

"Woah are you alright there Shaka?" Pound Cake asked, the stallion hesitantly trotting towards the zebra.

Who stumbled briefly before catching himself and holding out a hoof. "No, I'm fine. That whole debacle just took a bit more out of me than I had first anticipated," he retorted, biting his lip to subdue a grunt of pain. "Damn that stings."

"Is there anything I can do?" Pound Cake asked, blushing slightly.

Shaka chuckled and shook his head. "No no. At least not yet anyway."

"Are you certain? Because at this point I'm fairly certain I owe you my life," Pound Cake exclaimed.

"That you do, and you will have a chance to pay your debt shortly. Just give me a moment," Shaka replied.

Pound Cake stood nervously near the bottom of the stairs, furtive glances getting cast this way and that. Shaka's basement abode looked the same as it usually did, with only a few potions, and a bag of ingredients noticeably absent. Other than that, a small altar covered in mostly unlit candles stood out of place near the center of the room.

Shaka breathed deeply, and rose to his full, albeit slightly reduced, height. Without the adrenaline of the fight, or the necessity to empower himself, the zebra's body was now its usual size and width. Or close to it anyway, as Shaka was still slightly taller than normal, with a bit more density around his shoulders and midsection.

"Did you tell your mother what happened?" Shaka asked.

Pound Cake nodded dutifully. "I informed her that you dealt with them yourself, and that everything was okay now."

"And?" Shaka prompted.

"And that you needed me to help you recover, and for them to give us some space for the night. Just like you asked," Pound Cake replied.

Shaka nodded slowly. "Excellent work."

"So what exactly do you need help with anyway? I don't see any injuries," Pound Cake remarked, inspecting the zebra's body carefully.

"I more so need you to pay me back for what I've done," Shaka exclaimed.

"Anything," Pound Cake immediately exclaimed, stepping close to the stallion.

Shaka smiled. "That's what I like to hear. Though I warn you, this will be a big step in our relationship."

"Our relationship?" Pound Cake gasped. "So you mean we are going to be boyfriends?"

"In a way we will," Shaka replied. "And in a way we will become something so much more."

"What do you mean?" Pound Cake asked, cocking his head.

"There is a ritual, one that binds you to me," Shaka began, rising up and making his way over to the altar. "It is a zebran tradition done when one owes another a life debt."

"What do I have to do?" Pound Cake offered.

"You just need to stand next to me and repeat what I say. Though I warn you this is a very serious event. One I cannot force you into," Shaka exclaimed.

Pound Cake nodded eagerly. "I trust you Shaka."

"Good," Shaka declared as he lit the last of the candles and took his position next to the other stallion. "Now then, take my hoof."

Pound Cake immediately complied, placing his much smaller hoof in Shaka's grasp.

"Good, now wait a moment," Shaka warned.

The zebra didn't wait for a response, and closed his eyes before bringing forth a surge of greenish energy. This ethereal magic took the form of an emerald smog which gathered around their hooves and slowly blanketed the floor around them. As Pound Cake was marveling at the strange smoke, the stallion felt his hoof start to grow heavy, the limb seemingly sticking fast to Shaka's.

"You have lost your way, son of Cake," Shaka exclaimed in a deep, baritone voice. "You have been left without destiny, or companions, but all that shall soon change."

Pound Cake remained silent, his gaze fixing on Shaka's glowing green eyes.

"When this ritual is complete you will know what you were meant to do. You will know your place in this world, and you will have gained a companion who will be with you for the rest of your life," Shaka declared.

"Yes, yes!" Pound Cake eagerly agreed.

"You have already submitted yourself to me, but now it is time for you to become mine in both word and blood," Shaka declared, his gaze intensifying. "Are you ready to truly give yourself to me?"

Pound Cake nodded without hesitation.

"Then repeat after me," Shaka cleared his throat. "I take you, Shaka, as my lord and master."

"I take you, Shaka, as my lord and master," Pound Cake declared.

"I swear to accept all commands without question or hesitation," Shaka continued.

"I swear to accept all commands without question or hesitation," Pound Cake repeated.

"I swear to serve until my dying day, and give everything I have to my new master," Shaka pressed.

"I swear to serve until my dying day, and give everything I have to my new master," Pound Cake exclaimed, his eyes glowing faintly with the same ethereal energy that Shaka's did.

"On my honor, and my blood, do I assert that all I say is true, and that none will ever come before you," Shaka exclaimed, his voice wavering slightly as the energy grew stronger, and the pivotal point arrived.

His worries proved to be unfounded as Pound Cake immediately repeated the words. "On my honor, and my blood, do I assert that all I say is true, and that none will ever come before you."

"Then it is done," Shaka declared.

Pound Cake's eyes opened wide as a surge of greenish electricity traveled up Shaka's hoof, and continued into Pound Cake's body. There it spread out, shimmering across the pony's fur before gathering behind his eyes and briefly making them glow brightly. After a moment of quiet Pound Cake smiled blissfully, his entire body relaxing even as it began to contort and shift.

Then his already prodigious posterior grew even larger, as did his hips as well as his lips. The rest of his body narrowed, becoming more lithe and feminine, until the pony looked more like a mare than a stallion. After his hair had finished growing an extra few inches, Pound Cake's changes came to an abrupt stop, and he stood there in silence.

"How do you feel?" Shaka asked.

"Amazing," Pound Cake whispered, his voice having risen several octaves. "I feel like I've become the person I was always meant to be and it is all because of you, my master."

Shaka smiled. "I am glad to hear it. You are even more beautiful than before."

"You flatter me," Pound Cake muttered, glancing away and batting his long eyelashes.

"What about you, my master? You look... taller," Pound Cake remarked.

"Are you sure it's not just you having become shorter?" Shaka retorted.

Pound Cake giggled. "That too, but you really do look bigger."

Shak straightened his spine, and rose to his new maximum height, taking a moment to flex each of his limbs in turn. Each one of which was now far larger, and more powerful, rivalling even his overcharged form employed when saving Pound Cake. Though not quite that big, his new body took no effort to maintain, nor did it draw on his reserves of stolen energy.

With Pound Cake's soul now made thrall to his will Shaka had gained an incredible boost, but not only to his physique. Already the stallion could feel that his senses had become more acute, his mind sharper, and his reflexes faster. More than that, he now also had more magic at his beck and call then at any point in his entire life.

"You're huge," Pound Cake muttered, briefly biting his lip. "I wonder if the rest of you gained a few inches as well."

Shaka chuckled. "Oh you'll find out soon enough, though now that I've brought you fully into the fold I should also tell you the rest of my plans."

"If you deem it necessary, my master," Pound Cake humbly replied, bowing his head.

"I do," Shaka replied, the zebra finally releasing Pound Cake's hoof and making his way over to his bed where he lay on his side. "Before we get to that I must inform you of your new responsibilities, and commands you must follow."

"Forgive my impudence master, but does it have to do with my sleeping arrangements? Because I would very much enjoy becoming your nightly cock sleeve," Pound Cake purred.

"Not yet," Shaka replied, patting the empty spot on the bed.

Pound Cake pouted, but ultimately laid next to the other stallion. "Oh pooh," he muttered.

"When the time comes you will service my hourly, spend your nights with my cock inside of you, and will submit yourself to my every desire," Shaka whispered into Pound Cake's ear.

"How can I help make this a reality?" Pound Cake eagerly inquired.

"Restrain yourself, my pet. I will explain all in due time," Shaka warned.

Pound Cake wilted, nodding meekly. "My apologies, master."

Shaka waved a dismissive hoof. "For now you will warm my bed when I ask, and when alone you will refer to me as master. When around others, including your family you will continue to speak to me casually, while also hiding your new feminine physique."

"But I like being your mare," Pound Cake whined.

"And soon you will be able to do just that day and night, but first I must complete my quest," Shaka exclaimed.

"How may I serve?" Pound Cake asked, bowing his head once more.

"You will aid me in claiming your sister and mother," Shaka declared.

Pound Cake's jaw hung low, and for a single terrible instant Shaka wondered if the ritual had failed, then the demure stallion grinned from ear to ear.

"Oh that is just lovely," Pound Cake purred. "I yearn to bring others into the fold so that they too may know your glory."

Shaka grinned, and patted the other stallion on the head. "Good answer, my pet."

Pound Cake shuddered in ecstasy, his tiny, nublike cock twitching excitedly.

"To do so you will first aid in bringing your twin to my side after which you will watch as I put a whole litter of foals into her belly," Shaka declared.

"I'm already jealous," Pound Cake muttered, a hoof rubbing his stomach in a slow, sensual circle.

Shaka chuckled. "Maybe in time, and after a few alterations you will have the same honor, but that is not now."

"I would relish the opportunity to serve you in such a matter," Pound Cake reverently declared.

"First we must end the reign of your wretched father, though again, that too will come with time," Shaka declared, leaning over and planting a light kiss on Pound Cake's lips. "First we must celebrate your new position, and teach that slutty body of yours what its new purpose is."

"Oh yes master. I yearn to be filled with your magnificence once more," Pound Cake muttered.

"Magnificence, that's new," Shaka remarked with a snicker.

"Well I mean. You can only say dick so many times before it doesn't even sound like a word anymore," Pound Cake replied, the stallion barely withholding a giggle of his own.

"Very true, and that was very cute, just like you," Shaka exclaimed.

"Thank you master," Pound Cake purred.

"Now lay down and put those knees up around your ears," Shaka barked, rising up from the bed.

"Yes master," Pound Cake eagerly replied.

The stallion then deftly twisted his body so his back legs were on either side of his head, and his forehooves held his butt up into the air. Giving Shaka a clear view of the feminine stallion's backside, and his well trained hole that was just sitting there, waiting for him. Standing atop the end of the bed and looking down at the pony granted the zebra a sense of pride and accomplishment he had rarely ever felt before.

He could demand that Pound Cake do all the work and bounce on his drooling member for hours and his new pet do just that. If Shaka told Pound Cake to beg like a dog, and only speak in barks or whines Pound Cake would comply without question. Any demand large or small would be met with the same unthinking enthusiasm and eager desire to please Shaka.

This thought coupled with the view made Shaka's heart swell with joy, and his cock with blood. Allowing the pillar of stallion meat to reach new, hitherto unprecedented lengths as it topped out at just over a full foot and a half long. Not only that but it was thicker and more musky than ever, quickly filling Pound Cake's nostrils as it bobbed beneath Shaka's torso.

"You are so big," Pound Cake murmured reverently.

"Still think you can take it?" Shaka replied, stepping over the stallion and allowing his cock to rest between Pound Cake's ass cheeks.

"If not then feel free to fuck me until you've rearranged my insides to your liking," Pound Cake exclaimed.

Shaka grinned as he dragged his cock back and forth across Pound Cake's much smaller set of privates. There was something strangely pleasant about this action, as it felt almost like Shaka was covering the other stallion's scent with his own. No longer would the feminine male be able to claim ownership of anything, as he was now just an object for Shaka to use in satiating his lust.

"That's what I like to hear, my pet," Shaka muttered.

"My body is yours after all. Use it as much as you would like and know that I will revel in each moment spent with your cock inside of me," Pound Cake murmured, the demure stallion twitching in barely contained excitement.

"Mmm better," Shaka remarked, the zebra slipping into a better position with his forehooves above Pound Cake's head, utterly dominating the smaller male.

Pound Cake shuddered in pleasure as his master draped his massive form across Pound Cake's much smaller body. That wasn't the only thing he enjoyed about it however, as this new position put the tip of Shaka's cock right near Pound Cake's face. Inadvertently forcing the submissive slut to inhale a potent whiff of the zebra's scent and turning him on even more.

"Well, go on," Shaka encouraged. "I like where you were going with that and want to hear more begging. I must test how bad you want it after all."

"Oh yes master," Pound Cake eagerly replied. "There is nothing I want more in this world than to feel you inside of me. The way you stretch my slutty little hole makes me feel complete. Every moment without your massive, throbbing cock filling me to my limit is agony and I would do anything for you to fuck me even a single time."

"Anything?" Shaka asked, punctuating his question with a thrust of his hips that pressed his cock briefly against Pound Cake's lips.

"Oh anything," Pound Cake quickly exclaimed. "I would sell everything I own and give all the money to you. I would spend days begging and worshipping the ground you walk on, all just to receive another load of your precious cum inside one of my slutty holes."

Shaka grinned from ear to ear as he shifted his weight back and forth, noting the small, almost imperceptible moans of pleasure that slipped from Pound Cake's lips.

"What a perfect pet you've become," cooed the zebra. "Such a perfect, submissive and breedable little slut."

Pound Cake gasped as Shaka dragged his monstrous cock against the other stallion's ass. "Oh yes, breed me, please," Pound Cake whispered. "I yearn to feel your cum fill my belly."

"Soon," Shaka promised in a low tone. "Now prepare yourself, for your wish is about to be granted."

The zebra didn't wait for an affirmation from his partner before drawing his hips back and dragging his dick across Pound Cake's body. With his cock head pressed against the demure

stallion's hole, Shaka paused for just a moment to appreciate the moment. He was standing atop the first of three hills, and now it was time to enjoy the fruits of his labor and truly take Pound Cake as his pet.

Then with a thrust, Shaka spread Pound Cake's ass wide, forcing a shocked gasp from the young stallion's lips. A gasp which swiftly became a long, high pitched whiny of pleasure as Shaka slowly sunk inside of Pound Cake's hole. Which somehow managed to stretch around the enormous width of Shaka's penis with surprising ease.

Though slow going, Pound Cake kept his hole loose and relaxed as he felt his orifice get stretched far beyond what should be possible. Near the thickness of a pony's hoof, Shaka's cock pushed even Pound Cake's inner size queen to his absolute limit. Nothing of such impressive girth had ever entered him before, and though his partner's size was titanic Pound Cake felt no pain.

There was only the incredible ecstasy of complete submission, and the delicious sensation of having his hole ruined by fat zebra cock. Pound Cake knew in that moment that there was absolutely no way that any other potential partner would ever be able to satisfy him. No stallion could hope to reach the zebra's length, nor rival his incredible girth, narrowing down the list of potential partners to just one.

Only Shaka could ever make him feel this good again, a thought which may have made the old version of himself scared or at least hesitant. Not anymore however, now Pound Cake only felt an incredible sense of pride, and utter contentment as he served his zebra master. Damn whatever his cutie mark was, Pound Cake knew that he was destined to be exactly where he was at that very moment.

His ass up into the air, his body folded inward so as to better service the stallion who had claimed him, body and soul.

Shaka snorted, interrupting Pound Cake's silent epiphany with a thunderous thrust of his hips. The slow stretching, and glacial pace was forgotten in an instant, forcing another girly moan to spill unbidden from Pound Cake's lips. It also drew the femine stallion's attention towards his stomach and the massive bulge visible in his torso.

Each bump, and vein of the first three inches of Shaka's cock could be seen clear as day through Pound Cake's belly. Already that bump was larger than Pound Cake's soft, nublike cock, dwarfing it in every single metric imaginable. It was yet another reminder that Pound Cake was barely even a stallion anymore, his entire body having been altered to better serve Shaka's whims.

The zebra didn't consider any such high concept notions, and merely grunted like an animal as he shoved his way deeper. Pound Cake was tight, exceptionally so, yet already he was



beginning to loosen up as Shaka ruined his tender boy pussy. Each push stretched another part of Pound Cake, further making him into Shaka's perfect slut.

Hot air burst from Shaka's nostrils like twin jets of steam, the zebra barely able to contain his runaway lust. With new growth came new nerves, new muscles all of which had yet to experience the pleasure of insertion. In some small way Shaka was a virgin all over again, and now, like before, he felt an insatiable urge to bury himself in his partner.

This urge soon grew so strong that the zebra threw caution to the wind and flexed his new muscles. He then slammed himself downwards with all the force he could muster, ramming Pound Cake's ass with the strength of a hammer blow. Pound Cake responded to receiving an almost full foot of zebra dick rammed himself of him by gasping in shock.

Then his eyes rolled into the back of his head, and the young stallion came as hard as his tiny cock was able. Thin, watery ropes of jizz splashed against his face as the pony's body trembled in a full body orgasm. Despite the sheer power of the ejaculation, Pound Cake continued to hold his legs in position, unwilling to fail his master.

"S-s-sorry," Pound Cake stuttered through a trembling jaw. "I couldn't s-s-top it."

"Worry not my pet. For this is the one time I will allow you to cum as much as you like," Shaka replied, pausing his advance for a moment.

"Thank youuuu!" Pound Cake cried as he came even harder than before.

Shaka didn't remain motionless for long, and quickly returned to thrusting forward, his every push causing another jet of milky jizz to shoot from Pound Cake's cock. The zebra continued to milk the poor girly male for everything he had, racking his mind with more pleasure than Pound Cake had ever felt before. Leaving him barely able to think of anything save for his master's perfect cock, and the almost spiritual relief he now felt.

Only when Shaka's medial ring slammed against Pound Cake's asshole did the pony finally stop cumming. Laying twisted into a pretzel, Pound Cake gazed in wonder at the bump which had traveled almost all the way up to his ribs. There was little doubt in his mind that his organs really had been rearranged into a new, and altogether permanent position.

All to make him a better fuck pet for Shaka to satiate his lust with.

With a growl, Shaka pushed even harder, and for a single horrifying instant, Pound Cake was certain his body wouldn't be able to take it. Then with a soft slurp, his ass stretched even wider still, somehow managing to defy biology to take something it shouldn't physically be able to. Again there was no pain, only the incredible, mind bending pleasure of being stretched to his utter limits.

Though his body wanted to orgasm, Pound Cake found himself unable to do anything but twitch and moan. Shaka however, had to bite down on his lip in order to stop himself from finishing before he could even get balls deep. Thankfully that feeling passed quickly, and soon Shaka was certain that he could last long enough to at least get a good rutting in before he blew his top.

Shaka grunted, and after shifting his hooves back into the position they had just slipped out of, thrust once more. This time he didn't stop, nor did he slow, his hips slamming into Pound Cake's plush flanks until at long last he was as deep as he could go. The feeling of utter contentment didn't last long, though while it lasted, Shaka glanced down at his pet.

Pound Cake's eyes were glazed, his long mane frazzled, and sticking up at odd, random angles. His tongue hung from his mouth, and his fur was matted due to cum as well as the sweat pouring down his body. His slim, petite stomach was marred by a large, noticeable bulge that ended right under his ribs, dwarfing the pony's cock by several orders of magnitude.

Breathing deeply, Shaka reveled in the taste of victory, as well as the incredibly pleasurable sensations coursing up his shaft. His newest sex slave was tight, incredibly so, yet despite it feeling almost like he had put his dick in a vice, Shaka couldn't complain. For already Pound Cake was beginning to relax, the pony's muscles clenching and unclenching in a sporadic attempt to milk the zebra's dick.

"I'm going to enjoy this," Shaka muttered to himself.

Before his partner could even regain his bearings, Shaka drew his hips back and slammed forward once more. This motion was repeated over and over again, his pace slow, yet steady as Pound Cake's hole stretched around his length. Each time their hips connected Shaka could feel the desperate hold Pound Cake had on him decrease.

Seconds turned to minutes as Shaka's hips slowly picked up pace, and he finally finished pushing Pound Cake's organs around with his dick. During this time the demure stallion came nearly constantly, pausing only just long enough to catch his breath and wait off the refractory period to pass. Rather than be annoyed, Shaka found himself grinning from ear to ear as Pound Cake came for the sixth time in less than an hour.

Though the young pony tried to look up at his master with longing, lusty eyes, Pound Cake's gaze often fell back to his stomach. Where he watched the enormous indent appear, then disappear at a slowly increasing pace. Seemingly hypnotized by the back and forth, Pound Cake didn't even notice Shaka shifting his hips around until it was too late.

A snort, accompanied by a grunt of exertion was all the warning Pound Cake got before he found his ass yanked straight up into the air. Though this forced the pony's neck into an odd angle, Pound Cake didn't care, and moaned whorishly as he was fucked into the bed. Strange

angle or not, this direction seemed specifically designed to ruthlessly assault his prostate which Pound Cake loved every second of.

"Holy fuuuck," Pound Cake muttered.

Shaka merely grunted as he started to increase his pace, as both he and his partner adjusted to the increased leverage the zebra had. Pound Cake wrapped his hooves as best as he could around Shaka's torso, while the more dominant male shifted his own hooves slightly. In seconds they had both reached a perfect spot that made everything feel that much better for the both of them.

After that it wasn't long until Shaka's hips were a blur, his pace picking up to the point that Pound Cake could just barely hold on. To the submissive pony it was like he was clinging to an enormous muscular rock while being battered by a veritable ocean of pleasure. Shaka meanwhile was enjoying the best goddamn hole he had ever fucked in his life, and could already feel his orgasm looming.

He wasn't going to let himself be paranoid about holding it off for long however, and focused merely on enjoying himself. From Pound Cake's cute moans, to the velvety embrace of his tight yet now welcoming hole, it was perfect. Even the faintly sweet scent of his lover smelt good to the zebra, who grinned wide, his stoicism melting away at least temporarily.

It wasn't long before Shaka was snorting like a bull in heat, his enormous balls slapping Pound Cake's ass with enough force to be audible over their moans. The pleasure peaking until the entire world fell away into nothing, leaving only Shaka, and his newest pet alone. Only the ecstasy of sexual dominance, and the flesh remained on the zebra's mind.

Then, just as Pound Cake was coming down from his tenth orgasm of the night, Shaka could feel his first slowly arrive. Though not nearly as quick as his partner's, Shaka's orgasm arrived like a freight train overladen with goods. First his balls swelled, seed building for the coming inevitable explosion.

As he felt his cock begin to twitch and his entire body tense, Shaka thrust his hips forward one final time. The zebra used every last bit of strength he had to ensure that each throbbing millimeter of dick was inside his sex slave. Now kneeling on the bed, Shaka looked down to find that Pound Cake all but curled into a ball, all four hooves wrapped tight around his master's torso.

Shaka growled animalistically as he emptied his balls into Pound Cake's body, the head of his cock flaring wide. The pony's already ruined hole somehow managed to stretch even further in order to accommodate the massive flare. Not only that but his stomach also started to balloon soon after Shaka's orgasm had begun to pour inside of him.

Though struggling to even stay conscious, Pound Cake counted each spurt of jizz that erupted into his guts. Four, ten, fifteen, thirty. It seemed to go on and on forever, until at long last Pound Cake lost track at fifty.

Lost in a blissful state so powerful that Pound Cake was certain he was in heaven, it was left to Shaka to watch as the pony's stomach grew. And grow it did, becoming so large that even the massive indent of Shaka's cock vanished amidst the seemingly endless torrent. It was not, however, infinite, and soon Shaka released a long, shuddering sigh of relief as his body started to relax.

Glancing down once more, the zebra was amused to find that partner had regained at least some of his senses. Pound Cake grinned drunkenly, his forehooves drawing tiny circles on Shaka's back as the last few spurts of cum erupted into his belly.

"Have fun?" Shaka asked.

"I fucking loved it," Pound Cake slurred.

"I knew you would, though I admit there is one thing I am surprised about," Shaka remarked.

Pound Cake blinked. "Oh, and what's that?"

"That you took it all," Shaka exclaimed, tapping Pound Cake's cum filled belly.

Pound Cake's eyes widened as he stared down on his deformed torso which sloshed with each subtle movement.

"Wow," muttered the pony. "I'm kind of amazed as well. Yet even still, I know I can take more."

"Are you sure? You look damn near ready to pop out a foal," Shaka teased.

"My purpose is to serve you with my body, and in order to do so I must be able to take more than just one measly load," Pound Cake exclaimed, fixing Shaka with a determined stare. "I'm ready for another."

Shaka raised an eyebrow. "Are you certain, my pet?"

"I am," Pound Cake declared.

"I was going to give you a moment to expel that first load before launching into round two, but if your ready then we can continue," Shaka remarked.

"Yes please!" Pound Cake eagerly stated. "I love feeling your heavy, potent load swirling inside me."

Shaka chuckled. "Let us see how much you can take then," Shaka replied.

"I won't let you down, master!" Pound Cake replied.

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Shaka hummed an upbeat song he had heard a passing musician play, a forehoof running through his mane. The male paused, twisting his head this way and then that, peering intently at his reflection.

"Still a bit disheveled," he muttered to himself. "Ahh nothing I can do about that without a shower."

The zebra grabbed a comb and fixed a few stray hairs sticking out at odd angles before turning his attention downwards. After correcting a few odd patches of unkept fur, Shaka smiled at his reflection and put the brush away.

"What do you think, Pound Cake?" Shaka asked, turning back to the bed.

Or at least it looked like a bed, as it was now completely covered in cum, as well as a single occupant. One who had a stomach so bloated with zebra jizz that he appeared pregnant with triplets and ready to burst. His fur was completely matted, his mane flat, and not even his cutie mark was visible due to the sheer amount of seed covering his form.

Cracking an eye open, the pony turned to Shaka and glanced over at him for a second before smiling.

"Ya look great master," Pound Cake muttered, his voice cracked and hoarse from all the hours he had spent getting throat fucked the night before.

"Thank you, my pet. I certainly feel fantastic," Shaka declared.

"Dead sexy," Pound Cake remarked.

Shaka chuckled. "You don't look half bad yourself, though I don't think your mother would agree."

"I'll clean up. Don't worry," Pound Cake murmured.

"See to it that you do. I can handle opening the shop just fine but your family is going to become inquisitive when you don't make it for breakfast," Shaka replied.

“Just a second,” Pound Cake muttered.

Shaka turned away and began to walk to the exit, though he didn't make it far before a girly scream stopped him in his tracks.

“Oh fuuuuck,” Pound Cake cursed before tumbling over the edge of the bed.

Shaka glanced back just in time to see the pony land on his stomach and cause a massive jet of zebra jizz to erupt from his ass.

“By the spirits,” Shaka cursed. “That is going to take forever to clean.”