Full House

(C) Charn 2023 Artemis and Skitter (c) Artemis

"You're unusually upbeat tonight," Artemis said, pushing the bowl of spaghetti away. He leaned back in his chair, rubbing a soft paw along the bulge of his stomach, smirking at his squirming rat roommate. The piebald rodent had been jumpy all night, devouring three helpings of the plain pasta dinner. "What mischief are you making?"

Skitter giggled, smiling slyly to the raccoon and shrugging innocently. "Oh, you know. The ants have been consuming a lot of me lately, and I think tonight they're finally going to expand into a new cage."

"Your time," Artemis corrected, smiling as the carb coma tickled at the back of his mind, making him want to lay down.

"Pardon?" Skitter said, fingers toying with themselves as he canted his head to the side.

"You said your ants have been consuming a lot of you, lately, you meant 'they've been consuming a lot of my time'. That makes a lot more sense."

"Oh, right! Yes," Skitter giggled again, as he pushed his chair back and stood up. He swayed, swinging his hips back and forth the way one might on a particularly hot day to detach sweaty skin from one's inner thighs. "What are you going to do tonight? Are you interested in watching me rehome my ant family?"

Artemis grimaced. "Uh, I'll pass. I haven't really been sleeping well this week, and after this big meal, I'm probably gonna crank one out and fall asleep." He shrugged. "Sorry, but I'm sure you can show me what you did in the morning."

"Absolutely, if you want to see! I'd be happy to explain how it works." Skitter paused, his ears perking outwards and his cheeks reddening under the black fur of his cheeks. "And I'd be happy to help you 'crank one out', too, if you want."

"Oh." Artemis stood up as well, feeling the way his balls sagged down in his loose briefs. "I mean, sure, if you'd like to, you know you're welcome to join me in my bed. Just no funny business! You can't, like, collect my seed to feed your ants with again. That was weird." Artemis scolded, as he sauntered towards the darkness and imminent relaxation of his bedroom.

"That was just the one time, and it was for an experiment. I have no need to collect your seed now!" Skitter said brightly, as he followed the raccoon into the bedroom. He had advanced far beyond such paltry needs.

The two males stripped down as they made their way to the raccoon's bed, and Artemis flopped over onto the mattress with a heavy whumph, still halfheartedly trying to kick his underwear off of one foot. Skitter joined him, kneeling by the raccoon's groin. The room was dark, and the rat's body hovered over Artemis' in a way that was quite unnerving. Skitter had always been a little goofy, a little weird, but he seemed REALLY excited about some secret, like the secret was going to burst out from inside him all over the sleepy raccoon.

"Hi," the rat said, as his fingers danced over Artemis' belly, and upper thigh. Artemis chuckled and sighed, spreading his legs to allow Skitter more access. Fingers immediately clutched at his soft sheath, kneading it in a squeeze with one hand and then flopping it to his other and squeezing there as well. "Mmm, yes, very nice. Good bulk." A fingertip prodded at his piss slit.

"Ugh, no, Skitter, no trying to stick your finger in there." Artemis sat up in the bed, sweeping the rat's hand away with his own and shaking his head. The curious rodent was earnest, but he wasn't very sensual, not by the raccoon's standards anyways. Artemis reached over, opening his nightstand and fiddling for the little bag of gummy knockouts he kept handy. He grabbed two, and then, thinking about it, took a third. He really, really wanted to get a good night's sleep, and when Skitter was in this mood, it meant that there would probably be loud noises or earthquakes or something in the middle of the night. The orange flavored gelatin drops were not much of a dessert, but they did the trick, and Artemis settled back down on his bed. "How about, instead of trying to stroke my dick... why don't you straddle me, and I'll jerk us both off?"

"Ooooh..." Skitter thought about that. "That could work, yes, yes, that's perfectly acceptable." The rat swung an arm over top of Artemis' hips, knee settling on the far side, the slender rodent carefully mounting up. His ankles pushed against the raccoon's knees, pushing them together, and Artemis grunted as this forced his thighs to compress his fat racoon nuts together. He reached down, between Skitter's legs, pushing his own ratballs out of the way as he pinched at the skin of his scrotum and tugged. The heavy eggs resisted, at first, but with another firm tugging they flopped up, soft, warm scrotum hauling its overladen contents out from between his thighs to flop up over his pudgy six inch dick. As he pulled them up, the back of his hand slid along Skitter's own, and he felt the peculiar sensation of something squirming against his knuckle. It was only a brief sensation, but it made him pause, and stroke his knuckles back over his roommate's eggs. If he had a stray ant on him... but he didn't. It must have been his imagination. He decided to ignore it. He was too tired to deal with it right now.

"Now, see what I'm doing here?" Artemis asked, as he gently gripped both sides of his ballsack with his hands, holding them the way one would a hamburger (a LARGE hamburger), and kneaded them slowly together. "Not too firm, not too light, juuuust a little bit of pressure... feels really good."

"Yeah, yeah, I can try?" Skitter reached down, and slid his fingers between Artemis' hands and his nut-sack. The slender, cool rodent fingers felt different than his own, but, even if the rat was being a bit more firm than he'd personally like, Artemis liked the feeling of someone handling him that way.

"That's good, that's good, just kind of slowly rubbing. You're doing great." Artemis chuckled, as his roommate's fingers squeezed and kneaded slowly and methodically over the bulk of his eggs. Each finger gently prodding, stroking, as Skitter carefully, mentally mapped out each contour. It made his cheeks redden at the attention he was getting. "You seem to really like them, huh? Is it because they're so, ah, big?"

Skitter nodded excitedly. "Oh, definitely. They're perfectly sized, quite large, and very meaty." The rat shuffled closer, pulling down on the heavy coon balls and resting his own on top of them. The rat's own balls were roughly the same size, perhaps slightly smaller, but still easily outsizing most other furs. For Artemis, having such large testicles was a unique trait, the testes dwarfing those of every other racoon he had been fortunate enough to compare with, but Skitter was a rat, and for an anthro rat like him, having two testicles, each the size of both of his fists wrapped together, that was just 'rodent vigor'. Still, the weight of Skitter's balls on top of the raccoon's was nice, even if they were a bit cooler than he expected, even if they felt surprisingly light. The rat must have been jerking off earlier. "These are quite ripe, yes? Very full. Pent up."

Artemis' eyes had almost been closed, and they opened up blearily, staring up at the rat who was staring back at him with an urgent curiosity on his brow. "Oh, um. Pent up, yeah. A week or two. You're gonna help me with that, though, right?" He smiled, lazily, and Skitter grinned widely.

"Oh, absolutely. We're going to empty them right now. You can leave it all to me."

Artemis chuckled, as he felt the rat's cock resting on top of his own. It felt cool, too, the skin of it slightly waxy feeling. The rat smelled... different, somehow. Not dirty, but weirdly musky, in a way that he didn't normally smell. Artemis knew the smell, but he couldn't place where it was from. His eyes closed, as he languidly hunched up against the rat's cock with his own, feeling the bulk of his roommate's squirming genitals laying soft and cool against his own.

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Skitter continued stroking and kneading, measuring the bulk of his roommate's heavy meatsacks in his fingers. He had known since that morning that the raccoon was a viable expansion candidate, but it was good to get a feel for how much of an initial population to inoculate him with. Too much, and the colony starves. Not enough, and the inflammatory response would eventually collapse the network. It had to be just right.

He could feel his family, squirming around down there, eager to get out, to spread to their new home. He had been careful to only get his pheromone-laden precum on the very tip of the raccoon's cock, and especially along that soft slit. That was Skitter's only other concern - that the main avenue of advancement may be a bit too narrow for the intake. It had only taken a bit of prodding to determine that it was, in fact, the perfect size.

He felt his brethren emerging, now, watching as his cock tip, now just a wide, circular 'straw', began to disperse the small brown, faintly glowing ants from inside it onto Artemis' half-hard, chubby six inch shaft. The ants were immediately fascinated with the slender pink tip, swarming around the dabs of pheromone-addled precum that stained the tip. Circling it, and consuming it. Tiny mandibles, not much bigger than the mouthparts of a ladybug's, began to gnaw and nibble into the delicate, sensitive slit of the raccoon's urethra.

Skitter's focus switched from his ants, to Artemis' muzzle, watching for signs that he might wake up. The raccoon had had a good amount of wine, with a good amount of spaghetti, and he was already exhausted - Skitter had made sure to wake up the raccoon every forty minutes or so over the last couple nights, setting up for this moment.

Artemis slept on, as the tip of his cock was worried away by a dozen or so industrious little ants. They weren't biting him everywhere; they targeted specifically just the narrow tip of his cock, just where the cum spurt out of. They burrowed down, digging past the slightly puffy lips, chewing off tiny fragments of dick meat and carrying it back into Skitter's own shaft. The rat watched, smiling down at his children as they started carrying pieces of his roommate's cock back into his shaft, to be used as food. He still had plenty of reserves to supply the ants with... but he was happy to see that they were capable of foraging.

This was the part he was the most excited about. Carefully, he pulled the little pen light out from where it was tucked behind his ear. He twisted the back of it, and it turned on, a greenish glowing beam illuminating the raccoon's cock. The flesh of his dick was dark under the light, barely gleaming at all. But at the tip of his shaft, where the ants were biting and gnawing and digging, it glowed. The pheromones that the ants released, specifically, glowed a pretty blue in the green light, bioluminescing and showing Skitter exactly what they were doing. Digging.

They were already an inch down Artemis' cock, the raccoon softly snoring as his prized maleness was tunneled into like an old rotten apple. The ants had figured out that there was sweet, delicious precum bubbling up from down inside the raccoon's shaft, and they were tunneling down alongside the urethra to get to it. Every bite, every nibble, every figment of the inner lining of his cock that was scraped and gnawed away, was to serve that purpose of getting deeper.

The precum that was flowing out from inside Artemis' body was stained with the bioluminescence, and Skitter could see how it glowed inside the shaft, now, down further than he could really see it. It took a bit of work to visually focus away from the dark parts and only see the glowing parts - kind of like reading an x-ray. As the ants dug deeper and deeper down the raccoon's urethra, widening it as necessary, he watched them. It was truly fascinating.

He could feel them squirming up and down along his own cock, the tunnels that they had made earlier in the week were hollow enough that he could feel each of their little barbed feet as they clambered over and past each other, gripping the inside of what used to be his pissing tube, now an ant rail.

They were so industrious, never pausing for a second as they worked down the last couple inches of artemis' shaft, putting in a few small side rooms on either side of the base, some of the ants staying there to hollow the knot bulbs out into reservoir chambers. Skitter didn't have a knot, so this was fascinating to him. He moved the penlight down, to see how they were creating two separate enclosures. What would they be used for? Storing food? Water retention? Sleeping clusters? The ants were barely researched, and so the possibilities were endless.

He wondered if they were pausing there because the cock narrowed down much further, just beyond it, turning into just the root. Would the baculum prevent them from being able to advance further? This was distressing. They needed to be baited, incited to dig down further.

Skitter tucked the end of the pen light into his mouth, pursing his lips around it, and then cupped under his sleeping roommate's testicles. He enjoyed the way each of them filled his palms, bulky enough that his fingers, even splayed, barely fit around the underside of each. These were too perfect to waste on orgasms. Such handsome specimens had to be used for their highest purpose, Skitter would ensure that. He gently kneaded them together, exactly the way that Artemis had shown him, the sleeping raccoon's breath hitching in a pleasure churr. The eggs slowly stroked back and forth against each other, Skitter watching with bated breath as more precum welled up from deep inside the raccoon.

It seemed to work. The precum, mixing with the liquid pheromone, began to glow from deeper in the raccoon's groin, and he could see a fresh charge of little glowing ants, burrowing down and around the raccoon's baculum. He couldn't make out the baculum itself, but he could see the perfectly straight line that the burrow made underneath it, alongside it, as the ants used it as an anchor point. They dug deeper and deeper into the sleeping raccoon's groin, until even the penlight couldn't make out where they were. They were embedded too deeply.

That probably meant they were navigating into the prostate. That was good. Once they got to the prostate, the rest of the genital systems were completely laid open. The testicles cords both connected there, and unlike the spongey, firm, resilient tissue of the cock, the tubules of the testicular cords were, at least for the mandibles of an ant, like cotton candy.

Skitter whooped, when he saw the first hint of blue glow appear at the top of Artemis' sack. The pen light dropped from his mouth, and he clapped his hands over his mouth as the raccoon grumbled something in his sleep, shifting his head to the other side and flopping an arm onto his belly. The raccoon scratched his fingers, absently, before snoring again, and that was when Skitter allowed himself to breath again. This was the MOST vulnerable moment of the expansion - if they were interrupted now, the ants would be demoralized.

He could feel them, swarming and tickling through the passages of his cock, his prostate, and his own testicles. Thousands of little brown ants, each tending to their ant farm, grooming the tunnels that they had dug into the rat's flesh. He felt a small tugging sensation, pinches, from deep in his balls, and began to grin wildly. Oh, this was good, this was wonderful!

That was where they had stashed their eggs. If they were uprooting them, already, then the ants were confident that they had a new, better home for themselves. Skitter cheered as he felt the small pinches as they scraped and bit off where the eggs had been lodged, embedded into the gamete zones of his own testicles, where they would be the most tenderly nurtured by the testicles themselves. He could feel fluid dripping down inside his nut as the eggs were removed. To feel something dripping, means that there has to be air for it to drop down through.

The hollow burrows that mingled through his testicles, to be precise. He had felt liquids drooling and dripping down through those sensitive, 'cured' tunnels several times in the last couple days. The first time, he had struggled, hard, at the way it tickled and itched. It was worse than having a bug, stuck way up high inside your nose. A tickle that you need to scratch at, but can't. All he could do, if he could do anything, would be to squeeze at his testicle itself - but doing that would have caused untold devastation to the colony. So he had closed his eyes and waited for the itching, tickling 'oh god i have to rub at it' feeling to pass, which had only taken a half an hour or so.

Now, several 'itches' later, he kind of liked it. He had had one during dinner, in his left balls, as the ants expanded a new branch out from his epididymis down along the back of that testicle. If his dick wasn't already permanently 'semi hard' from the reinforced mucus-lined tubes that crisscrossed down its length, he would have probably felt it getting hard.

Skitter had gotten lost in his thoughts again. He couldn't blame himself - this entire experience was like watching his child graduate from college. They were expanding! He picked up the penlight and refocused on the snooze-coon's ball-sack, gasping in excited discovery.

Both testicles were being infiltrated. Two separate groups of ants, that had no way of communicating with each other, were burrowing down into each nut. Skitter gently twisted the left egg to the left, and to the right, using the penlight to mentally map out the beautiful, graceful curlicues that the ants were tunneling. They roughly formed a G shape, tracing just under the skin along the left hand edge of the swollen testicle, before digging in directly towards the center. He moved the penlight to the right nut, and found the exact same pattern, but reversed.

Fascinating.

Despite being entirely isolated, the ants were following some kind of guidelines to determine where to dig, where to bite. While it could have been faster to go straight to the center of his roommate's testicles, they had chosen to go the long way around, maximizing the length of this 'main artery' that could be used to create additional branches later on. They were planning ahead!

He watched as a small, cool blue mass began to accumulate in the middle, in the heart of each of the testicles. His heart pounded with pride. Eggs. Each nut being separately inoculated. The raccoon's genitals would be a long lasting food source for the eggs.

He had been concerned, at first, when they had dug so deeply and thoroughly through his own testicles, that he would have to worry about necrosis. However, the peculiar pheromone-laden mucus that they produced, that they lined their tunnels with, was completely hypoallergenic. Inasmuch, despite being 'traumatized' by being intubated by thousands of small insects, Skitter's testicles were just as healthy and productive as they had been beforehand. Well, per pound, anyways. Of course, all of the seed that his remaining testicles created, was siphoned up by the ants, 'drank' through the walls of their tunnels and used as a food source. What that meant, though, was that as long as Skitter accounted for population growth by scheduling regular 'expansions', that the ants would never have to leave him.

This was big. This was REALLY big.

The yellow haze in the room confused Skitter at first. The window was glowing with the first light of day. Somehow, eight hours had passed by like fifteen minutes. Skitter turned back to the ever-more-intricately burrowed testicles, watching as the ants took chunks of the raccoon's nut meat, and packed it into the hollow chambers they had made in Artemis' knot. Fascinating! spare fuel? Perhaps long-term food storage? Some kind of 'food silo'? Perhaps they would be used for some other purpose? Skitter couldn't wait to find out.

The ants were no longer traversing between Skitter and Artemis' genitals, now. At some point, about half of his colony had decided to stay, and the other half had left. He had no way of knowing how that was decided, but he could tell - the tiny little footprints that had been almost a crescendo of itchy, ticklish sensation over the last couple days, were diminished now. Still strong, and vibrant, but there were a good deal less than there had been.

"Oh... mmmf. Good morning." Artemis said, rubbing at his eyes as he woke up. "Were you... here all night? I hope I didn't snore..."

"It's okay," Skitter said, as he dismounted from Artemis' lap. The raccoon stretched out his legs, and his two beefy, sagging melons sank back down between them. The sensation of them between his thighs felt different somehow. They itched, kind of. He yawned, reaching down to wrap his hand around his cock.

"NO." Skitter slapped his hand away, and Artemis stared up at his roommate with a slack jaw.

"Uh... no? what do you mean, no."

"You can't do that anymore. It's not safe. It's not safe.... for your children."

Artemis stared at him, perplexedly, before his roommate's pointed stare down at his junk made him look down, himself.

His cock tip was mostly gone. Where his slit had been, a gaping dark chasm, as big around as his pinked, led down into his cock. Small brown ants burrowed and swarmed over the end of his cock, tickling and teasing at the half-hard length.

Maybe it was because he was still so groggy from the gummies, or maybe it was because of the strange smell that permeated his sinuses, like an intoxicating musk, or perhaps it was because of the mysterious, blood-based compounds that his new ant buddies had been steadily releasing into his bloodstream, which Artemis had absolutely no idea about, but, for whatever reason...

Artemis thought they were kind of cute. He blinked, staring at his cock, and at his testicles. They were full. Full of cute little ants, tiny little buddies who were making a better lives for themselves. He reached down, and cupped against his left testicle. It felt precious, now. Delicate. Vulnerable. He wanted to protect it. The feeling of the tiny little squirms sliding around, just under the skin, didn't faze him at all. He could feel them in there. Hundreds of them. They were his now, and he was going to take damned good care of them.