

Click clack click clack click clack.

"Maybe it's finally time to invest in some of those rubber shoes," Derek said to himself looking down at his hooves for a moment. Did he dislike his large equine clompers? No, they were good, strong, imposing looking (much like the rest of him), but being reminded of a metronome every time he wasn't walking on carpet did get annoying after so many years.

And now, as he walked upon the decrepit sidewalk of what all would agree was the wrong side of the tracks, he wished he wasn't attracting so much attention.

"All I want for my birthday is something to stick myself inside."

Yes, as blunt, and horribly crass as such a statement was, it was a declaration often made to Derek's friends, the lonely hoss still feeling the sting after breaking up with Michael.

"He was a good cat... Nice to talk to, snuggle with, ram my dick up his ass and feel him moan, so nice and tight... So why did he have to break up with me?" Derek wondered aloud, kicking a stray pebble at a particularly beaten up looking mailbox. "I mean, I thought he liked me, by huge boner anyway. And hell, he was a tiny guy, but I didn't even mind that either, so what was the deal?" Shaking himself and blowing some air from his large nose, the horse looked back up at the path ahead, trying to think of different things. But even if he could keep his mind off of his old feline bedfellow, it just went back to why he was walking around in such a seedy area in the first place.

"Here we go dude, we got a surprise for ya!" the drunken hyena boasted clapping Derek on the back... probably more to keep himself from falling over than a friendly gesture.

"Now, we know how you kept talking about wanting someone to fuck like you did that little pussycat a yours... So here you go!" Marty, the previously mentioned hyena, gave the massive equine a little push toward the motel room's door, the equine almost bouncing with excitement, and probably a little bit of alcohol. Did they actually find someone for him? Sure, he thought his friend's were too daft to pull something like this off, but as he heard a knock at the door, Derek's massive hoof went out to clasp the knob, his big snout smiling wide.

"Surpriiiiiise!" was the first thing Derek heard as a large object struck him, the horse reeling back and landing right on his bum. Shaking the confusion from himself, he pushed the object away extraordinarily easily, when he saw the reason why. A giant feline blowup doll sat on the floor in front of him, the thing having an uncanny resemblance to the steed's lost lover.

"Oh man, you should have seen your face, you probably thought you were gonna get laid right in front of us or something!" Larry, his possum chum was on his knees in the doorway, pointing and laughing hysterically in his direction. He must have been the one who threw the inflatable toy at him, which explained why he had been absent up until now. "But hey, who says you can't? That thing has got a hole to push into, just like your little chew toy did, so go on dude, we won't stop ya, haha!"

And now, it was about a half an hour later, Derek still fuming as he got further and further away from that dive of a motel. It was one thing to play a joke on him on his birthday, he had done the very same to his friends, probably meaner than that. Hell, he

was surprised that Marty was still friend's with him after the office intercom incident. But for someone who didn't get emotional or anything of the sort very often, that blow-up cat bearing the face of his old boyfriend struck quite a chord, and before he knew it he was shoving his laughing friends out of the way, and stomping angrily as far away from them as he could.

Now probably a couple of miles away from his friends, and his car, the horse was starting to become less frustrated at them, and now more so at himself, his large hand coming up to press into his forehead as he began to slow his pace down.

"Dammit, they won't ever let me live that down," he muttered, now stopping on the lonely sidewalk, trying to make sure he didn't make his trip back to all that any longer.

"Those assholes are gonna make fun of me for weeks, and worst of all, they probably finished off the booze!" Another small sigh, and he was turning himself around. "Probably fucking threw out or got a refund on that damn balloon already too. If it didn't look so much like Michael, I'd be usin' that thing right now."

"Well maybe if you paid better attention, you wouldn't have to have the highlight of your evening being jacking off into a balloon," a new voice said, a feminine one, but a bit of a guttural one as well.

Turning himself slowly around towards this new person, Derek expected to see some little rat or yappy mutt of a tramp, since he hadn't noticed anyone else for awhile. But as his eyes locked with the other's, he wondered how he could have missed her, the woman was as big as him! With her horn, actually bigger

"Finally. You've gotta be the first anyone who didn't see me straight away. I dunno what just happened birthday boy, but if it has you distracted enough to mumble it to strangers and not notice this fine piece of ass, you sure gotta be worked up."

As his eyes began to take in more than just her large muzzle, he began to look all over that big body, his jaw probably dropped a bit. A large horn on her head, massive round ears, tough skin, breasts and hips big enough to choke a snake, a huge tail, and almost comically short arms and legs compared to the rest of her body, she was like a huge blue torso! Or huge set of boobs, which were white, as opposed to blue. He sure hadn't seen a woman like her before, and not just species, but, well, in any other category either!

"No need undressing me with your eyes cowboy, I come without the wrapping paper," her sultry voice said again, her hips swaying in a most exaggerated way as she walked herself over to him. "What, never seen a nidoqueen before? Must not get off the ranch much, huh?" She stared him eye to eye once more, her dark brown pupils meeting his own.

"Uhh, nope, never seen one of ya before," Derek said, a bit confused by all he was taking in at once. A woman whose species seemed almost cartoony in nature, and not just that, but she somehow knew exactly what was plaguing him. Which led him to believe this was just some other set-up by his soon to be ex-friends if so.

"How'd you know it was my birthday though, or what just happened. You been following me or something?" He got over his shock, and was now looking her over once

more, though he sort of stalled as his eyes ran over her massive chest. Proportional sure, but he'd never seen a rack *that* big before.

"You've gotta be the biggest dick with legs I've ever seen," she laughed, a big flat paw giving his exposed package a bit of a pat, though it didn't retreat afterwards.

"You're still wearing your birthday boy sash you idgit," Oh, right, the giant paper sash, "and with the way you were grumbling about what your dumbass friends did back there, I'm surprised the whole neighborhood doesn't know you miss your little puddy-tat."

Well, now he sure felt foolish, and not necessarily because she was rubbing her thick skinned paw along his balls, but mostly because that explained it all, and he just made a further ass of himself, great. And even more so when he realized what the other's particular line of work must be, when he of course, had left his belt containing his wallet back at the room.

"Well, okay, you got me, but you can quit giving me a handjob in front of everybody," not that there seemed to be anyone else around anyway, "Because I don't have any money."

"Fine," she said with a bit of a deep laugh. If she wasn't so big and the voice didn't fit her so well, it'd sound odd coming from a lady. "I won't paw you off in public." So she took a bit of his emerging cockflesh and one of his arms, and led him off by them towards the alleyway she had emerged from, giving both a bit of a tug right before she shoved him against the wall.

"Of course I know you don't have any money birthday boy, where would you be hiding it, in your rectum?" She leaned in pressing her forehead against his now, her dull horn going down the middle of his mane. "But hey, I was about to turn in for the night anyway, and it's your birthday. And I have fucked a prized pony like you in awhile, so..." Her paw now clasped around his still growing horse meat, the thing about halfway out, six inches long. "Consider this a freebie, to maybe get ya comin' back for more. Happy birthday." She then leaned in, kissing him hard, the horse realizing she must not be one of those prissy hookers, if she was leading him this much. Of course, how could she be if she was this big?

"You... you don't have any diseases or nothing do ya? Shouldn't I be using a condo-Ehhheehhhehh!" His whinny was probably enough to wake up the dead as she lowered her big muzzle on the spongy tip of his member, her big flat tongue licking about.

"Shut your big mouth, you're ruining me fucking you," she said dominantly, even clamping down a bit on his sensitive prick. Oh, it hurt a bit, but it felt so good, he hadn't had a felatio since two boyfriends ago, Michael hated the taste of cum.

"Nnnn, hrhrhrhh, fine..." the horse said, pressing himself against the wall, trying to hump his cock in deeper to muzzlefuck her, but she was pressing his hips down, and damn was she strong!

After giving one last long lick, almost wrapping her entire huge tongue around his tip, she slurped off, smacking her lips, bit of pre flying off and hitting Derek's cheek. "Okay, I'm down sucking you off, time to ride this horse ragged."

She now pushed him down with her paws, the horse sinking slowly, before his bare ass hit the cold cement. Looking up at the now incredibly imposing figure of

woman in front of him, his eyes suddenly went between her legs, the horses gaze now stuck on her cooch.

"Yeah, get a good look, because when we're done, you're not gonna wanna see one for weeks." And at that, she almost slammed herself down, taking in his entire foot long horsecock in one push, her massive body pressing him against the wall and ground, squeezing his large nuts a bit painfully on the ground.

And just as she said, soon she began to ride him, bouncing on his big horse member like cowgirl on her big ol' steed, her strong snatch squeezing his member unmercifully. Derek liked guys more than girls, but as he felt his tip constantly bang against the inside of her slit, he was beginning to think it was time to switch back to the old tried and true.

"Yeah, that's right, moan big boy, let me know you're enjoying your present, let me hear it and feel it." One of her paws came down from his shoulders (as both had been there to steady herself), and went down to his meaty hands, taking one up, and pressing it into her massive cleavage, the boobs almost smacking his hand away as soon as he felt them, they were bouncing so much.

Derek tried to hump her back, do something, but almost every part of his body was pinned by the massive form of this nidoqueen prostitute, his muzzle pressed back by the tits he was now moaning into, and every other part of him pressed down by her huge torso and tail.

"Yeah, that's it, gettin' close, might be the first cock to make me squirt in awhile," she said, voice bouncing in rhythm like the rest of her. She made sure that every single vein on the massive tool of his was teased by her slippery inner wall, especially that spongy head, it was as if he had a cloister clamped down upon his dick.

"Ohh, ohh, ohh shiiiit!" Derek suddenly found himself screaming into her chest, shooting off before he knew it, his huge and overfilled sac soon beginning to empty itself inside her. She must have been good, this was the first time he came without a build-up in ages, and it seemed like he was cumming forever.

"Damn, you do have a lot of jizz!" she roared, squirting herself, getting his tummy a bit wet as he continued to fill her. "Feel like a fucking water balloon!"

And she was beginning to look like one too, as her belly began to bulge out, the equine continuing to fill her up. It had been too long since her orgasmed it seemed, because he must have been going on for a whole minute now, and she her belly was beginning to slosh about with hot horse seed.

After what could have easily been two or three minutes, he had finally emptied his nuts inside her, his cream cheese like plug now squirting out of his tip to plug her up, making sure that her now spherical belly would stay that way for awhile.

"Fuck... forgot you horses come with your own plugs," she moaned, slowly lifting herself off of him, laying her back to the other wall herself, peering down at him over her big belly.

And all the while, Derek just sat there, looking like he had ran a marathon, not even enough strength to smile, his large member lying to the side, looking spent for days to come. He wanted to say how that was one of the best fucks of his life and all that, but considering she did this kind of thing often... she probably heard it a lot.

“Yeah... Yeah...” she panted, pushing herself from the wall, trying hard to keep her balance, she even looked a bit worn out herself. “You were a good fuck, and now you’re addicted to my pussy, get in line,” she laughed to herself, now trying to slowly walk out of the alleyway, as if she had already forgotten about him.

“Just remember... If you wanna do that again, it’ll be five hundred bucks,” she said, not even turning to see if he was okay, her big long tail the last thing he saw of hers.

Now, falling asleep in some unknown alleyway wouldn’t have seemed like the ideal way to spend his birthday any other time, but as the spent horse closed his eyes, finally trying to smile, he realized it was actually one of the best ways it could have ended.

“Okay, time to wake up wuff,” the voice over the intercom said, as the canine’s eyes slowly opened. “So, how was the simulator? We saw all that you did of course-a very dirty mind you have there my friend-but we want to know how much you enjoyed it. Would this be the kind of device you’d pay to use?”

Realizing he was panting, Deimion looked around the room, and then himself, seeing quite the pool of cum on his belly, leaking over the edge and onto the floor. Gives a whole new meaning to the term wet dream. Only now hearing what the intercom said, he looked up at the giant speaker dominating the wall in front of him, a sly smile on his muzzle.

“Oh yeah, I sure would. And thanks for the birthday present, couldn’t have asked for more.”

If intercoms could smile, this one would be, the voice behind it filled with mirth.

“My pleasure.”