

Gustav & Mikail: The Femboi Gardens

By Blue Jay/Snoe72

In the secret and mystical Femboi Gardens, adventurer Gustav and resident Mikail find a few ways to become acquainted.

Originally this was a roleplay established by Epic Quest, about a Garden of Eden for fembois, where they could frolic among phallic fruit and act all drugged-out and horny. He was initially opposed to allowing beefcakes into the Garden, due to many fembois having been slaves to more masculine males, but some pleading convinced him to allow some handsome fellows in, one of them being my own stag.

So naturally I partnered up for a naughty, naughty time.

I've fixed up some of the grammatical errors, but largely everything is as it was originally posted.

Gustav the white-tailed deer belongs to me, Mikail the bunny belongs to Snoe72.

Enjoy.

Outside the Gardens, a half-mile away, there was a lazily-flowing river. Its fresh waters stirred and its surface was broken as a pair of hands reached out and found purchase.

Their owner hauled himself out of the water, streams of clear liquid flowing down his body. He shook himself to get a few drops more away, and then walked over to his belongings.

Gustav the white-tailed deer was a marvelous specimen of male anatomy, his body cut with just the right amount of muscle, tall at six-three (six-seven when including his antlers, a glistening white). He towed off his fur and padded his swimming vest and thong, each one two-tone in color: dark pink for the front and back, jet black for the sides. Gustav loved the way it made him look, confident that it enhanced his generous package.

And he would need all the looks he could get. After nearly three years of searching/adventuring, he'd finally found the Femboi Gardens. During his travels, he'd encountered (and laid with) a few of them, and found them to be very irresistible, their slender forms and tight bodies perfect.

Part of him wondered just how he was going to get with the bois in the Gardens, though, because he wasn't sure how to enter the area, and he was fairly certain the residents would be reluctant to trust

him; he was a studly stag, after all, and plenty of fembois outside the magical zone were slaves to masculine figures like himself.

Still, he was hopeful that he could enter, and if not that, then perhaps one of the bois would be willing to step out. He was sure of it.

Mikail was dressed for hiking with duffle bag over his shoulder moving toward the gardens as with more speed and ease than his frame appeared to be capable of, he'd spent five years away this time and had a few 'toys' he wanted to share with a few old friends...if they were still there. Mik shrugged at the thought as he made his way flitting through the forest with ease knowing the way after countless return trips. Crossing the path of a lovely stag he paused long enough for the creature to get a look at the white rabbit in the clearing. His too small cargo shorts tight around his backside, and on his back was a leather jacket one would see on a biker yet on this the words 'Down the Rabbit hole' emblazoned in pink and red on its back. Giving the stag a wink and gesturing for him to follow Miki darted toward the gardens hoping the vague invitation was taken.

Further on the hare came to what was the edge of the gardens and sighed with relief as he entered the Femmy-Fruit grove. A welcome home shiver prickling across his fur ass he sashayed his way into the woods looking back over his shoulder for the stag.

For a second, the stag thought he was seeing things, blinking to make sure Lady Luck really was with him.

But then a sly grin spread across his muzzle, eyes narrowing and eyebrow cocking in a debonaire fashion as he caught the rabbit's wink and wave; especially motivating was the phrase on the lapine's back.

Gustav quickly grabbed his gear and made to follow the femboi, keeping a safe distance in case of booby traps or other defenses. After all, it would royally suck (and not the good kind of sucking) if he made it this far only to be vaporized by three-headed femboi wizards with lightning staffs. Or something.

After following the bunny boi for a short while, he watched as the effeminate male gave a slight shiver before throwing a look back his way. Figuring he had nothing much to lose and everything to gain, the deer followed the lagomorph's footsteps...and also felt a soft electric wave, like a static electricity current, roll over his body.

For a second, he just stood there, his smile becoming wider and wider before he laughed a bit.

He'd made it into the Gardens.

He was in Paradise.

"Well seems you didn't lose me, sweet heart welcome to the Garden's." Mikail could help but call out to his pursuer more than happy to be chased "Didn't know stags enjoyed being on that side of the hunt though." Giving him another wink. The hare's ears scoped out the any sign of the other or maybe new arrivals wondering if he'd gather an audience should things went the way he intended...which was rather...loud.

Finding his way to a lovely bed of flowers seemingly trickling from tree to hill and down a gentle slope. A nice spot to stop since he'd been walking for almost two days...well he made camp once but still it was a long trek from the nearest city. Putting down his bag Miki practically 'fell' back into the soft patch the dust from the blooms cast into the air and practically shimmering. "Nice outfit by the way." Sitting against the hill in the flower bed as if it were a recliner Mikail brought a hand to his shorts and flicked the button open at the waist.

Gustav flashed a grin at the bunnyboi. "I don't think I'd dare lose you," he said as he admired the Gardens' astounding beauty. "And I enjoy all manner of hunting, because it's so rewarding." Off in the distance, he could see some others, more fembois, but he knew he'd have to wait for any fun with them; after all, he was a gentleman, and a gentleman did not ignore present company.

"Oh, thanks," he returned when Mikail complimented his (admittedly skimpy) attire. "I think the pink really accentuates the caramel of my coat, and I love the feel of a snug thong parting my buttocks."

When the lapine popped the button on his shorts, Gustav's eyes sparked with anticipation. He lowered himself to his knees and gently spread Mikail's legs. The stag dropped to his belly, propped on his elbows and with his hands cupping that tight little bunny ass. His head dipped forward and he gave the other male a cheeky wink as his teeth took hold of the fly and unzipped the shorts.

He reared back slowly, positioning himself on his knees while smoothly sliding the cargo shorts down the boi's legs, tossing them aside. He paused to unzip his vest before spreading Mikail's legs again and getting back onto his belly.

"Mmm, nutritious greens aplenty," he smiled. "But does the bunny want me to munch on his carrot, lick his tailhole, or...something more?" He puffed his chest out a bit at that last, emphasizing his masculinity.

Just sitting there watching the buck was an entertaining thing. How he moved what he aimed for, and sooo... very accommodating "Such a gentleman." He tilted his head a bit as he watched the cervine peel back his shorts and "And I agree about those skimpy things, they compliment you nicely." Shifting a bit letting those short glide slowly down his legs, being very polite in allowing the male to do his work.

The black leather panties underneath, the words 'BITE ME' scrawled upon them, Mik letting the cervine read it before pulling at the laces at his hips and peeling it from his body and tossing it aside for the time being so he could further admire this tastey 'thing' that looked poised to please him first and foremost.

So unlike most males it was refreshing to see chivalry again "Well I've always heard that is best to start with your vegetables," Remarking on the carrot remark "then you can lick your treat, maybe we can go for a nice long ride when you're done, hmmm?"

Gustav's cock throbbed as he saw the rabbit's panties, his eyes tracking their discarding. For a moment, he felt a flash of envy at the Gardens' bois, getting to wear such clothing on their adorable bodies, but he also felt a swell of pride at his own form, and also at being able to rut with such a hot little thing.

Licking his lips, the stag lowered himself to his belly again, his head looming over the lagomorph's cute little penis. "Veggie time," he said before diving in, easily engulfing the small member.

Of course, even while he serviced the femboi, he multitasked: his hands slid under Mikail's butt again, steadily and powerfully kneading those incredible cheeks, his pelvis rising a couple inches with each thorough squeeze.

For several long minutes the cervine carried on like this, swallowing the boi's pre eagerly and sliding his tongue along the short length, letting his warm muzzle house the tender rod. When it ended, he opened his throat, taking every drop of bunny seed, relishing the flavor as he would a fine wine.

Pulling off, he paused and let Mikail get a good look at him, a strand of cum-mixed-saliva connecting his lower lip to the rabbit's cockhead.

Gustav broke the moment as he dropped his noggin a second time, lifting that sweet ass up just enough to grant him access to the hidden tunnel between those amazing mounds.

Mik watching the cervine eye his underthings as they flew off "Not quite your size sweet pea, but I think I know some folks that can oblige." Remembering the stag's build so well and admiring what was on display he could only imagine how much sexier he'd look in tight leather with stainless steel buckles and studs. Maybe the garden seamstress was still around.

Pulled from his thoughts so sweetly as the cervine made his moves again, admiring how those muscles stretched and flexed. It was hot to see him move even so subtly, Mikail had a weakness for strength and it was showing through. His length twitched and swelled under the hot breath. Quickly pulled into this creatures Mik gripped at the flowers and twisted the greens into his fists "MY gawd you're too good at that." A murring rumbled within his chest his big ears falling back as he enjoyed the buck's ministrations.

Squirming in those strong hands under him the bunny sought to run his fingers through his hair letting his little claws be known. So many forget that rabbits had them too, and they were so delightful to tease with, scritchng between those antlers for a moment before admiring them "Nice rack." He couldn't help himself, more joke pouring into his mind about the cervine 'doing the mounting instead of being mounted'.

Rolling his hips a bit as the deer sucked eagerly, it was amazing to see how quickly the creature could work him up. His attempts to hold himself off were ploughed through his defenses without any difficulty. Before long he moaned deeply and pressed into that throat as stream after stream coated that throat. His chest heaving Miki was taken off guard by the next advance despite having suggested this path to begin with.

His moaning began anew but more frequent as that hot long tongue pressed and teased at his rear pucker. Twitching and wriggling in the stag's iron grip and waiting for what came next.

Had Gustav not been so focused on servicing the boi, he would have admired the lapine's assistance, the rolling of his hips and how far he tried to stuff his modest rod down the cervine's esophagus; certainly the bunny's moans pleased his ears.

With his large hands, it was easy to spread the boi's legs: all it took was a shift in his grip, his hands smoothly gliding from those pert buttocks to the thighs right below them. Steadily the stag pushed back and apart, widening the distance between the lower-body limbs and fully exposing the femboi as he put him into a borderline yoga pose.

"I see something small and dirty," he snickered. "Gonna have to clean it real good."

He dove back in, the feminine ass filling his nostrils with its wonderful scent even as his tongue pierced and twisted into the rectal depths.

Mikail's renewed groaning, moaning, gasping, and writhing told the buck everything he needed to know. A spark of glee mixed with pride shot through him at his accomplishment, and urged him to press his tongue even deeper, trying his best to ream the boi right to the spillover point.

And he hit it soon enough, feeling those cheeks grind against his brow, shaking as their owner's cock spurted a second load of bunny-seed all over Mikail's chest and belly.

Gustav withdrew his tongue slowly, giving a goodbye kiss to the pucker before pulling away completely and lowering the lad to the ground.

"All right," he grinned. "Now that I've had my vegetable and treat, I think it's time for the ride."

He stood up, letting Mikail gaze up at his sculpted body for a moment before hooking his thumbs into the sides of his thong and pulling it down. Since the hem went under his spade-tail, he didn't need to fiddle with the back, and the skimpy swimwear slid down with grace.

Revealed, his onyx cock hung in the air for a moment, his white-furred balls keeping it company before the monster started to awaken, quickly driven to hardness by the sight of the femboi. It rose like a pillar of lustful darkness, and once it was at full mast, its thick nine inches throbbed, visibly swaying with desire.

"Soft...or hard?" Gustav asked.

Before long Mik had been folded over onto his back knees pressed to his shoulders as the cervine made impossibly perfect work of invading his insides with that hot worming tongue. The hard pressing tongue twisted and swirled until the hare was panting yet again threatening to spasm free of the buck's grip...not like he could've but still the hare longed to hold this feeling and this position letting that tongue have its way. Hot saliva dripping down the centre of his pink rosebud until another orgasm was forced from his lithe white body. The thick salty mess landing against his upperbody the scent of his own seed making it all the better, hell a few more inches and a bit of pressure and he could probably suck himself off in full view of his new friend.

The question ringing in his ears with a blissful grin, still blushing from the two 'gifts' given "Do I look like...a bunny that likes it soft?" The look in his eyes telling the buck just what he wanted "I want you to fuck me till I walk funny!" Smiling and daring the buck to do just that as he curled his knees over those shoulders and gripped them there.

"Question is, want me like this or a bit more primal?" Wondering whether the cervine wished to rut him in the missionary position or on all hands and knees.

Gustav smiled, laughing a little. "Well, I'm a nice guy, and a nice guy doesn't just assume. If I did, then I'd have slave-catching gear in my bag instead of survivalist gear, and you'd probably be wearing a tight collar by now and begging to be violated by every beefcock in the area." The smile grew broader. "But as for your position, I have a sweet little plan I think you'll love."

He crouched and gently scraped some of Mikail's cum off the rabbit's chest with his fingertips, licking just a bit to sample the flavor again. "Tasty."

His hand dropped to his member and he used the cum to lube his glans, coating it well; the pearly fluid, spread upon the hot flesh, made his black cock look silver. Once more getting onto his knees, he lined up for penetration, leaning (though more like looming) over the smaller male, his hands on either side of the lad. Each twitch of his large prick tapped the boy's sack.

A moment later, he pressed into the little tailhole, his thick phallus an organic battering ram and the lapine's back door a paltry barricade. Inch after inch slid inexorably into that gripping portal, but the resistance was no match for Gustav: he entered as easily as if the boy was made of wet paper. One of the perks of being a beefcake.

The stag licked his lips, relishing the pleasure Mikail experienced just from being impaled on the massive rod. Just for a little fun, he bucked the last couple inches into the femboy, almost laughing at his reaction to the sudden influx of the last stretch of stud-meat.

"Now," he informed his partner, his voice deep and low and husky, dripping with sultriness, "comes the first fun part."

Gustav shifted his body, and for a moment his cock seemed to penetrate even deeper into the boi's ass, his form pressing close against the other's as he got onto his hooves while keeping crouched. Leaning back, he removed his hands from the flowerbed and took hold of Mikail's calves...and then stood up, Mikail lifted directly out of the flora, his white-furred body perpendicular to Gustav's, connected via cock.

With a smirk, the cervine rolled his hips forward before pulling back, the bulge in the boi's gut shrinking for just a second before the stag's dick came crashing back in. Gustav adopted this rhythm, letting the bunniboi ride his cock, bouncing him up and down the pulsing shaft.

Mik smiled "Well that's unfortunate." Chuckling a bit at the buck's mention of slave gear and capturing him. "I do look darling in collars." Nibbling his bottom lip in a sultry expression. "And so far you're the only dessert I've seen." Practically checking off the list the buck laid out.

Everything his new friend was doing seemed too perfect, but this was paradise and compared to the real world things were so much 'simpler' here. Hell he didn't even know the bucks name and he'd been sucked off and given a sweet Hershey kiss both resulting in sweet sweet release. Miki couldn't help but anticipate returning the favor...several times.

Feeling the moments unfold, that thick meaty spear prodding him, pressing home with all the weight of truck. Spreading his tight little ring wide, painfully wide, blissfully wide. Filling his insides and more. It had been quite some time since he'd felt this full and still the buck pressed further.

Hissing between his teeth "Oooohhhh yesss." Eyes viced shut for the moment his arched back into the flowers his head craning up and away only to cast them back to lock with that cervine's. "Treat all bunnies like a wanton cocksleeve, darling?"

The sudden shift and thrust had him gasping out in withheld cries. Grinding his teeth and shaking a bit in an attempt to maintain self-control until he really needed to make some noise.

With his ass pulled firmly into place against buck's hips and his legs pulled up along with the rising brute. Being spiked upon that cock here with all that strength, and in insides threatening to be pressed into his chest. Gawd this guy knew what he was doing! Mikail's own weight used to practically swing into that cock his own weight impaling him.

The hare's voice finding purchase, in throaty wails of pleasure, and cursing pleas for more. Making using of his hands to swing himself away. Ankles twisting together behind Gustav's head and locking in an attempt to 'help' in his own thorough fucking.

"Oh, like you don't love being a cocksleeve," Gustav cheekily replied as he gave the boi a riding lesson he wouldn't forget.

He started giving a little more oomph to his thrusts, his pelvis cracking against the bunny's. Holy crap, the tightness of that ass seemed to actually multiply when he inserted his cock into it, as if his tongue had been granted only the smallest fraction of the intense warmth and pressure of the tailhole.

S-shit, the stag thought, at this rate, I'm not going to last as long as I usually do. Little boi's got a butt that really devours a guy's cock!

Gustav's pace increased again, furiously pumping his shaft in and out of that glorious ass, feeling his peak coming closer and closer---

His body went rigid as he rammed home, crushing the femboi against himself. His cock thickened as his balls unleashed their cargo, jets of hot, thick deer cum surging into the boi, filling him up.

The cervine held still for nearly a minute after orgasm, drawing exhausted breaths. When he'd mustered himself, he slowly grinned again. "That was great...but here comes part two."

Shifting his grip, he slid one arm under the boi's back and the other across his chest, gripping the shoulders in a criss-cross fashion. Eyes glinting with devious lust, he literally rotated the lapine on his dick. Satisfied, he then angled the effeminate male downwards until his feet were back in the flowers they'd recently left, his scalp brushing the grass.

"And now," the buck gladly declared, "I rut you like a heat-stricken doe."

Mik was in his own personal heaven, being hammered hard and without a seconds hesitation. Felt like the good'ol days of large horny barbarians just pillaging his body, though some were considerably less concerned for his well being in the least. Mikail wasn't all that fragile either hell he encouraged some of his rougher partners, and this was no different.

Squeezing himself tight around that hard thick cock, relaxing as it entered and squeezing with all his might as the buck retreated. Working his body as best as he could in this hanging position. Gods this was intense, the nameless cervine was certainly endowed not too mention eager.

Eager and maybe a bit pent up from the pace and the throbbing of that cock Miki could tell he wasn't going to last. It was an acquired skill and with all his years of doing this had taught him well enough.

Time came when the flood was unleashed into his bowels and the hare's moaning and panting almost constant throughout only to feel that hotness fill his welcoming bowels. It was pure ecstasy to feel that radiating warmth spurt and slosh so sweetly. The white gold leaked from his pink ring and through his fur as more and more flooded into his body. This stag sure built up a bit from that subtle swelling he felt.

Only to be twisting and planted back into the dirt his paws reaching to brace against the dirt. Ass still filled with hot cervine cock, and raised to the sky, Mikail twisted his head around and let a lusty and challenging grin creep across his face "Didn't know we were still discussing that fact." breathing heavy and managing a little chuckle egging the buck on.

Gustav pounded the bunny just as hard as before, all the lifts and drops he'd done to achieve his physique coming in handy once again.

Spurred on by the boi's ass despite it being loaded with his cream, the stag's erection kept to a rock-hard state. The phallus slid in and out of the boi while its owner slid deeper into a sea of pleasure. Hot damn, whatever this lapine was doing, it was driving the adventurer along like a bullet!

Feeling his balls ache sent a trickle of worry down his back. He couldn't be ready to blast off again, not yet!

But the more he reamed that tight little tailhole, the more he asserted his masculinity and sexual prowess, the more it became clear to him that his comment shortly ago about being not being a slave-catcher seemed eerily apt: the more of a fucking her gave the femboi, the more it became obvious that he was the one being enslaved.

Was it that soft, sexy body? Years of riding and milking cocks? An amazing diet that must be experienced to be believed? Whatever it was that made the lagomorph into the greatest fuck-buddy Gustav had ever had, it was turning the cervine into a total butt-slut. Or cock-slave. Or cum-donor. Or whatever label was appropriate for him now that he was being thoroughly schooled even though he was topping.

Faster and faster he rammed his meat into the lust-drowned femboi below, his hips a blur. His balls churned with the growing need to release the last ounces of their hot cream, and Gustav knew it would not be more than a moment or two before he was utterly emptied into his partner.

Pressed into the earth and relentlessly assaulted in search of yet another hard won orgasm the cervine was certainly well endowed remaining so hard. Miki wasn't taking it easy on him at all his insides milking that long hard spear or all it was worth. The hare hid the strength of his body well enough angling that cock perfectly into his body and over the hard round of his sweet spot.

Mikail gripping his fists into the earth and pushing himself up , his mouth wide and moaning. He loved that sound even if he was the one making it, he didn't have to embellish it but with most males he did simply to make them rut harder and control the pace with simple bait; like a distance runner seeing the finish line.

Tilting his hips round ever so slightly letting his innards grind on that hot veiny length. "C'mon," he repeated several times egging him on wanting more just a little more "fuck me with all you've got

sweetheart!" Baiting, panting and moaning all the while. Holding himself back wanting to make a mess when it was by far the biggest impact...hell he was tempted to shove back and 'ride' the buck to completion.

Thinking over the necessary steps to pull it off and feeling how hard those hands and those hips beat him down. The rabbit thought of how he could hook his feet into the backs of Gustav's knees during a thrust, ram his ass back into those hips pushing off the ground and pulling those legs and that body beneath him in one fluid motion. All of it landing in a hard likely painful thrust, and then the delectable spin and meeting those likely shocked eyes and beginning to ride to a big finish.

Before Mikail could think about it being a bad idea he had gone through with it. And every moment was as harsh and amazing as he'd thought it be now face to face with the brute looking down at that chiselled frame and licking his teeth aggressively. Who would've thought a hare the size of Miki could topple a buck that size and return to fucking just without hesitation. Rising from tip to base without much in the way of concern for his own well being as he slammed back down, wondering how the impact felt for the buck beneath him. "Needed a change of scenery." He panted with a lusty grin one paw pressed to those rock hard abs, curling his fingers and pulling his fingernails down them roughly, while the other stroked his own cock.

Naturally, Miki's encouragement brought Gustav's own passion to a boil even greater than its current dizzying height. His head lifted, lips parting to set free his own pleasure-stricken moans and gasps.

...I can't stop! Oh gods, I can't stop! he thought. His fate was sealed, he knew it already: he was hopelessly addicted to this absolutely perfect boi-ass.

Oh well, there were certainly worse ways to go than cumming yourself silly into a femboi.

"S-s-s-shit, it's so good!" he moaned. His hips were flying back and forth, his cock spearing in and out of that vice-like tunnel of love as if today was its last chance ever for sex. The stag wasn't even sure if he could put any further effort into fucking the living daylights out of the lapine: he was giving it just about everything he had and yet the bunny didn't seem even close to being truly satisfied.

Gustav had rutted a good plenty in his time, a wide array of lovely asses reamed by his great cock throughout his adventures, but he'd never done it with someone so, so, so *experienced*! Forget screwing anybody else, his cock was practically married to this ass!

"So...so good!" he gasped as he continued to pump his burning length frantically into Mikail, racing ever closer towards a second release for himself and (hopefully) a final release for the lagomorph.

Naturally, however, the universe decided to deal him a joker again, this time in the form of Miki taking charge of the sex. Before Gustav knew what was happening, the white-furred boi had flipped himself upright even as he brought the cervine onto his back, his antlers stabbing into the earth and holding his head still for a moment as he looked upwards at the graceful youth. And all this without disconnecting!

"...Holy shit," was all he could manage. He tried to reach up and touch his lover, but he could only get his arms up halfway before they felt too heavy to move any farther, the limbs trembling in the rabbit's presence and prowess.

But then Mikail reached down and clawed his chest while jacking himself off, and Gustav's arms fell away into the flowers, his head also turning up (back?) and his antlers carving messy green-and-brown trenches as the pleasure tore through his body. "Oh god!" he wailed, hips starting to buck fiercely and automatically, his body moving on its own as his brain became drenched with carnal bliss. "I love it! I love your ass!"

His back arched and his pelvis drove up even as Mikail crashed down, Gustav worshiping the other male's tailhole with his pulsing, burning cock.

Mikail found the buck pickig up the slack after a brief daze, thrusting again with what energy was left to him. The rabbit repeatedly raking those fingers hard down those abs grinding in circles on that pistoning fuck-stick while staring down with a sultry stare panting and moaning "Fuck yes!" Aggressively taking this moment for his own, his fist pounding away at his own flesh.

This buck would make a good 'pet' though most he preferred were so...independent and hormone driven to keep around for too long. Maybe the buck wouldn't mind so much. Idle thoughts to entertain while he rode him long and hard his own orgasm in sight yet again his flesh hot and tingling with that steady pressure hammering into the knot of his prostate. The pink length of this bunny leaking profusely so painfully close to that edge.

"Just a little more...sweetheart." He hissed through blunt teeth, still bucking hard against those hips on the boarder of threatening injury. All of his weight in every fall and meeting those thrusts from below "If you wanna be my plaything, just say ahhh." His panted words possessive meaning exactly what was stated and more, the bunny aiming his cock for the buck's muzzle "Or finish...AH! And find yourself another little wanton slut." Miki knowing full well he was quite the slut to begin with, trying to restrain the moans long enough to speak, and waiting for that hot white explosion beneath him.

Miki had reached his own end in spectacular jets of cum, aimed for that muzzle regardless of the deer's answer but whether he 'opened up' or not was enough answer for this bunny.

Those claws were driving him mad, making his innards quiver excitedly, urging him faster and faster towards orgasm. That the lapine kept clawing him, repetitiously carving into his sculpted abs, made him both proud of his figure and remember when other partners had kissed and licked and suckled that washboard.

With the amount of force both of them were using, it was astounding that they hadn't either damaged their backs or caused bruising or hairline fractures to their pelvic bones. But nothing save for incredible,

mind-destroying, body-draining fucking was the result of their mad activity. Before, it would have been reasonable to wonder if the boi would survive a fierce roll with the stag, but now it was the only thing to wonder if Gustav would survive! His dick was pounding the other's tailhole, packing in his first load of cum and making plenty of room for the second, practically punching the lagomorph's prostate fight a professional prize fighter.

"If you wanna be my plaything, just say ahhh."

Gustav's eyes had been clamped shut for a good few moments now, his mouth constantly agape and his throat issuing moans and groans of ecstasy one after another. But when the boi said these words, the cervine opened his throat wide and let loose a part of himself without fear or restraint.

"Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!" he cried out, feeling as if a weight had been lifted from his very spirit. Was this what all of his adventures had been leading to, finding paradise and being humbled by it? If so, he would gladly and graciously accept this wonderful gift.

Jets of rabbit seed splattered onto his muzzle, one shot completely coating a nostril and almost filling it in, the rest decorating his mouth and chin. The same as before, it tasted like white gold, like nectar hand-delivered from the gods themselves.

His cock thrust fully into Mikail, withdrew, and then was sheathed completely and held there. It thickened as the last cups of his essence were unleashed, his prick a meaty volcano spewing forth ivory lava, filling an already-filled hole to its maximum.

How long he stayed like that, back arched up into his lover, was uncertain, but eventually his body relaxed and he slowly descended to the grass and flowers again. Lying there, utterly exhausted, breathing heavily and steadily drifting towards restful oblivion, he softly groaned "Aaaahhh..." before sleep finally claimed him.

Mikail cried out for all he was worth, until his lungs found themselves empty. Hell the hare felt as if steam would pour from his lips from all this heat Rocking back leaning and riding that cock like having a gentle ride upon prized horse in the country side. The parallels of riding a stag were quite amusing only this one was not the unevolved beasts of burden this was a much more pleasing 'ride' than any other before.

His muscles and bones creaking a bit, while his insides leaked hot white into the stags lap while the rest sloshed nicely inside him. Taking long deep breaths stoking out a few more loads down the deer's gullet happily. Finally opening his eyes blinkingly upon that cum soaked muzzle, antlers locked in the earth beneath them.

So sweet to see the buck sleeping so sweetly thinking 'poor think fuck himself unconscious'. Mikail giggling quietly as he lowered himself gently atop the softly heaving body, just hovering for the moment hands placed into the soil watching the other sleep. Licking at his muzzle enjoying the flavour as he

cleaned his lovers face and moved to lay atop him and join him in slumber. Tomorrow maybe he'd find his old cabin here in the garden, and show the stag his collection.

It was later that night when Gustav awoke. The first sight to greet his eyes was a beautiful collection of stars, glittering in the sky like a scattering of flickering diamonds. Blinking away the sleep only to find the rabbit atop him, he gave a soft laugh; just his luck.

Then again, he couldn't complain: he'd found the Femboi Gardens; he'd been let in by a smoking-hot boi; and he'd gotten the greatest fuck of his life. On top of all that, he was still within the mystical land, so clearly fortune was doing him plenty of favors.

Grinning, he relaxed into the earth, reaching up to scratch his chin thoughtfully when he realized that all the cum the bunny had splattered onto his face was gone, as was the copious amount that had earlier decorated his chest. Where had it all---oh, right, he had a sex-loving boi with him; only one place it could have vanished to.

Chuckling, the stag shifting just enough to be comfortable, careful not to wake the slumbering lapine. When they were both awake in the morning, they'd make decisions on where to go with themselves.

After all, the possibilities were endless.

Mikail groaned a bit as he woke in the cool blue mist of nightfall, the wall heaving chest beneath his small hard frame ear pressed to the stag's chest. How many times had he woken up in such a 'romantic' position? Well not 'this' romantic but it was charming to know paradise hadn't lost its lustre.

Reaching up across that chest he drew his claws across it, just for the feeling of it, hell the stag had submitted to the rabbits will so he could practically do anything he wanted...whether to abuse that power of not was the real trick. Pushing himself up to straddle the buck's waist looking down at Gustav and finding the buck awake. "Well enjoy letting me sleep sweetie." He mocked taking a deep breath and leaning back and letting a paw grab those fuzzy little orbs rolling them in his palm possessively "So, never did get your name or should I just make one up?"

Mikail hadn't had a pet in at least fifty years, and most of his 'playmates' had been fembois and not a thick cut of beefcake like this stag. "I have a personal...whats the word they're using these days," he paused with a finger to his lips "fuck-pad just a little hike south of here, I took up the spot nearest the hot springs."

Gustav grinned up at the boi, feeling little need to move from his comfortable position. "What can I say? We both needed a rest, and you looked kinda cute sleeping---" He broke off when Miki reached back and started fondling his nuts; even after some shut-eye, the orbs were still sensitive from the epic

draining the lapine had demanded of them. "H-hey now, come on!" Gustav shakily pleaded. "M-my name's Gustav! Ahh!"

Oh sweet merciful spirits above, please don't want more sex! the stag thought in desperate fear. He'd already given up enough of his seed to have started a small herd, and he was sure that it'd be a good while before he was able to comfortable ejaculate again. Hell, if he tried to blow a load now, he was liable to have his entire package fall off!

Thankfully the rabbit relented, the rolling of the gonads ceasing even if he still held the valuable jewels in his palm like a sexual overlord. Gustav was able to sink back into the earth, relieved.

"A personal place? Sure. I'd love to see it." The mention of hot springs was also nice, but the stag kept his trap shut on that one, lest the bunny get the desire for a watery fuck and break his new friend's dick.

As the smaller male slid off and began leading the way, Gustav hurriedly grabbed their belongings, carrying the entire lot bunched up in his arms. Strangely, he felt completely fine waltzing about in the buff, feeling a bit okay from the facts that: it was a sanctuary; everybody else was doing it; and that the femboi was basically his master now.

Miki smiled at the reaction from the buck whilst give a relatively 'gentle' fondle, offering his name afterward "Oh don't be such a pansy Gustav, I didn't break anything." He giggled cutely looking down at his prize, the hare looking as if he were as fresh as a daisy but truth be told he felt like he'd gone six rounds in a boxing match...only it wasn't his face getting pounded.

Waiting was the most strategic course of action, besides Mikail wanted another rough romp rather than a half-hearted and painful one. His buck needed food a bath and rest maybe a dirty massage, tease him a little. "I bet you would, among other things." Stretching a bit for the viewing pleasure of the stag, going through a whole 'set' making sure to showcase his curves with smooth long twists and holds "Don't mind me I've got to stay limber, you should think of doing the same my 'deer'." A bad pun but still he liked it "Besides if you get to be my age its really a must." Hinting at the fact that he was much older than he appeared to be, a few 'hissing' moments as the pain in his hips legs and rear made themselves known.

Finishing up he noticed the buck had grabbed their things, "Awe, still the gentleman, how cute makes me want to thank you properly." Waling up to him pressing his cheek to the buck's chest and listening to the nervous heartbeat. Miki reaching down to stroke that tender cock a few times "But, if you keep this warm for me we can worry about that later."

He hopped off toward his cabin, leading the way through the forest before reaching an old stone path that wound up hill twisting through some rocky outcroppings the trees getting thicker cutting away as they came to a stream, a warm mist rising from the water. Leading up the rocks to the large bowl uphill the size of large in-ground pool and bubbling hot.

To the far left down another stone path was a large log cabin, with a piled stone foundation. It was the kind one would see at luxury resorts though entirely without 'natural' electricity. The gardens were a magical place, one merely needed to think outside the box and apply concepts of the outside world...hell the cabin itself was built by the guardians and servants of the Garden. Very accommodating creatures, looked like beavers but there was something unnatural about them.

"Welcome to my humble abode."

Gustav was an honest enough buck that he could admit when he was impressed. The Gardens were a lovely place, really beautiful to look at and quite relaxing. On top of that, the occupants, those oh-so-wonderful fembois, were an absolute treat to look upon and an even greater thrill to enjoy a romp with. Both of these impressed the adventurer quite a bit, but both were eclipsed by the level of impression he felt when it dawned upon him that he was exactly where life needed him to be.

Standing there, his newfound master in front of him and nearing the door to the cabin, the stag carrying their things in an obedient and wholly subservient manner, naked no less, Gustav grasped that he had not merely found the Femboi Gardens, he'd found *himself*.

He'd journeyed about for several years, always seeking a good rut, grand sights, and perhaps a bit of treasure. There were quite a few spots he'd hit up in his travels: shantytowns, gambling cities, harbors and ports, hunting lodges, slave blocks, a variety of universities, and more. He'd seen all kinds of people, and he'd gotten laid plenty of times, enjoying his magnificently-masculine body grinding against the slender and enrapturing forms of males and females alike.

Over time, he'd come to suspect that he was gay. He'd fucked women, sure, and he liked it well enough, but there was to his mind something incredible about having sex with another male. Whether it was plowing them or having their lips around his cock, Gustav utterly loved gay sex. As his adventures drew on, his gravitated more and more towards homosexual encounters, though he seemed to compromise somewhat: his preferred partners were always more supple of frame than he was. Perhaps it was because he was still quite appreciative of female beauty, but all the same, he leaned towards banging males who were less masculine than himself, and very often somewhat effeminate.

During his stays at places where fembois were used as pleasure slaves, Gustav partook of them. Many times it would have been somewhat rude to refuse being offered one, but even when it wasn't he gladly had some fun with them. He gave each and every boi a good and thorough fucking, loading them up with his cream, and when it wasn't going up their tailpipes, it was going down their throats, or all over their bodies; he found it would sometimes make him hard again, seeing a submissive boi with his feathers, fur, scales, or skin splattered in stag-seed, and the process would immediately repeat.

But after every finished session, there was always this awkward thanking and sort-of apologizing. Gustav wasn't exactly sure how he really felt about slavery (he could see both pros and cons to it), but he knew that the fembois were more mistreated than not, required to take cocks whether they liked it or not. He

couldn't stop himself from having sex with them, and he really did appreciate their bodies and varying expertise in pleasing another, but he just felt kind of sorry for basically using them the same way the slavers and their owners did. It wasn't easy for him to put the words together, and he was pretty sure most of the bois he spoke them to thought he was a weirdo, but he did at least try and tell them he wished it was under better circumstances.

Here and now, having experienced sex at the mercy of a femboi above and beyond the prowess of any he'd encountered before, Gustav finally understood that he had been living life in the wrong role. It wasn't that he should have sex with fembois, but rather that *they* should have sex with *him*. The cervine was the one who needed to be subordinate, not the almost-females.

This fact dawning upon him as he stood outside the rabbit's abode, Gustav paused for just a moment, small tears of happiness threatening to spill from his eyes, and then he followed Mikail into the cabin.

His new home.

The End