

The “Stud Farm”. In retrospect, the name was a bit obvious, but the figures through the tinted glass were compelling; the slow bassy music inside a Siren’s call. Eric watched a wide-hipped dancer swing and grind through a tinted window, the androgynous and alluring figure teasing him off of the evening’s dimly lit streets and into the lobby of the club. The Doberman dipped his head as he passed the entry fee to a surly giant of a bear, and yet another charge was handed off to a slender newt. Three quid just to check his coat; outrageous! Still, it was already uncomfortably warm in the lobby alone, and it was likely to be warmer still in the club itself. A crush of warm bodies and a tight, poorly ventilated space to jostle around in? Well, it wasn’t going to be chilly, that was for sure. He pushed through the double doors and into the club, hit by barrages to his senses the instant the door cracked open. The deep bass from powerful speakers washed over him, making him feel as though he were wading through treacle. The scent of musk hovered in the air, mingling with cheap alcohol. Strobing lights assailed his eyes, making it a little hard to see in the crowd, and so he pushed through a gaggle of shorter, effeminate men to lean against the bar.

Spilt alcohol stuck to his fur as one of his arms came to rest in a puddle, and his hackles immediately raised as he felt a hand creeping around to his backside, fingers curling around the muscular cheek. He flinched away, bumping into a rather slender fox to his side whose pint sloshed about in its glass. His bushy red and white tail flickered in frustration, but the Doberman had no intention of paying him any attention as he stared over a huge, musclebound kangaroo who was looking down his snout at him. The man was huge, maybe seven foot tall, and giving him the kind of lewd leer that he would normally give to drunken slags down in the pub. A black vest was drawn taut against perfectly cut pecs, one massive arm leaning on the bar bulging with power. “W-what’s your problem?” spat the canine, looking up at the ‘roo. “What are you, gay? Get the fuck offa me!” he snarled, teeth exposed as he squared his shoulders. The kangaroo merely rolled his eyes, turning back to the bar.

“I don’t know where you think you are, kid.” he drawled, picking up a tiny shotglass between massive fingers, letting the liquid inside swirl gently around between his claws. “Maybe you ought to take a look around. See the sights, realise where you are.” He leaned back on his tail a little, downing the shot with a quiet gulp.

“Fuck off.” grumbled Eric, turning away with a scowl as he pushed back into the crowd. His thoughts tumbled around in his head darkly, his brow set and jaw grinding.

He felt warm bodies grinding up against him as he slipped through the dance floor, the heady scent of amorous dancers fogging his grouchy thoughts and his mind simply ticking along with the repetitive, hypnotic beat of the pulsing bassline rolling from the sound system. Eric rubbed at his eyes, his vision a little foggy and blurry and his steps a little staggered. Not quite sure if he was just getting jostled by the crowd or if he wasn’t feeling well, he walked over to one of the stages by the doors, spotting the dancer that had lured him in earlier with their back to him as they gracefully slid down the pole. The slow glide downwards drew the eyes to thick, heavy hips, creamy brown fur framing a latex thong that clung tightly to their body, leaving nothing to the imagination... or so Eric thought. The dancer spun around, crooking a thigh around the pole, only to reveal an unthinkable huge package straining against its latex confines, every inch and vein of thick, meaty shaft and swollen bowling ball sized sack pressed tightly into its prison. As the fennec dancer swung around again, a few thoughts ran through Eric’s troubled mind. His dick strained against his jeans as he watched the overhung femboi gracefully swirl around, his brow furrowed and eyes flickering around as he worried. He watched lights and lasers shimmer and shine across the shiny material clinging to the fennec’s junk, all to the repetitive thud of the music. He looked up, slack-jawed, and caught the dancer looking at him. He winked, cheekily rolling his thumbs into the waistband of his thong to reveal just a flash of the base of his wrist-thick cock. Just as quickly, it disappeared, the fennec curling his other leg around the pole to glide gently around it. Eric couldn’t help but ogle this mysterious, sensuous figure: certainly he had never quite had an interest in guys before. His lip curled tightly inward and his brow furrowed, his hands dug deeply in his pockets with his claws biting into his thighs as his dick throbbed angrily against his waistband.

He huffed irritably, his lungs taking in a deep hit of that musk-soaked air. Shaking his head, he turned away, letting his eyes drift away from the fennec and back to the crowd. Finding it hard to focus on the club through double-vision and blurred eyes, he stared around the room to the various stages. He wasn't sure quite why he hadn't noticed just how... deviant the place was right away. A frilled lizard caressed his latex-clad sack, the fat package resting on the ground and swelling between his legs as he kneeled down on the stage in front of the braying crowd. Eric could swear he saw it throbbing in time with the music, the lizard clearly pent up and ready to cover someone with a bucketful of cum. The thudding bassline kept him feeling off-balance, a little uneasy amongst all the warm, barely-dressed patrons that kept bumping into him. Pressing his hands into the stage next to him, he looked up to see a stagboi using his legs to keep him upright against the pole as he leaned back, his hands attending the massive shaft trapped between his hips and that dark black, shiny thong. He gently let his hands glide back and forth along the sensitive flesh, his fingers grasping and teasing at the tip before sliding ever so slowly down, his cock throbbing bigger and bigger with each powerful heartbeat and making the shiny latex stretch further and further out. The dancer twisted a little to the side, letting the eager audience catch a glimpse of that meaty, monstrously sized dick before just as quickly twisting away with a subtle smile, a quiet laugh. Eric could hardly stand it, his dick achingly hard against his belt as he watched with captivated, furious lust. He watched the delicate spins and twirls, only roused from his reverie by the feeling of a massive hand coming down to engulf his shoulder.

"Hey, short-stuff. You don't look so good." Towering over the Doberman was ten stocky feet of bull, his horns just a few inches shy of scraping against the lighting rigs. He wore a tailored suit that matched the contours of his body, the bovid clearly powerfully built, if not particularly sculpted.

"Come on, let's get you some air."

"Do I have to leave?" Whined Eric, looking up at the massive bull, feeling himself guided along by the powerful muscles behind that hand.

"Not quite. Just bringing you downstairs, don't worry." The bull replied, voice rumbling over the heavy thuds of the club's music. His sheer size allowed the pair to slip through the crowd like sharks among a school of fish as he brought him to a discreet door besides the bar. A quick flash of a keycard let the door click open, and the pair disappeared from the noise and bustle of the swarm into a cool, quiet hallway, grey concrete muffling the sounds of the club. As the door closed behind them, the shrill grunt, the splatter, and the braying of the crowd suggested to the Doberman that perhaps the lizard had finished his set.

"Uh... who are you?" slurred the canine, those hypnotic thudding beats still lingering in his head.

"Donovan." Rumbled the bull, keeping the dog steady on his feet as the pair traversed the stairs downwards, letting him hold onto the handrails as his wobbly legs tottered downwards. "I own this place. I don't like to see my customers standing around looking queasy, now. I thought perhaps you could use a little refreshment, cute stuff." Cute stuff? Eric's features tried to work themselves into a scowl, but a confused, blank stare resulted as he looked up at the bull again. He ogled the massive figure for a moment, flashed a very brief smile, and carried downwards. He wasn't sure why he would object to such a thing, thinking about it.

Another quick flash of the keycard, and the pair found themselves in a small antechamber; a foyer with clothes folded up and hung neatly on hangers, shoes tucked beneath benches. Immediately, Eric found his eyes watering a little at the omnipresent stench of sex that battered at his senses, his dick stirring again as he was ushered into the room. The door clicked shut behind them, and he felt the bull's hand lifting off his back. Turning to face the massive bovid, Eric saw a couple of attendants taking the suit jacket off his stocky frame and hanging it neatly up.

"Go on, unburden yourself. You won't need those." Donovan rumbled, watching Eric's eyes turn to the two smaller figures either side of him as they unbuttoned his shirt. A fox and a squirrel, both slim and slender men with very little in the way of clothes and very much in the way of packages.

The shirtless figures neatly worked together with practiced skill, the massive cocks bound in taut black latex hardly getting in their way at all. A little unsure of himself, Eric quietly took his dress shirt off, slipping his shoes under a handy bench.

"Those too." purred the squirrel, taking a moment to reach out and flick at the canine's belt buckle, giggling as the Doberman squirmed, his sensitive cock rattled by the gesture. Behind him, the fox unbuckled Donovan's belt. With a heavy, satisfied sigh, his trousers slid to the floor, quickly kicked off and removed by the pair of attendants. That, however, wasn't what Eric had his eyes on. With a slack-jawed stare, he watched gravity take effect on a cock that had been tightly compressed to fit inside the bull's suit. Four pendulous football-sized nuts jostled against each other, a flaccid mass of cock that was easily a couple of feet long lay draped over the swell of his taut, churning nutsack framed between two tree-trunk thick thighs bulging with powerful muscle. The two manservants pulled down the bull's underwear to expose the whole glorious package to the air, a powerful musk making Eric's ears blush red as he cast his eyes downward, fingers meshed anxiously. Quietly, he removed his own trousers and set them up on one of the benches. He whined a little, turning at the sound of a deep chuckle behind him.

"No need for that kind of shame here. No, it won't serve you well at all. Chin up." rumbled Donovan, letting the twinkish assistants pull some leather gear onto him; bracers, anklets, a heavy loincloth that hardly covered that massive dick below. Loops for fastening chains or ropes lay empty on the gear, and Eric got the feeling it wasn't often that they were occupied. Naked, the canine stared up at Donovan, arms folded protectively across his stomach.

"S-so, should I put on some clothes too, or wi-"

"No need. Come." interrupted the bull, dismissing the pair of manservants behind him with a wave, glancing at them as they neatly rearranged the discarded clothes into folded piles. Eric felt the bull's hand directly against his shoulder blades, the warm and massive palm laid against them feeling as though it could just scoop him up then and there. Bowing his head a little, he allowed himself to be lead onwards into another room entirely.

Once again, his senses were bombarded. Padding into a long, dark room, slow and heavy music thudding along with his footsteps, the Doberman felt his head swimming again. He pressed his hands against his temples, the pressure not providing any release as he staggered forwards, the bull ensuring he stayed upright and on his feet. He looked at the room through double vision, catching glimpses of huge, musclebound studs and wide-hipped, twinkish fembois alike, grinding and grunting as they danced to the music. They came to a pair of glass sliding doors, dark and foggy tinted glass blocking out most of the lights of the city, looking a little like a starscape in the night. Donovan used his free hand to slide one open, a cold gust sweeping in and chilling the canine. "Get some fresh air for a moment." Donovan rumbled, swatting the Doberman on the ass playfully. "I'll be out in a sec." Eric huffed, a hand placed over one of his stinging cheeks as he stepped out onto the balcony. He pressed his hands onto the cold guardrail, looking over the edge as the gentle breeze whipped into him, leaving him a touch too frosty for his liking. Shivering a little, he peered downwards, onto the street just a short drop below. Something was nagging at him through his clouded head, though he wasn't quite sure what. His tail wagged mindlessly behind him as he watched the people underneath the balcony get on with their evenings, from slurred drunk singing to hailing cabs. Then it hit him; rather, two things did. He felt something warm press up against his back just as he realised that any one of those people below could spot him, if only they took the time to peer up. He felt a lump in his throat as he turned his head to look back, coming face to face with the bull's massive shaft, dripping with precum and lubricant. Despite the lube slathered across it, he could still catch the scent of the colossal cock, a deep masculine funk that made his mouth water. With the brief clarity that fear had brought him, a loose thought rattled in his head. Shouldn't he be against this? The bull pressed his body forward a little more, grinding his shaft up against the Doberman's snout, and any protest was simply set aside. He needed that dick more than he needed air, and any last remaining crumb of common sense in him couldn't find the strength to ask why that beastly erection was lubed up; surely he wouldn't have to choose between those two things after all?

"It's always the ones that think they're most resistant that are most susceptible in the end." the bull murmured, bending down to wrap his meaty hands around the canine's ankles. Eric whimpered, his hands grabbing onto the guardrail to stop him headbutting the balcony, his body stiff with anticipation. "Now and again, they're a cute little thing like you with plenty of muscle on you." Eric could feel the bull's hot breath against his back as he bent to inspect his athletic frame, hard days at the track and in the gym being sized up like he were at a meat market. "Just let yourself go. Relax and enjoy the moment, cutie." grumbled the bull, sliding his massive shaft up against the canine's tight ass cheeks, lazily grinding back and forth. That massive log of meat felt like a masseuse grinding their whole body against Eric's own, copious amounts of lube smearing against his ass with each steady thrust. The bull lifted Eric a little higher, taking a step back to run his cock deeper against the Doberman's ass, the thick shaft grinding against his ring teasingly. His toes curled, short and sharp breaths escaping him as he grew desperate. His own dick throbbed angrily beneath him, his tongue beginning to loll and his knuckles turning white under his fur as he gripped onto the guardrail.

"P-please, don't... don't keep teasing me, fuck!" he whimpered, trying to push back and grind against the impossibly sized dick. His hips tilted left and right, the bull holding him up just snickering cruelly behind him.

"So insistent!" he tutted, spreading the canine's thighs wide open with muscular arms, Eric's fists curled around the guardrail keeping him supported. The canine groaned as the bull stretched his legs wide, the feeling of that massive cock just laying against his ass almost too much to handle. He could feel every throb, every pulse through that layer of lube, and tried his level best to not wriggle his hips back into it. He didn't want to second guess the bovid behind him right now, not while he was in such a compromising position. With a low, satisfied rumble, the bull pushed Eric's legs back together, setting him back down on the ground. A little stiff, the canine turned his head back to look, seeing him picking something from the ground. A metal bar, or something of the sort.

"Ah ah." chided the bull. "Look down at the city." The sounds of clattering and clinking rattled behind Eric as he turned his head back, idly looking down to the people below. Again, a touch of shame spread through him as his ears flushed. A keen awareness of just how many eyes could snap up and stare at him settled in his chest as the bull bent down, fastening something to his ankles. His legs were spread wide, the metal bar from before keeping them stuck apart. Donovan pressed into his back, that massive dick rubbing up against the canine as he reached around, strapping another bar between his wrists. Those thick hands grabbed him, lifting him like he was a paper doll and draping him across a set of hooks dangling from the roof by chains. The bull took a step back, admiring his handiwork, and gave the dog's ass a gentle push to watch him rock softly back and forth. Eric felt his mouth dry up and a lump forming in his throat as he swung out over the city just enough to make him nervous, and as he swung back, he felt a thick, warm mass pressing against his asshole. Growling with pleasure, the bull grabbed him by the hips, pulling him hard against a lube-drenched dick that was busy spurting thick globs of pre across his back. The massive, rounded head pressed against his ass, squeezing into his body like an escapologist. The Doberman whined half with lust, half with pain, his tongue lolling as dribble dripped from it down to the street below. Staring down, he noticed a shark peering back up at him, a confused look screwing up his features. A cold sweat crept across his head as that impossibly thick cock wormed its way inside him, the bull huffing and grunting as he tugged on the canine's hips. As it slid into him and past his prostate, Eric felt his body shiver with ecstasy, his entire being stimulated by the dick pushing past his hips and bulging into his stomach. Behind him, Donovan grumbled happily, taking a moment to buck against the suspended canine, savouring the sensation of the dog impaled on his cock. Eric wanted to groan and squirm and scream, but as the chains above rattled he found himself out of breath, the bull's endowment prodding at his ribs. A quiet, hacking moan was the most he could muster as he let himself slip further onto Donovan's massive shaft, letting himself indulge in the sensation tingling through his body.

It was an odd sensation indeed, more than just the impossible stretching and the girthy shaft sitting heavy in his middle. There was more of Donovan's thick cock yet to press into him, the huge dick drizzling precum by the pint into the Doberman's gut, swelling like a pregnancy as his belly became round, then rotund. He felt his fur stand on end, a static shock crackling through his body and making him jolt with surprise, clenching around the bull's endowment. He managed a quiet, whining gasp, his head tilting as he looked to see what was happening. He caught the bull lost in a trance, eyes shut and hands still firmly clamped around his hips. Slowly, Donovan began to pull the canine back against him, sliding him down that lube-drenched cock to the rattle of chains. The pressure against Eric's prostate grew unbearable, the tense feeling of electricity making his body shake like he was vibrating. He felt something building within him, his senses running the redline as exhausted gasps escaped his muzzle, the need to escape or the desire to cum boiling up within him overpoweringly; and as the bull powered one heavy thrust into him, slapping hips together, he felt a change take place. It was like he was cumming spurt after spurt, his dick writhing beneath him, but nothing was coming out and it didn't seem to be ending. Each pulse running down his dick made him feel weaker, less in control of his own body; his arms grew weak in their restraints, his thighs already exhausted from being spread and ploughed past. His ass felt as though it were swollen by the bull's heavy pounding, his cheeks feeling particularly heavy as they began to jiggle behind him. He felt the bull's fingers grip into his ass, taking a hold of thick deposits of jiggly fat that certainly weren't there before as he continued pounding into the canine relentlessly. Each thrust seemed more intense than the last, his body overflowing with more dick every time the bull hit his hips home. Donovan panted behind Eric, groaning as his orgasm became more and more inevitable. His pounding slowed down to tantalizingly delicate strokes, each throb of his cock threatening to tear the canine apart until finally, the dam broke. With a thundering roar, the people on the street below looked up to witness the Doberman bloating with a torrent of cum exploding into him like a firehose. His belly went from pudgy to fat to utterly gargantuan, the bull's overproductive set of four balls blasting more cum in a single spurt than he could manage in a year. Overcome with the pressure, the sensation, and the exertion, Eric blacked out, hanging limply from his chains with his belly resting and sloshing against the ground. After what seemed like a lifetime, the bull gave a relieved sigh, pulling back with an audible schlorp as his cock spattered a few farewell spurts against the Doberman. He hoisted the canine down, unlocking his restraints and letting him flop against his massive gut, cum still oozing from his gaping rear. With footsteps that were more thunderous than before, he thudded off to get clean, letting the Doberman come to.

Eric rubbed at his eyes, his body feeling as though it were still being pounded. He groaned, standing up, an unusual weight on his hips as he staggered to his feet, gripping onto the guardrail of the balcony for support. It was only then that he caught an image of himself in the mirror. His jaw dropped, the canine not quite recognizing the figure in his skin. With tender steps, he walked towards the image, watching his new body move in an unnaturally graceful, almost ethereal way. His muscular frame was no more, as svelte arms and a toned upper body had replaced them, but the major change was in his hips... and on them, too. His rear had swollen out, with thick, gropable fat cheeks and wide hips to support it. In front, an obscene flaccid cock jutted out from his crotch, dangling to knee length and draped across a swollen set of balls that put most melons to shame. He bit a thick, pouty lower lip, and touched his reflection in the mirror, still unbelieving. A few heavy thuds rumbled from the hallway, and Eric turned his head to look at whoever was coming. It was Donovan, but not as he remembered him. The muscular bull was taller, now, having to duck as he left the hallway onto the balcony, straightening out and letting his muscles stretch out. They were thick before, but they seemed to have become even more swollen with raw power, the bull's massive arm alone looking as though it could dwarf his body. Pressing his hands against his hips, he let them twist, showing off thighs that Eric couldn't hope to wrap his arms around, letting a cock that was thicker than the femboi's slender torso flop from side to side as the thick, taut balls beneath churned angrily with the need to breed and fill more fembois full. Each was the size of a medicine

ball, the sack swollen with unimaginable quantities of seed that Eric was drooling at the thought of. "You're one of mine, now, boy. Behave, and maybe I'll treat you again, make that cock of yours a little bigger." smirked Donovan, strolling up and gripping a massive hand around Eric's thin shoulder, pulling him up against his massive cock and burying his face into his musk-drenched crotch. Eric gasped, his own dick beginning to harden and dribble, the overpowering scent of lust making him want for nothing more than another filling of that world-ending shaft. The bull grumbled out a heavy laugh, letting the Doberman go before patting him firmly on the ass, sending him stumbling back towards the club. "You get yourself ready for a show. I gotta go back upstairs, maybe see if there's any more little troublemakers causing a scene." He gave the Doberman a growling, gravelly laugh, brushing past him as he ducked back into the hallway and sending Eric scattering. As the canine picked himself up, cock throbbing heavily between his legs and cum dripping onto the floor, he couldn't help but wonder when the next opportunity to play with the bull would be. Best to get dressed up and on stage for that.