

"Go ahead kid, sign your life away." The betentacled receptionist said.

"Again? I already filled out the online application." Ken said, annoyed.

"Yes again, new forms." She said forcing the clipboard into his arms. He took it and found a seat in the gaudily painted waiting room. He was beginning to grow sick of the reams of paperwork associated with his current venture. Somehow he had failed to realize that joining the galaxy's most prolific entertainment monopoly would involve so many jargon-filled forms. He sat and grumpily filled out the forms with his information and signed the dotted lines. He had seen the show, and he knew its rules. The legal jargon, most of which flew over his head, was irrelevant to him. He disregarded it entirely and after rushing through the forms he handed them back to the receptionist.

Ken sat in the waiting room alone with the receptionist for what may have been hours before another creature entered the room. Ken had expected a long wait. A new contestant may enter only after another has exited. And of course contestants may be incapacitated or immobilized at any time. Emerging from behind the receptionist's desk was a neatly dressed robot holding a clipboard.

"Ken Bosko? Ken?" He said with a tinny voice emitted from his mouth-grill.

"Y-yeah?" Ken said, looking around to confirm that he was in fact the only person waiting.

"Come with me please." The robot said. Ken jumped to his hooves and stretched away the inactivity. He passed the receptionist without a word and joined the robot in a room at the far end of a long hallway. He entered the door to find the room was empty except for a few bins of various sizes and a high-tech teleportation device on the floor in the room's center.

"Before you enter Endless Fun Park, Ken, do you have any final questions?" The robot asked.

"No, thanks. I think I'm ready to go." Ken said, shrugging. The build-up was making him anxious, he wanted to simply jump in before he could think the decision through too carefully. To meditate might bring him doubt.

"Fair enough." The robot said fetching one of the bins from the corner. "Take off your clothes."

"Uhh-ahem." Ken knew of course that contestants enter EFP in the nude, but the immediacy of the request caught him off guard. He shuffled in place awkwardly.

"Well come on now. Don't tell me you're getting cold feet already. Cold hooves. Ha, ha. You won't make it far in Nova if you have a body problem." The robot said, evidently one of the new emotive models which were equipped with a sense of humor, such as it was.

"No, no sorry. I just forgot. H-here." Ken said. He hastily disrobed and placed his clothes into the robot's bucket.

"Your clothing and personal effects, including identification, will be returned to you when you reach one of Endless Fun Park's exits should you still want them. Many contestants choose to live the rest of their lives with their new Nova identities. That is your decision." The robot said, Ken nodded, having known all of this already. "Then if you have no more questions or concerns please step onto the Tel-Send."

Ken swallowed loudly, thankful that his wait was nearly over. With no shortage of anxiety he stepped onto the teleporter.

“Welcome to Endless Fun Park Ken! Be wary of the traps.” The robot said loudly before flipping a switch on the exposed workings of his lower arm. It had been a long time since Ken had last used a Tel-Send. He gritted his teeth and staggered as a wooshing ran through his long ears. There was a shimmering of light before, all at once, Ken was inside the park. It always surprised him how immediate transporters were. He stamped a hoof on the synthetic floor to test that he was where he was supposed to be. Though, in looking around he found that he was indeed in Endless Fun Park, a place he and millions of others view on stream every day.

Endless Fun Park is a screening process for the entertainment industry powerhouse called The Nova Collection. The Park is essentially a ring, much like those of planets, surrounding the Collection itself which is headquartered on a travelling space station. The Collection caters to the entertainment needs of many planets. The group’s owners, husband-and-husband Adonis and Vic Stardust, created the group with the goal of appealing to every possible entertainment desire, and this has brought them incredible success. They produce children’s shows, live tours, films and all manner of pornography. The Nova Collection is popular galaxy-wide and naturally attracts a lot of talent. In order to curb the outrageous demands for access to the exclusive colony they created Endless Fun Park.

Anyone seeking to join The Nova Collection must first pass through Endless Fun Park. The Park is truly a labyrinth in the larger shape of a ring. The labyrinth is filled with games and traps designed to force conditions upon the contestants. This is one of the reasons why Endless Fun Park is one of the most popular streams in The Nova Collection. The Collections has an ‘anything-goes’ policy in regard to the Park and over time it has been geared more and more toward a mature and -sexual- audience. Contestants can expect to be bound, costumed, transformed, and even trapped within EFP. All of these conditions tend to appeal toward a kinky audience. If the contestants make it through the maze however a cushy and exciting career as a performer within The Nova Collection is theirs. At their conclusion of the maze the player can choose to remain in their modified state or attempt the labyrinth again for a better result.

And here standing nude was Ken, before the technicolor walls of EFP’s massive maze. The bull stood at six feet tall and was of a quiet predisposition. His race was naturally well-hung, he had a built upper body, two big horns atop his head, and a rugged jawline. The admiration of many cows in his time. Ken had decided to try his luck in EFP on a whim. His parents were distant, he had recently lost his job. His friends supported his off-the-wall decision, perhaps not understanding all of the repercussions of it. Regardless Ken felt that attempting to join The Nova Collection was as good a decision as any. He’d found some success in acting during college and decided ‘sure why not?’

Ken covered his dong with his hands and took a step forward. When his hoof touched the soft ground he felt a click beneath it. ‘Oh you have got to be kidding me.’ He thought. He had seen this type of trap on the show, a mine that when triggered could have any effect imaginable on the victim. The bull cringed and lifted his hoof from the trigger. When he did so some of the floor is stuck to it. The black, synthetic material became pliable and began to coat his hoof and the other as well.

“Ah-ahh.” He said, stumbling back. He was lifted an inch or two off the ground as the slime hardened into a pair of high-heeled boots designed to accommodate his hooves. They were tall with the

heels nearly half a foot long. When he found his balance the muscular bull waddled forward a few loud steps. This type of trap was not a surprise, but man the embarrassment was so much more real than he expected. The heels were so tall that they forced his muscular butt to jut out when he walked. The shiny, sexy material didn't help his situation any.

"Just great." He said, trying to tug the heels off. Naturally they don't budge.

The second he triggered the mine Ken had heard a whirring nearby. In a moment he learned what the origin of the sound was. Two hovering, orb-shaped camera robots came into view. They pattered over the nearest wall and instantly focused on Ken. He cursed under his breath and covered his penis. He was recommended in his application to 'give a good show' but in the moment his pride took over. His pride could do nothing about his tall heels however. When he noticed this he managed to give a coquettish wave to the nearest camera in jest. He realized, as an afterthought, that there are any number of perverted weirdos getting off to his predicament, but he quickly pushed this out of his mind and clopped on.

Walking with the heels was difficult. He wanted to make good time and avoid any more traps, but he also didn't want to give the camera a good view at his bouncing rear and toned legs. He ignored the omnipresent cameras and strode toward the nearest passage. The walls of the maze proper were metallic. Many of them decorated with graffiti made by contestants throughout the years. The effect was garish, but not without charm. The maze was fairly clean after all which was impressive considering the wild acts that regularly happen within it.

Ken clacked toward a t-intersection. He had arbitrarily planned on taking the forward path, but upon approaching the passage the walls began to shift. From the ground a metal divider rose blocking the path completely. Ken had read somewhere that the layout of the maze changed every ten minutes or so to keep anyone from cheating their way through. Unperturbed Ken took the right turn. At this point he realized that he could hear shuffling and mumbling all around him. There were likely dozens of other contestants wandering around the lewd maze at any given time. It was unsettling. Ken spotted a bay of numbered doors ahead.

Blocking his forward path are three doors 1, 2, and 3 with sign above them which reads "Pick One!" in bold lettering. This was a common game in the Park. Two of the doors would have a trap and the other should let him pass unchallenged. Ken clacked up to door number one in his loud heels. On the other side of the door he could hear muffled and erotic moaning. He blushed, cleared his throat, and moved on to door number two. Nothing could be heard behind it or door number three. A fifty-fifty chance. 'No sense pondering it.' Ken thought and chose door two. He opened the door and found an unremarkable and dimly lit booth with a door on its opposite side. He walked in and was unfortunately forced to release the heavy door. As soon as the door was shut Ken heard it lock.

"Oh no..." He said, looking around in a panic, the one camera that had followed him inside watched dispassionately. A message was then displayed in light on the exit door. 'Please enjoy our Girly Gas.' As soon as he finished reading the message the booth began to fill with a rosy, aromatic gas. It quickly enveloped Ken who in spite of the flowery smell began to cough and hack. "N-no, not *ack* that one! Damn!" He shouts. The door before him unlocked itself after an intolerable minute in the gas filled chamber and the bull quickly burst through it. He welcomed the rush of relatively fresh air, but surely he had inhaled too much of the transformative gas.

Ken remembered the time he watched and joined his friends in laughing at a victim of this trap in stream. The situation didn't seem so comical now. As the bull staggered forward, his lungs burning, he could already feel the changes brewing inside him. When they made themselves known they did so seemingly all at once. Ken's body softened. The bones of his legs began to shift. His hips widened greatly as his upper body became slender. His muscle mass quickly dwindled as his shoulders slimmed.

"No no no." Ken said watching as his arms became thin and graceful in shape. His hands even, became soft-skinned. His fur all over became a lighter shade of brown. His nose softened into a gentler curve and his horns, a feature of pride for any bull, shrunk. He was left with two small white horns. Even his lips plumped up considerably and became rosy. When his hips were in their final position Ken's legs began to swell. The musculature and fat rapidly forming sexy curves. The feeling of helplessness is what shocked Ken most. He planted his feminine hands on his swelling rump as if he could stop its rapid growth. His hips were unnaturally wide, combined with his now thin waist made his ass look enormous. Eventually the swelling did stop, and Ken breathed a sigh of relief.

"Uggh, oh god I—awww man my voice too?" Ken says. His deep voice had raised a few octaves during the transformation.

A cruelly placed mirror stands before Ken outside the booth. He could barely recognize himself. His dong was the only thing to clue a viewer in to his true gender. His face was now soft with long lashes. He had lost nearly a foot of height and stood at a slight five foot-something. And his ass! The high heels caused it to bounce heartily with every step.

"Ahhhh, I look like a cow!" He said, turning to look at his curves. All he would need was an udder and he would be indistinguishable from a female. Looking at his new form Ken began to realize an unfamiliar hunger. He wanted to pass through the maze and he wanted to be transformed out of the feminine form, but he also wanted something else, deeply. He couldn't confront what it might be and tried to put it out of his mind for the moment. "No way, I'm not staying like this." Ken, startled by the transformation forgoes covering his penis. He grimaces at the cameras and grits his teeth. He had to press forward. He opted to forego caution in order to pass through the Park as fast as possible. There was no telling how long a contestant's run might be. It was a matter of luck.

Ken ran as well as he could in his heels and with his changed body. He chose paths essentially at random. He maintained a heading and was sure not to loop back on himself in the maze's shifting paths, but otherwise had no real goal. On his way he passed the occasional contestant who had been trapped or contorted in one way or another. One particular sap was encased in thick latex up to his neck and was basically a statue.

Ken continued like this until he hit a trip wire that had been nearly invisible. "Oops," he said as a cylinder shot up from the ground around him. He was caught in a curtained booth. As he tried to get his bearings a pair of robotic arms shot up from the ground. They carried a garment, and before Ken knew what was happening they had secured it around his waist. He felt the presence of the hands only when they tugged tightly the laces of a corset, squeezing the air from Ken's lungs. Before he had a chance to fight the arms off they had tied the corset and place and vanished all at once along with the curtain.

Ken wheezed as he examined the corset. It was black and lacy and had been tied extremely tightly. He reached his hands around his back, but couldn't reach the straps in order to loosen them. His

waist was naturally super-compressed and unfortunately his hips and ass were even more pronounced by the new addition. The cameras whirled as Ken groped his slim waist fruitlessly. "Goddamnit." He said, deflating. Ken recalled something he had heard from a hardcore EFP friend of his. The traps in the Park are geared toward extremes. When a contestant falls for traps with similar results they will encounter more traps that further that result. Ken had gotten the Girly Gas early on and the heels as well. The rest of the traps would surely turn him further and further into a feminine sexual object. He must escape.

The bull continued at an even slower pace as the corset cut off much of his airflow. A barrier rose behind him at one point. The path ahead was also blocked so Ken had to wait for the walls to change again. He stood leaning against a wall for support as he caught his breathe. The gaudiness of the park was getting to him to say nothing of the constant embarrassment. And all along Ken felt the vague desire. Without realizing it Ken started absently rubbing his thick thighs and licking his lips.

Soon the path ahead opened with a commotion. Two contestants ran toward Ken in a panic from the newly opened passage. Cameras followed them as well. Ken could see two gun-like mounts against the far wall.

"Run!" One of them said.

"Get down!"

There was a popping sound as the turrets at the end of the hall shot their payload at the two runners. The two, still unencumbered by transformation or costumes, were able to fall to the ground and dodge the big, multicolored globules that had been shot at them. They looked at one another with glee, they had managed to dodge the trap. When they'd calmed down they looked up at Ken, and then with shock on their faces they looked past and behind him.

"H-hey lady look out!" One of them said, pointing behind Ken. The bull, ignoring the telling gender confusion, glanced over his shoulder to see that a turret had appeared behind him and was taking aim. Without thinking Ken attempted to run and the turret followed. The bull had a stitch and was forced to stop and catch his breath. It was in this split second that the turret fired. A bright blue glob the size of a basketball hurtled through the air and struck Ken's side.

Upon hitting him the ball came to life. The material, smooth and shiny, spread over the bull in a wave. He tried to tear at it, but it was hardy and resisted his struggles. In short order the bull was covered. He blushed madly when he found that the ball of latex had coated him in a shiny, skin-tight suit. He was covered head to hoof and his heels had merged with and matched the materials color. Sky-blue all over and sleek to the touch. Ignoring the others for a moment Ken ran his coated fingers over his plump rear in shock. It clung to him tightly now, there would be no getting it off on his own. Some sicko somewhere was certainly enjoying this development in a stream.

"Are you kidding me?!" Ken said in his girly voice. "Aw the corset is stuck beneath it now! What the hell!" He continued to tug at the suit as the other contestants rose and approached him, one of them looking defeated.

"Oh-oh, you're a guy?" He said, looking Ken over, "Ummmm, sorry dude." Ken turned to them, embarrassed. He hastily and wordlessly stepped past them and continued in the direction from which they had come. "Great ass though, I have to say." He could hear them whispering. He cursed the suit he

had been stuck in and the way it creased and squeaked when he stepped. It was because of the corset and the way it handicapped him that he had gotten hit. He couldn't even reach the garment now.

Ken walked along, feeling very exposed, until he arrived at a castle. It wasn't truly a castle of course, it was a set designed to look like a typical castle. It most likely contained only one or two rooms. Ken squeaked toward it with a bit of doubt. Places like this, constructed sets, were typically the domains of squatters. In the Endless Fun Park fandom squatter is a derogatory name for a contestant that, once inside Endless Fun Park, decides not to leave. These people embrace the excess that the Park offers and in most cases have found ways to use the maze to ensnare newbies for their own pleasure. For this reason they are some of the biggest 'celebrities' on the show. They call themselves the Park Czars. With their strong personalities and devious ways they are allowed by the Park's supervisors to bend its rules. The Czars make for good streams and thus good money. Ken hadn't seen this castle before, but the large, purple V above the entranceway seemed familiar. The castle was Ken's only option as the pathway behind him happened to be blocked after he'd begun to approach the castle out of curiosity.

There was a sign beside the door, Ken decided to at least take a look at it before deciding whether to wait or to take on the castle and whatever might lie inside. The print of the sign was very small, so Ken was forced to crouch in very close to read it. Though he squinted it wasn't until the dainty bull was a foot away from the sign that he could read it.

"Peekaboo?" Ken read suddenly knowing the spine-tingling feeling of having been trapped. Ken looked around, startled, but didn't see anyone or anything nearby. In a moment Ken learned why. From below him, between his legs a robotic probe had appeared. It silently whirled its way to Ken's rear and surprised him by suddenly thrusting itself into his anus.

"Ah! Ahhhh. What the?!—" Ken shouted. The probe was soft and fairly small but that soon changed. The probe's arm detached leaving the rod inside Ken's rear where it swiftly changed shape. It went from being a small, soft pointed cylinder to being a long and wide rod. Ken squirmed, rubbing his latex covered thighs together as his asshole was spread open by the widening dildo. It developed a groove at its base making it into a plug. The plug continued to grow! Ken had never experimented with anal before and the overwhelming fullness caused him to blush. He even drooled a bit in spite of himself. He didn't want to enjoy it, yet he did all the same. He stood on the tips of his heels, grabbing his round ass as if it would relieve the pressure. Eventually the plug did stop growing at the point when Ken was sure it would split him in half. After gingerly touching the plug Ken found that it was dripping with a very effective lubricant. The plug was hollow as well, with a moist, cushioned hole in its center. Excess of the slick fluid dripped down the bull's inner thighs.

"Nnng, god it's so big. Unh." Ken said, holding himself in a moment of unchecked lust. Something about his shapely body and his new plug excited him. The bull's cock stood erect and had he not been disrupted Ken might have done something he would have regretted. From the direction he'd come a series of barriers began to rise. They rose in a wave heading toward the castle. Now Ken was sure he had been trapped. The corset combined with the enormous plug in his rear ensured Ken wouldn't be able to run and make it through one of the barriers. His only option was to waddle awkwardly into the castle. He cursed himself for being so shortsighted and clopped hesitatingly into the dark castle. A barrier rose behind him essentially sealing the bull inside the castle.

"Phew. Damn, I can hardly waa-nngg." Ken started before receiving a jolt. Something was pressed against his back, and he could feel warm breath on the back of his slender neck. Ken fell to the ground. His body, under the effect of that shock, began to move on its own. Ken gritted his teeth, the only thing he could do with them, as he crawled onto his shoulders and onto his knees. He was paralyzed like this.

"Hoo hoo, I got ma'self a nice looking one today. Dang girly, that is truly an ass fer days." Ken's attacker said. The bull couldn't recognize the voice but when the person stepped into his field of view, illuminated by a fake torch, he began to realize his identity. Ken looked down at a cybernetic foot paw which was then joined by a flesh-and-blood one. He wore purple fishnet leggings. This could only be King Violet. "Let me get'chu settled in here." He said.

King violet bent over and, dropped a number of items into Ken's view. There were four thick rubber rings and a prod with an orb at its end, most likely the device that incapacitated him, and two paw-shaped mitts. Ken struggled to move, but was numb all over. He remained frozen as the canine strapped the rings around his ankle and thighs and around his wrists and underarms. Ken couldn't feel this of course, but he had heard of King doing this to other contestants. The rings would keep Ken from being able to extend his arms or legs, stuck on his hands and knees until King Violet's whim decided he should be freed. The dog slipped the paw mitts onto Ken's hands. They were thick and with the bull's hands balled inside would surely prevent Ken from manipulating anything. Lastly Violet secured a tight, thick collar around Ken's neck. When snapped into place it forces the wearer's head to face forward and forbids them from turning or bowing their neck.

King violet stood back a few feet so Ken could look up and see him. King Violet was a canine of some race who stood at a mere five-and-a-half feet tall. What he lacked in height though he made up in muscle mass. While brutish in stature King Violet possessed a certain elegance of movement. This is most likely the assurance of one in power. The first thing one would notice upon seeing King Violet is that much of his right arm, including some of his chest, and one of his paws is robotic. It was smooth and clearly well-made machinery. Violet had soft, wavy haired ears and beady brown eyes. He wore a violet collar, thong, and the aforementioned fishnet stockings. He looked at Ken with blatant lust, licking his chops eagerly. "Don't worry miss, you'll be able to stump around any second now. I gave yer' the lowest settin'.

Sure enough Ken soon felt sensation returning to him. His body tingled. Naturally the first thing he did was attempt to move even though he knew he was trapped. His ankles and wrists were tightly secured. Try as he might he couldn't budge them. His hands, within the soft paws, flailed uselessly. The bull couldn't even turn his head. He couldn't look up into King Violets face. As the King said it took all of Ken's effort to merely waddle on his elbows and knees. He grunted in frustration while the canine rubbed his tenting thong.

"I'm sher you'll get used ter walkin' around on all fours eventually. Most do 'least. So what's yer name beautiful?" King Violet asked.

"Nrrrng." Ken struggled before giving up and hanging his head as much as was possible. "Ken." He said. Annoyingly a camera drifted between them and caught Ken's predicament for the galaxy to see. He realized at this point how many people would be seeing this. Teachers, past girlfriends. It was too much to confront.

"Ken? Ken?!? Sheeit, you gotta be kiddin' me." King Violet said. He stepped toward Ken and bent over him. He dragged a claw slowly over Ken's smooth second skin. "From where I stand you look like a Barbie. Well hey, don't worry. I could never turn away a sissy little fem boy like you."

"Nngggh!" Ken said, squirming away from King Violet's touch. He crawled as well as he could, but it was difficult with the plug still dripping lube from his ass and the corset squeezing his waist. In spite of his initial disgust Ken felt a deep, nearly unconscious pleasure. He was immobilized and completely in King Violet's power and this excited him. However, Ken wanted to escape more than he wanted to explore the new feelings that the transformation had instilled in him. "Help! Somebody help me please!" Ken shouted toward the barrier.

"Ah ah ah. You signed on the dotted line missy." King Violet said. King Violet reached a hand from behind Ken toward his face. He carried what looks like a pair of false lip with a small bit on their inside. "According to the contracts I can do whatever I want with you, fer as long as I want to do it. The Czar's life is a good one, believe you me." The dog inched the lips into Ken's mouth and with his head trapped by the collar he couldn't move away. Violet caressed his soft cheek lewdly with his other hand.

"No! Wait. Fuckin' squatter!" Ken said. He shut his mouth tight as Violet pressed the false lips onto his. This proved useless however as when the lips met his face they immediately merged with him. He could feel them as if they were his own and the bit inside his mouth widened forcing Ken's mouth open.

"Huh? Nauuuh, Unnng." Ken tried to say. His lips, puffier and shiny now, were forced into a wide 'o' shape. He thrashed his head and tried to free his mouth but the gag was essentially part of him. The bright red lips adding another touch of femininity to the poor bull. King violet reached down with his robotic hand and patted Ken's head.

"There we go huh? Only the viewers can hear you moaning now and believe me when I say they -are- getting off to it. That's just the facts." King violet said. He had descended upon Ken and was beginning to grope his every crevice. "Wow Barbie you sher got a fun cocktail of traps didn't ya? This ass man, it's beautiful." King violet cupped Ken's ass in his robotic and his biological hands. His every squeeze caused the latex suit to squeak and the extra stretching on the butt plug made the bull squeal quietly. Ken heard a shuffling as King Violet removed his thong.

"Ooop, look at that." King Violet said, slapping the butt plug. "Yer all stuffed aren't ya? This plug would be a challenge fer me even." He pokes a finger into the plug's opening and gropes its inner layer.

"Nnuuuugh." Ken moaned, dribbling saliva to the floor.

"I can't wait to dive in. Until then though..." King Violet begins "You have another hole that is wiiiiide open don't'cha?" The King moved to kneel before Ken's face. The bull looked up without moving his neck. As expected King Violet has bared his dong which Ken learned is abnormally large. He guessed that Violet once found a trap that enhanced his size. The king held Ken's face in his hands.

"I'm a righteous king girly. If you don't want ter suck me off, just say so." King Violet said, watching the bull with sick delight.

"Nuuugh. Nooooougg." Ken attempted to say, succeeding only in dribbling and causing violet's cock to twitch in anticipation.

“Well if you have no objections...” King violet said. He lifted Ken’s chin a bit before shifting his position. He gripped his massive dong and with intentional sloth, guided his cock into Ken’s mouth. Ken, helpless on the ground before the dog finally understood the itch he’d felt since the transformation. He looked down at Violet’s enormous dong and knew what it was he wanted. King Violet entered Ken centimeter by centimeter. Ken watched now with eagerness. He wanted terribly to suck the dog’s dick. He couldn’t and wouldn’t say so, but he truly did. Useless hands flailing Ken accepted King Violet’s rod into his mouth. His big lips close upon King Violet’s rod automatically and the bull began to suck. He grinned as much as he could and lapped violet’s head gently. The dog shuddered, tossing his silken ears.

“Hnck, unglp, shhlp.” Ken gags. He is truly powerless, he can’t move his neck, he can’t waddle away, and his mouth is sucking on its own. King Violet’s dick jabs the back of his throat at first. When the sadistic dog yearns for more he simply leans forward and shoves himself further down Ken’s throat. Not that Ken is put off by this. The treatment only excited him more. He was a bitch, and maybe just that once, he would allow himself to enjoy it.

“Ooh ho ho yeah. There’s a good girl. Little more.” King Violet said. Ken’s eyes reeled as his mouth was stuffed with another inch of Violet’s cock. The bull dribbled saliva onto the ground in spurts as the dog began to hump. He grabbed Ken’s nubby, female-like horns and pumped his dick into the bull’s mouth repeatedly. At one point a camera hovers directly beside Ken’s face to get a view of the action. He shuts his eyes and tries to act indifferent, but his blushing and glazed eyes betray his great pleasure.

“You like this don’t you Barbie?! Well that is a treat. You can suck a mean cock, hehe.” Violet said, the camera focusing on his predatory leer.

Ken soon tasted a telltale saline in the back of his throat. King’s impassioned grunts were another clue. Ken managed to slow his sucking. He was anxious of what was to come. This didn’t put off King Violet however. The dog planted his robotic hand on the back of Ken’s head and pressed his face onto this meat. Unsurprisingly its grip is surpassing. The dog humped more deeply now. Ken was amazed he was able to breathe. Leaning over Ken’s body King Violet slapped his shiny rear, causing the bull to moan onto his dick.

“Yeah bitch, here I come. Suck it down like a good girl.” King Violet said. Ken grimaced as shortly his mouth was filled with Violet’s viscous seed. With the dick so deep in his mouth Ken couldn’t spit -or dribble- it out. In fact King Violet tilted Ken’s head back to ensure the bull would swallow. The bull, knowing a withheld bliss, guzzled at the canine’s cock for what felt like minutes. In the moment he was content with his situation.

“Grrr.. rnnng. Huuuhh.” King Violet eventually finished. He left his cock inside Ken’s mouth and looked down at him with disarming intimacy. The dog caressed Ken’s cheek, watching as the bull sucked the last of his load. He then pulled out and allowed Ken to dribble and breathe undisturbed.

“Bleeh. Buhh-unng.” Ken groaned. He licked his plump lips clean and yearned, only for a second, to suck King’s meat again right away. The King sat with his fishnet covered legs astride Ken, continually stroking his hair.

"That was amazin' Ken. I'm glad I lured you in here. In fact, I think a blowjob like that will earn you your talking privileges back... for now." King Violet said. He brought two fingers to the corner of Ken's mouth and activated some switch which disengaged both the gag and the lip enhancements.

"Ohhh my god. Thank you." Ken said, unsure exactly what he was thanking the dog for.

"My pleasure. Literally. This is going to be a fun relationship Ken. I know some other Czars with sluts of their own, we'll have to 'range a biiiiiig play date. I'll take you for walks and teach you how to really suck a bone dry. You'll be pretty popular too I bet. Not jus' because yer -mine- but because of, well, yeah because yer mine." King Violet said, standing and recovering his thong. He walked around Ken to do some chore. The bull, beginning to get a hang of moving on his shoulders and knees turned to follow the dog who he found was dressing himself in front of a mirror. Evidently a Czar who cares for his appearance.

"So, uung." Ken said, missing a step and falling onto his chest. He looks up at King Violet from the ground. "King Violet. Is there any chance you might let me go? Please?" Ken said, attempting a shot in the dark.

"Hahaha. Good one. Hell no. You're one sexy sissy and I am going to use you fer everything you've got." King violet said.

"Yeah. Yeah that's what I thought." Ken said, sorely wishing he could take back the last half hour of his life. He hung his head as much as possible. King Violet turned toward Ken with a leash in hand.

"Now, who is ready fer walkies? I can't wait to show you off." King Violet said, giving Ken a toothy grin.

"Uh, I am? I guess." Ken said lowly.

"Good answer!" King Violet replied, slapping the leash onto Ken's constricting collar.