

The Heeler family played by the creek again this time. The two kids found themselves having a spa day with Chilli and their father, Bandit decided to take a walk. His oldest told him that he needed to get a 'chair' for them to play on, so he just used this as an excuse to relax around the natural landscape around him. He knew that he could take his time, finding that his kids could keep themselves occupied while he was gone. In the meantime, a small squeak made themselves known to him. He turned around quickly, expecting to see the two smaller heelers behind him after following behind but no one was there. He was about to turn around once more but the squeak appeared again, this time closer. Bandit looked at his feet and saw a microscopic friend of his, the father of one of his kids' friends.

"Pat? What's Lucky's dad doing down here?" Bandit almost found it humorous, immediately assuming that something on his face accidentally got in his mouth and led to this as a consequence. Though when Lucky's dad started to speak, he realized it wasn't some illusion. Pat threw up his hands for Bandit to help, which he complied. He knelt down to lift the small golden dog in his paws.

"I don't know, Bandit! I was at home one moment, and the next thing I was all the way down here and the size of a pea! Think you can get me back home?" Pat tried to hold onto the massive digits of his friend, only drawing more attention to how small he is next to him. Bandit nodded, trying to think about how to properly carry his small friend, deciding to question the logic once they're away from the predators of the creek, though a hungery sensation told him otherwise.

"Oh yeah, for sure mate, but I don't think you wanna spend all your time in my mouth, ye? I didn't bring a bag or anything, so our options are limited." Bandit suggested, knowing that he'll have to talk on the way back no matter what, so keeping him there isn't an option. As well as that, he began to think about how many opportunities arrived with Lucky's dad being smaller than his own paw. A smirk crossed the blue heeler's face as Lucky's dad looked on in confusion.

"Are you good, Bandit? Seems like you just had an idea...?" Pat called out to his giant companion as a smirk crossed his face. As one hand kept the labrador retriever and the other reaching down to quell the heat in his sheath. Lucky's dad seemed to understand the idea whirring in Bandit's head, but his voice was silenced

as the paw once holding him now smooshed against the fuzzy blue sheath that he was hard pressed against. The smell seemed compacted under the fur, bursting out to wash over Pat with the pungent musk as his body took in the heavy sweat and feeling the heat emanating off of his sheath. A moan escapes teh heeler, moaning slightly as Lucky's dad pushes against the soft sheath, fluff and thick fat folding around his small paws. The opening of Bandit's sheath is peeled open by one of his paws while the one cuddling his friend raises him slowly. Pat tried to push against the sheath though the strength of pat was as minimized as his size and he was a victim to being pulled into the fleshy ring nose first. Pat panicked, writhing around as the fluffy sheath slowly began taking him in, the warmth of it all enveloping him, the massive stench of musk being thrust into him against his will as a trickle of Bandit's cum gush over his face. Bandit could feel his struggles, pinching his sheath slowly as he felt his cock grow slowly from the inside, not wanting to walk back to his kids and wife with a full erection. At least with a filled sheath, not too many people will draw attention to it. He couldn't help but moan once more, more than half of Lucky's dad's body fallen through the sheath with bulges pushing outwards from the fluff. As much as he fought, he just as quickly was being pushed back in through the elastic flesh that kept Pat contained.

"Oh just calm down mate, I don't want to take ya too deep in there..." Bandit moaned once more, pinching Pat from his sheath and clenching him slowly, taking his body in with what could only be described as a gulp. Pat could feel himself being consumed by Bandit's cock, getting more and more panicked. Bandit on the other hand could feel his sheath slowly ballooning from the growth of his cock, one that he was attempting to avoid when push came to shove, but from the process of growing his erection, he could feel Lucky's dad disappear deeper into the cock, soon making his way down the length. Bandit started to panic, only meaning to keep Lucky's dad warm in his sheath, though it appeared he would be much warmer in his balls based on his descent speed. Bandit leaned down and groped at the slow entry of Pat in his balls, his cock now growing to half mast as Lucky slowly plopped into the pool of boiling semen. Lucky's Dad panicked and pressed into the cum-lined walls of Bandit's testicles, triggering another loud moan from Bandit as Lucky's dad swam about. The process of churning quickly began, though Bandit was none the wiser, feeling Pat slowly calm down as his balls fattened up with more semen and additional layers of ball fat that Bandit was already in no shortage of.

“Alright mate, I’ll let you out once we get back home, just wait until then, yeah?” Bandot spoke to no avail, not hearing a response from within his balls. Lucky’s dad sank into the cum until it washed over his head, still hardly conscious of what landed him there. The last things he was aware of was the heat of his surroundings and the thick dad batter that swirled around him and slowly assimilated him into more jizz for Bandit. Lucky’s dad wasn’t too upset though, only wishing he weren’t so small when this happened, preferring to be his whole size if Bandit ever took him down there, but he knew it was over already.

Once Bandit waited for his erection to calm down, he fetched a few leaves for Bluey and Bingo, almost forgetting his mission he came out there for and walked back to continue playing with them. He forgot about Lucky’s dad almost as soon as he left, only leaving behind a few drops of fallen semen as a reminder of where Lucky’s dad once was. From inside, Lucky’s dad hardly lasted the rest of the day, slowly churning into sludge as Bandit absentmindedly played with his kicks, all of them unaware of Lucky’s dad churning up inside the dad’s balls.