

He'd seen it done in a video, and that was as much as he needed to know that it was safe.

That, and all the instructions one could find, conspicuously available for just about anyone who bothered to look. The malamute had assumed that it'd be at least slightly difficult to track down the "how to" guides on saline infusion, but all it took was a five minute search into some specialty websites and forums for him to have a working knowledge on how to run through the process. Sure, it wasn't *expertise*, but it was better than nothing; plus, the hard part would be getting the saline at all, not pumping it in.

Convincing the horse to go along with the idea, however, was a different matter altogether, as Emerald seemed unable to accept the fact that this sort of thing was both perfectly safe, perfectly reversible, and didn't need that much experience if one had the proper experience. Cosmo insisted that they should at least try it *once*; if it didn't work out, they could drain the saline away and pretend like it never happened, then move on with their lives.

With some expert argumentation, and plenty of rubbing along dicks, Emerald did, eventually, concede; they still insisted that the experiment should be of "small scale", that they didn't want to go any further than absolutely necessary to check if it worked, and that they should retain the right to stop it at any given point, all conditions that the malamute agreed to without a moment's thought. The important part was getting the equine to go along with the idea; they could handle the specifics afterwards.

Once the saline bags arrived, though, it was hard not to think about them; really, with them stacked so conspicuously on top of the living room table, it became impossible not to at least glance at them whenever one was remotely close. Emerald certainly tried, though Cosmo could tell that the amount of times the horse had "forgotten" something in the living room had gone drastically up ever since the package arrived; not to mention how often Emerald would just flat-out stare at the saline bags, having to be snapped out of it before hurrying along elsewhere.

The date couldn't come sooner. Cosmo made sure to schedule an entire day off so the two of them could enjoy themselves; it wasn't *just* for Emerald that they were going through all that trouble, they both wanted to see what it would be like if the saline-infused horse put their junk to good use. Plenty of trepidation and shaking of knees; plenty of last-minute "What if's" and "But maybe's", none of which really mattered in the end. They had both agreed on it taking place, so it would; end of discussion.

Setting everything up and preparing for the big moment took the better part of an hour, mostly as Cosmo had written everything down on a piece of paper and went through all the steps multiple times. Ensuring they had everything they needed before the needles were even screwed to the IV line was *vital*; any moment spent wasting time was a moment spent guaranteeing a

potential infection vector. Only after Cosmo was absolutely certain he had everything he needed, from a properly warmed set of bags to a few bottles of warm water and even some snacks on the side to feed a very obedient Emerald, did he start the actual process of inserting the saline line.

Emerald, for his part, kept himself as still as he possibly could (barring some minor wincing), though he did have to look away multiple times to avoid reflexively flinching away. Even then, the minor pinpricks were enough to make him spasm, with him begging the malamute to be careful not to “pop something”, prompting Cosmo to bite down on his tongue to keep from laughing. Not that it wasn’t a distinct possibility; the choice of words was just too much.

Beyond that point, it was taking care of the horse while they filled: keeping their sack and cock moisturised throughout the infusion process, making sure the plastic ring around their base was properly tied up so no internal spilled could occur, not to mention holding a water bottle full of warm water underneath Emerald’s nuts as they slowly swelled; it was important to keep the saline and flesh as warm as possible without veering into the uncomfortable, maximising gains without sacrificing any quality of life... even if just temporarily.

With two saline bags running in tandem, it didn’t take more than half an hour for them to be emptied out. Emerald *did* ask why they weren’t using more than just the two; Cosmo had to point out that it was safest that way, and didn’t they want it to be the bare minimum anyway? Surely the horse hadn’t radically changed their mind about what to do that day, did they? Besides, the bags themselves had *plenty* to fill them with: a good three thousand ccs of saline each, they were guaranteed to make the already well-endowed equine even *bigger* than before.

That much was the best part: Emerald wasn’t the smallest of horses, nor were they in any way shy when it came to flaunting it: they had enough size to them that even the saline bags Cosmo bought wouldn’t be *that* much of a change, all things considered; the main goal there was to help spread the infusion up to the man’s shaft, hopefully to the point where a certain *special* change took place. It was something both of them had discussed before, and in fact the main reason why they were even doing the infusion at all; hence why both pairs of eyes were firmly stuck on Emerald’s dick, even as their nuts were the ones receiving most of it.

In between the slow but certain filling and the constant ministrations on the malamute’s part, the young couple did eventually start seeing some inklings of what they *truly* wanted. It began as some simple swelling, spreading up from the two saline-stuffed nuts hanging off the side of the couch (a vital aspect, or so Cosmo read), before progressing into the horse’s cock visibly bloating as a great deal of the infusion spread evenly throughout his package. Both Cosmo and Emerald awaited the moment where the swelling became something else entirely: when so much saline was inside of him that the horse developed a sheath all of his own.

They'd both seen the pictures. The images of those whose bodies had been brought to the brink to such a degree that it looked as if their cocks grew around themselves, creating a fleshy, saline-pumped sheath. For some reason, *both* the horse and malamute found this to be the absolute, uncontested best part about it all; in fact, it was the sole reason that Emerald even accepted being made the guinea pig, reluctantly agreeing that he did, actually, want to see how it felt like to have that happen to him.

Which, eventually, it did. With both of them staring at the same spot for minutes at a time, they could see as Emerald's cock surged out, slowly but surely, until its plumpness reached some form of critical tipping point, beyond which it just... buried itself. It was difficult to describe it: it just slowly bloated over itself, until it was left inside of a cocoon of... again, itself. It was the sort of ludicrous excess that both Cosmo and Emerald had been looking for... and the sort they needed to take advantage of *immediately*.

They weren't in any danger of the swelling going down, at least not for the next several hours; assuming the infusion process was performed correctly, they should have the rest of the day with the horse at that size and state, if not even a good chunk of the one after. But neither Cosmo nor Emerald were in any fit state to wait around, doing nothing as an opportunity as stellar as that one presented itself; they'd gone the full mile, gone above and beyond what they *should* have, and now they wanted to reap the benefits.

It was only fair.

The malamute threw himself at the ground, no longer at all caring about whether or not he was keeping up with the instruction manual. If the point was to keep both saline and flesh warm, then surely Emerald could do so in a far more *direct* fashion; surely, the two of them were more than a good enough substitute for a warm cloth or a bottle of water. Or, more specifically, surely the insides of Cosmos's tailhole would serve as a perfect analogue to these more rudimentary solutions.

Expecting the swollen sheath to function as a pseudo-knot, of sorts, was perhaps a stupid idea. Most definitely a stupid idea. A dangerous one too, given how much the plastic ring around Emerald's base was strained already; the moment that thing snapped, there was a good chance some of that saline would spill directly into the rest of him. Still, neither of them cared that much; if they did, that sentiment was locked away where it could do no harm, prevented from interfering in what was going to be the single best series of events in the couple's life together.

The living room table didn't last too long; in between Cosmo practically throwing himself onto it and the horse being right behind them, the wooden surface broke into pieces and all of them were scattered to the proverbial wind, leaving nothing but wooden chips, sawdust, and the

occasional splinter. Not that the two cared about it; if they came to a couple of hours later and found themselves covered in tiny wooden needles, it'd be a good-enough trade-off for what was about to happen.

From there, it was down to muscle memory and instinct. Emerald wasn't used to feeling that heavy, but it wasn't *that* far off from his usual self that he suddenly became helpless; he was definitely more sluggish, slower to react, even gone so far as to have to look down to check he was where he expected to be: with a cock and set of balls that large, it was important not to (literally) overstretch himself.

Which was hard, given that Cosmo was deliberately egging him on with words that they rarely used outside the bedroom, words that the equine refused to hear for fear of what they would do to him. Words that encouraged him to go forward and do whatever was necessary to ensure that day would forever be burned into their memories... and words that, no matter how much he tried, Emerald couldn't ignore.

He found his fingers sinking into Cosmo's ass just a moment later. He didn't even mean to; he just needed *something* to help anchor him for what was about to happen next, something to keep him stuck to the ground where he could pound *into* said ass without something terrible happening. He found his sheath, or at least his cock-turned-sheath, pushing towards the malamute's tailhole; he wanted to go in, *knew* he should, *needed* to do it, and yet...

He was too big. He couldn't fit. He *shouldn't* fit, not when he was in such a precarious situation. Why, he could barely begin to get that massive, bulging *thing* through the tight opening; how was he expected to do anything with it? Was he supposed to just... push in?

Yes. Yes he was.

Because wasn't that what they were supposed to do? What he had there wasn't a sheath: it was a saline-stuffed *knot*. An exotic form of one, created by *their* hand, for *their* enjoyment, one that no one else could use. So what was he waiting for? Cosmo clearly wanted him inside of them; any second spent outside was a second wasted not knowing what it was like to take a cock so far it became its own knot and shove it inside a willing lover... so Emerald did exactly that.

It was hard to tell what broke first, his mind or his spirit. He hadn't given much thought to how a climax would be like under those conditions; at no point did he *ask* Cosmo about that particular piece of information, nor spent much time wondering about it. He'd just... cum, just like he always did, surely. He wasn't prepared for the sensations that came from stuffing that much saline-puffed flesh inside the malamute; he *definitely* wasn't prepared for how he was reduced to mewling just seconds after.

And he positively, absolutely wasn't prepared for the fact that he locked himself inside Cosmo the moment he hilted entirely.

He did try and pull back, for all the good that did him; while he put all of his might into dragging himself out of the canine, all he managed to do was rebound back *against* him with additional force, further breaking his ability to keep going. He was *stuck*, popped into place and unable to move from it, all of it without even having a knot at all!

So why not make the best of it?

The neighbours were the first to hear Cosmo's begging for more, followed shortly by Emerald's overtaxed brain. From there, it was just a question of the horse getting into a rhythm; never having had a knot to begin with, suddenly being foisted with one made it difficult to know what he was even supposed to do: he couldn't pull back completely, nor did he have the range of motion he *normally* did when the two of them were together.

What he *did* have was *weight*: both from himself, and from the several thousand ccs' worth of saline inside of a package that was already enormous by default. What he *did* have was momentum, carried through and pushed onto the malamute, who by that point was more or less just whining as their voice cracked beyond repair. Maybe he was asking for more, for harder; it was hard to tell, when most of what came out of that man's mouth was just nonsense noise.

Emerald, though, didn't really care. By then, he couldn't; with the saline inside of him only getting hotter and hotter still, settling into place and plugging him into Cosmo further, what could he do except... keep going? At some point in the next few hours, the swelling would go down enough that they could decouple and go their separate ways, presumably at least. At some point in the next few hours, the knot-sheath would vanish and Emerald would be able to take a step back to let Cosmo go. But, until that point came, he was very much still stuck there, and very much lacking any other option but to keep going.

There was nothing left to do but plunge deeper, harder, and stronger. Nothing left but to make sure Cosmo "regretted" every choice that brought him there that day, hopefully to drag them into doing it again. Maybe, next time, they could go bigger yet.

After all, Emerald still fit.