

Liquid Fun

The feeling of rubber surrounding one's body is one of the most pleasurable feelings on Earth. Morning Mist was having his own..."self care" day. He had a bucket of quick setting rubber, a fat dildo, and a hard cock. The pony was already hard, his thick, pink cock throbbing with excitement. He stuck the dildo to the floor, slathering it in lube. The pony lifted himself onto his hind legs and leaned backward, planting one front hoof in back of him for stability.

"Fuck..it's pretty big..."

The pony said with a wavering, nervous laugh. He slowly lowered himself onto the dildo and let it sink into his puckered, soft bottom. He felt the hardened tip sink inside and spread his ring. A small groan escaped his throat as inch by inch he sank downward.

"Hhaaahh..."

One hoof gently stroked at his cock, which pearled with pre-cum at the tip. He began to ride the dildo slowly, sinking further down with each trip downward. His groans turned to higher moans, his body arching, his ass spreading slowly open. He let his head tilt back toward the ceiling, eyes fluttering shut. He bounced harder, grinding down onto the dick with high pitched whimpers. It was only then did he remember the liquid rubber. He leaned back with one hoof and hooked it up and under the handle. He pulled it around to the front of him and tilted the bucket over, letting the warm, black rubber flow down his body. It splashed onto his muzzle, only allowing him to breath through his nostrils. He watched it drip and coat his entire lower half, poling around the bottom of his cock, down his ass and over the toy. Pools formed around his back feet and the hoof that was planted on the ground, only his one hoof and nose was free from the sticky, gooey mess.

"Mmmfffggg..."

He moaned out, not wanting to open his mouth lest the rubber get in. He was still bouncing on the dick but...it was getting more difficult with each thrust downward. He noticed he couldn't bounce as hard, and every inch he sank was an inch he couldn't lift. His legs were getting stiff too...as if..

"Oh no.."

He thought, glancing back toward the cat, his eyes wide. It wasn't rubber, it was permanent latex, and it was drying FAST. Soon he'd be stuck. With a muffled cry he struggled to lift, struggled to move, but found he couldn't. The dick was stuck in his tight ass, which twitched around the stiffened cock. His own was throbbing, despite, or maybe even because of his fear. He tried to reach for his cock, but one hoof was stuck to the floor, the other stuck at a bent angle, there was no moving.

Morning Mist could only whimper....his ass was getting sore.