turbulent insides. Both knew the bound buck neared his limit when he started swallowing again, beginning a build up of pressure that would be his salvation or his ruin.

Gehart watched with baited breath while streamers of cum leaked from the edges of Khen's mouth. The bound buck screwed his eyes shut and gathered what remaining strength he had, then focused on his inner passages and clenched. Pain seared Khen's nerves when he mustered only a flutter, spiking his internal pressure without any benefit. His eyes watered as he regrouped and tried again, finding slightly more success. The pump spun up to compensate for that backward

pulse, though it hardly sounded overworked. What gave Khen hope was instead the nozzle in his rear. It slid just a fraction of an inch free with his efforts, and with that avenue of salvation discovered. The bound buck threw his all into it.

Gehart laughed to himself when he realized Khen's change of plan, but did nothing to stop it. The larger buck simply fucked his milker, keeping the figurative and literal pressure on his rival. He idly wondered what would give first while Khen's belly crept closer and closer to the floor, until the bound buck's belly button grazed the chilly concrete. A shiver of sensation raced up Khen's spine, and with it a loss of control. He clenched far harder than he intended or thought possible, spurring a muffled shout to rattle his chest. A metallic clatter answered the gagged outburst, and a wave of relief shortly followed. An ivory waterfall spilled from beneath Khen's tail, and every muscle in his body shuddered in mixed pleasure and pain. His throbbing cock indicated the blend shifted toward the former however, a detail not lost on Gehart.

Once the bound buck recovered enough to pay attention, Gehart sauntered toward his face, dropped the milker to the floor, and plopped his spire squarely on Khen's muzzle. "I'm glad to admit I underestimated you. Congratulations," he grinned. "I think you've earned a more comfortable office than down here in the stables. A spot beneath my desk is more in line with your talents."

While he registered Gehart's words, Khen could not gather a response.

"No worries, I can see in your eyes that you've agreed," he offered. "I'll get my

boys on it, and we should have you in your very own harness by the end of tomorrow.”

If you've read this far, thank you <3

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