

Fulfilling Day

Kalmoor woke slowly that day, blinking away the sun that pierced through his blinds. His body ached from sleep, and he sat up in bed. His taloned hands stretched out, back arching until he felt the satisfying *pop pop pop pop* of his spine. The griffon's back was never great, and today it ached even more than normal. He leaned forward, running his talons through his blue jay feathers on his side, scratching down until the feathers mixed and then turned into soft fur. His long, fluffed tail wagged back and forth. All Kalmoor wanted to do was lie down again, close his eyes against the heated sun and sleep. But he couldn't, he had things to do. The griffon shifted, feeling something hard bump into his leg.

Well...work could wait just a little bit...

He leaned back on his pillows, licking his lips and narrowing his eyes. He slid the blanket off his lap, letting out a soft coo as his fingers wrapped around his cock, which was quickly stiffening.

"Ng..."

He mumbled softly, sliding his fingers up to his tip, circling his claws around his oozing pre-cum over his fingers. He lifted them, strings of pre dripping from finger to finger. He sucked them clean, then dipped his now wet hand back down and began to stroke. Kalmoor leaned back and let out a soft sigh, his eyes fluttering shut. He tightened his grip and stroked over his cock, his moans rising. He imagined himself with another man, sitting on him...eating him. His ass would spread over his face first, and his shocked cries would muffle. He would suck him into his hole inch by inch, enjoying the stretch of his puckered hole. He could swallow him up, feeling his moans vibrate his warm, sensitive innards. Kalmoor would pull him in, the kicking whining guy, whoever he chose to take. He'd turn him into the biggest load he could, and unleash him in a torrent into a filthy diaper.

"Fuck..."

He was growing close, his cock swelling and throbbing, dripping pre down the sides. Kalmoor tossed his head back on the pillow, his back paws curling and kicking slightly, his chest heaving.

"Gonna...oh...god...fuck...yes!"

He squealed out, suddenly spurting his seed over his belly. It was warm, sticking to his fur and feathers, matting them together. He began to pant heavily, his body twitching, writhing and squirming.

“I need to make this a reality...”

He could just imagine a warm tongue on his hole, then a head shoved inside him. He clicked his beak and stood, soft paws hitting the floor. He had to get his mind off it, however tempting it may be. Kalmoor walked into his kitchen and made himself a cup of coffee, sipping slowly. His wings ruffled behind him, eyes still heavily laden with sleep. He had to blink a few times when the hot caffeine hit his gut. Sitting down at his kitchen table, he rifled through the mail from yesterday. Bill. Bill. Bill. Letter from Mom, why did she even write anymore? He had a phone. She could just pick up an...what was this? Kalmoor brought the letter up to his face, squinting his eyes at it. The lettering was bright yellow, and on the contrasting white paper it almost seared his poor retinas.

“Do you wanna be BIG AND BUFF?”

“Not particularly..”

He answered the screaming letter. But continued to read.

“Or do you just need a distraction from your HARD DAY?”

“I mean, now we're talking. What is this? A strip club?”

He snorted, glancing downward, the letter continued on.

“Come on down to HARVEY’S HOLE.”

“It IS a strip club!”

“THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST GYM IN TOWN.”

“Ah...oh? A gym? Really?”

He clicked his beak in an annoyed way, ready to tip the paper into the garbage can. But something stopped him. A distraction, huh? He did need something new in his mundane life. Something to spice it up and bring his thoughts away from...well....that sort of thing. He took one last glance down at the letter.

“Gym now open! Diaper friendly, co-ed showers, have a little fun after your work out!”

“...So a slut hole. Not just a gym.”

NOW he was very interested. He thought of all the cute stallions he might meet there. Sweaty, muscled...pumping loads into their diapers....the thought made him drool. Or maybe, just

maybe, there was a scrawny guy there. Waiting for Kalmoor to take him into his hole, to eat him alive, vore him with his round donut ass.

“Hah...damnit I’m supposed to be getting my mind OFF this.”

He scolded himself...still. The thought was incredibly tempting. It couldn’t hurt to see what was going on there, right? He could spend an hour on the treadmill, show off his full diaper, stare at some cute padded bottoms. Worst case he went home with sore legs, and a raging boner. And what was different about that from any other day.

“Especially the boner part.”

He said with a sarcastic snort, chugging down the last of his coffee. He tossed the gym ad on the table, noting down the address in his phone. For now though, a shower. If only to help him ignore what was happening between his legs. He had grown hard again, and knew he’d have to jerk off once more before heading out for the day.

“Damn thing.”

He muttered, gripping his cock with his talons, running one over the tip of his drooling head. He flinched as pleasure erupted from his tip, sparks of electric energy and warmth jolting down his cock.

“Hahhh...fuck...”

He made his way toward the bathroom, he had to get rid of this itch, he couldn’t go out like this, it was damn indecent. He turned the shower on and stepped inside, letting the warm water running down his body. He toyed with the tip of his cock, his beak clicking pleurably. He leaned against the cool tile of his shower and closed his eyes, jerking himself slowly. He took his time on this one, edging himself. Each time he rose to the peak he let himself fall back down. He continued this rhythm until his balls began to ache. He let his head fall back, moaning softly, a groan escaping his throat. Kalmoor was panting excitedly, and he finally let himself release.

“HNG! GUH!”

He let out a loud cry, spurting his seed over the shower wall. His tongue hung from his beak and he panted, shuddering. A quick wash...a quick rinse of the wall as well, and he was ready to go. First, however, a diaper. He laid across his bed after drying off and pulled a thick, crinkling diaper between his legs. He spread his thighs, pulling it up and over his crotch, snapping the tapes over his waist. He ran his talons across the poofy diaper, listening it to it crinkle noisily.

“Huff...come on...”

He stood, doing a final stretch of the morning, then headed out the door.

“Right, to the gym.”

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He made it there about twenty minutes later, and upon entering, wanted to start drooling. Groups of people working out together, all clad in heavy diapers. Some used, some fresh and clean. In the corner was a changing station, where others could toss away their dirty diapers and take complimentary fresh ones. Stallions ran on treadmills, their diapers yellowed and sagging between his legs. A woman laid across the changing station, her diaper brown and used, her lithe body squirming as she changed herself. Others were lifting weights, more were hanging out at a water cooler.

“Can I help you?”

It snapped Kalmoor out of his stupor, he looked over at the orange pony who sat at the front desk, smiling and waving a hoof at him.

“Oh uh, I was hoping to sign up?”

“Sure! Come on over.”

He motioned the griffon to trot on over, and pulled out a small clipboard.

“Here we go, just fill this out?”

Kalmoor got a glance behind the desk, noticing the pony was diapered as well. His was fresh and clean, but Kalmoor wondered how long until it was sagging heavily between his legs, until it was filled with shit and piss. The thought made the griffon flush, but he took the clipboard and began to fill it out. Name, age, sex, gender, etc etc. All simple stuff, he handed it back to the pony.

“All done? Great! Let me just make you a card.”

It took but a moment before Kalmoor was holding a small purple card.

“Whenever you come in, just come to the desk and swipe it.”

The pony smiled at him, and Kalmoor felt his heart race. He cleared his throat and thanked him, walking off into the rest of the gym. The first thing he did was hop onto the treadmill. He had a bit of...extra energy he wanted to get out. He tried not to look around at all the padded bottoms.

Though it was hard to not let his eyes stray. He licked his beak and turned to stare straight ahead...

What a terrible idea that was.

It was a mare, her wings tucked at her sides, trotting along the treadmill in front of him. She was also padded, wearing a thick, heavy diaper. It sagged between her legs, full of urine. But she ignored it, her light brown coat shimmering, her long brown mane falling in curls down her neck and back. Her tail was curly as well, positioned upward and swaying side to side, giving him the perfect peek at her padded bottom. Kalmoor flushed, trying to concentrate on his steps. He looked down, but her rounded ass drew him back to her. He continued to stare as her diaper grew more yellowed and heavy. His cock brushed against his own padding, and he knew he had to have her. After twenty or so minutes she hopped off and began to walk toward the unisex showers. This was his chance. He stepped off the treadmill and trotted after her, watching her vanish into the room. With a deep breath he followed in, and the sight made him stop in his tracks.

She was pulling off her diaper, rolling it up and tossing it into the changing bin. He could see her sex, glistening with sweat. Her puffy lips looked so very fuckable. He needed her.

“Ehm...excuse me, miss?”

She turned, her brown face spotted with white freckled dots. Her wide hazel eyes crinkled as she smiled up at him.

“Oh! I didn’t know anyone else was in here. What can I do for you?”

She asked, and Kalmoor cleared his throat.

“Well uh. I just...you’re so...”

She smirked, her eyes half-lidded as she turned and took a step toward him.

“I can see the problem.”

She pointed a hoof at his crotch, his hard-on visible through his diaper. Kalmoor looked down and let out a small cry of surprise. But she was already on him. Her hooves pulled at the tabs of his diaper, exposing his hard cock to the steamy air.

“Here we go stud, just relax.”

She purred, reaching under his belly to slowly rub her hoof over his boner. Kalmoor let out a solid moan, leaning in to gently pluck at her neck with gentle nibbles. He could feel her slowly

grind against him, pushing him back onto the bench. She sat between his legs, letting out a little giggle. Her soft tongue rose up his shaft, eyes fluttering up at him. Kalmoor clicked his beak, his toes splaying out as a shivering pleasure ran up his spine. He let out a low moan, which melted into a whimper as her mouth covered his tip. Her tongue was warm and inviting as it slipped over his piss slit, gently gliding down his head. His hand shakily settled on the top of her head, which began to bob slowly up and down.

“Fff....fuck...”

He groaned out, her body scooting closer to his. But he found his mind was wandering. It was on that orange pony at the front desk. He thought of his supple body, warm fur. As the mare blew him, sucking down his stiff cock he thought of the other pony and what he might want to do with him. It was driving him up the wall, he had to make that pony his, he had to claim him. But how? He felt himself throb heavily in her maw as he thought. He could seduce him? He could come back after close...pretend he forgot his bag...yeah...that would work...

“G...gnnffff!”

He made an incoherent noise as he thought of the other pony, his body trembling. He was about to bust. For a moment he had forgotten about the mare working over his cock. He placed his hand on the back of her head, closing his eyes tightly as his talons intermingled with her mane.

“Gonna...”

He heard her giggle around his cock, the vibrations of her throat sending him over the edge. He began to cum into her maw, feeling it spurt down her hot, tight throat. The griffon clicked his beak in pleasure as he came, feeling her throat close around his tip.

“Fffuckk...”

He moaned out, feeling her lips slide from around his girth. She sat up and giggled again, swallowing and politely dabbing her mouth with her hoof.

“Thanks, stranger~”

She said with a purr, standing and starting to walk away.

“H-hey! What about you?”

Kalmoor said, cocking his head to one side.

“Oh honey, that was more than enough for me..”

She turned, her cunt exposed to him between her legs. It was dripping and glistening.

“See? I came too~”

She walked away, leaving Kalmoor with a limp dick and thoughts dizzying his head. He sighed contently and stood, stretching his body until his back popped. The griffon made his way to the shower, letting the warm water flow over his sweaty body. His mind kept drifting, shifting toward the stallion at the front desk. He would have to put his plan into action soon if he was going to have him and stay sane about it. He finished washing up and left, not seeing the mare anywhere. He had wanted to thank her, but ah well, his mind was elsewhere anyway.

Now...he had business to attend to. Kalmoor passed by the front desk, smiling at the stallion and tilting his head.

“Have a good night sir!”

“You too! Busy night tonight?”

He asked slyly, trying to gauge if the pony would be here later on in the night.

“Oh! Yeah, ha-ha. Coworker called out, I’m here until close!”

“Awwh that sucks. I hope you have a good night regardless!”

He thanked him, and Kalmoor nodded politely and left. His heart pounded in his chest, a small smirk crossing his beak as he trotted across the parking lot. He’d sit and wait patiently for night to come.

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Three hours later the sun was dipping down beneath the horizon. People had started to filter from the gym, trotting along the sidewalk. Kalmoor watched as the orange pony came and locked the door, headed back into the darkness of the gym, probably to clean up. Kalmoor waited until the area was empty and abandoned, then headed toward the door. He knocked gently, then a little louder. He could see the outline of the orange pony by the desk, cleaning off the top of it with a cloth. At the sound of his knocking the pony looked over, giving Kalmoor a quizzical look through the glass. He trotted over, tapping the CLOSED sign with his hoof.

“I forgot my bag! Can I come in and get it?”

The pony thought for a moment, then smiled and nodded. He unlocked the door and nudged it open with his muzzle.

“Hey there, you said you forgot your bag?”

“Y-yeah, sorry!”

Kalmoor laughed, heading inside and gently shouldering past the other.

“I think it’s in the locker room, could you maybe help me find it?”

He asked innocently, giving the other a small smile.

“Oh, sure yeah!”

They headed toward the locker room, Kalmoor gently shifting himself so the pony went first. As he followed him in, Kalmoor kicked the door shut behind him and locked it tightly behind him.

“Do you know what locker you were in?...”

He trailed off, looking back at Kalmoor, who stood in front of the door with a sinister grin on his beak. The pony shifted in his thick diaper, Kalmoor letting out a loose giggle.

“I’ve been thinking about you all day, baby.”

The pony let off a crooked, nervous smile, laughter bubbling from his throat. Kalmoor stepped forward, the other male stepping backward in response.

“R...really?”

“Oh yeah, you got a tight little body there. I was hoping we could have a little fun...”

They moved in unison, step for step, one forward and one back. Kalmoor continued to move forward until the other bumped against the lockers, leaving the griffon to pin himself against him.

“I have an idea...why don’t you take that pretty face of yours and shove it against my ass? You can lick it nice and slow, hm?”

The other pony couldn’t help but let out a tiny squeak. He looked left, right, then back up at the griffon, giving him a nervous smile as he nodded. Kalmoor smirked and turned on him, exposing his own thick diaper to him. He wiggled his rump back and forth, the diaper heavy and sagging between his legs. Waiting in the parking lot had been a long endeavor, he had had to use the bathroom, and allowed himself to fill the diaper with warm piss. He glanced back, the pony had messed himself too, both piss and shit hanging in the diaper, making it heavy on his hips.

Kalmoor reached back and tugged his diaper down over his rump, his winding feline tail lifting up over his back.

“Come on now, pretty pony, come get it.”

He winked, and the orange pony stuttered for a minute before stepping forward. He leaned down and gently sniffed the griffon’s ass, then slowly ran his tongue up his hole. He could taste the salty sweat on his tongue. Kalmoor’s cock began to harden, stiffening under his belly. He leaned over one of the benches and started to stroke himself, moaning softly.

“That’s it, get your tongue in there..”

He groaned, and the pony gently pressed his tongue to his hole before digging it in deep. He lapped at him, his snout shoved against his entrance.

“Fuck!”

Kalmoor cried out, pushing his ass back against his snout. Kalmoor let out a small gasp as the pony’s nose popped in, stretching his ass open.

“Hah...guess you’re going in huh?”

“Mmfmm?”

The pony mumbled into his ass, his cries muffled as his hole slowly swallowed him. Kalmoor grinned wickedly and pushed back, forcing the pony to push further into his ass. His head was stretching his ring open, spreading him, making his cock throb under him. Kalmoor moaned out loud, the pony stomping his hooves against the ground, flailing as his head was sucked in.

“Keep wriggling like that, bitch, I love it!”

Kalmoor snapped, shoving backward again, the pony’s head popping into his ass. His hole closed around his neck, trapping his head inside. Both their sets of wings fluttered and spread, the pony out of panic, Kalmoor out of lust.

“Hmmppphhh...”

Kalmoor felt his cock throb heavily, his balls churning, dick giving a twitch.

“I’m gonna cum, keep it up, get in deeper!”

Kalmoor cried out, giving another heave backward. The other male's shoulders popped into his ass, his back legs spasming and clip-clopping against the floor. Kalmoor could still feel his terrified movement and struggles.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck!"

He was so close, he felt the other stretch him, his snout pushed into his prostate, massaging it from the inside out.

He was so close...

So fucking close

The writhing.

The wriggling.

The screams vibrating up his ass.

God. Fucking. Damn it.

"Haahh..hahhhhhhhh...fffff.f...FUCK! FUCK FUCK FUCK!"

He cried out, screaming in lurid pleasure, his body trembling with the intensity of his orgasm. He grunted, letting out a deep snarl as he leaned over the bench. His ass clenched around the other, forcing his wings to snap to his sides as he sucked him further on.

"Come on, let's get you in there..."

Kalmoor grunted, still turned on and ready. He stood and sat down on the other, forcing him to shove deeper into his ass. He reached back and spread his cheeks open, sucking him in slowly, pulling his body up into his ass. He felt him squirming around inside, writhing against his well-muscled, convulsing walls.

"Gonna turn you into a nice fat load."

He grunted, now half way down the pony's body. His feathered wings tickled his hole, making him giggle softly as he squirmed in a slow circle, gently bringing him deeper in.

"Hah...fuck yeah..."

He groaned out, leaning back over the bench. The other male's hooves stamped on the ground, he was whimpering loudly, unable to escape his tight ass.

“I could go for one more round.”

Kalmoor said, slowly stroking his cock back to life. He could use another orgasm before the other pony melted into gritty shit in his hole.

“You’re stretching me so much, you’re a great dildo, you know that?”

He taunted, feeling his ass spread like butter, the ring twitching with a stretching, sore effort. He was down to his hips now, and his body was still being pulled in. He wanted to take it nice and slow, he wanted to feel every inch of the pony’s body sliding into his hole.

“MFFNMMMFFFMM!!”

He could hear him moaning, screaming within him, his voice vibrating off his walls. It only drove him closer. Kalmoor leaned down and rested his head on the bench, his back feet spreading as he jerked himself off over the bench. He groaned and lifted his ass, the pony coming with him. He slid deeper in, now down to his knees. He just needed to get the last of his back legs into him, he wanted it so bad. He could feel him writhing inside, that same pressure on his prostate growing more intense with every squirming motion. He began to drip pre-cum, looking down at his distended stomach, bowels full of the bright orange pony.

“Kick all you want, it makes it feel even better for me.”

Kalmoor laughed, a sinister tinge to his voice, which dripped with venom and domination. He wriggled downward, slowly easing the other pony inside.

Just a few inches more...5...4...3...2...1...

Pop

The pony’s hooves were sucked into his ass just as Kalmoor began to cum. He soaked the underside of his distended belly with his sticky seed and writhed in it, basking in the afterglow and the feeling of his ass being so full. He could feel the pony squirming inside, his hooves kicking wildly, stimulating his walls. Kalmoor wondered how he was doing in there, laughing at him.

“Doin’ okay bud? Nice and warm?”

He teased, swaying his behind back and forth, feeling the pony slosh to and fro in his ass. Kalmoor closed his eyes gently, relaxing down onto the bench and letting his body go to work.

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Inside Kalmoor's tight hole, the last of the outside light dimmed as his hole closed around his back hoof. Soon the pony was plunged into darkness, and all he could smell was the acrid scent of his intestines. The stallion didn't know where in his bowels he was, but it was hot, sticky and wet. He pulled himself upward, but the walls of Kalmoor's ass kept him stuck downward. His face was planted between his hooves. He could hear muted shuffling as Kalmoor picked his diaper back up over his rump, muffled words coming through the walls of his innards.

"Hope you're ready to become one big hot load!"

Kalmoor almost sang, and the pony felt confused. He didn't know what the other was talking about. For now he had to find a way out. He began shifting his weight, trying to pull back from his insides and toward his hole again, hoping he could just pop out the way he got in. But as he lifted his front hoof something odd happened. It was...sticky. He glanced upward, and in the dim light he could see strings of...something attaching his hoof to the bottom of his intestines. The pony blinked and lifted further, finding his hoof was now dripping.

"What..is this?..."

"What's that? Can't hear you in there!"

He didn't bother to answer him, instead he tried to get a closer look. As he brought his nose closer to the strings he could smell the strong scent of shit. One of the strongs plopped onto his nose, thick and slimy. He snorted, and noticed it started to drip down his nose. Glancing up at his hoof, he saw to his horror that it had begun to melt. The things dripping off it weren't shit, it was *him*. He was being digested, turned into thick mounds of filth. He gasped and brought his head up, ears scraping the top of his ass. They immediately began to melt, dripping wetly. He lifted his other hoof and found it to be stuck, slowly melting into his walls. He cried out, but his jaws wouldn't come apart now, instead his lips fused together into thick lines of mess. His vision went hazy, everything in front of him turning a deep shade of brown.

"MGmmmf!"

He cried out, beginning to flail inside the other. Whatever he touched he became stuck to, and began to melt down more and more. Soon he couldn't flail anymore, and could only sit as a lumpy puddle, barely even a pony anymore. His head collapsed and stuck between his legs, slowly melting downward, forming hard, thick balls. His legs curled under him in one last attempt to push away, but they fused to his stomach and stuck that way. He blubbed and gurgled in the filthy, tiny bubbles of air escaping what was left of his mouth. The last thing he felt was his body forming into filth, melting down into itself, and becoming nothing but Kalmoor's last load.

“There we go...”

Kalmoor said, feeling the pony turn to thick slush in his ass. He wiggled his rump and felt him sloshing around, a few hard balls of shit here and there, but mostly a gooey, mushy mess. His hole slowly spread as he began to push, grunting in effort. He felt himself stretch back out as the massive load slowly oozed from his hole. He could feel the first bits drip into his diaper, being caught by the now wet, thick cotton. Kalmoor groaned out and stretched himself out on the bench, ass high in the air.

“FFfuck...if I wasn't so spent I'd jerk off again, hah...I'll have to do this more often.”

He said to himself, his cock already twitching feebly in his diaper. It was true, he was spent, but he knew he'd go home with a full and messy diaper, and he wouldn't be able to hold it in for long. He'd have to jerk off again, and again, and again.

“Hah, and tomorrow...I find a new victim.”

He mumbled, pushing some more of the ruined pony from his ass. Thick beastly clumps of shit poured into the diaper. It sagged heavily between his legs, messy and wet. He pushed out more, it seemed to never end. He could go on like this forever, and he figured if he played his cards right, he could. He could find new places like this, seduce mares and stallions alike, take them back and suck them right in, turning them to churning shit and nothing more than something to fill his diaper with.

“Gggfm! Just a bit more, god you're a big load huh?”

He laughed, of course the pony wouldn't answer, he was gone! He was nothing but a messy load in his diaper, and soon he'd have another, and another. He'd keep turning pony', griffons, anyone into mounds of filth, and he'd keep filling his diapers forever. Finally it seemed to end, the urge to 'go' slowly calming down. He felt his ass pucker off and pinch the last of the filth out, letting it land among the pile that had formed. Kalmoor sighed and stood, feeling the heavy diaper hang low, the mess bumping into the back of his knees. He reached back and squished it beneath his talons, letting out a satisfied grunt.

“Well...better get out of here...”

He said to himself, unlocking the locker room door. When he opened it he was met with a fright, there was another stallion standing at it, holding a mess of keys.

“Oh! Uh, are you supposed to be here? I'm the janitor”

“I-I'm sorry. I left my bag here before, I was just looking for it.”

“Oh well..alright.”

“Say, do you think you could help me find it?”

“Course! No problem!”

The pony entered the room, whistling as he trotted in. Kalmoor grinned, and slowly closed the door behind him, locking it tight.