

Rats of the Old Year and Bulls of The New

By GarifthNebula

It's been The Year of the Ox for what? Almost a year now? Well this is timely isn't it... But hey, I bet a bit of a reminder of this year's massive moo men merriment would do you good! No matter the year's struggles, let's make them bull snuggles!

Contains: Cum Through, Size Difference, Rut, Extreme Excessive Cum, And The Rats!

"Aight boys, read-em and weep," a clawed hand slapped down on the uneven table, causing one of the fuller drinks to spill foam down its side. As the pink palm lifted, the cards spoke for themselves.

"Cheatin' fuck!" The man with the red face and dirty brown beard had hardly had his eyes on his cards this round, instead watching the other side of the table like a hawk. "Three times now you little shit," he slurred slightly as he rose from his seat, "I should break that shit-rat face o'yers. Come outside y'lil prik!"

The creature of the man's ire stood up on the seat, perhaps so he could look down on the man with his squinty, shiny eyes. "Be careful who you're callin' shit-rats. You could offend someone."

"Like I'd care, you dirty pissfucks make me sick. I'd rather drink still pond-scum than come to some cheat lovin', plague suckin', trash heap like this again." The human spat on the floor through his rotten teeth.

The Skent stood perfectly still on the chair with a smile on his whiskered snout as the red-faced man took on a hue of boiled blood. It was always a devious delight to come

out on top, and this sucker was easy pickings. The man looked as if he might try to toss the table, or throw his empty pint at the rat creature, but instead he grabbed a handful of the copper he had placed as his bet and stormed out the door.

For a moment, the bar was silent, save for the loud breathing of a sleeping man in the corner, the only non-skent still in the place.

A sigh from the barkeep broke the silence. "Gyit... You... Another customer lost I suppose." He was rather posh sounding, especially for a local skent. With a grey-white coat of fur on his slender body and a well groomed appearance, he certainly stood out from the three other "ratfolk" in his bar.

"Pff, If he actually wants to drink somethin' other than that 'pond scum,' he'll either come back or go without," the thick-set skent with the brown fur said, finally sitting back down at the card table. "Nobody's gonna be open with all the trouble happening 'round town."

"And who's been causing all that I wonder?" A boney auburn skent with a hanging red cloth mask across his eyes and nose gave his friend a very knowing look. Auger gave a sneering huff, that fat bastard Gyit was one thing in life he had no control over...

"Yeah, who?" A quick and uneven voice came from the tall and lanky black and white skent sitting next to the brown.

"Shut up Cur," the brown skent quickly dismissed his compatriot. "You should all be glad, all the celebratin' round new years makes my ears hurt. You'da started some shit too."

"At my expense of course," the grey skent sighed, twisting his curly whiskers around his finger.

"Jarik," The auburn rat's ribs seemed even more prominent as he gave a laugh, "the new year is still young! Besides, like Gyit said, you're the only place open right now. That drunk old bastard over there and some surly fuck can't be the only ones in town not afraid of... What was it guy? Rumors of vampires, or something else this time?"

"Worse'n that Aug. They'll be hunkered down for a while."

Jarik began polishing the same glass for the third time, "Just perfect... Just perfect."

Aug and Gyt chuckled, followed immediately by Cur going into a full blown laugh. The others only looked at him with an expression as empty as the tavern.

The quiet grew suddenly, like there was a dampening of the rickety wooden floors and the dark stone walls. Jarik knew that a quiet like this usually meant the calm before the storm. It was the night of the new year, and a new year always meant changes, the grey skent felt it right in his skin.

No one could have guessed how much "change" they were going to end up being filled with tonight.

The silence seemed to ease slowly out of the room as Aug leaned back in his chair at a table near the bar, Gyt and Cur staying at the center table. The copper and cards lying about got shuffled and shifted around by the clawed hands of the skent, as if someone wanted to start a game but was too lazy to reach across the table.

A rush of wind from across the room finally managed a quick turn of the head out of the resting rats, Cur having a playing card blown into his face, which he tried to catch before it landed on the floor. When he raised his eyes he saw them.

In from the cold came three massive figures. Loud hoof-stomps and a hearty sigh broke the quiet of the tavern suddenly. Aug's fur bristled as he shot fully awake, his eyes narrowing. The others also seemed to tense up at the strangers as they closed the door behind them, the whistle of the wind being blocked out once more.

"Three pints if'in you don't mind," the first of the three creatures spoke. Black wooly fur mostly covered his eyes, matching his large black bovine nose. The same shaggy fur puffed up out of the collar of his warm hide jacket. He approached the bar with a casual stride, pulling the lace from the top of jacket with his large fingers to reveal even more of his shaggy chest. "Hope you have big enough mugs."

The second bull's face was a cherrywood brown, with a pink nose and a head of short brown hair swept to one side. He looked a touch more awkward in his stance, though it was not obvious why. Looking at the small grey skent polishing a tiny glass his eyes lightened and he gave a friendly chuff.

One bull stepped to the side of his compatriots, giving a look to the other skent in the room. His cool blue eyes and gentle smile were met by the indifferent looks of two of the ratfolk, and a slight smile back from Cur. His long brown braided hair and creamy brown and white fur matched his soft looking off-white tunic.

The black bull grabbed one of the small barstools, which looked like they would barely hold his hoof. He must have decided against it, as he pushed it back in place and turned around, looking at the larger and more stable looking chairs of mismatched sizes and shapes. Without a word he went to the closest table, occupied by only Aug and three sturdy looking seats. As he grabbed for one, a small clawed paw moved the chair with a sharp squeak.

"Ain't yours to take." Auger said with a half smile, his movements were quick and trained.

"Don't see anyone else sitting here friend," the big black bull simply grabbed the chair from Auger's grasp like it was a twig, and pulled it over to his buddies. He hadn't the slightest look of concern or interest. He made Aug's usually threatening aura look practically childish. His scowl set firm on his boney face.

"I didn't stutter, cow." The skent stood on his chair, then stepped up to the table. Still, the ratfolk had to look up to see the calm dark eyes under the shaggy fur.

"No problem then, we can sit at the table with you, if you prefer," He swung the chair back around and came to sit at the table in one swift motion, not a hint of intimidation in his soft features. "I'm Bailey, that's Whistler, and Autumn," the other bulls gave an equally casual look to the skent. "Let me buy you a drink, guy."

Jarik held the three mugs of ale at the bar, not wanting his nice wooden tankards to get split or broken in whatever skuffle was certain to happen.

Anger fumed behind the thin ratfolk's eyes, the skent had had enough. "I don't think you know who you are dealing with, we run shit around here. Best you just... Cur, CUR!"

Gyit took a look across the other table and dropped his face into his palm. Cur stood at the bull's side of the table the others were at, his head being gently massaged by the brown and white bull.

"Looks to me like yer friend's already likin' the company of ol' Whistler," the minotaur spoke with a gentle draw as he moved his large thumb behind Cur's ear.

The auburn rat's eyes sunk deep into a depressed look of disappointment. As if to distance himself from Cur he jumped down and moved closer to Gyit in the center of the tavern. "We... We're the ones who make all of the rules, so you best fuck off back to where you came before things get ugly."

The rouge-brown bull, who must have been Autumn, gave a small "Hmm..." and shuffled a bit. He watched Whistler and Cur with a deep stare.

A sound drew the thin skent's sharp eyes from Autumn as he caught sight of Cur once more. "You fuck... CUR! Get back here you dumbass." Cur had ended up sitting on Whistler's lap, almost snuggling up to the bull's chest.

"Yup, likin' the way you smell too little guy." Whistler spoke gently to Cur.

The bull named Autumn looked at the scene and a pleased fog drifted over his eyes. The bull looked a touch out of it, like he was already a bit drunk. Being the type to search for a weakness, Aug looked at the bull and puzzled about what was up with him. While he had been quiet, until now he at least looked in step with the other minotaurs. But as he looked him over once more, Aug took a hard swallow. The linen pants that the bull wore had a tent in the leg like a log was jammed in it! At Autumn's knee, a clear run of fluid had started to streak down through the fabric and right down to his hooves.

This beast is completely fuck drunk, thought Auger, He probably could have looked at a curvy piece of driftwood and started leaking!

Aug kept an unphased eye on the bull as Autumn closed his eyes and tried to clear his head. *To be in such a hostile environment*, Aug thought, *and let your guard down so casually...* The skent was almost jealous! Always having to watch his back, with only his speed and wits to keep himself alive; and then to look at this minotaur! Never having to worry, so large and strong that fear was an afterthought, the strength made Aug blush.

With Gyt trying to think of some response to the current situation, he kept his mouth shut. This whole situation seemed like weird-shit city. Even Jarik seemed occupied, with his gaze firmly on the minotaurs. Whatever magnetic attraction was holding their gaze to the bulls had come to affect Gyt as well. He stood dumbly as things escalated.

Auger raised his eyes from the ever-swelling tent in Autumn's trousers; and locked looks with the bull. Aug was never one to let much phase him, but with a sudden blush he turned his head quickly, like a child who had been caught stealing a piece of cheese. He heard the hoofsteps approaching him and he felt cold sweat run down his head and into his mask.

"H...Hey friend," the voice of Autumn was sweet, and not as deep as his compatriots. Autumn had never had any fear of any anger or threats, but it seemed like speaking to Aug left him a touch nervous.

Normally Aug would take this weakness and try to exploit it somehow, but in the current situation all he could say was, "hey." No *"I'm not your friend pal"*, no *"keep your dirty grass eating cow face away from me"*, just *"hey."* As he realized this, Aug felt himself blush even harder.

"I, I noticed you looking at me and, well, I was looking at you. Then I noticed you... uhm..." He pointed with a thick digit at Aug's rough looking, slashed trousers. The skent looked down at his... Stiff, tented crotch.

Aug gave a squeak. He had never been so embarrassed in his life. What about this cow was making him act like this? Was it that gentle face? That charming stutter? Or could it be that giant fuckstick that made every cock Auger had ever seen look like a toothpick

in comparison. *Stay in control... Stay in control*, Aug thought. This wasn't going to be the moment that broke him. He was a leader, that blowhard Gyit thought himself mighty, but even he came to Aug when he had trouble. Auger bowed to no one, others feared him, came to him for advice, came to him for-

"Help... Please, friend." The skent looked up, the bull was looking a bit unstable. His hooves held up his shaky knees, and an uncomfortable sweat moistened the soft brown fur on his arms. Autumn gave a sharp inhale, and a soft sound of *gluurt* came from below. The massive pole strained against the fabric of the bull's pants, about to tear the seams wide open. The lower half of the garment was soaked in precum. The smell from the beast was thick as fog. "I need help, Whistler seems to forget how much his gentle affection and flirting with your friend might aff-hhhect me. Even my own kind cannot seem relieve my terrible n-need... They do not s-see my plight, my instincts are rare within my k-kind." Another soft gush, Autumn gave a soft moo.

"You... Need me? Can't get it from someone else?" Auger had been a lot of things, but never really *needed*. He was actually rather surprised, most folks didn't even dare to speak to him, but this fucker had no fear of him, no disgust, no basic repulsion, no smart look of superiority; he just... Needed him! Yeah it was for some fucky weird shit, but Aug had always been into some fucky weird shit!

"I cannot find relief within my own hands, nor my companions, or any minotaur I have m-met. Perhaps with your help I c-could find at least a small reprieve. I am desperate."

A small smile crossed Auger's face. "Well, if you need me that badly, I'll see what I can do." Aug tried to give an uninterested face, tease the big guy a bit. But hell, he was already in control! A guy who could crush the skent like an over-stewed chicken bone was begging at him for help; and hey, Auger didn't often turn down a chance to show some big guy who was the real king of the mountain around here.

Autumn suddenly lifted Auger with both hands, the skent was so surprised he didn't have time to even move before he was flipped on his back and laid down on the table. The bull stepped back and yanked at his pants as if they were on fire. There was the

sound of a rip along one of the legs before he could fully remove them from his body. He untied his belt and pulled his tunic off with the same violent abruptness.

Perhaps I am not as in control as I thought... Aug gulped.

Whistler's meaty hands massaged up and down Cur. The rest of the tavern seemed to fade away for the two. Cur was used to getting a slap across the back of his head for being an idiot, or a push to one side. It had been a long time since he had felt any kindly touch. He couldn't help but make a gentle cooing sound. The mottled bull's fur was short and soft, his movements so gentle. The skent put his hands to Whistler's forearm, running his pink hand up and down the muscle, fur, and flesh. The big guy smelled like fresh cut wood, a bit of a walk through a cool summer forest, and a masculine undertone that was as clear as the rolling muscles under the skin Cur massaged.

Cur ran his hand further up the bull's arm, across those gorgeous biceps, and to the thin sleeve of Whistler's soft cotton shirt. He continued, feeling gorgeous muscle covered by a thin weave of fabric; until he came to the wide neckline, Whistler's beautiful, muscle corded neck moving gently with his head movements. One of those huge brown and white hands touched his, the size dwarfing Cur's and making him shudder slightly. He was guided down the neck and to the front. His claws rested against the first button on the shirt, the fabric just loose enough...

"Go ahead friend," The big hand moved away, leaving Cur caressing the edge of the button. He stared at it, as if he had never seen a button before, he was dumbstruck by the words. The movements seemed automatic, slipping the soft fabric against the smooth button. Tugging gently.

The top of the shirt sprung open, soft white and brown fur greeted the pink hands. Without thinking he moved down, unbuttoning another, and another. Pectorals and abs greeted his eyes and fingers. As the last button came undone, Whistler moved to grab one side, slipping the shirt off in one gentle motion. It was awe inspiring, a body of perfection. Pink nipples graced mounds of muscle, moving with each breath. The smell

was growing more and more intense, without thinking Cur pressed his nose to the center of the chest and breathed deep.

Large fingers slipped into Cur's shirt at the neck. He pulled, and the loose shirt started to come away. With the other hand he gave a pull to the poorly tied knot of rope that acted as his belt. With a motion, both creatures stood half nude, only Cur's tight ragged pants and Whistler's thin trousers stood between them.

Cur looked up. Whistler's wonderful blue eyes met his small black ones. They came closer, a large hand swept across the skent's rough back fur and to his head, right beyond his pink ears. Cur's mouth was open wide in awe, and those big soft lips of Whistler's came ever closer, parting open. The sweet, hot breath of the bull came over Cur's face. He closed his eyes, feeling his thin mouth touch Whistlers.

He didn't know what to do, the wonderful feeling of those lips and tongue moving across his open mouth was foreign to him. He tried to follow along, matching Whistler's perfect motions as well as he could. The sounds of the kiss were almost as sweet to Cur's ears as the touch, and the taste. He pressed in, his skin growing hot under his fur. Cur's blush spread across his body, and he felt hot and cold chills raise the hairs on his back.

Whistler pulled back slowly, a string of saliva binding the two. Cur swallowed what remained in his mouth, he didn't want to waste a drop.

Those thick digits moved between the two creatures, and at the waistline of Whistler's trousers, he pulled at the buttons holding the last scrap of clothing on him.

"Cur," the bull spoke gently. *He remembered*, Cur thought. His name was usually said with a sneer, a disappointed sigh. But Whistler spoke it with softness and respect. "Cur, I wanna' make love to you. That ok?"

He could only nod, beady black eyes wide with awe.

The large legs he rested on shuffled, those pants pulled down as Cur shifted himself to stay firmly on the bull's muscled thighs. He didn't look down, but he could feel the heat, and he could smell the musk. Whistler's cock was only a hair away from touching Cur's

body. Eyes still fixed on Whistler's gorgeous blue gaze, Cur raised his hand. It ran across soft cockflesh, hot as a stone next to a fireplace. Whistler gave a deep breath, and a drip of liquid slipped across Cur's fingers, the slick fluid running between his fingers. His heart seemed to slow, matching the pulse in the thick flesh Cur tried to wrap his fingers around. The two smiled, as Whistler pulled away the last piece of cloth from Cur, letting them finally come together, flesh to flesh.

Every nerve in Cur's skin lit up where it touched the bull's body. The whole world, all that Cur wanted was packed into the flesh he was blessed to be touching. It was almost too much, all the sensations overloading Cur's mind. He gave a shiver, and Whistler immediately wrapped his hands around the skent's back, holding him closer. It was overwhelming, but it felt so good. Cur turned his eyes to Whistler's bullhood. It was a creamy pink, the thick sheath's white fur almost invisible, showing even more gentle pink. His balls were perfectly round, and the flesh that held them was smooth and loose. They pulled closer to his body gently, and another drip of pre oozed from the large, flat tip. Whistler knew he wasn't exactly the biggest Minotaur out there, but to Cur there was nothing to see but the most beautiful spire of male perfection then what stood before him.

Cur's sensitive hands caressed the beautiful spire. His fingers ran down the slightly slick, sheath lube covered cock. The veins were subtle, but those pink paws could feel each and every one as he slowly moved it over the surface. The medial ring around the bullcock was thick and prominent. His eyes ate every inch, pre dribbled down the sides in gentle rolls that grew closer and closer in time. Cur was just about to wrap his lips over the thick head and taste that glistening pre, but Whistler gently held him away for a moment.

He was surprised at the bull's actions. But he finally noticed those blue eyes staring at his nethers. The small sheath looked a bit out of place next to his much larger balls, something that skents were a bit known for. But as a touch of pink showed itself, Cur blushed, knowing what Whistler would undoubtedly notice. As it poked out of the sheath little by little, Cur's cock had a thick head, was smooth along its surface, and had a bit more of a blush to it than Whistler's penis. It just continued to swell, larger and larger it

seemed to grow, the sheath around it stretching to keep up with how large it was growing. Veins pulsed gently as Cur spread his legs, his balls actually looking a bit undersized for the pole that swelled above them! It started to slow its growth as it reached Cur's chest. It was but a few inches shorter than Whistler, and as thick as the skent's wrist.

"Oh... Uh... Wow." Whistler admired. "You're uhhh-lot bigger than I was expectin'"

A blush was over Cur's cheeks. His giant dick certainly had got him some interest before, but never any feelings of intimacy as he felt now. He had been in a few romps, but this kind of... Loving feeling was very new.

His blush grew far brighter as Whistler licked his lips, "so... Who first?"

Cur hungrily beamed, taking Whistler's cock into both hands, massaging the soft meat as his mouth came closer. Before he even had time to realize what he was doing, a slick fluid pulsed into his maw. He stretched his jaw wide, eager to show his admiration for Whistler's beautiful cock. He swallowed what he could, letting the rest dribble out and over the slick cockmeat. The warmth of bullcock and ratcock coming together made a sauna of wet, wonderful heat that spread between the two.

The head of Whistler's dick slid past Cur's needy lips and into the soft recesses deep within his mouth. His throat swallowed instinctively, over and over, massaging the soft, flat head of the member. Cur looked down at Whistler's bushy brown crotch, the downy looking mound of fur above his sheath accentuating how thick and lucious it looked. His own short and scratchy pubes didn't come close to this luxurious forest of man. He wanted to sink his nose into it.

Pressure built in Cur's throat as meat bulged his neck, he was determined to swallow Whistler's dick, ALL of his dick. He fought through any discomfort, he wouldn't stop until his nose made contact with that thick brown bush.

A puff of hot air exited Whistler's nose, this guy was determined! "Thass'it..." Whistler whispered. The tight confines of Cur made his cock feel like it was ten times larger, no

bull had a throat this tight, and he had never met one that was this eager to please either. *I'll make sure to give back in kind*, he thought.

Stiff cockmeat began to bend in Cur's throat as he continued to slip down the slick pole. His eyes watered and his body begged for relief, but he knew there was nothing that would stop him from taking as much bull as his body could hold. At first he didn't even feel it, the tickle across his pointy nose, but as he felt the head of Whistler's member come within a hair's width of his heart, his lips kissed silky soft flesh. He was against the bull's sheath, his long snout dipping into Whistler's silky crotchfur.

Cur pulled back, feeling suction in his throat as he pulled off. He gave a sharp inhale as the strings of saliva and pre connecting the rat's maw to the dick drooped down and snapped, the fluids making a mess between the two bodies. The scent of the crotch still hung a bit to Cur, and the divine musk drove him back to the dick, only taking three breaths before getting back to it.

Whistler meanwhile sat back, balancing himself with his big hands as Cur took to his work. Eager was too light a term for this insatiable skent, he really wanted to please the big guy. Again and again he sunk Whistler into himself. There was no way the bull could hold on long. As the pleasure grew, Cur continued his single-minded task, the cock growing harder as he continued. He didn't seem to pay any mind to Whistler shaking, or the pre streaming ever more thick. But perhaps he had some cognition of what was about to happen, as he held himself down on the cock for much longer, letting his throat massage every inch.

A loud grunt was made through gritted teeth as Whistler reached his climax, Thrusting his hips into the air and almost knocking Cur off. But he held on, doubling his effort in pushing the bull into himself. The torrent of cum pushed back, the tip exploding with ropes of cum, taking the short trip right into Cur's stomach.

Cur's belly gurgled as it bloated with cream. He put his paw to it and felt his stomach distend quickly, becoming incredibly taut. He held as long as his body would allow him, his belly gurgling and glorping. Quickly though it became too much, even for the eager skent. He slipped off the cock just as another burst of jizz ran up its length. He was hit

square in the face with the cumshot. It went up his nose and splattered across his fur. Cur lurched forward, pressing his face into Whistler's soft fur, his and the bull's cock pressed in between Cur's distended belly and Whistler's firm stomach. Another blast of semen glued the two together. The skent focused himself. He tried to hold back his own orgasm, he wanted to savor it in the bull's soft touch, not have it dissipate into the luscious bull jizz; and he held his throat firm, not wanting to lose any of the heavy load inside him. The taste danced across his tongue, the musky semen giving him the fortitude to hold down the high-pressured load inside him.

Looking down at Cur, Whistler saw the effort he was putting in. It was clear on his cum-soaked face. Much of his messy load was deep inside the ratfolk, so much so that the usually terrible mess the minotaur made when he came was... Well it was still a terrible mess but at least it wasn't AS terrible. The big bull's mitts gently touched Cur's shoulder, slowly separating the two. Goopy strands and sheets of cum came off as the two separated, like cheese in a hot casserole. Whistler's dick gave its last pulses, the thick jizz running like paint over the flat head of his cock.

Blue eyes kept their steely gaze on the struggling skent. Cur felt a warm hand run over his ass, and the grip on his shoulder became firm as Whistler lifted Cur's crotch to his face. The skent's gigantic dick whacked Whistler's jaw with a surprising amount of force, sending stringy drips of leftover bull-seed in every direction.

Whistler gave a soft smile, then opened his jaw wide. Cur had already done a little exploring of that maw, but the big, beautiful, pink cavern looked even better than it tasted. The wide tongue was flanked by flat white teeth, the dark pink gums and cheeks leading to a very wide throat; and the bull's little... Dangly throat thing flexed a bit. Such a big, big maw. Cur almost wished it wasn't just his cock Whistler was going to eat.

Fat cock slipped across the bull's tongue, his own flavor mixed with Cur's. Past the smooth front of his tongue and to the bumpier back. Cur could feel every little bit of texture. With that kiss earlier, the skent could probably map out the whole maw of Whistler if he wanted! The rat's dick was a lighter, brighter pink than Whistler's mouth, with a defined head that rubbed sensually over his taste buds. Cur's dick looked like it

outgrew every natural element of his body; but for the minotaur, it was just perfect. He felt the wet tip of the ratcock reaching deep into his throat, tickling the sensitive membrane. He closed his lips gently around the thick rod... Damn, there was still a fair bit outside his mouth. With a gentle suck, Cur crinkled up like a piece of paper. Whistler felt the pressure in his mouth abate like he was sucking down a thick syrup. Gentle flavors of rat slipped over his tongue. His pre was so light, not like the thick fucklube minotaurs spat out their cock. No, this was a treat. He rolled his tongue around and around the soft skin, letting his big hands rub across Cur's body while he supported his light frame. He pressed forward, feeling the cocktip bunch up in the back of his throat. With the same soft pressure, he withdrew himself.

There was simply no way that Cur was going to last, but he held back hard. He wanted to give Whistler everything he had. His stomach hardened, his legs flexed, and he tried to hold himself still. It was useless, however. Nothing was going to be telling the rat's big nuts not to breed whatever soft heaven his dick was in. He let out a squeak, his dick sprayed pre. The juice didn't stop, instead it grew thick in Whistler's maw. Before he could think another thought, the orgasm hit him.

"YAP!" Cur gave a squeaky bark. There was no great lead up, no big cumshot, he just started hosing spunk like a beer tap. His balls felt swollen... Fuck they felt like they weren't just swollen, they were swelling! His body simply couldn't cum fast enough to empty his pink rat nuts. Whistler swallowed like he was chugging water in a vast dry desert. The little guy had given his all to hold in every drop he could of the bull's fat seed, the least he could do was return the favor.

The skent's cum was more watery, smoother than the hot muck he was used to seeing from his own kind. The flavor was not as sickly rich, but flowery and fine. If not for the atmosphere of Cur cumming his brains out and being on the verge of tears as his dick exploded with a load his balls churned by the second, he could almost call it refined. Whistler gently held the spasming body as he rode out his incredible orgasm, the pleasure mellowing even as his penis sprayed its seemingly never ending load. The soft sounds of Whistler chugging down the sweet milk matching up to Cur's heartbeat. Everything was blissful. Whatever was going on outside of this strange moment didn't

exist for a time. Just emptying balls and filling stomachs.

Not far from the two, Auger watched as Autumn's blunt tool dribbled clear pre-spunk, which fell to the floor in heavy drops. The audible sound of the droplets splattering across the floor almost drowned out Aug's excited heartbeat. Autumn gave a slight moan as his prick swelled, the massive organ rising in the air before being brought back horizontally by gravity. It swelled again, the cock engorged and veins glistened in the light, this time accompanied by a heavy "SQUUurt." Pre arched in the air slightly before splattering across Aug's pink toes. The hot, sticky fluid made Auger draw back his feet as his heart pumped like he had almost stepped in a bear trap. The skent couldn't remember a time in his life he had been this nervous. Autumn grunted, his massive cock begging to be touched. The bull brought his hand to cradle the pulsing log of flesh, the slight touch making the cock jump again, with another pulse of pre spilling over the brown fur of Aug's lower legs.

"Don't keep me waiting," Autumn pleaded with his eyes. Those massive musky balls quivered in need. Having a tool like that must be quite a burden, Aug thought. He imagined having to carry that fucking package around, a horny need to empty yourself always on the mind, a pair of fat balls eternally churning, ready to blow a hot load at a moments notice. He didn't know whether to be jealous of the needy bull, or glad for his own pink cock.

The smell of the thing was getting to him. The musk of the engorged member sunk his thoughts to dirty deeds that minutes ago he wouldn't have imagined. He lifted his back paws, reaching out with the pink claws to the tower of meat hanging from Autumn's sternum.

As his toes touched the fat, flat head of the bullcock, Aug was amazed at how soft the dick was. Wet and smooth and fleshy, Aug imagined it slipping its way... Fuck! What the hell was happening. Another gooey gush of pre arched high before hitting the thin fabric covering Aug's junk. The smell was so deep, coating his throat and sinuses. Maybe that was what was driving his libido, Auger at least had to tell himself that because right now,

he wanted nothing more than to feel that thick cock spill its stuff right into his deepest reaches. Aug was not such a passive bottom, at least not until he saw a cock so beautiful as this monster.

“UUugh,” Autumn moaned, lifting one leg slightly. Aug’s mouth went dry. He looked down below the black slab of beef, eyeing the soft sheath before his vision snapped to the minotaur’s balls. The poor beast’s nuts were swollen, filling his sack taut with two overripe grapefruits worth of need. Discomfort mixed with agonizing pleasure in his eyes. This bull needed to breed, to fuck something pregnant tonight. Aug had never really thought about this level of cardinal need, never seen anyone or anything with this “rut” before. Now he *knew* he was jealous, to have this primal existence always simmering in the back of your mind.

On the other hand, perhaps he was feeling a primal urge of his own, to be this bull’s fuck for the night.

Hooves stumbled forward, Autumn was drunk with desire. The usually stubborn and self confident skent gave a little squeak as Autumn’s cock slapped his stomach, and his own cock almost touched the mountain of bull, save for the thin soaked fabric of his pants. The bull looked down and gave a huff, looking at the fabric before slipping his thick digit into the waist. He gave a tug and Auger’s pants slipped off of him, the fabric slick with cow-lube. The rat’s eyes watched as the massive muscles of the minotaur effortlessly undressed him. Fur hardly hid vein streaked boulders of muscle mass. As quick and agile as he was, Aug knew that there was no escape. Being in such a powerless position for the first time in his life, all the authority he had imagined himself having in the situation dripped away faster than Autumn’s pre. To have this feeling, powerlessness, to be nothing but a tool to quench a beast's need. Auger almost came on the spot.

He spread his legs slowly, moving each of his pink feet to the sides of the bull at his waist. He had to stretch a bit, but felt his ankles rub against the steely muscles and soft fur of the minotaur. Autumn could sense the skent’s readiness, it was time to get to the fucking.

The bull licked his lips clean of his thick drool and looked down at the rat. His cock seemed to swell even larger for a moment. He had been in this rut for far too long, his dick and balls were starting to become a problem, if you could call it that. He was perhaps a bit “too big” for many; fuck, there was no kidding himself, he was too big for most minotaurs! But for this skent... He had to make this work. The flat head of the member came slowly down to rest against the thin furred torso of Aug, the tip dripping thick pre across his ribs. Autumn pulled his hips back, the fat underside of his cock slipping across the fur, leaving a matted wet trail in its wake. It perfectly lined itself up with the small and needy hole. A gush of searing pre-seed coated Auger’s ass completely. Autumn came forward with his hips, the large tip kissing his asshole gently. The thin rat looked like he had about as much meat on him as was in that glorious cock, he knew he was about to be destroyed, and he moaned at the thought.

Pressure built and built, and something had to give way. Aug felt his ass slowly split over cockmeat, his hole widening more and more... With a moan, Aug felt the last of his ass succumb to Autumn, as the flat tip infiltrated him with a “pop!”

He had expected pain, but... There was almost none! He was being split by a pole that could probably make a bugbear sore, but he didn’t feel tearing pain, or even much discomfort. Was he really such a slut?

Autumn huffed and puffed, moaning and mooing. Every bit of skin, every vein, his cock could feel Aug’s insides at a level of sensitivity that could hardly be believed. The bull looked down, seeing his massive dick sliding into the perfect rat ass. The member could be seen clearly, bulging the thin flesh of Aug’s abdomen. You could just about see every vein and ridge on his cock, like silk was pulled tight over it. Autumn gave a snort, “HNNNGHHGH,” he clamped his teeth as a thick gush of pre spilled from him. His muscles tightened and he sunk deeper into Aug.

“Ahhh, AAHHH,” Auger half moaned, half screamed. The clear bulge of Autumn’s cock softened as pre pumped into him. The bull’s lurch forward stuffed an absurd amount of cock into his guts. His belly bulged with pre and dick, a feeling of fullness unlike anything in his life before. But the pressure didn’t stop, there was still bullcock, still pre.

He had to be fuller, he had to be utterly filled. He was going to be this creature's breeding rack, filled with seed that had simmered and concentrated by his rut.

"C'mon, fuck me," Auger begged, "really fuck me, don't hold back, wreck me you godsdamed cow!" He wasn't sure his body could do it, but at the moment, his once proud mind wanted nothing but to be filled with Autumn's calves.

Wide hips thrust forward with strength and vigor, a fleshy gurgle and a wet *slap* as Autumn fucked Auger deep. The cock dug into the true depths of Auger's body. The skent felt like he had been hit by mace... Which was a pretty good approximation for the size of the dick his ass was swallowing up. His very core was shook by the girth and strength of what he was being skewered on. With a sharp breath in, you could see the cock inside him with even more clarity. Bulging through his abdomen, the length of Autumn jut outward against Aug's belly as his flat cockhead finally found unyielding resistance inside the skent's body.

Stars danced across Auger's vision. He was being fucked to the very core, hardly able to take a breath before he felt the glorious tug of cock being pulled from him, only to be thrust back, smashing into his insides and dazing him again. This beast couldn't hold back, he wouldn't hold back. All sense of control in the world was fucked out of him. His eyes rolled and he moaned, his tongue lolled out of his mouth, his tail tip hung loosely over the edge of the table as Autumn fulfilled his body's most desperate demand.

Sadly, the unholy fucking couldn't last forever, Auger's nuts swole so fat that his sack pulled taught over them. They burned with potent, virulent seed. His pre came to a halt, his inner fortifications buckling under the pressure of his spunk. He had been denied this for so long, his fucking body refusing to let loose his load for reasons only the damnable god of fertility could have known. But he knew at last he would know satisfaction. He felt his inner dam bust before his mind was shot through with a feeling that could not be imagined. His sight went dark and his ears heard nothing but his own deep heartbeat as every nerve in his body made way for the mind destroying wave of pleasure that shot through him.

PRRSHHGLURK! Glort...Gurrrrlp... Aug's stomach swelled rapidly as cum gushed into him. With the merciless pounding he had just endured, the first moments were almost soothing, balmy cream flooding over his fucked insides. But as he reached his capacity... Seed continued to flood into him. Aug made a small sound, looking through hazy eyes at Autumn. But the bull might as well have been on another plane of existence, his dumb expression and hanging tongue a poor indication of how mind-numbingly incredible this orgasm was. His big hands pressed the two together tight, letting almost no cum spill out, even as the pressure built. Auger felt the feeling of fullness build as his stomach bulged, glorpy, gooey sounds coming from him as his body tried to deal with the unyielding stream. The skent was too tired to even try to fight it, just placing his hands on his distended stomach as the hot cum filled every nook and cranny of him. Perhaps the alchemical energies of the seed were to his favor, but Auger felt no pain, just the deep, deep pressure building endlessly inside him. Autumn's tail was raised high and twitched with each long cumshot, his foggy eyes hardly seeing the rat swell up under him.

Auger could feel his inner fortifications buckle under the flood inside him, filling him up wholly. A small burp left a hot and muggy taste in his mouth... Loud and angry gurgles from his belly made it clear, and Aug tried to hold himself shut. It was a useless effort, white drips oozing from his lips. Just as he was about to blow...

CRASH, Autumn fell backwards like an overturned cart. A wave of hot jizz flying in an arc above him as he landed on his back, his cock still going off in fat bursts. His mouth was wide open, and a look of unworldly bliss was on his face. Ropes of glistening white flew over his head and splattered on the floor. He breathed heavily as he twitched in agonizing pleasure.

Moaning and groaning, Auger tried to peek over his massive stomach... It was the first time he had ever looked like more than skin and bones. He reached a paw across the side of his weighty stomach and to his ass. He felt a small trickle of thick batter... He was plugged with the stuff, and it wasn't exactly rushing out of him. He laid back, accepting his current predicament. He pressed on his swollen belly, it glorped back at him in acknowledgement. As he did so, he felt it press into his hard cock... It seemed

his body forgot to orgasm in all that. With a moan he jiggled his hips slightly to try and stimulate his cock with his fat stomach.

Well, being in control isn't everything, he thought. I could deal with this... Once in a while.

Bailey's eyes fixed on Jarik... Who cleared his throat and massaged the bulge in his pants while he looked at the situation in front of him. He tried to keep a look of composure whilst he was in the prime seating for this... Very sexy scene occurring on front of him. His glance caught the eye of Bailey, and the look in his eyes made the skent's skin turn as grey as his fur.

The bull gave a friendly smile. "Like what you see?" Bailey asked.

Jarik cleared his throat. "Ah, you see I was... Yes, I-I do. Sir." His posh demeanor maintaining even through the insane circumstances around him.

"Any requests?"

"Oh, well, uhm," such large and fine creatures certainly had some large and fine features, Jarik thought. But the skent had a few favorite parts in particular. "I-I, *ehem*. I very much like your..." Jarik watched Bailey pick up the still foamy mug of ale on the table and take a drink. "Your nice, large, *ehm*... Hands." Those soft mits were such a far cry from his own skittery little paws. Big and chunky and-

Before he knew it, his idle paw that laid on the bar was engulfed by Bailey's huge palm. Thick fingers ran across the back of his arm, the fleshy black pads a lighter color across the palm and darkening closer to his wavy fur. The bull's other hand met its twin and ran up and down his thin grey arms. Jarik went stiff, save for his other hand, which continued rubbing his pants, a dark wet spot beginning to show on his light fabric. The sheer strength of Bailey was clear; strong, and gentle, and warm, and soft. A finger latched under his nice woolen shirt, and with a sudden jerk, Jarik raised his arms. Even

a night of debauchery such as this was no reason to tear a perfectly good shirt, *Gods forbid!*

When he was free of his clothes, the skent had the pleasure of watching Bailey strip. It was a beautiful sight as the bull lifted his jacket. It showed off his chest and arms, which were the same dark black, save for a soft tuft of dark grey fur on his chest. It seemed that patch had a companion, as there was another tuft of grey above the creature's *sizable genitals*. After the fine showing Jarik watched as Bailey approached him. Before he knew it he was pulled up to sit upon his bar. A thumb practically as thick as his wrist gently lined his long snout and across his sharp nose. He smelled like wood and earth, and he tasted... Jariks tongue touched the pad of that thick finger as it slipped across his gobsmacked expression. He kissed the fingertip as it slipped down his chin. His black, flat nails were well trimmed and managed. Good grooming was quite a turn on for Jarik... As was the idea of sucking on those mits all day.

"Where do you want them first?" Bailey asked.

"Uh... Would you be opposed to one of those fine fingers, uh, perhaps" *gulp* "in my rear?"

"Fuck yeah dude, sounds like a good one."

Bailey put his gorgeous hand to his lips, placing his finger inside with an agonizingly slow pace. As he pulled it back out, the fine shine off of his fur glistened in the soft glow of the tavern's lamps.

One hand caressed his head and shoulder, and as Bailey lowered it to the wood of the bar, Jarik's body followed, leaving him lying on the bar. He couldn't see the other hand, which was a damnable shame, but he knew he wouldn't need to see much of it once he could... Feel it.

A warm wet finger touched his inner thigh as the hand explored Jariks undercarriage. Without the ability to see what was going on below, the skent kept his eyes fixated on Bailey's face. It was hard to tell what he was looking at exactly, what with the wavy locks

over his dark eyes, but whether it was Jariks face or his ass, he had never felt so thoroughly *explored* by someone.

The tip of Bailey's finger massaged Jariks asshole, teasing him. The skent was in a tunnel of sensation, his eyes blurring as his mind focused on his rear. The touch was mapped out in his mind, he could almost see the tendons rolling under the dark skin of his wrist as he flexed those fingers. His thick wrist moving with the motions of his hand. The skin on his palm creasing and stretching as he moved his fingertip across the little pink orifice. Jarik felt the thin wet layer help ease the cock-sized digit into his ass, his muscles were powerless to stop the wonderful intrusion.

All these flowery, subtle feelings felt like they were punched right from his skull as Bailey stretched his ass wide, the bull feeling deep and quickly finding Jarik's most sensitive areas.

"Dear... OH DAAAHHhhh..." Pressure came across his prostate and Jarik was sent reeling. "Oh, if you could.... UHHh. OH GODS, OH GAAAA!" It didn't stop. Relentless was all that could be said of what was happening. Poor Jarik hadn't had very much experience in this matter! His skin was sent quivering at the overstimulation. He moaned, he yelped, he cried out in pleasure, it was everything he had ever imagined. Well, Jarik couldn't say he often thought of fat bull fingers shoved in his anus, but still. Jarik slipped into a cloud of bliss. An aching, sharp, violently pleasurable cloud of bliss.

Gyit watched dumbfounded as his compatriots turned into needy sluts right before his eyes. Cur giving a meaty handjob to Whistler, Jarik getting finger fucked by Bailey, and Aug getting boned right in the ass by Autumn. Was he the only one here with any balls?! Was he the only one who wasn't going to be some dumb cow's bitch?

"Hey friend," Bailey looked to Gyit, one hand cupping over Jarik's ass, with a finger massaging deep. Jarik looked like he was already an utter mess. "Wanna get on in this?" The black bull bent over and raised his tail. He pulled apart his fat cheeks with his

free hand, showing off his tight looking ass. “I could be usin’ a fat cock in me right about now.”

Puzzlement came over Gyt as he processed the words. “Well, fuck that sounds good?” He half answered.

“Good, come here, dominate me big guy!” Bailey gave a wink, hard as it was to notice. *These cows certainly know how to sweet talk*, Gyt thought. But hey, he was already half hard from just the idea of this big guy submitting to him, and to tell the truth... His ass looked absolutely gorgeous.

“Fuck yeah, then... then bend over bitch! Let me show you fuckers how it's done,” Gyt smiled as he quickly slipped the clothes off of his chubby furred body. His cock was not the gargantuan fuckstick that Cur sported, but it was no slouch. Better yet, he knew how to use it, *really* use it! He was going to make sure this bull bitch was moaning, sore, and begging for more.

At his words, Bailey gave a deep moo, pulling his fat digit from Jarik, who moaned as he twisted himself, trying to see his stretched asshole.

“Dear me...” Jarik puffed.

Bailey leaned over the bar, spreading his thick legs wider. His ass was full and fat, and his asshole looked like the tightest, most perfect thing ever, seated in the middle of soft black skin and fur. He held Jarik in his hand like a doll. His shaggy face looked back, licking his lips.

One of the taller chairs was quickly pulled over by Gyt, who looked over the expansive back of the bull like he was looking from a cliff at his vast land. Bailey huffed, his tail raising high in the air. The mountains, valleys, peaks, and caverns of this bull were Gyt's; and he needed to give them some proper tending!

Gyt grabbed the black tail with one hand and slapped that fat ass with the other. A moan of approval from Bailey made Gyt's prick swell up hard, a little dribble of pre

running down the bulging underside of his shaft. He massaged the cheek he slapped, feeling how soft it was. He scooted forward, positioning himself right at the entrance.

“Get ready, cow!” Gyit said through a full toothy grin. He pressed to the bull, feeling as his cock quickly sunk into that tight flesh. “FFFuck! You are one tight motherfucker!” His cock was massaged by the big muscles of the bull as he hilted. Brown fur touched black, and that pink ass felt like it was already lubed up, just for Gyit.

A moan like a sweet serenade crossed Gyit’s rough ears. He released the tail and moved his hands to Baileys hips. He had to take quite a wide grip to hold onto those curves, but the size of the fuck was definitely getting to Gyit just as much as that tight hole. He slipped out, feeling those tight muscles begging him to stay, before he thrust hard, back into those soft, firm depths.

Bailey pushed back, needy for dick. Gyit was done with the foreplay, now he needed to conquer! He thrust with all his might, the sounds of the violent fucking mixing with the grunts of the skent and the needy moans of Bailey.

The hand still holding the limp and overstimulated Jarik lifted up to a soft black mouth. Jarik saw the satisfied and pleased face of Bailey looking right at him, that was, before he was flipped like a sausage in a pan, and bent over. His free hand moved to the skent’s mouth, while the other cradled his hips. Before Jarik could say anything, a warm and wet muscle slipped over his ass, and right along the inside of his pink tail.

“I... I...!!” Jarik whimpered. The cock-thick finger pressed into his mouth and muzzled his soft voice. Again, that wide bull tongue lapped his ass like he was licking a plate clean. Hot pressure, moist breath, and the soft stimulation of the tongue proved too much for Jarik, who felt himself reach orgasm. His quiet, weak spurts dripped to the ground. At the same time, Bailey felt a rush of pre up his cock, slamming into the bar and spraying juice back across his thighs and stomach.

Even after the skent’s orgasm, Bailey did not stop his assault on Jariks ass. He did it with gusto, as if to transfer the fuck-energy as Gyit rammed him. Jarik bayed at the overstimulation, the still stretched ass being just the right size for Bailey to slip his wide

tongue into as he ate greedily. The grey skent was shaking, his back arching as the invading pink beast dug over his insides. Jarik was trapped, forced into the throws of the stimulation.

Gyit heard Jariks' muffled cries as they mixed with the mooing of Bailey. He placed his weight right down on the bull's back, his paws lifting from the chair as he straddled. His fat stomach spread out over the shiny black fur of the lower back. Thick minotaur hips acted like hand-holds on a cliff of muscle. He pressed his body as best he could into the beast. The smell of his black fur mixed with his perspiration into a deep, musky, and natural aroma. Not thinking, he dug his claws into Bailey; however, that thick minotaur hide and fur made his claws seem like dull river pebbles. The fact that this fucking mass of power moaned at Gyit's dick being inside him gave the skent such a smug sense of satisfaction. He felt invincible.

Jarik felt his slender muscled stomach. He could feel the big tongue stretch and mess his insides, he felt sensations he had never imagined before. He shivered and shook as he tried to make words with his mouth full, but all that came out was a blithering mess. His mind begged him to stop, to give it time to process what was going on, but he could do nothing; nothing but ride the storm of sensation.

Sweat ran down Gyit's brow, down his pinkish nose, and dripped to mix with Bailey's body sweat. The muggy, humid heat that filled the tavern could be cut with a knife. Gyit began huffing and puffing, his cock solid and ready, he was about to blow. He hilted hard, pressing into the bull so hard that his muscles quaked.

"Rfffff, AAAUGH!" Gyit roared as hard as his lungs could. His brow was furrowed and his teeth were gritted, only for a moment though, as the rush of bliss softened his features and turned his roar into a cry in the back of his throat. His lower lip quivered as seed rushed through his ratcock and spurt in quick jets. He came so hard that his cockslit almost stung with the velocity of his semen. His chest heaved with exacerbated breaths as his orgasm continued, longer than any he had felt before. His balls gave all they could, and even then, he was shooting dry by the time his dick calmed down.

As his muscles relaxed, Gyt almost passed out. He was jolted back to reality for a moment as he lost grip and fell off of Bailey's firm back. He missed the chair by just a hair, falling to the floor. He sat with his tail scrunched under him.

Looking down, he saw his softening, glistening cock. Not even a drip came from the tip, he really had spent every drop he had into the cow... Speaking of which, he lazily looked up, the sight widening his eyes. Bailey's ass was like a fucking celestial object sitting above him. The perfect, matted black fur broken only by his still tight asshole. It gave a small pulse, and Gyt watched as his white jizz ran down in a slow drip. It oozed down, down, down. Gyt's eyes followed it. It slipped down his swollen taint, right to his... Massive quivering nuts. The fat black sack was taut, squeezing the balls, each the size of a large orange, then relaxing back. Bailey's cock was just as impressive, and impressively active! The fuck pole bobbed as muscles tensed, a drizzle of pre streaming down to the floor in one thick, solid strand.

Things seemed to move in slow motion as Gyt looked up at the impressive sight. Bailey was still moaning, and fuck was he moaning! He had pulled his tongue from Jarik, who was practically comatose at this point. He moaned right from his chest, baying. Suddenly he became tense.

VPLUUUUURT. A fat rope of bull milk hit the wooden counter, the backsplash like a solid sheet of paint. It coated Bailey's legs like a veil, and splashed over his hooves like mud. As Bailey clenched his ass tight, a small squirt of Gyt's seed landed on the floor between the skent's legs. At the same time a puddle of cum, like a bucket had spilled, grew across the rough wooden floor. It was quite a contrast. Jerik tried to raise his head, but he was far too exhausted. If only he could see the sights that Gyt witnessed.

Bailey's back bowed as he lifted his head up, giving a great loud moo. Gyt made this fucker cum, hands free. He made the bastard jizz a barrel's worth of batter just from fucking him in the ass. As the puddle of opaque white seed reached his pink paws, Gyt could only smile, his dick hardening once more.

"Damn..." Was all Gyt could say as the torrent quieted down, Bailey's cock softening and his balls relaxing back into their plump, relaxed selves. He must have been

overcome with the same deep relaxation as Gyt had, as he slumped to his knees, turning around to sit in his own massive mess. Jarik came with him, falling to the side and into the puddle of spunk. Gyt and Bailey faced each other, panting from the exertion, smiles on their sweaty faces.

One of the bull's big mits reached down, caressing his thick sheath and balls, before lifting them up and away. He slumped down a bit more, and his cum coated asshole came into view.

"Round two, guy?"

The air in the tavern was hot and wet. A dense scent of sex steamed up from puddles of cum and drips of sweat. There was not a furred body in the room that had not orgasmed at least twice.

Jarik lay face down on the floor, with Bailey's heavy left hand over his back. Gyt was laying on the bull's back, sleeping soundly as his dick softened between those fat asscheeks. Nearby, Cur was cuddled close and warm to Whistler, the two snug and tight to each other. A river of white ran between the two piles of men, its source the complete mess that was Aug and Autumn. Cum painted the two white as ghosts, and a thick layer of seed glued the two close. Autumn was still hard, even in sleep, and was firmly planted in Aug's ass. As he dreamed of sex and slime and what a half-rat-half-minotaur would look like, he unconsciously thrust himself into Auger, who was too exhausted to do anything but sleep himself.

Across the tavern, the scraggly human with a white beard that hung to his waist groggily awoke, looking at the scene with half-closed lids.

"Happeh new yeer!" He shouted.