

It was nice to be back in an arwing after so long. Krystal had helped to reconstruct his mind, little by little and piece by piece. It had taken some time, but he'd begun to remember who he was. Not some fuck toy or cum dumpster, but Fox McCloud of Starfox. He wasn't something to be used and discarded, he was a pilot. A damn good one, too. It had been surprising how quickly he had begun to remember himself when he was put back in the cockpit of an arwing.

The emptiness of space was exactly what he'd needed to fill that void that Star Wolf had blown in him. That and the adrenaline of dodging laser blasts and vapping enemy fighters. He felt so dull, hollow, like someone had stuffed his head full of cotton balls but when he was zooming around the Great Fox or whatever sector of space the team had been sent to, he quickly learned that he could function almost purely on muscle memory.

He was calling out shots, barking orders, and pulling maneuvers on instinct. He was acting before he was thinking and often times he realized he wasn't even thinking. It was like coming home. It was home, he had to remind himself almost constantly at first. After several months, he began thinking of their mother ship as home again without any major effort.

He rolled his arwing up on it's starboard wing, banking around in a wide arc until the rear of the Great Fox came into view. He smiled inwardly. Home indeed. He glanced down at his readouts, bringing his speed down as he levelled out the spacecraft. The aft docking bay yawned wide around him as he drifted over the vessel's main engine assembly. He pulled back the throttle sharply as the mag-repulsors captured his ship.

A smile spread along his muzzle as he felt the ship drift gently through the hanger bay. The arwing seated itself in the launch catapult and he began to shut it down, system by system in a way that felt as familiar as breathing. As the engines whined down and the onboard computer went dark, Fox popped the canopy and climbed out of the small snubfighter.

As he clambered up onto the catwalk lining either side of the catapult, he brushed himself off of imaginary dust and breathed a contented sigh. As the other pair of Arwings drifted into their cradles off to the side, Fox's heart skipped a beat. It was always nice seeing all wings return home safely. He folded his arms across his chest, watching and waiting for the other two starfighters to power down.

When Falco and Slippery clambered up onto the catwalk, Fox grinned and tilted his head to the side. "That was great!" It was routine patrol, but he welcomed every opportunity to get back into the cockpit of his arwing. "I think I'm almost ready to start going back to real service. No more simulations or boring patrols."

"Now don't get ahead of yourself," Falco warned, wagging a finger at him. "You're still re-learning who it is you were, before all of that nonsense with Star Wolf. Take it slow."

Fox moaned gently and stepped up against Falco as the avian neared. He cupped his hand against the bird's groin, feeling that cock and balls he had grown oh so fond of. "I don't want to forget who I have become completely."

Falco grinned at him and flashed a wink. "I don't think I want you to either, but an extra gun in the sky is always a good thing."

"Keep it in your pants!" Slippy said, waddling up beside the two. "Let's not keep the girls waiting, yeah? Come on, let's go get showered and head to the bridge before they get... well you know how moody pregnant women are..."

Falco laughed and winked at the toad. "That's a fair assessment. If we're not careful, they'll cut our dicks clean off and then we're fucked."

"Well that's one word for it," Slippy said.

The trio wasted as little time as possible in the showers. It was hard for Fox, seeing both Falco and Slippy naked and not bending over for them, or dropping to his knees to swallow their dicks. But he managed it well enough. Even with his restraint, Fox left the showers as hard as a rock. So did his wingmen, to his delight and chagrin. He would have liked to have played with them, but they had somewhere to be!

As they came to the bridge of the Great Fox, they were greeted with the sigh of a very pregnant Miyu watching an equally as enticing video on the vessel's main monitor. She sat, transfixed by the images of a large blue whale on his back. Straddling the enormous cetacean's waist was a plump, round Fara Phoenix. She was grinding herself against him and every now and again, Fox could see her pussy stretched obscenely wide by the whale's big dick.

Squatting over the whale's big mouth, the pink-furred Katt Monroe arched her back, cupping her own breasts against her palms as the whale's big tongue delved deeply into her. She arched her back, mewling loudly as the whale's tongue spread her wide and tasted her depths.

As the naked males strode in, Miyu turned slowly, awkwardly scooting her massive self around to face them. She grinned, cupping her ample breast in one hand while the other curled in the fur of her enormous belly. She moaned deeply as her giant tummy shifted with the kittens within. The litter looked to be doing somersaults inside of her! She stared hungrily at the three cocks coming to meet her.

"About time!" she moaned, holding her hands out to them. Slippy grinned, stepping forward to grind his lengthening cock against her giant belly. It kept growing and growing and growing! By the time it was fully erect, the thing was between Miyu's big ol' boobies while his balls rubbed against her belly-button. The pair shared a kiss and moaned against one another's muzzles.

Falco smirked and glanced at Fox. Fox looked back, suppressing a moan at the look his wingman was giving him.

"Get on all fours, Fox." Falco grinned, reaching down to stroke himself.

Fox nodded, his heart leaping in his chest. Oh goody! Falco was gonna fuck him! He couldn't wait to feel that thick red cock stretch him and fill his belly with delicious heat. Falco wasn't as long as the toad tit-fucking Miyu. The mechanic was HUGE! Over a foot long, thicker

than Fox could curl his fingers around... Sometimes it was too much, but Falco... Falco was just right...

He turned, dropping to his hands and knees. He pulled his tail to the side for Falco and turned to look over his shoulder. Falco, however, was looking at one of the nearby consoles upon which was strewn a number of Slippy's... more colorful inventions.

Fox gave a little quiver of anticipation every time Falco plucked an item from the console. But Falco finally settled on a little ring. Fox tilted his head to the side. That one was new. What did it do? Falco turned it over in his hands, then picked up another in his hand. Two of them?

He watched the avian step forward and reach down beneath his belly. The ring slipped over his thick cock and tightened around his base beneath his knot. It blinked green for several moments, beeping loudly until the light changed blue and his dick vanished! His eyes widened and he opened his mouth to comment when he felt feathered fingers dancing over his length. But what-...?

He looked over his shoulder and his jaw dropped. Falco knelt there behind him, holding his cock in his hands. It throbbed and pulsed and the blue avian winked. "In you go, Fox."

His eyes were transfixed on his own cock as Falco held it forward, pressing it against his own pucker! Fox moaned deeply, holding his tail up and away. His tight ring of muscle reflexively relaxed and little by little, he felt his own tight passage swallow his hard, sensitive length.

More and more of himself slipped into his inviting rump until he felt his swelling knot press against himself. He hissed at the sudden pressure both on the sensitive bulb and his equally sensitive orifice. His eyes rolled into the back of his skull and he moaned deeply, pushing back against his knot and Falco's hand until the former popped into him. His eyes widened at suddenly being pleased so fully and completely! He yipped and cried out as he felt his own seed rush into his belly. He rode wave after wave of orgasm, barely aware of Slippy attaching little suction cups on Miyu's nipples.

"There we go," Slippy said, reaching for a remote beside the chair Miyu sat in. "I told you stripping down ROB64 would be worth it!" As he pressed the button to activate the milkers, Miyu wrapped her lips around his length and rocked forward, taking all of him into her throat in one smooth, practiced motion! Slippy gasped as he started to face-fuck the pregnant lynx. All the while, his machine milked her enormous jugs of their sweet juices.

"He's really somethin', aint he Fox?" Falco asked, turning back to the quivering, cumming mess of a team captain writhing in orgasmic torment. "When you were gone and Krystal was gone and it was just me and him, he actually went back to being a girl. Remember the good ol' days? Knocked him up real good, too."

Fox barely heard him. His belly had begun to swell ever so slightly with the sheer amount of his own cum he was pumping deep inside of his own belly.

“Almost lost him when we went to rescue you and Krystal, too. He wasn’t flying completely right, on account of the big belly and all. But thankfully, Krystal escaped and now we’ve got the whole team back together!”

Slippy groaned loudly, pulling Miyu hard against his groin by her ears. Falco watched his head roll back along his shoulders.

Miyu’s eyes rolled back into her skull as she swallowed as fast as she could. Her blissful moans were muffled by Slippy’s jerking, rocking hips and thick cock that made her throat bulge outward obscenely. She clutched at the toad’s hips, but Falco wasn’t sure if she was trying to keep him still or trying to pull him harder against her nose.

After several moments, what felt like an eternity for everyone involved, Slippy pulled away. Miyu gasped and sputtered, filling her lungs with the air she had been deprived of throughout her throat-fuck. She moaned deeply, moving ponderously with Slippy’s urging onto the deck in front of her chair. Once she was on all fours—with her belly brushing and pressing against the floor beneath her, no less—Slippy slipped around behind her and pressed himself deep into her sopping, dripping pussy.

“We’re not done yet!” Silly said, glancing to the tank on the milking machine nestled against the console his toys were laid out upon. “We’re not gonna be done till that is full!” It was only a quarter of the way there.

Without another moment’s hesitation, he started to slap his hips against her own, fucking her hard and fast. The sound of their hips slapping together filled the air and Falco moaned deep in his chest.

“Looks like fun, don’t it? Too bad your dick’s buried in a hot hole already, huh?” Falco asked, moving over to the pair. He knelt down in front of Miyu and caressed her scalp with a feathered hand. “You ready for the second helping?” he asked.

The lynx didn’t wait any time or bother with an answer. She lifted a hand, curling her digits around Falco’s length to guide him into her mouth. Very quickly, the three developed a rhythm. As Slippy slammed into her pussy, Falco pulled back until only his tip was still inside of the pregnant feline’s lips. When Slippy pulled back, Falco lurched forward, forcing his tip back down her throat without care for anything but his own pleasure.

Fox watched through blurred vision. The pleasure was too much for him! The sights, the smells, the feeling of his own heartbeat and pulse of his own orgasm throbbing and milking his own cock which spurted his own hot seed deep into his own belly which caused his own orgasm to milk his own...

Miyu rocked between the two, her screams of pleasure muffled by the big bird’s big cock plunging down her throat on every forward rock. Her eyes were rolled up into her skull and she quaked almost violently with every wave of intense orgasmic pleasure washing over her. Her fingers curled against the cold, unyielding deck plate beneath her. Her short little tail trembled as her lower body squeezed and milked at the always-surprisingly enormous cock spearing into her.

Falco moaned deeply, even as the door of the bridge opened and admitted even more individuals onto the bridge. They stepped off to the side, content for the moment to watch as Falco pulled Miyu's head away from his length. He scooted back then glanced at Slippy. "Hold up, hold up... I wanna cum in her pussy."

Slippy pouted and nodded. "Alright, alright, fine."

As the two dislodged and shuffled about, a figure moved over to the quivering and quaking Fox. He couldn't tell who it was, not really at first. He tried to focus on the rounded form, which was his first clue as to whom it was. The white fur was hard at first, but then his lust addled brain put two and two together. Fey! He reached for her and she took his hand in her own, caressing his fur for a moment before guiding his hand beneath her enormous pregnant belly to her dripping slit.

The three others who were already fucking got back into a good rhythm. Falco was pounding Miyu's pussy hard, and once again the lynx had swallowed Slippy's giant toad dick. Her noises were almost completely silent as Slippy's engorged cock pressed against her larynx. Her breasts swayed beneath her, rocking in perfect tune with the two males fucking her and grunting above her.

Falco leaned forward, wrapping his arms around her middle so he could pop the milking cups from her tits. His hands pushed the device to the side, then returned to hold her hanging breast against his palms as he pounded into her sopping pussy. He felt the dampness of her leaking tits soak into the feathers on his palms and grinned. "Gonna have to juice you after I juice you!" Falco said, quite proud of himself for what he considered a clever quip.

Of course, Miyu couldn't respond with Slippy cumming hard down her throat. He held her ears tight as he pulled her snout against his groin. He moaned and squealed as he filled her throat and stomach with his copious amounts of froggy cum. Falco heard her stifled gags as she choked on the sheer amount of the hot spunk, but there was nothing she could do. Slippy's hose was planted deep in her throat.

"Ain't got no choice," he chided as his hands drifted down to her belly, matting the soft white fur with his moist palms. "You gotta swallow it whether you want to or not!" Not that she would have chosen anything but that option. The girls did so love the taste of their cum, either from the source or one another's holes.

Her pussy squeezed and milked him as vigorously as the machine had milked her tits. Falco groaned deeply, riding her through her orgasm. It threatened to drag him down with her, but he wouldn't let it! Not yet! But it was so hard not to, she just felt so good wrapped around his cock like a glove.

Try as he might, he couldn't push past her quivering tunnel's magic on his cock. He grabbed her hips and dragged her heavy body back against him. A loud squawk left his beak as he came inside of her, so much so that the hot spunk guzzled out of her pussy around his cock, coating their legs with the sticky stuff.

He groaned as he pulled himself out of the pregnant lynx and sat back on his heels. He grinned at the sight of her abused pussy oozing his and Slippy's cum down onto the underside of her belly and her inner thighs. Job well done, he thought.

Slippy was already pulling Miyu forward over top of him. Like a good girl, she crawled forward and once again swallowed his length without complaint. Falco grinned, watching the pair go full oral on one another. The toad's long tongue slipped into her pussy, lapping eagerly at depths Falco could only dream of reaching.

He sat watching that thick red tongue spread Miyu's pussy wide for several moments before he rose up and scooted toward the lynx's upturned rump. He gripped her hips tightly in his hands and pulled himself forward to press his tip against her tight puckered tailhole.

He felt her pull away ever so slightly as his tapered tip pressed hard against the tight ring of muscle, but a moment later she relaxed. Grinning, Falco pressed himself deep into her rump and waited for only a moment before he started to pound her with the same eagerness he had bred her pussy with but moments before.

Fox gave a bit of a yelp when he felt his own cock suddenly pulled out of his quaking, quivering, spasming ass. He collapsed onto his back, moaning deeply as the stimulation finally ended. Or so he thought. He felt warm, soft lips wrap around his length and a nimble tongue lap over the hot flesh.

His eyes fluttered open with what little strength he had left. What was...? He spotted the white furred Fey Spaniel kneeling beside him with one hand on her gravid belly while the other held the little portal his dick was sticking to at her muzzle. He couldn't see what she was doing from that angle, but he could certainly feel the tip of his cockhead slip down her throat as her skilled tongue massaged his partially swollen knot and sensitive flesh.

He reached out, trying to tell her to stop, to at least give him a moment and he'd fuck her as many times as she wanted, but all he managed doing was curling his fingers in her soft white fur. He yipped and panted heavily as she stared to thrust his cock into her throat over and over. She held her jaws wide, pushing the portalled cock into the back of her muzzle fast and hard, with little and no discomfort showing on her face all the while.

His eyes widened and he felt his knot suddenly enveloped by tight, undulating throat! He watched Fay push the portal plate deep into her muzzle. Her throat bulged with his inflating knot and her eyes rolled into her head as her airway was shut. Fox couldn't help himself. He arched his back, humping open air as he came into the canine's throat.

He whimpered and whined as he came and came down her throat, but finally he felt her tight esophagus pushing against him. He popped free with one more spurt against her white, furry breast. Again collapsing back against the bed, Fox was only barely aware of the large black-and-white male they'd recruited to try to fill Peppy's shoes.

Ben Orca laid down beside Fox and pulled on the white canine, urging her to straddle his waist. No sooner had she carefully shifted herself into the desired position than the whale's prehensile dick slipped up into her sopping pussy.

She gasped and yelped as she was filled so fully. Her back arched and she cupped both her laden breast in her hands as she was filled with such pleasure. She felt so full, and yet that magical appendage wiggled within her, nudging its way deeper and deeper into her belly until the tip seated itself firmly against her cervix.

Fey moaned deeply, rolling her eyes up into her skull as she stared to rock against the invading, wriggling whale cock. It felt so damn good, stretching her pregnant pussy wide, tickling every inch of flesh inside as it curled and uncurled, stretched and constricted. One of her hands snaked down around the enormous globe of her heavy, round tummy and began to rub her clit, shooting jolts of ecstatic lightning through her form.

She gasped and squealed, yawning her muzzle wide to let out the song of her intense pleasure. A moment later, something hot and firm pressed itself against her tongue and her eyes rolled forward. There Falco was. At least, his groin. His cock was gently thrusting into her muzzle and she eagerly accepted, bobbing her head.

That was until she noticed Fox standing beside the blue bird. She stared at his throbbing knotted cock wantonly for several moments then popped Falco's tapered appendage free of her lips. She turned her head and swallowed the team leader's cock next, bobbing her head and swirling her tongue all over the veined flesh.

Back and forth, from one to the other, bird to fox and bird again. Her mouth worked the two cocks as much as her squeezing, milking pussy worked the orca beneath her. She moaned and her throat vibrated against their dicks as her head bobbed to and fro. Just when she was sure her neck was going to start getting sore, the two pulled away from her.

She knew what was coming next. Fay leaned back, cradling her white belly and tits in her hands as the males stroked themselves to completion. They pointed their erupting cocks at her, painting her swollen front with their hot, delicious cream.

Fay moaned and gasped wantonly, cumming hard herself around the orca's thick length as the hot spurts of male seed splashed across her once pristine white fur.

A voice sounded to her left, but she didn't care. She was paying attention to the two spurting cocks. The flow of cum had begun to slow and she reached for Fox again. Fox, of course, only because Falco was stepping away...

The avian stepped away from the moaning, gasping, writhing masses of flesh that was his teammates. There was a plump, round blue vixen standing by herself off to the side. He approached her and smiled. "Not gonna join in the festivities?" he asked, gently pressing his palms against the globe of her tummy.

“No,” she said, laying one of her own hands along the top of her middle as well. “It’s getting harder to move around as vigorously as they all are. I don’t know how Miyu and Fay are keeping up with the boys!” she admitted, shaking her head.

“Well,” Falco said, leaning forward to nuzzle into the soft blue fur of the crook of her neck. “Why don’t we do something that doesn’t require you to move around as vigorously as they are?”

She giggled, reaching up to press her palms against the firm muscles of his chest. “Falco!”

He smirked down into her eyes and flashed a sly wink. “I promise, I won’t overwork you.” He leaned forward slowly, pausing just shy of her muzzle.

Thankfully, she leaned forward to meet him half way and pressed her lips against his pliant beak. His hands roamed her form, gliding over the swell of her belly upward to cup her laden breast against his palms. He gently squeezed her bust, only partially aware of the damp warmth soaking against his palms.

As their lips parted, Falco smirked down into his team mate’s eyes. “You know,” he whispered, pressing his damp palms against the white fur of her pup-heavy belly, “one of these days I’m going to put my own in you.”

Krystal’s blue eyes twinkled and she gave a sly, mischievous wink. “Who’s to say you haven’t already?” She leaned up, gently kissing the bottom of his beak.

“Wha-?” he asked, looking down to the globe gently pressing against him.

She only giggled and took his hand. “Come on. Let’s leave these guys to their fun.” She tugged him out of the cacophonous bridge and into the hallway beyond. Through the corridors and down several lifts, Krystal’s size did little to encumber her. Truth be told, she’d learned to move with this new center of gravity. Her constant state of pregnancy in the past couple years had been something she quickly adapted to.

In no time flat, Falco felt his back pressed against the vixen’s bedroom door. Her lips were suckling at his beak, his neck, his collar bone and back up again the other side, anywhere she could reach. He wasted no time. His hands pulled her as close as he could manage with her belly between them. His returned her every kiss with a impassioned one of his own as his hands cupped her rear, her thighs, her laden breast.

He felt a little kick against his taut abs and looked down at her shifting tummy with a small smile on his beak. If what she said had been any indication, it was his baby kicking against him. It made his heart swell, as well as another part of him Krystal was much more interested in.

Her digits curled around his length and tugged gently. Once again, she led him along, pulling him by the dick to her bed. She settled precariously upon the soft mattress and lowered herself heavily onto her back.



Her hands landed lazily on either side of her head and she stared up at him with half-lidded eyes as her toned legs spread for him.

Falco stared down at the goddess before him for several moments, idly stroking his engorged, throbbing length. She was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Even more than the women on the bridge, writhing and squealing in orgasmic bliss with Fox, Slippy, and their numerous toys that had once been ROB64.

He took a soft breath, thankful for the change of pace. If they had stayed on the bridge with the afore mentioned, no doubt all of her holes would already be filled already by anyone and anything nearby. But there she was, laying there waiting with eyes only for him.

He crawled over her, seating himself between her legs. He leaned down slowly, showering her enormous tummy with affections until she whined and lifted a leg loosely around his waist.

“Don’t tease,” she whispered. “Love me.”

He stared down into her lidded eyes and offered a smile. His lips lowered again, capturing hers in a deep, adoring caress. He felt her arms wrap around his neck and breathed a contented sigh. He reached down, guiding himself into her sopping nethers.

Her body spread around him, quaking already as her muscles squeezed, trying to pull him deeper as he hilted himself. His tip nestled against her cervix and her tight canal wrapped around him like a new glove.

Her gasp parted their lips and she fell away from him. Again her hands settled in the bedding on either side of her head. She gently gathered her sheets against her palms, gripping them tightly as the avian above her started a slow, gentle pace.

Falco’s own hands rested on the mattress on either side of her belly, giving himself a better view of her rocking, quivering body as well as more leverage and stability to take her. He groaned gently every time she squeezed his length. Her beauty, her virgin-like tightness, the wonderful curves of her pregnancy were threatening to drag him over the edge with every movement, but she deserved more than that. He wasn’t about to just give her a quick fuck. He wasn’t Fox.

“Harder,” she whined, lifting her legs to gently wrap around him as best as she could. “Please Falco, I can take it. You’re not going to break me.”

She told him that every time, but he was always so afraid. Even so, after the words left her mouth, he threw caution to the wind. He adjusted his position ever so slightly then slammed into her. Her body rocked and she gasped loudly, holding the sheets for dear life as he took her.

His hips crashed against hers, making her heavy body recoil with every ecstasy inducing impact. She cried out every time he hilted himself inside of her, begging for more in unintelligible gasps of pleasure.

Her mind was awash with pleasure, bliss, ecstasy, a feral desire for more of what she was already carrying, swollen larger than she thought she would ever be. She glanced down from Falco's face, looking to her mountainous middle for the briefest instant. She wasn't even close to term, and yet she looked ready to drop! Falco had to have put a full blown litter in her, and yet she wanted more!

"Harder, please!" she begged. "Fuck me, Falco!"

He obliged, grunting with the effort of giving her what she wanted. She felt her entire body ripple every time his hips smashed up against hers. She rocked up along the bed, all the while holding onto Falco's waist with her strong thighs. She wasn't going to let him push her away with his animalistic pace! She never wanted it to stop! But alas, all good things must come to an end. And what an end it was building up to!

"I'm gonna cum!" she heard Falco growl through his clenched beak.

"Do it!" she pled. "Cum in me!" She was so close to her own peak. She waited desperately for his heat to fill her, to finally push her over the edge!

Then it happened! Falco's movements stilled, buried to the root inside of her. She felt his heat splash against the entrance of her womb. The battering it endured must have pried open the door just enough for his essence to get in. She felt his hot essence fill her belly, stretching through every empty space inside of her.

Her eyes opened wide and she arched her back as the fire in her belly erupted with the fuel he so eagerly threw on it. She cried out, practically screaming as orgasmic ecstasy consumed her.

Panting and gasping for breath, Krystal blinked her consciousness back into her eyes. The world rematerialized for her, but she was looking only up into her current lover's face. She smiled warmly at him as he rolled off of her to collapse at her side, utterly spent.

Krystal gasped gently as his cock slipped free, leaving her feeling empty and incomplete. It took her a moment, but she gathered enough strength to sit up and stare down at the spent avian. She smiled, lowering her gaze to his still throbbing dick. It was the missing piece to her puzzle. One she needed to put back as soon as she could.

On jello-like legs, she rolled and shimmied, crawling over top of Falco until she was straddling his waist. He stared up at her, his mind still mush, she knew. His eyes didn't seem to comprehend what was happening. His body did. His length leapt in her hand as she curled her fingers around the angry red organ, oozing more of his hot cum onto her digits.

She positioned herself over him and guided him back into her hot, oozing slit. She gasped and a low, deep moan escaped her as her weight settled overtop of Falco's firm, chiseled form. She settled her knees beneath her and rested her hands on his lower chest.

Her eyes never leaving his, Krystal began to gently lift and lower herself along Falco's length, lacking the strength to ride him as quickly as she was going to want to soon. That was

okay, she told herself. A slow, tender pace was perfect. He was perfect. Her belly full of his kits was perfect. She never wanted this moment to end.

On the bridge, everyone lay spent and resting, covered in one another's juices and passions. Fox was laying, utter jelly in a mass of pregnant flesh. Miyu and he were entangled in one another, though really the team captain was more or less the latter's pillow.

Fay was adjusting her artificial limbs, making sure all of their sweat, juice, and cum wasn't interfering with anything. It wasn't usually a problem, but she'd taken off the armored casing when she'd had to make adjustments to support her ever increasing pregnant weight.

Slippy, though, was sitting in the captain's chair, his eyes glued to the viewing screen as his hands stroked his still engorged green cock. He was watching a live feed from Krystal's quarters, utterly mesmerized by the vixen's breast and belly rising up and down as she gently rode the still not-quite-functional avian pilot's dick.

Her tits were leaking milk all down the front and sides of her tummy, her fur still quite matted with sweat and their combined juices from their previous explosive orgasms. She was whispering sweet nothings to Falco beneath her, but they were soft enough that Slippy's hidden camera couldn't catch them.

But he didn't care, it was enough to watch her move and...

His eyes darted downward as wet warmth enveloped the head of his dick. Fay was on her knees in front of him, lowering her muzzle slowly over his cock. He let his hands fall away from his thick meat, letting Miss Spaniel go to work at her own pace.

As he felt his tip press against the back of his throat, he lifted his eyes back to the viewer to watch Krystal caress her own belly, squeeze her own tits as she used Falco for her own pleasure.

But then Fay was lifting away. He looked down again as she bobbed her head over the tip, thumping his head against the back of her throat every few seconds. That was it? He shook his head, gently wrapping his fingers around her ears. On the next downward bob, he suddenly pushed her head down and rocked his hips up to meet her as best as he could.

Her eyes bugged as his meat slipped deep down her throat. She tried to pull back, but he kept pulling on her until her snout pressed against his groin. He could hear her muffled protests, but he held her there for a moment. Finally, he relinquished his hold on her and she backed off of him quickly.

Gasping for air, Fay never saw him stand up. She was trying so hard to regain her composure. He allowed her enough time for that but when she looked up at him again, he smiled and took her ears in his hands again. She nodded slowly in understanding and licked her lips. She opened her muzzle wide and rested her hands on his thighs, ready for what was to come.

Slippy wasted no time. He thrust into her mouth again, forcing his length down her throat. He thrust against her hard, face-fucking her without mercy. She gasped and groaned, her noises of protests merely muffled squeaks as he fucked her throat.

His eyes looked up again, staring at Krystal as she bounced on Falco, regaining enough of her strength it would seem to take him a little more vigorously.

Fuck she was so hot! One of these days, he would have her to himself. She was terrified of his enormous cock, but he would burry it inside of her pussy soon enough! He would plant his spawn inside of her until she grew so large with his tadpoles that she couldn't get around on her own!

That thought alone sent him crashing over the edge! He slammed his hips against fay's muzzle as his balls emptied their load into her.

Once again, her eyes bugged and she tried desperately to swallow and keep his hot froggy cum down, but there was just too much of it! Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, making Slippy grin as his cum erupted around his cock, spewing lewdly from her lips weakly straining against his meat.

Streams of his spunk rushed from her nose and he started to worry. If only for the briefest instant. Maybe this was too much for her after all? He drew himself out of her throat, letting her gasp for breath and spit up more of his cum, but he wasn't done yet! He stroked himself, spurting the last few wads of hot seed onto her white-furred face, breast, and pregnant belly.

Satisfied with his word, he lifted his eyes to the screen again and quirked a brow. They were still. Krystal was sitting calmly on Falco's hips and... was her belly growing more? Indeed, he could only just make it out, but it looked like Falco was cumming into her again! He hummed thoughtfully and shook his head.

Soon.