

“Howdy Azzy! How’s my boy doing today?” Asgore asked. He was currently bench pressing gargantuan weights in his garage, simply looking at Asriel as he came in. Due to their previous mishap, Asriel decided not to join his father in his workouts, understanding that he is very... Potent... In his scent. Though after weeks of being trapped with his hungry goat dad, he decided that it’d be best to keep pranks to be the simple kind. He wanted to avoid them after his previous misadventure, but there was only so much to do in a gardener's home. Asriel found his next devious plot unraveling before him today. As Asgore laid on his back, his arms and mind distracted by the massive weights and his legs split open to brace himself. Asriel wanted to get this supposed punishment over with by any means. He was even willing to try and humor his father’s hunger in order to earn his favor, but that only landed him in his balls again. Yet now Asriel had a grand new idea. Maybe he could simply satisfy the old goat and in the afterglow, he could ask about leaving and going back to Toriel, where hopefully he’ll never enter Asgore’s balls again. So here he was, walking in between his dad’s legs as Asgore continued to bench his weights, not minding Asriel’s approach as he began lowering his hands to Asgore’s warm midsection.

Asriel decided to work his way to the hand job, not wanting to make his intentions obvious. Asriel decided to simply rub along Asgore’s chubby gut, feeling the dense muscle underneath layers of thick fat. Asriel ran his hand along the sweaty fur and saw Asgore stutter slightly as he continued to lift his weights. Asgore smiled at the feeling, though he had no idea just how drastic Asriel was willing to get to avoid further ‘punishment’. As his hands lowered from the warm gut and went onto the bulging warmth of his dad. He could see Asgore shutter, continuing to lift his weight though a great deal slower than before, his breath shuttering under Asriel’s touch.

“Oh it’s been a while since someone *else* touched me there...” Asgore sighed, continuing his reps slowly. “Once I make these last few reps, you’ll get my attention.” He decided to compromise, continuing to work past his efforts. Asriel wasn’t happy with that, knowing that Asgore would want a snack after exercising so much. Asriel decided to instead slide his paw through a pant leg of his dad’s shorts and felt around, soon cupping the massive balls of his father. Even without a son of his to keep them filled, they still were impressively plump. This definitely got a reaction out of the old goat, the gushing cum folding around Asriel’s fingers through the thick layering of fat goat fur and dad sweat. Asgore set his barbell over head and leaded upwards, but Asriel continued anyway. He felt upwards and stroked his fingers along his dad’s already hard cock. This elicited a loud moan

from Asgore, clearly not used to this kind of affection from his son. Asriel used his free paw to feel the heft that hung over his cock and push into it, getting more of a giggle from his father.

“W-wow you uhh... You really want to get on my good side, huh?” Asgore laughed, his arms resting behind him as he leaned into the feeling, lightly raising his hips into Asriel as well. Had he caught on already?! Asriel needed a cover and fast!

“What’s wrong with some bonding time? I’m used to the inside of your cock, why not get a feel for the outside as well?” Asriel laughed it off, unsure exactly of what to say. This seemed to work as Asgore let his body relax. He hadn’t cum yet, maybe this was the opportunity to ask him about moving back in with Toriel?

“Hey dad?” Asriel started nervously, though the lack of a reply sent him to continue anyway. “Do you think I’ve had enough of this supposed ‘punishment’ of yours and mom has calmed down by now?” Asriel posed the question but had no intention of allowing him to answer, using his other paw to slip in through the spandex around his waist and fondle the tip of his cock alongside his other paw working at his length. Asgore gave shuttered breaths, making Asriel unsure on whether or not he even heard him. Asgore was clearly close, lowering his own paws on top of Asriel’s head and shoving his muzzle into the cushiony nook under the base of his cock and slack of his balls. Although slightly more uncomfortable than before, Asriel continued. He could feel Asgore enthusiastically work his paws around alongside Asriel’s. It seemed like he was fishing for a certain position in his pants before Asriel found out exactly why. His fingers dipped into the head of his father’s cock. He was tempted to pull out, but he still needed his father’s favor. Plus, he was still wearing his favorite boxers, he wouldn’t cock down Asriel at this size, would he?

The answer would soon reveal itself as Asgore continued to pull his kin into his cock, the flesh becoming more elastic as Asriel’s arms were taken in. It was at this point that Asriel decided that he was about to become a cock snack once again to his father. Asgore seemed unbothered by his fate, enforcing it further by peeling the spandex past his cock and allowing his massive hog to bask in the garage lighting, his loose paw now working Asriel’s head into his cock. Asriel tried to reach around with his other arm but he only ended up clutching at the golden fur of his dad’s treasure trail and stroked upwards to the fat of his belly. The gut of his father was still thick and girthy. Asgore was quick to pull Asriel’s arm into his cock as well, making the rest of his descent become more like a rhythm. Asriel could feel his clothes becoming matted to his body in the sludge of his father’s jizz. Asriel

was helpless as the goat dad lifted his body slowly to ensure his descent to his ball sac went smoothly. Asriel was helpless until his upper waist dipped into the outstretched testicles. Being upside down in a melting pot sauna wasn't anything he wanted to revel in, but to his surprise, he was completely trapped.

“Just let me finish my workout and I'll give you the attention you deserve, Azzy.~” Asgore explained, leaning back once more and repositioning so that Asriel's lower waist was now along his belly and Asriel's head was dipping at an angle in the hot goat sludge surrounding him. It was much too tight and unpleasant for him to object to it. Much to his dismay, he was stuck in this damp stasis until his bulky father decided to take him back into his balls completely. Suffice to say that Asriel's plane was a failure. While he wanted to spend the rest of his day on his way back to Toriel's house and permanently away from Asgore's ball sack, he was somehow neither. The cock still twitched around him and his balls still gushed semen. The parts of him still inside his father's sack were hardly able to move. His legs were simply set on top of his father's pecs, feeling them flex and tense as he benched the heavy weight once more, acting as if Asriel wasn't even there.

An hour passed and Asriel was just now being taken into his father's cock completely. Asgore finished his lifting a while ago and instead of continuing his work then, he rested on his phone for another 20 minutes. Every now and then, he would start pinching Asriel from the outside and eventually sat up, waking Asriel up from his nap and shoving his legs in slowly. Asriel shook awake before the balls grew tighter. He at first thought the spell had malfunctioned, but with a loud \*RIP\* the balls became a lot more slack and Asriel was completely scarfed into his balls. The realization that the boxers previously keeping everything together had just torn apart. Asgore sounded less than pleased.

“Oh no! I forgot about them! Asriel, why didn't you remind me of them! You're gonna have to spend a lot of time there for me to repair them!” Asgore feigned irritation, squishing Asriel between his balls with his thighs. Asriel gave a bubbly sigh as the cum rose up to his chin. Asgore seemed hard all the same, but didn't seem all too thrilled in jerking off just yet. Was.. Was he planning on edging himself with Asriel inside? With how stuffy the balls were already, he'd likely churn him in the process!

The next 2 days were Asriel's worst of his 'punishment'. He was still fed all the same, though all his food and water reawakened the balls and the sperm production after Asgore

had to feed everything to his cock. As well as that, Asgore decided to strut him around from the inside. He went shopping, continued his workouts, sweated in his garden, and talked with neighbors, and went about his day, all with Asriel stewing in his balls. Although with such an extensive time in his balls, one would think that churning was inevitable, but it wasn't true. Asgore had years of practice back in his glory days, able to churn only Asriel's clothes and other objects down there into sperm while keeping him completely unscathed. Asriel hadn't said a thing for a while, not wanting to heighten his punishment any further. Asgore would every two hours or so do a liveliness check on his son, sometimes even in public. Asriel already had white fur, but he knew he would be stained to oblivion after this was over. Asgore even went shopping with Asriel in loose pants, asking him about which boxer's wouldn't break after such heavy 'additions' to his 'junk drawer' Asriel would sooner want to be churned to his own father's cum than have to withstand his perception of wit any longer. Luckily for him, on the morning of the third day, Asgore felt that his son had enough.

"Alright I think you've had enough in there. Just don't go around shredding boxers again and you'll never have to do this again. For this long, at least.~" The words got Asriel to smile for a split second, believing that his punishment was over. Though as he was reminded of just how much of a pain it is to be cummed out, he groaned once more. Asgore resorted to humping his mattress from above in order to get started, stroking his cock afterwards in order to speed up the process. From Inside Asriel squirmed rapidly, causing the cum around him to rise and gurgle in excitement. Asriel stroked the walls of his enclosure and felt the excited ripples clench back in return. Asgore sped up, causing his balls to quake and his sperm to wash over Asriel enthusiastically. Asgore continued, pulling at the bedsheets as his orgasm came closer and closer, Asriel excitedly awaiting his release. With a roar befitting the massive monster dad, Asgore blasted massive chunks of cum all over the bed. Asriel was clenched together, feeling his head being shoved into the head of his dad's cock. Asgore felt the protrusion and tightened his grip on his balls, squeezing the fishing pools in his muscular thighs with a lidded expression across his face and tongue out wide. During Asgore's attempt to empty his balls completely, his motion ended up forcing Asriel at the head of his cock while his cum shot past him and splattered across his bedsheets and bed frame. Once a minute of cumming had passed, Asriel found himself in the tightened balls of his father, a significant lack of cum surrounding him though still enough to keep his enclosure plump. Asgore squeezed his balls once more, feeling his son

inside. He wanted to try again, but the orgasm he had just had made him reconsider it all. If he kept his son in there consistently, he would have amazing orgasms from now till Kris entered adulthood! Admittedly, he knew he would have to release Asriel before he accidentally churned him, but in this afterglow, he was much too tired to try again. As Asgore's face planted the puddle of sperm across his bed, he found a gentle fall into sleep. IN the meantime, Asriel was still trapped in the sludge of his father's sperm until the next 2 days passed and he would *probably* be released... *Probably*.

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