

Desert Cave

Lost.
Wandering through a sea of sand.

Fatigue.
Wandering for hours.
Water.
My body begged for it.
Regret.
I put myself in this position.

Mirages.
A plague on my sanity.
Death.
It walked beside me as vultures circled over head.

Life.
Images flashed through my mind.
Love.

I missed my family.
I missed the farm.
I even missed that demon of a cow, Bessie.

Horizon.
Endless dunes of sand.
Hope.
A small cave amidst the dunes.

I walked,

no

I stumbled over to it, afraid that it was another mirage, and stepped inside.

It wasn't a mirage.

Cool air immediately embraced me.

Too quick.

My body buckled as the cold air invaded each part of my body. It reached my head and permeated my skull. I suddenly had the worst brain freeze I had ever had and will ever have, in my life; KO'd by the cold air I had wanted so badly.

I came to.

I stood up and looked out through the entrance. While I had taken my little "nap" a sandstorm had appeared outside the cave. It wasn't like I wanted to go out there anyway. I walked further into the cave, slowly shuffling across the ground. However, as my eyes adjusted to the dim quarters, it looked more like an entrance hall.

Suddenly something caught my attention, small twinkling of light. I looked for its origin and found a door at the end of the room opposite of the entrance of the cave.

The door was entirely made of stone. It had been carved to look like an old wooden door with metal latches and a knocker that was also the door knob.

Who put this here?

I cautiously walked over to the door, stepping carefully to avoid any booby traps if there were any. Putting my ear to the door, I listened for anything that could be waiting for intruders on the other side.

Gushing.

The sound of a waterfall rushing through the room.

After satisfying my paranoia, I push up against the door, thinking it to be heavy and barely moveable.

Weightless.

The door slammed open with barely a push from my tired body.

Reversal.

This room was almost the exact opposite of the entrance hall.

This room was well lit by an open hole at the top of the room, which was dome shaped. The waterfall gushed from the hole, coming from who knows where. The water landed in a pool sized and shaped pond in the center of the room. The water itself was being churned by the waterfall. Somehow the pool did not get larger, staying at the exact same amount always being there.

Thirst.

I suddenly realized that my whole body was dehydrated. My mouth was dry, wanting for any form of liquid. I ran over to the pool, not realizing that the liquid coming from the waterfall and filling the pool was, in fact, not water.

In that moment, all I cared about was survival.

I brought handful after handful of the liquid to my mouth, quenching the thirst of what felt like a thousand suns within me. I had not realized that the presence of the liquid in the room had heightened my thirst.

After drinking over three gallons of the fluid, my thirst quenched, I sat back on the edge of the pool, panting, blue liquid running down my suntanned cheeks.

Confusion.

I, out of the blue, noticed that the liquid had left a taste in my mouth.

It tasted like blueberries.

I sat forward and dipped my hand into the liquid, cupping the liquid in my hand. I pulled my hand out and looked at the liquid, it was an opaque baby blue, not water.

Frightened.

I stood up and slowly stepped away from the pool of blue liquid, wanting only to continue my long journey that would surely end in death. Something strange, however, caught my eye.

Blue.

The tip of my nose was changing colors. I watched in horror as it turned blue and it didn't stop there. The royal blue that my nose had become was quickly expanding. Then it went to my face, covered my torso, and finally ended at my toes, covering every last millimeter in royal blue.

Bloated.

My stomach suddenly felt as if it were full, like I had just eaten a large turkey dinner all by myself. I looked down just in time to see the buttons on my shirt and pants pop off.

Shriiip!

My clothing was suddenly ripped and slowly fell off my body. I was filling up, an inflating balloon, no, more like a growing blueberry. In a matter of seconds I was at "sumo wrestler" status and was still growing. It was as if my skin had become an extremely flexible substance.

Like rubber.

Although, after about a minute my skin began to lose its elasticity, my whole body rounding out like a blueberry. I was being engulfed by my own body and, sooner than I thought possible, the last of my extremities, including my head. I couldn't see and I could barely breath.

I felt ready to pop.

My life flashed before my eyes. I saw my friends, my family, landing on a memory of Bessie.

Relief.

I suddenly felt as every opening on my began to release the liquid within me, relieving the pressure.

However, as the pressure was relieved, something strange happened. When my face began to emerge from the release of liquid some of the liquid remained and began to reform and reshape to become a cow's snout, leaving me staring at my brand new, royal blue snout. My teeth became blunt and my tongue grew, long and lolling. My ears rose to the top of my head as if they were pulled by an invisible force, growing and flopping over themselves once they reached their destination at the top of my head. Directly beside them, horns, long and blue, grew out of my skull. In between my brand spankin' new horns, my hair suddenly exploded off my head, growing down to my shoulders in straight blue locks.

As more liquid escape through every opening in my body, a trillion hair follicles grew out of my skin, becoming a thin layer of soft baby blue and royal blue fur. My toes began to emerge and immediately shrank except for one toe on each foot. Those toes then elongated and enlarged. They became flat on the bottom and a layer of hard navy blue keratin grew around the last two inches.

Balance.

Enough of the liquid had escaped my body to allow me to stand but with my new hooves it was quite a challenge.

My hands were the next to emerge from the bulging "beer gut" I had grown in the past few minutes. The royal blue fur on my hands had totally left the tips of my fingernails and thumbnails untouched. My nails fell off of my fingers and thumbs as the tips of them grew tiny hooves that were thick enough to be incapable of being pierced but thin enough to still allow use of small buttons and touch screens.

When the amount of liquid within me got down into the gallons, leaving me with the appearance of an animalistic sumo wrestler, some of it began to shift throughout my body while the rest stayed put. It targeted certain areas of my body, including my ass. My legs got a huge stamina boost as the liquid shot to my calves, turning around so quickly as it finished that I thought it had actually bounced. It shot up through my torso and into my arms and neck. The shifting had made it look like I was a balloon that was slowly deflating and being left in a stretched state. All that was left was a giant blob of the liquid around my abominable and crotch, lacking in genitalia entirely.

I had spoken too soon, watching as my gonads reappeared below the bulge of liquid. Swinging freely, my balls were targeted by the devious liquid. They swelled to the size of tennis balls in a matter of seconds and not stopping there. It didn't stop until my balls were as large as cantaloupes. There was no point in trying to hide the massive

balls I had just grown. No pair of pants in the world could be baggy enough to hide those genitals.

After the devious liquid had tired of fiddling with my family jewels, it began its work on my shaft, changing it right in front of my very eyes. As it worked my member looked less human every second. It widened to about 2" in diameter and elongated to it was a foot long. Then its shape began to change. It suddenly grew a very short and fine fur that changed colors, leaving me with a navy blue cock. The top of my shaft flattened and a slight bit of light blue pre dribbled out. Was I being turned on by this? A median ring grew out of my cock and the immature me reached to touch it but was blocked by some of the devious liquid, shooting in and a batting my curious hands away. At the base of my cock, some of the fur and skin began to surround my cock, forcing it to stand straight up. To my horror, the devious liquid finished, I watched as my gigantic member went flaccid and began sliding inside the furry skin that surrounded its base.

My attention was ripped from the image of my disappearing cock when a slight pressure engulfed the base of my spine, making me even more uncomfortable than I already was. Turning as best I could, I looked just in time to see my spine extend from a 2" stub to a 2' tail. I yelped in surprise, completely caught unaware by my freshly grown tail. No use trying to look for pants that can hide my gonads now, unless I wanted to wear low riders. A small tuft of electric blue fur shot out of the tip of my tail.

I tried moving my tail, thinking of it as an extra arm that had grown out of my ass, although, it seemed that the evil blue liquid from the waterfall wasn't done in that region. The bulge, having receded to about the size a portly man's beer gut, split shrank to 3/4ths of its size as the 25% that had escaped moved it self to my tush. As I played with my new blue tail, the liquid expanded my ass outwards, leaving me with a substantially large ass that could easily rival that of a horse or donkey.

The liquid slowly moved out of my stomach but it didn't leave without dropping me a creepy and weird present. My stomach instantaneously felt undeniably smooth as the skin of my bulging stomach grew an absence of pores. On the front of it my skin began to shift, growing 4 long prong like things. I grabbed and squeezed one, scaring my self as a stream of blue fluid shot out. "I have a fucking udder??!!!" I screamed in horror

However, my feelings of terror were diminished as a haze blurred my mind. Unbeknownst to me, some of the leftover liquid had sunken into my brain, changing my personality, the things I hated, the things I loved, and my overall behavior. It was unable to keep me from being afraid of the fact that I now had a motherfucking udder.

Then for no reason whatsoever I began to fill with the demonic fluid again but this time it was not going to every inch of my body. No. It seemed as though the liquid was not only sentient but was also intelligent and it knew all to well that it had not completed its job yet. It targeted my udder and my balls, stretching them to impossible limits before it stopped.

I thought it was over, wondering how I would ever be able to move from that spot with my now oversized udder and balls. To my self-humiliation I was answered quite swiftly, almost immediately, in fact.

Moving as if it had its own free will, my arms slowly began to move. Moving faster every second, my left arm rose to my udder and my right hand, ever so gently, groped my oversized balls, waking my sleeping giant from its slumber. I tried with all

my might to stop my hands from doing what the liquid wanted them to do but I only managed to slow the process.

My possessed hands grabbed my teats and shaft, readying themselves for the devious acts they were about to perform. Squeezing and pulling with strength that, even with my new toned muscles, seemed other worldly, my left arm let streams of light blue milk shoot out onto the ground. The pleasure made my meat turn rock hard in a matter of seconds, allowing my right arm to straddle it and begin to rub. A gallon of light blue pre splatter the ground in front of me, thoroughly make my eyes roll back in their sockets. The light blue liquids began pull into one sole puddle, forming into short gooey legs. I hadn't noticed, though, preoccupied with my orgasmic bliss. I hadn't figured it out yet but with every drop of light blue liquid that exited my body was changing me, removing all timidity from my body. My udder had been emptied to half of its bloated origin, forcing my haunted hands to work harder. My right arm quickly sped up, causing my entire body to tense up immediately. I suddenly regained control over my right hand, pulling it off of my enormous member as quickly as I could, but it was too late for it to help.

My colossal shaft began to churn out wave after wave of light blue semen, forcing my head to roll back on my shoulders and release an earsplitting moan. It felt like my whole body had just been dipped in a vat of pure happiness and ecstasy, keeping my awareness off of what I should have been paying attention to. At my feet, the puddle of light blue liquid was slowly growing, quickly forming the body of small anthropomorphic mouse, which rapidly forcing its mouth onto my gargantuan and spurting cock, wanting to catch every drop of my light blue semen. All I felt was something wrap onto my cock. In my hazy pleased state only one thought came to my mind, rocking my hips in and out of whatever had latched onto my vast penis. My left arm was finally back in my control, having thoroughly emptied my swollen udder but my mind was too far gone within the pleasure. I lifted my hands up to the being that was suckling my titanic member and began to force the growing being onto my cock, forcing it to deep throat my mammoth meat. The gooey organism sitting at my feet had grown immensely and began to change again, becoming a lanky light blue goo wolf. With the last few gallons that exited my body, his body grew muscular and toned.

He pulled his giant mouth off my cock and stood to face me. "Thank you, my loyal servant, for awakening me, the great Libido, God of sex and all things horny, from my infinite slumber. For this deed I have given you a great reward. However, it would be wise for you to utilize my gift at any given chance. For if you do not it shall fill up to that extent again and you will be forced to..." Libido's voice trailed off. My eyes had glazed over in my orgasmic stupor of pleasure and I hadn't heard a single word he had said. Libido's form became flesh and he slapped me across the face. I was released from my trance. "Damn it, why the hell do I always forget about that part?" he angrily whispered to himself as I looked down at my udder, retracting shaft, and orange sized balls, saddened by the end of my pleasure trip. "Let's try this again. Thank you my loyal servant. Yadda. Yadda. Yadda. I am Libido, god of sex. Blah. Blah. Blah. Given you a great reward any chance you get. Use my gift or you'll end up having to empty as much cum from your body as you just did. Got it." he said quickly, subtly, and firmly. I nodded but I was still slightly confused. I had to share my gift with other people and I

had no problems with this. I wanted to share it, to share the orgasmic pleasure with other people, to show them true unadulterated sexual pleasure.

Libido smiled brightly and sensually as he walked over and put his arm on my shoulder. He smelled of cinnamon and semen. "Good. Now, I have a servant waiting for me in California. He is the manager of a Hilton hotel there and will be able to accommodate you with a free room until you are able to go off on your own. I'll be coming with you to meet with him, he is also my informant. I've been asleep for a few decades so he'll be catching me up on everything that has happened over the years I've missed. Then I'll be off to spread my self throughout the world. What is your name, loyal servant? I like to be on a first-name basis with all my servants." He said as he walked him and I over to the door I had entered the room through. "My name is Aiden. Aiden Carmichael, sir." I said shyly. "Well, Aiden, I've got a few more surprises in store for you." he said as he knelt at the door and put his finger on one corner of the doorframe. He dragged his finger around the door frame ending back where he started, leaving a thin stream of semen on the edges he had caress so carefully. He turned the doorknob and forced the door open, causing the door to moan. When I say the door moaned I don't mean a loud earsplitting creak, I mean that from somewhere inside the door someone or something groaned in orgasmic pleasure.

As he pushed the door all the way open I was dumbfounded when, instead of the entrance hall I had entered the room from, the door opened into a managerial office. A black horse sat in an ornate brown leather chair, staring through. On one wall were 5 doctorates. I slowly looked over them, reading them in order from left to right. Business Management, 1969, Psychology, 1978, Optometry, 1986, Literature, 1995, and Fine Arts, 2013, he certainly had an impressive resume.

I had not been the only one looking though, master Libido startled the horse as he said "Well you've certainly been busy haven't you, Charles?" Charles the black horse stood up as if ready to fight if the time came, arms held up in a boxer's pose to block an oncoming attack, slightly bouncing on his. Then he saw the person who had asked him the question and he instantly relaxed, unclenching his balled fists and raising his arms in an inviting manner.

"Master Libido, you have awakened from your slumber. It is a glorious day and I humbly await your command." Charles said. Libido leaned over to me and whispered out of the side of his muzzle "I never understand why he greets me this way. I hate formalities." Suddenly Libido was back to his reunion with Charles saying "Ah. Charles, you're looking well. Doctorates in 4 majors, you certainly made good use of your time. Although, I don't understand why you dyed your coat, it was such a beautiful and vibrant light blue." "Master Libido, all do respect but I hate the color blue, every shade of it. Also, dying my fur helped me blend in or at least as much as I could, being a well-endowed, 6' tall stallion." Charles replied in the calmest of tones. "Good, good. I have brought you a new apprentice, Charles. I will leave Aiden under your care while I do my duties as a god. Ya know, spreading myself around the world." Libido said, finally receiving the hug that Charles was still waiting to give to him. Releasing Libido from his embrace, Charles stepped back and said "And you couldn't have brought him at a better time. This county's annual furry convention, FurCon, starts today and will go for the next week. He will fit right in with all the furies at the convention." Looking slightly confused, Libido asked "What exactly is a... furry, Charles." "In the briefest explanation

that still explains it fully, a furry is someone who has a fetish for animals, some anthropomorphic, like us 3, and some feral, and will sometimes dress up in full body suits that portray their “fursona”. Fursuits are what they call them, I believe, some of them have more than one.” Charles said, using his fingers to put emphasis on the quotation marks surrounding fursona. Looking even more confused than he had before, Libido waved his hand and said “We’ll go over that later. Right now I want you to get Aiden, here, situated in a room. Once he is, I want you to come back and inform me of every significant thing that has happened over the decades I slept.”

“Understood, master Libido. I’ll let him use one of the bunkers I had the construction workers build underneath the hotel. I told them to build them in case any country drop atomic bombs all over the U.S. However, after the possible threat dissipated, I took it upon my self to redecorate them for the use of some of our crazier clients. You know, conspiracy theorists. They aren’t actually supposed to be used but we allow it if the client asks personally, so he’ll be able to stay for no charge. I sometimes use them when there aren’t any clients staying down there. Although, it was an unbearable annoyance to get internet connection down there, I’ll never understand conspiracy theorists. They’re so afraid of someone out there watching every little thing you do yet they’ll still use the internet.” Charles blabbed, looking through his drawers for something, finally finding what he had been looking for sitting on top of his desk. Libido’s face had gone from cheery and joyous to bored and indifferent as Charles kept jabber jawing “At first all we had were stairs going down to them but in we added in an elevator in the 80’s so that guests didn’t have walk down a mile of stairs to reach the bunkers. It broke down one time in 1997. The conspiracy theorist that was in it at the time was scared shitless, screaming things like ‘Oh no, they finally got me.’ and ‘how could I have been stupid enough to choose the elevator over the stairs.’ The whole staff almost died laughing at that dumbass. We had planned on sending it in to a clip show but one of my employees stole the tape after I fired him for sexually harassing some of the female guests. We have recently had the old elevator replaced with a new stainless steel one.”

Charles walked over to me and wrapped his arm around me, saying “Well I guess after I get you into your room and catch master Libido on the decades he snoozed through. You haven’t said much so I’m guessing that you’re the silent type.” For the first time I noticed that he was actually wearing pants that were almost the exact same shade as his short coat of fur, blending in at longer distances. Charles walked me to the door, pulling a long-sleeve white Calvin Klein t-shirt off of the back of the door. He quickly pulled it on as I waited patiently. When he finally got his shirt on, he opened the door and allowed me to exit, following close behind me so he could close the door. He steered me towards the lobby area, stopping mid-way to retrieve a small briefcase from the janitorial closet. “Starting after FurCon, you’ll be working for me as a janitor.” Charles said. “Why after FurCon?” I asked, slightly confused by his statement. “Oh don’t play coy with me, Aiden. I still remember the one thing I thought about after I met Libido for the first time. You want to help him with his quest to spread himself around the globe, right. Well this convention is the perfect place to start. No one will be confused by the fact that you’re a blue cow; they’ll just see you as another furry in a fursuit. You’ll have free range to help Libido with his goal. Plus, you’re gonna need it to learn how to entice people correctly. I did it wrong once and almost got my self thrown

in a lake. Think of FurCon as a chemistry experiment and the people as the elements on the periodic table.” Charles said, rambling for the third time in less than ten minutes. “Wait, how would I be able to get a job? I don’t have my driver’s license with me and even if I did, it wouldn’t match my current appearance.” I told him, finding no possibilities of employment. “Don’t worry about that part. I’ve know a guy who could fix both those problems. He’ll get you a new driver’s license and he’ll modify it so that there’ll be no questions about your appearance.” Charles said as we entered the lobby area.

Charles turned me towards the check in desk, walking around behind the desk once I was positioned in front of it. He set down his briefcase and picked up the corded black phone from the desk, calling a random number. The other line picked up and Charles began talking “Hi Josh, it’s Charles. I-...Yes, that Charles. I was wondering if you cou-...Yes, it has been a while since we last talked. Josh, I need you to-...Yes, I’ll wait. ...Okay now Josh I need you to make a driver’s license for a friend of mine. His name is...” Holding his hand over the receiver he asked me “What’s your full name?” “Aiden Carmichael.” I said, not even skipping a beat. Charles took his hand off of the receiver but then replaced it asking “What was your occupation and how old are you?” “I was a farmer on my dad’s farm and I’m 20.” I replied. Charles then went back to his call “His name is Aiden Carmichael, he is 20, and he was a farmer. I need this one ASAP, Jo-...What’s his middle name?” “Meyer.” I said before Charles could ask. “Meyer...That quick...Well just hack the-...Oh you already hacked the-... Okay I’ll tell him to.” Covering the receiver for the third time, pointing to a security camera mounted in the corner of the lobby, Charles said “Look into that camera and smile.” I turned to face the camera and smiled at it, watching as the lens zoomed in and out multiple times before Charles told me to stop. Charles was back on the phone with Josh “You can have it here by tomorr-...Only if you feel you have t-...Well alright. I’ll be waiting for it to come in the mail. Bye.”

Charles set the phone down on its base and turned to the drawers behind him, unlocking one and pulling out a key. He turned to face me again and gestured for me to follow him, picking up his briefcase as he went. He led me down a short corridor to a stainless steel elevator. There was only one button and only one direction this elevator could go. Charles pressed the button, calling the elevator from its home one mile underground. A few minutes later a beep rang out in our awkward silence, both of us reluctant to say anything for fear of someone listening. The doors opened and we stepped inside, Charles pressing another button to close the doors and begin our descent into he-... I mean to the center of the eart-... I mean to the bunkers.

Alone and able to talk freely, Charles began to talk, again. “I’m pretty sure Libido wanted you to find out on your own but being his servants actually makes us live longer.” he said. “Really, that’s so cool. How old are you?” I replied, my eyes bugging right out of my head. He smiled and crossed his arms, saying proudly “Well I have been alive for 127 years. I once met another one of his servants that was 300 years old and still looked like he was in his late thirties.” “Whoa! He could technically be called an antique.” I said, completely stupefied. “Yeah he could but if you ever meet him do not call him an antique. I did when I met him and he knocked me out. I didn’t find out until after it happened that he was actually a mixed martial arts master and could K.O. any person by hitting their pressure points. In retrospect, I really shoulda known.” “I guess

since he used your pressure points it didn't really hurt." I asked him. "Nah not really." he said, giving a half smile.

The door beeped again and opened into long hallway with metal walls. Charles stepped out and began walking down the lengthy corridor. I quickly caught up to him and asked him what he had in the briefcase. "What? Oh this thing. I just thought I'd let you hold on to my collection of dyes, just in case you wanted to dye your hair or coat or something. Just remember, when it starts to burn that's just the dye telling you to rinse it out." he said as came to a stop in front of a door directly in the middle of all the other ones. As he opened the door I took another look at the briefcase he had in his hand, it was pretty motherfucking large, almost large enough to be called a suitcase. Just how much hair dye was in that thing?

I hadn't noticed that Charles had stopped walking and was watching me. I stopped staring at the briefcase and took in my surroundings. The place was pretty nice for being a bunker a mile underground. The walls were soothing cream color and the floors were bleach white, even in the less-than-perfect lighting. The lamps were white porcelain with gold leafing around the base. A mini-fridge sat in the corner. A flat screen TV was mounted on the wall and underneath it was a giant dresser with enough space for ten people's clothes. The bed was covered in a white goose feather comforter, covering a Temperpedic bed. Charles hadn't spared many expenses with these rooms. Charles hefted the briefcase and keys onto the dresser, waved, and left the room.

I sat down on the bed trying to be good and wait for Charles and Libido to finish upstairs but after a few minutes I was bored. It was time for me to experiment. I picked up the briefcase, finding that it was much heavier than it looked, and carried it to the bathroom door. I set the briefcase down for a few seconds and opened the door. Inside was a bathroom that was completely white, like someone had taken a regular bathroom and just sucked all the color right out of it. There was no way I'd be able to keep everything from getting dyed. I would need a towel to dry my hair at the very least. I opened the briefcase, hoping to god that Charles had a towel in it. I wasn't disappointed. Inside the briefcase was a large black towel sitting on top of at least a hundred bottles of hair dye and fabric dye. I thought he had said there was only hair dye in here. Underneath all the dyes were shampoo and conditioner. They were for color treated hair. I looked at all the dyes and smiled a devilish smile.

The next day I stood in a dark corner of the ballroom, avoiding any and all light. It was for a very distinct reason. Last night I had fallen into the bathtub after I poured a full bottle of periwinkle dye to be mixed with other dyes. I hit the faucet on my way down and ended up lying in the dye for 2 hours. When I got out my whole coat had been died, at least my hair came out how I wanted. It was black with a green stripe in it. I wanted to change it by soaking in another color but Charles told me that it wouldn't be any better when he came and took me to get some clothes. Now I stand hidden in the corner wearing the only clothing he was able to get me immediately. A single pair of tan cargo pants.

However, apparently one patron liked the hue of my fur because they slowly moved closer to me for a full 30 minutes. I had grown tired of it so I walked up to the person. As I stood next to the person dressed in their red cartoony canine fursuit, they tried to look for me. I got real close to the side of her costumes head and said "Looking for someone?", thoroughly spooking her. The person turned to face me, froze, and then

began saying in a sweet and charming voice “I-I-I’m sorry. I wanted to get a good look at your suit but I was too afraid to just go up to you and look. I thought you might’ve been offended.” She pulled off the head of her fursuit, revealing her face. She looked like Rogue from the X-Men comics. “Gosh I am so fucking hot. I forgot how hot it got in this damn thing. Aren’t you hot in that suit.” she said to me, pushing her sweaty hair out of her face, “My name’s Veronica Paisley.” “I’m Aiden Carmichael and this isn’t.” I said, reaching my hand out to shake hers. She gladly received my friendly handshake and said “You really shouldn’t use that line in here. Everybody says that and none of them ever look close to being real. Although yours is the best I’ve seen all day. What is it? Silicon, fabric and one of those fake pregnancy things they use for movies. It’s a pretty good representation though. Why did you choose periwinkle?” “It was an accident and I’m not kidding about the ‘It’s not a suit’ thing because it isn’t. I doubt any fursuit out there could do this.” I said as I grabbed one of my teats and squeezed out a small bit of light blue milk, wincing at the pleasure it gave me to release some of the milk within my udder. “Wow! You really did put a lot of time into this fursuit. I have to congratulate you on a job well done but seriously stop it. I know that it’s a suit.” she said but I had stopped listening, watching a man dressed in a red bodysuit running with a cutlery knife behind her. He was coming for Veronica. She was still blabbing on, telling me every reason why my fursuit couldn’t possibly be real. I pulled her behind me and stood protecting her. As the man came closer, I clenched my fist and when he was within my reach, I hit him with a hard right. He spun away, dropping his knife but he came back even angrier. “What the hell is going on? Why are protecting me?” Veronica screamed from behind me. I hit with an uppercut and he flew up in the air, falling to the ground with a thud. A small crowd had gathered around us, wanting to see what was going on. I stepped over to the unconscious man and pulled off the mask of his body suit. I turned to Veronica and asked her “You know this guy?” pointing to the man with the fiery red hair who had attacked me. “Yeah. He’s my ex-boyfriend. I broke up with him a few weeks ago but I didn’t know he had started stalking me.” she said, noticing the knife her ex had dropped. “Well from what I can see he it was not a clean break and he decided that if he couldn’t have you then no one could.” I said standing back up, looking down at the assailant. I looked at Veronica and noticed she was looking at me in a very strange way. “What?” I said quizzically. Suddenly she wrapped her arm around my back and pulled me in close, connecting her mouth to mine. At first I was confused, my eyes looking around as if questioning the crowd around us but after a few seconds I closed them, feeling the sparks between us.

20 minutes later we were a mile underground in my hotel room, stripping down to our skivvies. She bent over the bed, giving me the green light. My soldier was standing at full attention, awaiting further instruction. Veronica looked back at me, trying to see what I actually looked like. “Take the damn suit off already.” she said, slightly annoyed. Aiming my cock, I looked into her eyes and said “I told you earlier. This isn’t a fursuit. It’s the real thing.” Then I forced my man meat into her tight pussy. She screamed in anguish and agony as her wet pussy readjusted itself to allow for my gargantuan penis but those screams slowly changed to moans and groans of pleasure as I forced it deeper inside her. I felt as my cock went through multiple membranes within her body, each one forcing a moan out of her, and ending in her stomach. As she continued to moan, I began to roll my hips, thoroughly pleasuring her. Still unable to

believe that I wasn't wearing a fursuit, Veronica looked underneath herself, looking to see if it was actually me inside of her. She caught a glimpse of my sheath and balls as my hips rolled backwards and forwards, slamming into her body. She lifted her head back up and mumbled "What the fu-h-uck did I get myself into this ti-h-iiiiime?" I felt my body becoming harder to move, my muscles tensing up as my body closed in on its climax. Her moans of pleasure raised in pitch bringing her orgasm closer and closer. My body was suddenly impossible to move; signaling my climax, my balls churned and a river of cum exited my body and entered hers like a slimy bullet. That slimy bullet was enough to force her to orgasm, moaning in a pitch so high and loud that I was certain every dog within a 5 mile radius had just been knocked by the sheer force of it. My balls churned over and over, emptying themselves and filling her up. After it released its last bit of semen, my cock went flaccid and I pulled out of Veronica. A small river of cum ran out of her pussy and onto the bed. Veronica stood up and walked turned to look at what had just made her orgasm, finding the only explanation to be the flaccid equine dick swaying between my legs.

I walked into the bathroom and held my flaccid dick, pointing it into the toilet. My penis began to purge itself of any leftover semen within it. After it had finished dispelling all of the jizz inside itself, my dick slid back into its sheath like a snake slithering into its burrow. I stepped over to the sink and washed my hands, drying my hands on one of the white towels on the towel rack. A scream jolted me out of my pleasure drugged state. I ran into the bedroom. I had to smile. Veronica's nose had become entirely blue. I thought to myself "Master Libido, you sly dog."