

“Oh Azzy? Hello? I was going off to work out today and was wondering if you’d like to go with me? Asriel?” Asgore called out. He had just finished his gardening and strutted his home with nothing but an apron around his waist. Unbeknownst to him, Asriel had found his way into Asgore’s favorite jockstrap. It reeked of dried semen and rancid dad sweat, but Asriel was hiding with the intention of scaring his father for a simple yet effective prank. Learning from before, he used the simple shrinking spell and prepared this hours beforehand, sitting in his father’s musk with the simple idea of scaring him. It was meant to be a jovial show of his new obedience, not wanting to go through another week of Asgore’s *testicle* punishment. The damp cloth laid purposefully over the bed of the goat dad, with the shrunken son of Asgore cradled under the flaps, waiting to activate the counter spell and make his old man jump. As Asriel smiled, a dribble of sweat crept into his mouth, a quantity of salt no water could rectify and a reminder of his dad's musk that he’ll never get out of his head.

As Asgore came into the door, Asriel braced his paws, readying the spell to be cast. Much to his surprise though, Asgore didn’t stop to look under the flap, instead he simply lifted it from the bed and kicked his thick tree trunks of legs between the holes. Asriel was tossed around helplessly, accidentally using the growing spell on the jockstrap as his dad’s legs flew by, causing a booming rush of the foul musk to flow through the jock strap sandwiching Asriel between the accentuated aroma of dad odor as well as the warping balloons of semen that pressed Asriel into the ingrained cloth of the tattered jockstrap, with Asgore not waiting a single seconds. Asriel wanted to call out for his dad’s attention, but his mouth was caught on the strength of his dad, not even tasting the palpable scent from above and below his body, feeling his containment grow even tighter as Asgore slipped on some pants as well as a form fitting shirt, that Asriel was sure he’d rather see than feel over him. Asgore called out for his son once again, though it lost a lot of the energy he used to have.

“Oh well, I guess I’ll just run some errands before my usual squats. I’m sure that my lil Azzy’ll show up soon enough.” With that as justification, he jogged to the door, unconsciously tossing Asriel around in the musk pool as he did so, even squeezed tighter together by the massive thighs Asgore carried around.

From Asgore’s perspective, he simply must’ve been out for too long, being able to smell the worst of his musk even before any real workout started. He simply jogged down the road, the blaring sun only causing more rampant sweat to drench his fur. From deep

under him, sweat covered Asriel, dripping from his father's fertile balls and dampening both his fur as well as the jockstrap that held him together. Asriel gasped, feeling utterly drowned by the sea of building sweat that pooled around him with the weight of his dad's balls keeping him firmly in place. Asriel couldn't even gasp without feeling the stinging stench of his dad's empowered musk burn through his lungs. As Asgore jogged, the weight of his balls bounced against his son, repeatedly beating against him intermediately, running destination to destination with his son pinned in jockstrap. Needless to say that Asriel dearly regretted his decision. Asgore dragged on his cardio for a while, going back home after 4 hours of consistent jostling to continue the rest of his workout. Next on the list was simply walking around. Asriel couldn't tell what was happening from the inside, simply trying to reposition, pressing against the sloshy fur and deeply layered flesh to no avail, feeling as it pressed back with equal strength, the balls folding over his body with a gushing weight.

Suddenly, Asriel's containment was confined further, the large jockstrap tightening and forcing Asriel ingrained into his dad's balls. Just before Asriel ran out of breath in his father's damp testicle fur, he eventually was released, lowered back onto his initial position before the tightening began again, beginning a rhythm of squeezing and releasing. From the outside, Asgore panted aloud, his steamy breath billowing through his garage. He had started doing squats, his jockstrap becoming tighter with every squat he made. He grunted aloud, hoping that Asriel would be next to him and participating, though he feared that Asriel would eventually fall over with the pungency of his musk around his home. Little did he know that Asriel was taking the brunt of it for the entirety of the day. After keeping up the momentum for about 45 minutes and more than 80 squats in all. As Asriel was forced to breathe in both his dad's natural musk built up over an entire day of exercising outside, but also being plunged into the magic induced exaggerated stench. It came to a point that Asriel found it more tolerable to be inside the balls rather than against them for a day. Though the thought was hardly registered as he was dazed. From lack of oxygen, light, movement, the constant movement, the bizarre feeling of being wrapped in both fur and afloat in a pool of saltwater to top it all off.

Soon enough, Asgore thought his day to be done, saving his main workout for when Asriel wants to join in. To finally tie this day together, he went to his shed where he had a makeshift sauna. He stripped naked, tapping his jockstrap in satisfaction with how well this old beauty is holding up. He lowered it down, looking at the cock fling out of it and

blocking the lower sack of his and the additional luggage underneath. The girthiness of his cock blocking most sight to his lower waist. As he walked over to his seat, his calves scrunched up the jockstrap beneath him and thus further squeezed his son between his muscled calves. As he slumped down, he lifted his jockstrap with the intention of seeing how well his cock affected the scent. To his surprise, his son dropped onto his nose, reeking of nearly double the caliber than he expected.

“Ah... Howdy there, Azzy. Didn't think you'd be down there the whole time! Haha! Guess my training got into your head huh? It's ok, I'll get you nice and comfortable as I relax...” He cooed, lifting Asriel again once more and resting him on the wrinkled foreskin of his cock. “Now be nice and behave down there. As per normal, I won't be churning you any time soon. Have fun.~” With familiar enough movement, Asriel sank down into his father's cock once again for this week. As Asriel plopped into the boiling balls of his father, he activated the sauna. The heat sent Asriel to a sweet relaxation, a somehow soothing way where he floated about, the additional heat sending him to sleep within seconds as Asgore released his scent in his shed, unintentionally sending it across his whole plot of land. People walking by could smell it with an odd array of disgust and arousal.