

Too wasted after that party man, went way too hard at the club. He remembered bits and pieces throughout the night, but it was all scattered and hard to reach out to. Went to the club, got a text from some guy to go to his party... Don't really remember how he got to the party. Man, he really hoped he didn't take a taxi or something. Got there, he was pretty sure. Ton of people crammed into this little house. Beer cups everywhere, every room smokey, did he even know anyone there? No, but he remembered someone, someone in particular. Huh, that's weird, He knew someone stuck out at the party, but when he tried to remember them he just remembered a big splotch of white.

Gerrark shook his head and then immediately regretted doing so. He made sure to drink a ton of water last night, he knew that much, but he still felt completely dehydrated for some reason. And sore as hell all over. Did he run an obstacle course or something? Wouldn't really be all that surprising. Well drained or no, at least his headache wasn't too bad. The light in the room didn't even bother him. But, this wasn't sunlight was it? Wait, where was he?

He was on a couch, in what looked like a basement, no windows. There were his clothes (save his underwear) on the ground. Someone else's clothes, some dorky looking tanuki's picture on the wall... A stereo system, tv, beer fridge, bong... Yeah, this seems like the kind of place he'd pass out in. But where was "here" anyway? And if there's no windows, when did--

--The skunk yelped and instantly felt shame for his cowardly noise, but seriously, where the hell did that rabbit come from? Standing in the doorway was a pure white rabbit, save for black markings here and there along his body. Wearing only grey briefs a smug-as-hell grin, he closed the door behind him and sauntered towards the couch.

"Finally awake huh sleepyhead?" the rabbit said, voice appropriate to his smug smile. The skunk could definitely imagine that getting annoying. The rabbit wore only briefs just like the skunk, but had the had the opposite attitude. While Ger kept himself up to his chest covered with the blanket, the rabbit seemed completely nonchalant about his state of dress, even giving his crotch a rub as he sat down.

"Uhhhhh, hey," said the skunk, letting the blanket he was covering himself with relax a bit. Now that he had calmed down, embarrassment over not remembering this guys name had taken over as his primary emotion instead. Not only was this obviously the guy he had hung out with most of last night (Who else could be so shockingly white?), but he must have fallen asleep on his couch as well, and he still could not place a name to him. Not his best moment.

"Ummm, this is gonna sound bad, and sorry about that but, who are you?" the skunk asked, grinning awkwardly. Gerrark wasn't sure if the rabbit's raucous laughter was better than him being upset or not.

"Oh man, you really were out of it last night!" The rabbit said, still chuckling. Gerrark tried to lessen his embarrassment by focusing on something else, looking around the room again. Wait, was that clock right?

"It's only seven o' clock? What time did I get to bed?"

"Oh, you konked out about six or so," said the rabbit, busying himself on the other side of the couch, before turning and offering his hand. Man he never stopped smiling like that, did he?

"Fvorte, by the way. Nice to meet you again Gerry." The way he said that made the skunk get goosebumps, hand now being rigorously squeezed and shaken by Fvorte, who instantly turned back around as soon as Ger let go.

"Well, thanks for letting me crash here Fvorte," said the skunk, looking back around once more, "Surprised it's so early though. I'm tired but like, not that tired. Is that clock right?"

"Oh, it suuuuure is," the rabbit said, *still* laughing to himself as he got up and moved over to the stereo, starting to fiddle with it, "But I think you got the wrong idea dude. That's seven in the p.m."

Gerrark's head snapped back so fast he got whiplash, but he'd focus on that later. On his feet in a moment, blanket forgotten on the floor, the skunk went from zero to panic in a second.

"Wait, what are you talking about? It's not seriously the evening already, is it?"

"Oh it is," said the rabbit, sounding more pleased by the second. With Gerrark's eyes on him, Fvorte now started to shake his rump, oblivious or just apathetic to the skunk's growing unease, "But you didn't have anything planned for the day anyway, right?"

Fvorte might have been right, but Gerrark wasn't about to admit that and let the sudden lost day just go. How could have slept so terribly long? What on earth happened last night? Thank goodness it was Saturday at least.

"Well thanks for letting me stay here man, but I really need get going now." Starting to pick up his clothes, the skunk began to run through the things in his head he'd need to do, people to call, etc. Mumbling to himself, he began to move around the room in a daze, trying to locate anything important. Like his phone, for instance.

"Hnnnnn, don't tell me I lost it. Fuck."

"You're such a cute little fucker when you're worked up," the rabbit said, hand suddenly on the skunk's wrist. Fvorte pulled himself up to eye level and licked his chops, now reaching behind to give his butt a grab. The skunk was a mixture of surprise and annoyance now, pulling away from the shameless paw.

"Dude get off, I gotta go. Thanks for your hospitality but-!" It took no more than a gentle shove, but the skunk was not prepared for the rabbit's forwardness. Lifting up a remote, Fvorte hit a single button, and the stereo exploded into life, weird club music now reverberating like crazy around the closed room. The beat was... "Thick" seemed like the only word adequately able to describe it. And didn't seem loud so much as it felt really really heavy. Like even listening to it was exhausting. The rabbit flopped on the couch right next to him, messing up Gerrark's hair.

"You seem really on edge Gerry. Take a hit, relax." The rabbit produced what he must have been messing with before, which appeared to be an almost comically oversized joint. Flicking his lighter a few times, he pushed the goods towards the skunk with an expectant look on his face.

Confused as he was by the ongoing events, Gerrark managed to hold onto his displeasure. Standing up proved difficult, as the beat seemed to down through his entire body, but he managed. Even speaking louder than usual the music was pushing his words out of the way, dominating the room with its presence.

"Okay thanks for everything, but I have stuff to do. If you find my phone just call one of my friend on the contact list to let them know, I don't, yeah." He trailed off, just giving up on speaking now. He was still too out of it, too scatterbrained to muster the strength to deal with this appropriately. He was feeling like he was missing something now more than ever, and Fvorte's nonchalance was putting him on edge. Gathering up his clothes again, Gerrark turned his back to the smiling rabbit, feeling a growing sense of unease in the pit of his stomach.

"Just relax, you're not missing anything. I made sure before you went to bed. You really think I would have let you take that stuff if you had a busy day?" Another snap from the lighter and the rabbit began to take a few tentative puffs, thick little clouds issuing from his snout.

"What stuff?" said the skunk, standing up straight and clutching his clothes to his chest. The bottom had dropped out of his gut in a second, and he just stared at the wall ahead. New fear finally conquered the beat, and his forehead was becoming clammy with sweat.

"What stuff did I take." Less a question, more a prayer, hoping he had misunderstood.

"Well, 'let you take' might be a lie. 'Made you take' is better. You really sucked down those cocktails last night, hah! But you love both of those huh?" The skunk could just hear the big grin on the rabbit's face, and he was shaking with anger as he realized what must have happened last night.

"I'm... Busy during the day, so I had to do something to keep you around until we could party again. We barely had any time to ourselves last night." Another flick from the lighter behind the skunk.

Gerrark had had enough. Throwing his clothes to the ground, the skunk turned around, ready to explode on the rabbit. What he got instead happened so fast he could hardly make sense of it. A flash of that buck toothed smile, and then Fvorte grabbed his head very hard. The rabbit's tongue was shoving into his mouth in a second, while the smoke in his mouth was forced down his lungs. Smoke began to pour from his nose, and the beat filled him with even greater weight, seeming to replace the emptiness left by the thick smoke.

Everything scattered. His confusion a few minutes ago was nothing like he felt now. Any and every thought he had fell away into the abyss, and every function became lost to the beat. Falling against the rabbit, he seemed unsure of how to even stay upright, only vaguely recognizing the rabbit's strong fingers groping and squeezing along his body. Paws affixing along his shoulders and neck, dragging him down, down. In reality, down onto the couch, the skunk sinking into the comfortable cushions. But it felt like he was being pulled into the abyss as well. The darkness beckoning, and the pure white rabbit pulling him into it. Deeper, face so close to the inky blackness, it was reaching out, and Fvorte was egging him on--Gerrark shivered and burped smoke from his mouth. His vision already blurred from the fog in and around him, but he saw himself on the couch, Fvorte puffing away happily next to him.

"Relax, Gerry," the rabbit did not say, so much as command, holding out the joint to the skunk. Gerrark did not think whether or not this was a good idea. He did not think of how obviously this rabbit was manipulating him. He didn't think of anything at all really, for any stray thought he had was flossed out of his head by the heavy beat and pulled into the abyss. His hands mechanically reached out to take Fvorte's gift, and he took a few hits. He stared off into space, trying very hard to keep from sinking into the darkness, seemingly unaware how every puff just made him heavier, made the struggle harder. He knew he had to keep his head above

blackness, but as the fear making him do so sunk beneath the surface as well, his strength waned.

Fvorte saw the skunk, already so far gone, and climbed up into his lap. Taking the joint back, and with it, another monster hit, Fvorte grinded the front of their undies together. "Here you go," he muttered through the smoke, the skunk seeing his ever-present smile and returning the favor. Within seconds he felt more smoke being pushed into his lungs, and the rabbit began to pull him down again. Into the pulsing blackness. The heavy beat pulled him down, the heavy smoke pulled him down, and the rabbit, ever smiling, gave him a yank. Deep into the thick darkness the skunk plunged only the touch of the white rabbit to guide him.

“Ahhhhh, so much better,” Fvorte said, tickling the chin of the essentially comatose skunk. A nipple tweak here, a nice strong bite into the shoulder there, and only weak moans in response. His smile got wider.

“You’re tied to the couch, hands behind your back,” he hissed in the skunk’s ear, moving Gerrark’s hands behind him to the small of his back, “You can’t move, you’re blindfolded, and you’re hornier than you’ve ever been in your entire fucking life.”

As much as it was to be expected, Gerrark's dick hardening in seconds still made the wicked rabbit chuckle. Now he slid his body down the "bound" skunk's, making extra sure to drag as much as he could across the his throbbing bulge. Licking his lips, he gave the undies sudden yank and Ger's dick sprang forth, smacking him on the muzzle. Giving it a soft smack just to watch the skunk bite his lip and groan, Fvorte then proceeded to lick it from base to the tip, savoring the flavor.

Gerrark on the other hand, was moaning egregiously, whole body quivering with every movement of the rabbit's mouth. Every lick, every kiss to his cocktip, every time he pulled the skunk sac into his mouth the skunk bucked and swayed, not moving an inch from the imaginary bounds that held him. His mind was as lost as ever, nothing but a beast bound by the only sense he could still parse, touch. And the rabbit dragged him along by it, even as he dragged his tongue along Ger's cocktip.

"G-god, w-what're you, uh-hh, what the ffffffffuck-!"

“Beg for it ya little slut,” Fvorte growled, sucking on the tip a few times just to feel the skunk buck, “Beg the big bad rabbit to suck your dick you needy fucker.”

“God, please, please suck me!” Ger exclaimed, breaking down instantly, “Please, please fucking ahhohhhhhhhnnnnn...”

Fvorte was as impatient as he was commanding, deepthroating the skunk the second he said his first “please.” Fvorte went hog-wild, grabbing the skunk’s dick by the base and moving up and down on it, slurping noisily and messily upon it, even slurping upon his fingers a bit and grazing his taint. Gerrark tried desperately to hump in tandem and more just gasped and shivered.

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“No sound but moaning my name slut.” Fvorte barked, deepthroating to accent his point.

“Fvorte!”

“Better,” he growled, diving down again. The skunk continued to squirm as much as his stuck body could, but soon his twitches turn to tautness, his body stretching out. More gasping screams (“Fvorte! Fvoooooorte!”), before a sudden loud squeak, harmonizing with the rabbit’s constant slurps. No more groans or gasps from the skunk, his breath still. The only sound in the room now Fvorte as he sucked down the skunk’s spunk as quickly as Ger shot it. Then, the orgasm came to a head, and the last of Gerrark’s senses finally failed him. He slipped into the darkness entirely, let go by the rabbit, lost to the void.

Fvorte, however, was still very much there in the room, his face buried in the unconscious skunk’s crotch. Licking up any stray bits of cum he may have missed, the rabbit continued to busy himself there until he was convinced there was nothing more to clean up (and then a few more licks and sucks for good measure), before sliding himself back up into the skunk’s lap. Reaching over to grab the joint once again, he lit up and enjoyed a few relaxing puffs as he surveyed the skunk’s unconscious body.

“You know,” he said, as if Gerrark could hear him, “You’re a pretty good fuck, but you never really... What’s the word.” Deep in thought, Fvorte went from scratching his head to tugging on an ear, the thing stretching comically far. Which Fvorte didn’t even notice at first, but when he did, his face lit up.

“Ohhhhhh, that’s it,” he said with that wicked smile back on his face, which was completely wasted on the wasted skunk, “You never really ‘let loose.’ Lemme help with that.”

Putting his smoke out on the couch, Fvorte dragged his index finger from one tip of it to the other, leaving a black line spiralling down it. Lighting it once again, its smoke was no longer white, nor did it float off gently. Black as the corruption Gerrark could no longer escape in his mind, the billowing smoke fell to the floor, as if it could not decide between being a liquid or a solid.

“Smoke up Gerry,” the rabbit commanded, forcing the joint into the skunk’s mouth. There was no one home, but the inky blackness in Gerrark’s brain moved his body as his lapine master commanded, and the skunk began to take big, long drags of the heavy smoke. The smoke poured from his snout, and rather than drift away it seemed to cling to him, surround him. More and more left his nose and mouth, and more and more of the skunk’s body disappeared within the cloud.

“Yeah, that’s right, go farther than you ever have before. Really let yourself go. Go so far you can’t go back, and become the beast locked away inside, like me.” Fvorte hissed at the skunk even as he pressed his forehead against his, peering into the skunk’s glassy red eyes. Now almost completely covered on the outside as well as in, Gerrark let out one last long exhalation, and his body was completely covered in the swirling black fog.

The darkness clung, and dragged, and pulled along him, as well as pulling parts *of* him. Falling through the infinite abyss, Gerrark felt parts of it reach out and grab him. Shaping him, imprinting upon him, staining him with the corruption. Feeling the skunk begin to shift and change beneath him, Fvorte pulled away, bouncing on the balls of his feet in excitement before his new creation. The fog grew, expanding with each pulse, every breath. As it stained his body and mind black, Gerrark disappeared, and a new beast was formed.

The corrupted cloud around Gerrark began to fall away, and as it did, so did any last vestiges of the skunk that entered it. A huge hand reached out, hooved fingers grasping at the

rabbit and grabbing him squarely by the hips. What sat on the couch was a massive bull, at least a foot taller than the skunk was, pure black (save his shock of white hair and pleasure trail), snorting smoke from his nosering-adorned snout. Rubbing his big dick idly with one hand as his other moved up Fvorte's body, his hand pushed the rabbit's face close to his, exhaling a thick cloud of smoke right into his face.

"Turn, now," the bull grunted, putting the smokable to the side. Fvorte happily obliged, turning and shaking his butt back and forth for the bull to admire. The bull was far beyond appreciating his shapely rear though, and was now only rubbing and squeezing his own dick, collecting large dollops of pre onto his hand. After getting it nice and slick, he reached up, spreading those pert cheeks, and pushed a few fingers into his rear without warning.

Fvorte shuddered and moaned, not expecting the sudden push inside, but definitely not disliking it, his own dick leaking pre across the coffee table he hunched over. Though no longer able to shake his rump, he was ever the tease, and clamped down on the fingers in his bum, trying to make their passage as difficult as possible. However, the beast did not have patience for such things. Looming over the rabbit now, he grabbed the skinny slut by the back of the neck, pulling him up to his level.

"Listen slut," he growled, no trace of playfulness in his voice, "This is isn't foreplay. This is so I can fuck you as hard as I want, as fast as I want," he said as his index and middle fingers pushed in deeper, loosening Fvorte's now quivering rear. If the rabbit was expecting more of an explanation, he would soon be disappointed, as the bull seemed to have used up the last of his words. Feeling Fvorte was sufficiently loosened up (or perhaps no longer caring if he was), he shoved the rabbit back down over the table and hotdogged him, lining himself up. Dick dripping with pre, he suddenly shoved his cockhead deep inside, apparently deaf to the gasping and whining rabbit.

Almost biting through his tongue at first, Fvorte made sure to pull it back, now only grinding his teeth as the bull continued to sloooowly push in. One inch after the other, Fvorte couldn't be sure whether the bull's massive dick felt like absolute ecstasy or the most uncomfortable thing in his life. Either way, he squeezed as hard as he could, trying to slow down the bull's entry. But the bull would not be denied, and he continued to push in as he painted the inside of Fvorte's ass with precum, hands gripping his hips so hard there was little chance this'd end without bruising. It seemed like he was done pushing in for the moment, and the rabbit sighed, trying to relax and adjust. But the second he did the bull yanked out a ways, before slamming back in all the way to the hilt.

Fvorte's eyes shot open (previously screwed shut with discomfort), and he let out a howl. The rabbit had a hair trigger and the bull found it, making the rabbit shoot out great ropes of cum across the table and floor as the beast beat into his prostate with his huge member. Smirk finally gone from Fvorte's face, he just whimpered and shivered above the coffee table, barely able to hold himself up as the bull battered his ass with reckless abandon. It barely even felt like an orgasm, for relief never came, but his strength drained from his body nevertheless, ass still pummeled by the monster he had unleashed behind him.

Bunny butt nice and wet with precum now, the bull shoved in and out much harder than he needed to. Not even seeming to notice that Fvorte was now slumping over the table, heaving and having trouble staying upright, he continued to thrust. In and out, pushing against

his prostate with his throbbing prick. Sweat dripped from the grunting bull snout even as the rough fucking reached his head. The beast's body tightened without warning, and the bull's humps became sporadic and short. Slamming Fvorte's face against the table, he finally doubled over himself, filling his conquered rear with all the cum he could possibly take. For what seemed like a forever the bull seemed to shoot out one glob of jizz after the other, before insatiable beast's howl finally tapered off, and he lay on top of the rabbit, body still.

For a minute or so they knelt in silence. Fvorte's ass still squeezed tentatively, the bull never having pulled out. He lifted his head up, only to feel the bull's on top, weighing him down, unable to really move the behemoth on top of him in the slightest.

"Heh... Hope you had fun lettin' loose Ger, cause next time, ahhh, ahnn-!" A little wail was all the rabbit could manage, because even with his eyes closed and his body shaking with exhaustion, the bull slammed in again. Then a second time, and then a third, a slow but steady rhythm beginning once more. Try as he might, Fvorte couldn't get a word in edge-wise, every sentence cut off by another strong stab from the bull's once again throbbing dick.

Though he had no idea where the bull got the stamina from, it was clear he was already ready for round two, whether or not Fvorte was. Debating whether he should try to take the dick like a champ or just let himself pass out, one thing was for sure: This monster needed to be kept on a short leash, or else who knows what kind of havoc he'd wreak every night. Thankfully, the rabbit's nights were always wide open, and he was more than willing to oblige.