

Shore Leave Part 2

If there was one inherent beauty towards possessing technology far in-advance of the civilization you are currently infiltrating, that beauty would be the concept of changing your attire on a dime. The time was current around 9 pm on a Saturday, and Rex was easily walking the city in an open white shirt (to show off his chest), with the hem tucked into his tight black pants and belt, complete with a cog belt buckle. His black shoes were so shiny you could see your face in them. His gauntlets had been reduced, and thankfully the two together compacted into a wallet, which could provide whatever currency the country worked with.

Being quite tall, Rex towered over most of the other people walking under the veil of stars. And as he was attracting quite a few stares from both men and women alike, he couldn't even hide his smug grin. Drink it in, he thought to himself, drink it, in. While not completely vain, Rex was quite proud of the effort he'd put into his body, and did love to show it off. Granted, with that Weirdness Sensor that random ghost had mentioned, he was in a ways curious to know how everyone perceived him. 'Cuz, with all those flushed looks, he must've looked fucking fantastic and he wished he could enjoy it too.

Oddly, the city carried quite an absorbent amount of night clubs. Where he was must've been near the CBD, and it did take some doing to get there. Turns out that old chapel was in the literal armpit of the city, and it was crowded by low income housing. Rex made quick to abscond from there; he didn't need people selling him useless crap. Granted, this place wasn't much better. This city was so 2010 it *hurt*. And with all these pissy nightclubs, how could he even hope to get a decent drin- oh, speak of the devil. Rex paused outside was appeared to be a bar, and not some pissy nightclub. Now this city was speaking his language.

He pushed through the door with ease, and the place was pretty crowded. It seemed your generic sort of pit bar. Pool tables, betting spots, and slot machines off to the side. But the bar appeared well stocked, so, at least it wasn't a **complete** disappointment. He sidled up to a bar stool that was way too high for him. Half his body was hanging over the counter, and he leaned on it as he rudely tapped on the bar for service. The bar was being managed by a Gazelle and a Penguin. The two glanced over in Rex's direction, and the Gazelle detached, though he hid an unpleasant look as he walked over to tend Rex. "What can I get ya?" he inquired.

"What's the strongest drink you got?" Rex questioned lazily.

The Gazelle's (whose name was Kyle) nostrils flared, he hated that question. "We have a wide assortment of beverages, it depends on what your preferences are" he answered robotically, having memorized and used that statement many times before.

Rex rolled his eyes. "How bout Absinthe? You got any of that?" he queried.

"Absinthe is illegal in this country, sir" Kyle answered briskly.

Fuck. That's forty-two for forty-two. What does this planet have against that drink? "Got anything overproof then?" he questioned.

"We have overproof rum, yes" Kyle confirmed.

"Okay, I'll take a shot of that" Rex decided.

"Alright" Kyle replied, grabbing the bottle from the assorted spirits, and poured it skilfully into a small shot glass.

It was gently placed in front of Rex, who downed it in a second. "Another" he declared, swallowing the drink swiftly.

Kyle looked blankly at the empty shot, and the person in front of him. Though he had seen many things whilst working at a bar, this... this was new. This strange lizard with an absurd volume of body hair had just downed overproof rum straight, and he didn't look worse for wear. "Hello? I said another" Rex demanded.

Kyle silently poured the liquid into the shot glass, and when he had barely moved the bottle away Rex grabbed the shot and downed it in seconds again. He wasn't even reacting to tasting the stuff. What the hell was going on? "You know what?" Rex declared, placing the shot glass down. "Just leave me the bottle, it'll be easier than keeping you here all night" he suggested.

"If that is the case, then first, payment. Will you pay up front, or shall I open a tab?" Kyle inquired.

"Go with the tab, I might be here a while" Rex replied.

Kyle nodded stiffly, walking over to the cash register and writing in the bottle on his tab. *"He'll be out before he's even made it halfway"* Kyle thought to himself as he went to serve another customer, until a horrifying noise made him stop. He had heard a popping sound, as if something had been removed from the bottle.

No, he couldn't possibly. Kyle spun around on the spot, and his jaw came crashing down. Rex had put the bottle of spirits to his lips and he was chugging it as fast as he could. Each powerful gulp pressured more rum into his gullet, and that too was sacrificed to him. This absurd act had already attracted the attention of everyone nearby, including Kyle's workmate, who was similarly aghast. Within moments Rex had finished the bottle, which was then torn from his lips. He belched so loudly the foundations shook as he placed the empty bottle of spirits onto the counter. Kyle's eyes were bugging out of his head as they repeatedly ping-ponged back and forth from Rex to the bottle. "That... that was overproofed rum" Kyle gasped.

"Yeah, so?" Rex demanded.

"THAT WAS OVERPROOFED RUM!" Kyle shrieked loudly, gripping the counter for support, as he was clearly standing in the presence of a miracle.

"I don't see your point" Rex remarked, grinding his jaw a little as he grew very aware of the many eyes that were on him.

"You... that... that was more standard... HOW ARE YOU ALIVE?!" Kyle screamed.

"I'm magic. Now, if you're done screaming, can you get me another one of those bottles? This one didn't do it for me" Rex commented, idly circling the mouth of the bottle with a claw.

"You want... another?" Kyle gasped.

“Unless I suddenly spoke French, yes, that’s exactly what I requested” the Dragobax snarked.

Kyle wheezed loudly, looking to his co-worker for support. The Penguin (Simon) was a lot more composed, but all he could do was shrug. Was this even allowed? He had just downed more standard drinks than anyone should humanly be allowed too. It’s almost as if he was magical. But, it was an order, and he wasn’t technically intoxicated, so he couldn’t slap him with the RSA laws. Reaching under the counter for supplies, another bottle of rum was withdrawn and placed in front of Rex.

The Dragobax eagerly twisted the cap off, and once again placed the bottle to his lips and started to suck it down. Kyle could only shake his head as he watched the amber liquid flow out of the bottle, and the consumer was still standing. The bottle was drained with horrific speed, and was slammed onto the counter again. Rex belched loudly again, practically breathing fire at this point. And, he felt nothing. Zero inebriation, again. Fucking typical. “What is this weaksauce stuff? Is this really the strongest stuff you got?” he demanded indignantly, waving the empty bottle in Kyle’s paling face.

Weaksauce? Overproof rum was... weaksauce? “It’s... it’s the highest alcohol content we are legally allowed to serve” he squeaked.

Rex groaned in disgust. Yet another disappointing planet. For all that was freaking holy what would it take for him to finally get fucking drunk? “God damn you Red” Rex muttered angrily, obviously referring to his father. Well, *one* of his father’s anyways.

“Well, this is interesting” a voice commented out of the blue.

Rex immediately shifted to the right, where a small chestnut horseman was sitting cross-legged in one of the gayest outfits he had ever seen. Surely shorts that, well, short must be illegal right? “Honestly, I do like a man who can hold his liquor” the Pony purred.

Wow, just, really? The first person to hit on him in this world, and it had to be Priscilla, Queen of the Desert? This was even worse than that one time- No, in retrospect, nothing is worse than that one time. Fucking Hapshiel. “Honestly, I don’t give a shit” Rex snapped, verbally slapping the queer, who didn’t even react, aside from a cheeky grin.

“Ah, the hard to get type huh? I can respect that” he commented offhandedly, as if he was trying to make some kind of subtle point.

Oh, really? Was he really trying this route? Geh, he’s probably another who thinks no means yes and that yes means do me in the ass. This wasn’t even worth the time and effort. I mean, Rex could have anyone, he really could, and this guy wasn’t even worth the energy needed to remove Rex’s pants. In truth, where *was* the effort? Rex already had a few feet on this guy, and would have him dominated in a millisecond. “Good, now piss off” Rex growled.

“I think I’ll enjoy my drink first” the Horse remarked, raising a bottle to his lips and swallowing hard. He sighed in the girliest way he could. If not for the lack of tits Rex would have been pretty certain that he was sitting next to a woman. “So angry one, got a name?” the Horse questioned.

Well, at least he was stubborn. “Rex” Rex answered shortly.

“Short and to the point, I like it. I’m Sam” Sam smiled.

“That’s great” Rex grumbled.

“I know a fair few people in this city, but I’ve never seen you before? Just got here huh?” Sam questioned curiously.

“Something like that, I just got in tonight” Rex answered, not even lying really.

“A short visit I guess? Cuz, by the looks of ya, you seem to be a military type I’m guessing?” Sam observed.

Rex’s body tightened up. Surely, surely that was just a lucky guess, right? “Uhh, kinda. I’m ex-military actually” he answered hesitantly.

"Oh, that's interesting" Sam remarked in the most disinterested way possible, drinking in Rex's reaction. "So mister Rex, what do you plan to get up to tonight? Beyond drinking out the bar I mean."

"Well, I'll be leaving early morning" Rex decided, already wanting to leave as is.

"Oh really? That's a pity, I was hoping to get to know you a bit better" Sam whispered, a stray hand gently placed on Rex's leg.

Oh, he's bold too. That's cute. Rex chuckled wryly to himself. "You're bold, I'll give you that. But I could probably do better than you, just saying" Rex pointed out, removing Sam's hand.

That free hand went straight to Sam's heart, a faux hurt look on his face. "You wound me sir, you wound me" he declared dramatically, pretending to fall off his stool, but he hung on by his unusually strong legs. "But I digress, it was just a light offer after all. I'm usually at home to offering new arrivals a Pony ride or two, but if you don't want one, I can understand that" he said in a very reasonable tone.

Though Rex felt inclined to just brush the guy off as a pest, in truth he hadn't had it in a few days now, and his potent testes had already been sacking him for not paying attention to them in that time. He probably wasn't going to get anyone else tonight beyond this fruitcake, and it'll just be a quickie anyways, no big D. "Actually," Rex began, "I think I will take you up on that offer. I think I'd like a... "Pony ride"" Rex remarked, a sly glint in his eye.

Sam smiled gleefully, he had gotten him. "Well then, shall we?" Sam declared, popping off his stool.

"Sure, just gotta deal with one thing" Rex answered as he hailed over Kyle. "How much?" Rex demanded.

"Umm, well, the two bottles together were about... two hundred dollars" Kyle explained.

Rex removed his wallet, and dug out four hundred dollars, which he carelessly tossed onto the counter. "Keep the change, your reaction was worth it anyways" Rex said meanly as he left with Sam leading the way out of the bar. The two were both grinning to themselves,

though it was safe to say that the two had very different ideas on how the night would progress.

Sam had a bit of a mouth on him that was for sure. He just kept going on and on about the 'interesting points of the city' like he was some kind of tour guide. Was this what he did to every new person he picked up? "How many times do I have to say that I don't care?" Rex demanded irritably. At this point, it was twenty-two times.

Sam laughed loudly he did that a lot too. "I just thought something might interest you mister apathetic" he said playfully.

"Look, can you just drop the whole camp gay shtick already? I'm sure it's endearing to some people, but it's just annoying me" Rex chided for the sake of his steadily dwindling patience.

Sam was actually, truly, silent for a moment. "What makes you think it's an act?" he questioned curiously.

Rex's pace slowed down to a stand, giving Sam a questioning look. "It's, all that" Rex pointed out, his hand indicating, well, all of Sam. "You are trying way too hard right now. This is like, a virgin trying to pretend he's had loads of sex, except clearly you aren't a virgin. No virgin, not even a gay one, would be caught dead wearing all of that and acting like you do. If I could take a guess, this is compounded gay because your actual life can't fit it in" Rex observed callously.

Sam breathed deeply, genuinely surprised by that rather candid summation. "You're pretty good, you know that?" he remarked, actually impressed. "No one has ever actually figured that out, well, figured that out and told me, in any case. Yeah, you're pretty much right there. People take a dim view to gay teachers, even if they're high school teachers. So I have to keep who I am locked away until the weekend, where I can go out and express myself. I'll admit I can be a bit of a slut at times, but, eh, I just like sex. Can't fault me for that" he smiled a good, natural smile.

"No, actually, I can't honestly" Rex responded thoughtfully, as he had had more one-night stands than there are days in a year.

The two chuckled to themselves as they continued walking. "So, I take it you're probably, what, an English teacher?" Rex commented.

"Got me again. Yeah, I teach high school English. I've been planning my unit for the past few months now, but I've been so frazzled today that I needed to just get out of my apartment. Go figure I found a nice catch to bring home though" Sam grinned cheekily.

"Implying you caught me?" Rex thought to himself. "A catch huh? Better be careful, some fish bite" he warned, subtly licking the back of his long teeth.

"I'll be careful" Sam smirked back, completely lost on the metaphor.

To be honest, this was almost a good moment, at least, by Rex's standards. Naturally, something had to ruin it. "FAGS!!!" came a sharp call.

Rex's head snapped immediately to the left, where a group of useless shits were all camped around, pretending to be ghetto. His snarls echoed in his throat. "Don't mind them, they're just a bunch of tools" Sam reasoned darkly, only to realize Rex was already crossing the street.

There was about six of the turds altogether, and they all seemed *very* interested when Rex confronted them, arms folded neatly. "Care to say that again?" he threatened.

The gang laughed loudly to themselves. The biggest one, presumably the leader got to his feet, staring off against Rex, despite still losing in the height game by a foot and a half. "Yeah man, I'll say it again. I called you and your little boyfriend fags. Wanna make something of it?" he sassed.

Rex's eyes narrowed carefully. A preliminary sweep suggested that they carried no weapons, except maybe some switchblades. They probably didn't have any guns so they used their group dynamic to intimidate people. Most likely pairs or people walking alone. Gutless. "Good, I was just checking to make sure my hearing was working. By the way, you have something on your shirt" Rex pointed out pleasantly, before grabbing the hoodlum by his shoulder and kneeing him in the stomach violently. "IT WAS PAIN!" Rex roared dramatically.

The leader went down with just the one hit, gasping loudly from the blinding pain in his stomach. The other five spewed out whatever obscenities they could manage whilst flinging themselves at Rex. With a swift swing of his powerful arm Rex the back of Rex's right hand smashed into the face of a would-be attacker. The victim of his strike cried out in pain as he stumbled backwards, falling onto his ass as he clung to his broken nose. Another one took a swing at him, but it was so clumsy Rex easily avoided it, before spinning around and kicking his assailant in the stomach. The hood was sent hurtling back, clutching his gut and coughing up blood. God were gangs on this planet weak. Rex was so uninvested he was already wondering how much further they had left until he could get his "pony ride".

Not even really trying at this point, Rex's hands snatched out and grabbed the heads of two struggling hoods. He bashed their skulls together with such ferocity that they both crumpled post-collision. And then there was one, and he wasn't looking too brave anymore. He was shaking in his knock-off joggers, and Rex was very certain that he was about to piss himself. The scared shit screamed loudly, throwing a punch at Rex, who grabbed it mid-flight. The other fist went sailing, and Rex caught that too. He squeezed his prisoner's fist tightly, almost bringing him to his knees. "I'm sorry" the thug wept, but, sadly, Rex had no sympathy to spare.

With a brutal swing Rex smashed his forehead into the face of the last gang member, and he fell like the rest. He released the thug's hands, and maybe kicked one or two before absently walking back over to Sam, who had just stood there and watched everything. "Holy shit!" Sam gasped loudly.

"Shall we?" Rex suggested to the surprised Horse.

"Holy... shit man. How long were you in the military?" Sam laughed.

"Longer than I cared to be" Rex admitted as the two continued walking.

"Umm, shouldn't we call them an ambulance or something?" Sam questioned, gazing back at the ruined thugs.

"They knew what they were getting themselves into" Rex sneered.

"I guess, I hope they just don't remember me. I still have to live in this city after all" Sam pointed out.

"Then they'll know not to mess with you. Useless turds like them might not remember much, but they do know not to fuck with people who know people who can kick their ass" Rex smirked.

The rest of the walk was very uneventful, right up to when Sam and Rex were standing in front of the door to Sam's apartment. The Pony stumbled with his keys, trying to grab the right one amongst an entire building's worth of keys all on one ring. He laughed in triumph once he finally managed to grab the right one to unseal the door.

Sam's apartment was pretty alright. It was about what a single teacher would have. A few paintings, a decent looking couch and a T.V. you could actually watch without squinting. There was even a wall to divide the living space from the kitchen. It was almost *too* nice to be an apartment. "You want to wash up first before we do this?" Sam inquired.

"Hmm?" Rex mumbled, still busy looking around. "No, I prefer after. Cleaning yourself beforehand detracts from the experience" he explained.

"Hmm, how Spartan" Sam remarked, guiding Rex to the only bedroom.

For such a small horse, he certainly had a decent sized bed. It must've been a queen's double, at least. How many people has he screwed to even justify that enormous bed? Though, the high board at the head of the bed was rather questionable. It seemed tall enough for someone to hang off of it. "Do you prefer it with the lights on, or off?" Sam queried as he idly removed the four pillows from the bed.

"On" Rex answered quickly. "Always, on" he added for emphasis.

"Good, I do too. It's just not as intimate when you can't stare your lover in the eyes" Sam said in a dreamy, romantic tone.

He was already stripping down, and was bare naked in a matter of seconds. Sam had a very feminine body, the kind that you would mistake for a woman's. His sides curved in to that perfect hourglass shape, with a pair of wide-hips. Well, if his record was any indication, he'd need a strong pair in order to survive taking it in the ass so much. His chest and belly were so flat though, he almost looked like a mannequin. Granted, mannequins probably didn't have a belly-ring, but that's beside the point. For a Horse though, Sam didn't seem as well-endowed as they were. His balls only seemed about the size of golf-balls, and he was already upright. His cock couldn't have been any longer than six inches hard. Not that Rex cared about the size of his partner.

Sam drizzled himself on the top of the bed, posed in such a way that he seemed to be physically begging Rex to paint him like one of his French girls. Rex once did a French girl; he honestly didn't know what all the fuss was about. Screaming in French isn't any more erotic than screaming in English or any other language... except German. That language was pretty much designed to kill boners, if the moustaches weren't enough of a deterrent. Either way, this was just going to be a quick fuck, so there was little point trying to drag this out. Well, doing so did tease Sam, and that would be a start. Rex was almost painfully slow as he slowly disrobed, his shirt sailing to the ground.

Sam whistled loudly, very impressed by the thick love mat that coated his lizard friend's chest. It almost looked as soft as silk. Rex slowly released his belt, taking it apart one bolt at a time, slowly drawing it from his waist and dropping it onto the ground with his shirt. "Now you're just teasing" Sam purred seductively.

"I just like to make sure people are... in the right mood" Rex replied in his own dulcet tones, tones that hid his sinister grin.

Digging into the carpet, Rex popped his boots off with ease, releasing his feet as he decided to pick up his pace, gripping his pants and almost tearing them off, revealing his ash-grey boxer-briefs. Sam whinnied loudly, his eyes running all around the bulge being shown off by those boxer-briefs. That was, until Rex removed them entirely, standing there in the buff. His tail swished in the air as his slit was finally given air to breathe in. "Oh my" Sam gasped, his breathing intensifying. "Where's your little friend?" he questioned curiously.

"He'll be along later" Rex answered.

"Well, can he hurry up, I do so really want to see him" Sam whined, his body gently relaxing onto the bed.

“Due time Pony” Rex said darkly.

The Dragobax, with some pretty obscene grace, leapt over and across the bed, landing roughly on top of Sam, who wheezed loudly as Rex’s weight wrenched all of the air out of his lungs. Rex chuckled evilly as his large hands pinned Sam’s arms to the bed, while the rest of his body hung over Sam like an evil shadow. “I... guess you like it rough huh?” Sam uttered in a scared tone.

Rex chuckled again, a knowing, wicked chuckle. “Oh, yes. So much so” he whispered as his claws tightly grasped Sam’s wrists.

“Well, I guess that’s fiiIIIIINE!” Sam squealed as Rex’s claws dug into his wrist. “OW! OW! OW! THAT HURTS!” he complained.

Rex slowly, and very surely leaned in good and close to Sam’s scared face. The Dragobax’s own face was contorted into a very scary expression. Not a look of lust, but, of desire. A desire, to control, and dominate. “That’s the idea” he whispered cruelly as he gripped Sam’s wrists harder.

His claws were digging in so sharply now, Sam was scared that he was about to start bleeding out. Rex laughed to himself as he lowered his fanged maw to Sam’s neck. “What are you going to do?” Sam whimpered, still grunting at the pressure in his arms.

Rex didn’t answer as he snarled loudly, his fangs biting deeply into Sam’s neck. The Pony groaned loudly, his throat being crushed by the force of Rex’s jaw. “Too hard! Too hard!” he croaked as hard as he could, but Rex only bit into him even harder.

Sam was getting very lightheaded. He couldn’t breathe at all, and Rex was only sinking into his neck even harder. If not for his lack of resistance, Rex wouldn’t have stopped. The Dragobax withdrew from Sam’s neck, and he lightened his grip on Sam’s arms as his prey groaned loudly. The bite marks had run quite deep into Sam’s neck, and, whilst they hadn’t drawn blood, they were something that wouldn’t be forgotten quickly. Neither were the claw marks in his wrists. Rex admired his handiwork; Sam looked almost ready to pass out. “Good, you know who’s in charge” he asserted.

Sam groaned loudly. "Maybe... not too rough... any more" he whimpered.

Rex shook his head sadly. "You're soft" he pointed out. "It's because you've only been with boys. Boys who just don't know what they're doing except fucking people in the ass. I think I'm going to need to educate you on how a man has sex" he decided.

With a quick hop his thick legs were now pinning Sam's arms down, the rest of his weight placed directly on the Pony's chest. Rex's dry slit was mere inches from Sam's face. Gripping Sam's mane roughly, Rex shoved his face right onto his slit, the Horse's large nostrils pressed right against the scaly lips. "Lesson One: How a Man Should Smell. Breathe me in Pony, and know how a dominant male should smell" Rex instructed.

Sam adamantly refused, sucking in small gushes through his mouth. With his free hand Rex gently gripped Sam's maw, and pinched tightly. He couldn't purse his lips open at all, and he was beginning to suffocate. Sam tried his best to flail, but Rex's weight prevented it. Grimly accepting his cruel fate, Sam breathed in Rex's aroma, and he was sent into a coughing fit as his chest convulsed violently.

Rex's musk was literally toxic, combining the disgusting odour of crotch, sweat, and... brimstone? The ashen smell irritated Sam's nostrils so much, and his cheeks were ballooning outwards, as Rex's kung-fu grip prevented him from coughing loudly. Out of his miniscule sense of mercy, Rex released Sam's head, allowing his prey to cough violently in the open air. "It's nice, isn't it Pony? So fragrant. Now, why not go in for a taste?" Rex jeered.

With the minor air brake over with, Rex took Sam's face, and smashed it right into his slit. The tip of his dragonic cock was pressed right against Sam's mouth, and the Horse could feel the intense warmth permeating off of it. "Go on, give it a lick" Rex ordered imperiously.

If not for his fleeting sense of self-respect, Sam would have started to cry at this point as his flat tongue lapped at the tip of Rex's cock, the Dragobax sighing in minor pleasure from the touch. It wasn't much of a thrill, as Rex was getting off more from the thrill of controlling Sam than that of him actually licking his head. And he wasn't even close to cumming yet. Yet, being the keyword here.

In truth he was holding out on Sam, but now that the Pony was indentured towards sucking his cock, Rex finally relaxed his pelvic muscles, allowing his leviathan of a cock to spring out of his slit. Sam's reaction as completely muted as the meaty monster literally sprang into his

mouth, all nine inches of it. Sam's eyes were watering at this point. And with how far his faced has been shoved into Rex's slit, the Dragobax's cock was practically beating against the back of Sam's throat. Thank god he didn't have much of a gag-reflex anymore, or things would have gotten messy. This in a ways made it all the more worse, as he could feel every bump and ridge present on Rex's cock. "Now that I have your full attention Pony, it's time for Lesson Two: How a Man Should Get Sucked Off. I want your tongue to get to work now, as things are going to get rough" Rex said in a smouldering tone, his legs moving into position.

He didn't need to hold on to Sam's head anymore, as his cock was doing an excellent job of keeping him in place. Rex carefully unwound his body, his mass standing on his knees as he gripped tightly to the headboard of the bed, his shadow coating Sam's nervous expression. Rex looked down with a sinister glare, and he sneered at the worried look in Sam's eyes. That sneer kept his attention as Rex gently brought his hips back, before slamming his pelvis right into Sam's face. The Pony screamed mutely as the back of his head smashed into the headboard, the vibrations of his screams only stimulating Rex as the Dragobax picked up speed. Sam's head was repeatedly being smashed into the headboard, and the roughness of Rex's cock only left a bad taste in his mouth as the moist serpent slid in and out, in and out. He was already crying now, his tears running down his face as he desperately wished this nightmare would end.

And, as if the Blue Fairy heard his cries, it did. Rex sighed in disappointment as he slowly extracted his cock from Sam's open mouth. And the first thing to escape from those lips was a very audible sob. He was crying very loudly at this point, and his spirit was broken. Rex drank in that pure submission, oh, it was glorious. Sure, he knew Sam was probably already a bottom bitch, but, he just couldn't resist the idea of breaking him in proper. The pure domination felt so good, a small glob of pre finally escaped Rex's enormous cock, and it splattered on Sam's chest. Rex rubbed it into Sam's chest, marking his territory to show other males what was his. Oh, with such a defeated foe, there were so many things left to do to this little Horse. But, Sam was just that, beaten, defeated. He was done, and no longer required breaking. Now, it was time to claim the prize.

Getting off of Sam, Rex gripped the Pony tightly as he forced him into a new position. Sam's body obeyed the Dragobax's every command as his shaking legs could barely support him. His head was hooked to the top of the board to stop him from falling off it. Rex inspected his handiwork, seeing Sam was in the right position. The Pony had quite the flat and firm behind. He seemed pretty much like a village bicycle, so, it seemed worth it to inspect it for wear and tear. With a quick lick of his claw, Rex inspected the damage. Sam only weakly grunted as Rex's claw probed his insides, swivelling around the inside of his ass carefully, before a hasty retreat. There was not much tread on those tyres, but, that wouldn't be a problem. Though it would have been nice to break his ass as well. Oh well.

Rex moved into position behind Sam, the tip of his cock pressed against Sam's open hole. He placed one hand on the board by Sam's head, so he could keep his balance. "Now then Pony, it's time for the Final Lesson: How a Man Acts When he's on Top. You promised me a Pony ride, now, I'm coming to collect" he grunted as he impaled Sam's insides.

With one brutal thrust Rex put every inch of himself inside Sam, and the Pony grunted in pain as he could his insides being stretched and tortured by Rex's cock. And to add insult to injury, Rex grabbed a thick tuft of Sam's mane, and he pulled tightly. Rex violently pounded Sam just as hard as before. His equine body was getting smashed repeatedly against the wooden board with every one of Rex's powerful thrusts.

Unlike before though, Sam was able to verbalize his agony for Rex, and each pained grunt only turned him on harder. He was smashing Sam's ass every second now, and things were starting to get hot now. Rex's tongue flopped out of his mouth as he could feel his potential rising. "NEIGH FOR ME PONY!" he barked loudly.

Sam gave out a weak little neigh, which only earned him a stiff pull on his mane. "I SAID NEIGH!" Rex roared, his lust steadily building as cock turned to iron.

Sam whinnied loudly, satisfying Rex as the Dragobax was almost there. With one final ungodly powerful thumps to Sam's ass, Rex finally came. His hot spunk squirted like a hose inside Sam, and he sighed in pure relief as he kept blasting. Sam groaned loudly, his insides felt like they were on fire. His hands went to his gut, his head lowered in pain as he could have sworn Rex managed to blast all the way into his stomach. He shuddered in pain.

Changing position like this was a poor choice however, as Rex suddenly heaved forwards, slamming Sam's head straight into the headboard, and the Horse was done. He had been completely knocked out by Rex, who couldn't give less of a shit. His cock slid out of Sam's cum-soaked ass, and he sighed loudly again. "That, that was nice" he shuddered pleasantly, finally happy to get that monkey off his back as any erstwhile cum dripped off his cock and soiled the bedsheets.

He grinned at Sam, but found the Horse was far too busy being slightly comatose. "Heh, lightweight" Rex laughed to himself as he kicked off Sam's bed, before a small glint caught his eye.

Turned out Sam had climaxed sometime during the fucking. Rex laughed at the side it seemed that Sam didn't even know about. "Looks like the Pony likes having the piss scared out of him" Rex laughed to himself as he went for a shower.

The bathroom in Sam's apartment was attached to the bedroom, and the shower was pretty small. Either way, Rex managed to cram himself in there and proceeded to turn the hot water on full. The boiling water blasted against his fur and scales, and it was glorious. The steam rolled all around him as he congratulated himself. He didn't get drunk, but at least he managed to get himself a semi-decent fuck. Well, honestly he could have done all that himself. Hell, the Pony didn't even suck him off, he had to do all the work. That was so typical of Earth, the sex is only usually sub-par. And the only good stuff was the made-up ones on the internet. Not that Rex really bothered with internet porn unless he was *really* desperate.

"Well, at least this trip wasn't a complete waste" Rex thought to himself as he turned the taps off.

Water dripped from his fur like rain as he stepped out of the shower, and borrowed one of the towels that were hung on the rack. He rubbed himself vigorously, paying attention to wash out any traces of cum inside his slit. Once clean, Rex half-assedly redressed himself, before giving one more look at Sam, whose ass still continued to leak cum as he lay there. If this were a cartoon, his eyes would be X's or little spirals. Rex grinned cheekily as he walked down to the front door, and made sure it was locked.

Giving one more look back down to the bedroom, Rex retrieved his wallet, which refolded back into his gauntlets. Securing them tightly to his wrist, Rex re-opened his holographic display, and swapped his casual clothes out for his normal outfit. Satisfied, he keyed in some co-ordinates. A spark escaped the glowing purple gem, and it ran itself into a wall, forming a shimmering blue portal. "See ya Earth number Forty-Two, you were almost not completely shit" Rex declared as he left through the portal to parts unknown.