

Vengeance and a Bet

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Shay twitched his thumbstick from side to side as he tempted his fate on a long combo in a skateboarding game. His character—a striped hyena with only a passing resemblance to him—swayed to match his inputs. On the verge of losing control, he jumped off the rail he'd been grinding and landed, finishing the trick and boosting his score considerably. He still trailed behind his friend and opponent, Jet.

The black, white-spotted cheetah on the couch beside him effortlessly chained combos. "Hey, you're finally making this interesting. Want to make a bet?"

"What, winner eats loser?" Shay cackled. He was joking, mostly. The chubby hyena wasn't *that* hungry, and not eager to replace his wardrobe. Even a twink like Jet would make him go up a size. But the thought of feeling the cheetah squirming in his belly tempted him. And stirred his cock a little.

"Fuck no. You'd wreck my abs, dude," Jet scoffed.

"The abs no one can see unless you shave your fur off?" Shay screwed up a promising combo, but immediately dove into another.

"I'm sorry they're a bit more subtle than your gut." Jet took a paw off the controller to slap Shay's middle. The distraction cost both of them valuable time.

"Bro, come on, I'm not even the fattest person you know."

"Just give it time."

"Fuck you. So if you're afraid of screwing up your precious diet by getting churned into yeen pudge, then what do you have in mind?" Shay tried to focus on the game, not his lingering thoughts about eating felines, friend or otherwise.

"Loser gives the winner a blowjob?"

Shay remembered Jay being good with his mouth. "Deal!"

"Awesome. Don't worry, I won't be too big to handle," Jet purred, only to mess up a combo.

"I once swallowed a college mascot while they were in full suit. I think I can handle your dick, twink." Shay let out a smug shout as he closed the score gap.

Jet had been too busy teasing to notice their scores. He risked it all with a long and complicated combo, only to blow it when his thumb slipped over a button. Shay surpassed him with only a few seconds on the clock, securing victory.

“Now you win?” Jet groaned and dropped his controller by his side. “Best two out of three?”

“No way, skater boy.”

“Fine,” Jet replied with feigned reluctance.

Before Shay could unzip his pants, the front door swung open. A cream-colored horse stumbled in and took two tries to close the door behind him. His shirt didn’t quite cover his plump middle and he wore a solid black collar around his neck. There was a faint sway to his movements as he made his way into the living room, standing between the couch and the TV.

“Did you have fun, Clyde?” Shay asked the horse.

The horse whinnied. “That party was so fucking good, guys. You should’ve come!” He pulled a small remote out of a pocket and tossed it onto the couch.

“Eh, it wasn’t really my sort of thing,” Jet shrugged.

“You just don’t like to be on the receiving end.” Shay punched Jet in the shoulder, before turning back to Clyde. A mischievous grin grew on his face. “Say, are you a bit shorter now, Clyde? I swear you look shorter. He looks shorter, right?”

Jet raised a brow. Once he caught on to what Shay was doing, he nodded. “Yep, by a couple inches at least.”

Clyde rolled his eyes. “Nice try, but that ain’t gonna work on me. I never used the alter collar, idiots.” He flicked the collar with a finger.

Alter collars were fancy devices that could adjust the wearer’s size. Most models could reduce a person to little more than a speck, though the instruction manuals warned against shrinking smaller than an inch. Naturally, the warnings tended to be ignored.

“What’s the point of going to a shrinking party if you’re not even gonna shrink?” Shay asked.

“The point is to be one of the few who *doesn’t* shrink, so that you can have fun with everyone who does.” Clyde grinned.

“We get it, you like to shove people into your naval,” Jet said.

Clyde’s face twisted and he blushed. “I do not!”

“Zak’s sent us pictures of you doing it at other shrinking parties, bro. I forgot to delete the photos once and my phone made a damn moments montage of them.” Jet snickered. “Where is he, anyway? I thought you went together?”

Clyde’s smile returned, wider than ever. “Oh, he’s around.” He smacked his belly.

Jet frowned, but Shay snorted. “Did you seriously eat Zak?” Shay asked.

“Yep!” Clyde answered with pride. “We hadn’t even been there twenty minutes when he got shrunk. I guess mice are meant to be tiny. I kept him trapped in my drink glass for a while—he whined until he got plastered on the whiskey and just squeaked and burped a lot. Then someone dared me to drink him so I did.”

“Wow, some friend you are,” Jet grumbled.

“Oh whatever, shit happens,” Clyde insisted. “He’s been getting kind of chubby lately, so he tasted good at least. He put up a fight in my stomach, but I was hungry so he didn’t last long.”

“Who am I gonna carpool to work with now?” Jet crossed his arms.

“You can always catch a ride with what’s left of Zak on the Clyde Express.” The horse slapped his belly again. “It’s a one-way trip, though.”

Jet shook his head. “You’ll have to find another way to get fat, dude.

As the horse and the cheetah continued to snip at each other, Shay’s gaze drifted to the remote to Clyde’s collar. He scooped the small thing up in his paw. He’d never personally used one of the collars before, but he had an understanding of how it worked. One setting for desired height, another for speed. A third would return the user to their normal height in seconds. On a whim, he spun the height setting with a thumb, then activated the collar.

Clyde immediately began to shrink. The changes started slowly. If Shay hadn’t known Clyde was shrinking, he wouldn’t have noticed. Clyde certainly didn’t.

“Zak knew the risks of going to a shrinking party,” the horse rambled on, making his case before the disgruntled Jet. “People get eaten at them all the time. Remember that Halloween party we skipped out on last year, the

one where literally everyone got eaten by the same dude? And getting eaten is better than getting locked away in a mouse cage forever. We both know that's what would've happened to Zak if I hadn't eaten him first."

"Would you rather be eaten or dropped in a tiny stable?" Jet countered.

"That's different."

"How?"

"Horses aren't a popular shrinking target, so it's a pointless question," Clyde said, oblivious to the fact he'd lost a foot in height.

Jet was ready to argue more before he realized something was off about the horse. He smirked. "Are you sure about that, short stack?"

Clyde snorted, but he looked around the room in confusion. Shay and Jet began to giggle. "What the fuck, I'm shrinking!" he yelled. He frantically patted down his pockets, searching for the remote.

"Looking for this?" Shay held the remote in his paw and waved it at Clyde. "I think I sat on it. My bad."

"Real funny. Turn that damn thing off!" Clyde demanded.

"I'll try. I don't really know how to work these things, though." Shay increased the speed a few notches.

Clyde shuddered. He was disoriented by how fast he was shrinking. His brain couldn't shake the sensation of falling, which caused him to sway.

"Dude, turn it off! It's the biggest button on the remote!"

"They all look the same size to me," Shay said, turning the remote over in his paw. "Maybe you should just come over and turn it off yourself."

Clyde took a step forward and staggered. He was losing inches by the second, and the couch appeared further and further away. His stride shrunk with every step, so that he seemed to be walking in slow motion.

Shay and Jet's gazes slowly lowered as they watched their friend steadily shrink. The horse became smaller and smaller, resembling first a doll and then an action figure. His height settled at around four or five inches.

Clyde stared straight up. The couch towered above him. Beyond it was the pair of looming giants that were his friends. He'd never been so small.

"Need help, little guy?" Shay's voice boomed.

The tiny horse cowered before Shay's massive paw. It wrapped around

him tight, pinning his arms to his sides. He wiggled on instinct, but his pitiful struggles had no hope of loosening the hyena's grip.

Shay lifted Clyde off the floor. He was like a toy. Something was pleasing about being able to carry a person with ease. "What's with all the squirming? Don't you trust me, buddy?"

"J-Just put me down and unshrink me!" Clyde demanded with a squeak.

Shay ignored him. He opened his fist and pushed up Clyde's shirt with his thumb. He pressed down gently on the horse's soft middle and rubbed it. Clyde fidgeted in his grip, blushing hard. "Damn, Clyde, you're just a stress ball at this size."

"Let go, dick!" When wiggling proved useless, Clyde bit down on Shay's finger.

Shay winced and gritted his teeth. "Behave!" he growled. He shook the horse twice, leaving him dazed with his eyes spinning. The rattling wasn't enough for Shay. He'd suddenly realized the best use for Clyde. "I'll show you a dick, bro."

Shay popped open the button to his pants, causing his belly to jiggle. He pulled the zipper down and fished his cock out from beneath his boxers. He was already a bit stiff, and musing about what he planned to do got him fully erect in seconds.

"Hey Jet, do you think he'll fit?" Shay cackled as he held Clyde beside his dick.

"Seriously?" the cheetah asked.

"Seriously."

Jet's eyes fell upon the terrified horse. "No way."

"Wanna bet?"

"Nope."

"Oh come on, you're no fun."

"I'd rather be boring than pudge or splodge or whatever else you're craving tonight." Jet pretended to adjust his seat, and inched a bit further away from Shay on the couch.

"I guess proving you wrong again will be reward enough. I've got a new slide for you to try, Clyde." Shay positioned his captive above his cock.

"Wait, stop it! Stop!" Clyde pleaded. His intensified struggles got him

nowhere.

Shay gently pressed Clyde's feet against the tip of his dick and pushed. Clyde's feet slid in, accompanied by a wave of euphoria. "Shit, forgot how good that feels," Shay muttered.

He'd fed people to his cock twice before. Both times, his prey had been leaner than Clyde, and he guessed he'd shrunk them down a couple of inches shorter. But he felt like testing his luck. He wouldn't admit it, but he was annoyed that Clyde had eaten Zak. Not because Zak had been his friend, but because he'd hoped to eat the mouse one day. Clyde would make a decent consolation prize.

A nudge dipped Clyde into the cock up to his knees. He felt the warm embrace of the shaft squeeze around his legs. Pre trickled out from the tip of the dick. The potential humiliation of being churned into cum was almost worse than the finality of it all. At least he'd had the decency to swallow Zak like a normal person.

"Jet, please help me. I don't want to be cum!"

"I doubt Zak wanted to be belly fat." Jet shrugged.

"This is way worse!" Clyde tried to brace himself against the rim of Shay's penis with his hooves, but he couldn't get a proper grip. Soon, he was in up to his belly. He'd always been conflicted about being somewhat doughy. Now he hoped his weight would keep him safe.

"See, too fat for your dick hole," Jet chuckled.

"Give it time," Shay urged. "The only way Clyde's coming out is as a load."

Shay wiggled and pushed the small horse. At last, Clyde lurched in deeper, and his gut began to vanish from sight. Shay moaned at the incredible sensation. He had to keep the pace slow so he wouldn't go off early. Once he got past the curve of Clyde's belly, the horse plunged in.

Clyde spread his arms and halted his descent. He was armpit deep in Shay's cock. His arms shook as he tried to hold on. "Dude, I'll do anything, just let me go!"

"No way, this feels too fucking good." Shay placed his paw on Clyde's head and pushed. The horse's pleas were muffled, then garbled. He slid down the shaft, his twitching hooves slurped up last.

Shay's balls swelled as the horse emptied into them. The hyena leaned

back and moaned. Cum leaked from his cock, but he managed to resist going off.

“Worth it. Totally fucking worth it,” Shay gasped. He felt Clyde slipping around in his sac. He slid a paw underneath it and massaged the swollen mass, snickering as he tripped up his prisoner. “This load’s gonna be huge, dude.”

“And messy.” Jet slid over and tapped Shay’s balls, making the hyena squirm in delight.

“Let me out!” Clyde whined. He thrashed about in the balls, but his efforts only jiggled them and aroused Shay.

“As if,” Shay moaned. “I want this to fucking last bro.”

Jet poked Shay’s balls and felt Clyde weakly push back. The light touch made Shay huff. “I don’t know, you look ready to blow already. Clyde might actually be able to set you off before he melts.” He snickered as an idea came to him. “I still owe you that blowjob, right?”

Shay closed his eyes, trying not to dwell too much on how arousing it was having Clyde in his balls. “Maybe later,” he muttered.

“Maybe now,” Jet countered. The cheetah slid off the couch and crouched before Shay. He wrapped his mouth around the hyena’s cock.

“Dude!” Shay scowled. Then his jaw dropped open as Jet started moving up and down his shaft. “Dude,” he moaned. Clyde’s squirms and Jet’s tongue sent him into a blissful daze. He forgot all about keeping Clyde for himself. He wanted the sensation to go on for hours.

But Jet had other plans. He put his all into pleasuring his friend, and was rewarded when he felt the hyena stiffen and grunt. Shay’s cock began pumping. Two ribbons of cum flew out. Then the member swelled as it ejected Clyde.

Clyde’s joy at being released was instantly shattered as he landed on the back of Jet’s tongue. Slick with cum, he failed to gain a grip, and found himself plummeting down his friend’s throat.

Jet’s flat middle puffed up faintly as the tiny horse fell into his stomach. He grinned around Shay’s dick and pulled away, victorious.

Shay leaned back against the couch, panting. The euphoria of the blowjob lingered. So did the slight ache in his cock from spurting out Clyde intact. He looked to Jet, eyes half-lidded. “Fuck you for being so good at

that," he muttered.

"I've never been happier to lose." Jet stretched, letting his shirt slide up a little. He rubbed his middle. "Enjoying the change in scenery, Clyde? More spacious than being in yeen balls, at least."

While Jet reveled in teasing Clyde, Shay caught sight of the alter collar remote again. He picked it up and looked between it and Jet. "Seems like a waste to reduce someone as filling as Clyde to a snack."

"Way better than the calorie bomb he'd be normally. I doubt he'll even put a dent on my abs."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that." Shay raised the remote.

Jet's eyes darted to the remote and widened. "Don't you fucking dare, bro."

Shay clicked the button to return Clyde to normal. "Oops."

Jet's middle blimped out like an airbag. His shirt ripped up the sides and the button burst off his pants. He toppled onto his suddenly massive gut, gasping for air. His middle was terribly sore from rapidly expanding. He clenched his eyes shut, nauseous. Every squirm and kick from Clyde made him whine. He'd never swallowed a full-sized person before, only micros. How did anyone handle being so engorged?

The beached cheetah's arms wobbled as he tried to sit up. Exhausted, he collapsed.

Shay cackled as he watched his friend struggle with being full. "What, regretting glutting on a horse? I've eaten people twice as wide as him and not whimpered like you, dude."

"Shrink him," Jet groaned. "Shrink him before I pop."

"You'll be fine you big wimp," Shay smirked. "Though you're gonna get so fucking fat once he's digested. Might even be fatter than me. Guess I'll have to get used to being the skinny one again."

"I don't want to be fat," Jay whined. All he could think about was the gut he'd be stuck with thanks to Clyde. Why did the horse have to be so fat? "Damn you, Clyde," he grumbled, struggling to remain conscious. There'd be a lot more trips to the gym in his future.