

# EGGUPPANCE

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Sometimes Kent wondered if he enjoyed his job too much. The stallion watched with a self satisfied, almost manic smile on his face as he watched the heavily pregnant female figure squirm on the floor, moaning in orgasmic bliss. Kent just couldn't help himself though, the guy had been such a self satisfied prick: it felt good to watch him get his just desserts.

“Fu.... fu.... fuuuuck!” The figure on the floor cried out, fists clenched while riding the delicate line between pain and pleasure.

His name was James Corbin, or at least he had been in a past life. Before Kent had picked him up for unauthorized modifications and illicit potion use and dragged him off to The Farm. Such official sounding charges made the horse sound like some sort of cop, but in reality he worked as a Lewd Brews enforcer. A mercenary basically, part of the private army that protected the company's interests and sometimes preformed a little vigilantism on Brittany's, the company's owner, behalf.

Beyond the importance of protecting her intellectual property black market potion brewers often cut corners that made their products much more dangerous than Lewd Brews' products. Besides, Brittany was well aware of the moral quandaries posed by some of her products: *Heat Stimulate*, for instance, was a elixir sold by Lewd Brews designed to drastically increase both arousal and pleasure similar to one's natural heat cycle. It was a great product between two loving and consenting adults, however if some asshole took it on himself to slip a few drops into his date's drink while she was looking the other way... well that became a whole new issue. That was why Brittany had formed the Lewd Brews Intelligent Services or LBIS unit, which watched for any magical malfeasance and dragged any perpetrators back to Lewd Brews to be dealt with by some ironic punishment.

Kent, for instance, had been 'volentold' for his position with LBIS after he'd been became the first person to circumnavigate Brittany's complex and highly effective security system. Thieves trying to break into Lewd Brews was a surprisingly common problem. From run of the mill breaking and entering looking for anything of value to steal to high end corporate espionage from government actors and private companies alike. Big Pharma, various tech companoies... wherever you went that had people with heads of their asses they pretty much wanted a piece of Brittany and her company.

Like many before him Kent had been sent to try and infiltrate Lewd Brews, he'd been much more successful than most. Although Kent still considered the whole thing to be rather embarrassing. He'd walked away empty handed and had still be caught by the LBIS three days later. None the less he'd impressed Brittany and Bill, (the he'd of the LBIS) and considered his talents to valuable to waste on The Farm. So the stallion was offered a job he couldn't refuse.

Still, although their relationship had started off rocky, it had been a fruitful one in the end. Kent wasn't making quite as much money as he had been before, but he wasn't working nearly as hard either. Plus he got healthcare, retirement, and the ability to put down roots for the first time in his life. Plus the might of Lewd Brews had been helpful in dealing with some issues from his past life of crime. Plus... he really did enjoy his new job.

"Oh god!" James cried on the floor, his back arching as he came yet again against his fingers, furiously rubbing his new clit.

*She must be getting close!* Kent thought, torn between excitement and disappointment. He loved watching him squirm and thrash during labor, but this was nothing compared to what was going to happen next.

Sure enough, as Kent continued to observe, he could see the shiny slightly off white tentacle egg slowly crowning inside James' pussy. Stretching his lips and causing her stimulation to grow ever higher. She called out, louder than ever. "FUCK! Plu... plu... please make it stop!" As the egg slowly started inch from her vagina before another orgasm rocked her entire body. She rolled over, pressing her body to the floor and cradling her stomach instinctively but there wasn't much she could do but ride it out.

If Kent was very concerned about James' condition he hardly showed it. Instead he leaned against a nearby wall and fished a pack of smokes from his pocket.

"Bill isn't gonna like you smoking in here." A nearby woman in a white coat protested.

"Well," Kent said with a smile as he lit up the cigarette. "Let Bill stop me then! In the meantime just be grateful I'm not beating off right now. Or maybe that's a show you'd enjoy?" Strictly speaking Bill, his bovine boss and (like most bulls) dumber than a box of rocks in Kent's opinion. But the horse knew their wasn't much Bill could do to stop the horse from doing just about whatever he wanted. As long as the horse brought back everyone they asked him too and knew as much about their operation he did there wasn't anything he couldn't get away with.

The woman walked away in a huff while the horse let out a big smoke cloud from his lungs, feeling soothed by the warm smoke in his lungs and the calming effects of the nicotine in his system. Kent only allowed himself a smoke after a job well done, it was great practice in self control and the cigarettes where always better that way. He made sure to savor every last drag on the tobacco while he watched the human in the breed pit pant and yell through their labor.

There where many jobs on The Farm for those caught on the wrong side of Brittany's wrath. Usually a couple of days of physical labor and people where sent on their way. But for repeat or particularly serious offenders there where much more labor intense tasks. James, for instance, had been selected for tentacle breeding. He'd been tossed into a tentacle pit for for a few hours and had been retrieved looking very different than he'd gone in. Sporting a very impressive rack and a new uterus full of tentacle eggs. It may seem like a cruel and excessive punishment, but Kent thought it was totally justified. After all forced impregnation was what

James had wanted to do to women! And besides, there were some people out there that asked to become tentacle breeders for a weekend.

James had been caught messing with the formula for Lewd Brews Fertility Treatment. It was a potion from Brittany's medical line, because not all of Lewd Brews products were meant specifically for kink. LBFT was for couples that were experiencing fertility issues, but still wanted to conceive naturally. It was an especially powerful draft as well, Brittany joked that a man could knock up a pocket pussy with the stuff if he wasn't careful! But the husky had been mindful about the potential dangers of selling such a product. After all she didn't want people using Lewd Brews' potions to turn people into unwilling mommies and daddies: especially if they thought they were having responsible, safe sex. Therefore Brittany had implemented a safety measure of sorts: for the potion to be effected both the male and the female had to drink the potion. James, thinking himself a clever boy and wanting to make himself into something of a modern day Genghis Khan had reverse engineered the potion and removed that safety with the intent of knocking up all his one night stands: birth control or not. Brittany had to admit it was a pretty impressive bit of work, but luckily James hadn't been smart enough to keep his mouth shut.

His roommate, who was familiar with Lewd Brews products and especially disgusted when after overhearing she was one of the women that James intended to impregnate with the potion had contacted the police. They had been bamboozled by the case, having never heard of potions or magical birth control before and weren't even entirely sure a crime had been committed. Luckily the LBIS had picked up the police report and Kent had taken the next flight to Miami to go and pick up the college student before he could cause any damage. Truth be told though Kent sort of wished that James had been a little harder to track down. He'd enjoyed the warm Miami weather, many of his fellow Furs complained about the heat and humidity down south, but he found it a lot more enjoyable than the poor ass rainy and cloudy summers they got in these parts.

"Fucking... *Christ!*" James called out from his cell, panting with exertion before another long, moan slowly winding up as she neared orgasm before yet another egg dropped out of her. He was on his hands and knees now, the small collection of wet eggs between his legs continuing to grow.

Kent always wondered why it seemed every poor soul he dragged to this place seemed to enjoy themselves in the end. Perhaps it was part of the genius in Brittany's ironic punishments, or maybe it just unveiled something in the human psyche. Kent was certainly not one to say either way, but it sure helped with his job satisfaction.

Suddenly a door swung open and Kent hastily put out his cigarette. "I know you think I'm stupid, Kent. But I can smell cigarette smoke."

"Sorry boss." Kent said feigning sheepishness. "Bad habits die hard you know."



“Uh, huh.” Bill said, rolling eyes. “Kendra told me what you said. I let you slide with a lot of crap around here because you ARE good at what you do. But this isn’t no movie and you aren’t Dirty Harry so shape the fuck up before I put you in one of these cages.”

“Sure.” Kent said with a snort once it became clear he wasn’t going to be able to sweet talk his way out of this one. “Whatever you say big guy.”

Kent wasn’t sure why Bill didn’t like him so much... besides the blatant disrespect for his authority, dirty habits, or the way he treated his coworkers in general. Kent had decided however the real reason Bill didn’t like him was the horse stood at least a foot taller than him. In his experience Furs like Bill where used to being the largest and strongest guys in the room. It really fucked with their egos when you where the larger one... sand smarter to boot!

Bill sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose and handed Kent a file. “For some reason it’s been a couple of busy months for magical miscreants. So I actually have a couple of cases for you.

“Fuck.” Kent said with a groan. It was pretty easy to go out and handle one case, but things got exponentially harder whenever he got handed multiple cases at a time. “Guess I’m taking the van.”

“Well, however you do it, don’t dawdle.” Bill said, eyeing Kent aggressively. “And watch your ass mister because I’ll be keeping an especially sharp eye on you for now on.”

“Yes sir!” Kent said in a sarcastically chipper voice as Bill left the room, flipping him off as he left.

“Well shit James, looks like our time is gonna be cut short. Good luck with the whole tentacle breeding thing though!”

Lighting another cig on his way out the door Kent headed on his way to the next suspect.

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THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE!