

Player 1:

The Caliber Estates were... well... very high class apartments in the city. Those lucky and/or wealthy enough to afford a place there enjoyed top of the line heating and air conditioning, soundproofed walls, access to an indoor olympic swimming pool and an attached sauna, daily maid service to keep rooms neat and clean, and a number of other amenities besides. They were more like hotel rooms than actual apartments, really. That was because many rich and influential individuals used them as private retreats from their homes for business deals, parties, illicit dalliances, and more questionable purposes.

Reginald, of course, did not own an apartment there. But his father, Reginald Rwarsworth the Second, did. The family Pride had a lavish estate on the fourth floor, which was funded out of their company's expense account in a probably-not-legal-but-on-paper-no-one-notices payment every month. And Reginald the third had use of it when his father or his mothers weren't using it. As the only male of his generation his father HADN'T driven off in a jealous rage, he was the heir to quite the fortune and used to an opulent lifestyle. He dressed the part too: Well kept, slightly curled mane that billowed out around him. Designer teal polo shirt with matching khaki pants and a belt with a golden belt buckle matching his fur color. A gold ring around the tip of his tail, just beneath the tuft. He pulled his Ferrari into the family parking spot, getting out of the car and taking off his shades.

Jude was a friend of his from his University days. They'd been part of the same Frat, done Track and Field together, and even once enjoyed the same foursome with twins (gentleman's rules, no guys touching other guys.). He had known the man for seven long years, and thought of him like a brother. To the point where he even let the stallion use the family apartment at Caliber when he could. They brought lady friends there to impress them, and encourage them to put out. But today, Jude had sent him a few messages inviting him out there to see "A surprise". He'd been borrowing the Rwarsworth apartment for the week, though he'd been iffy on the details. "Hm... ok Jude... let's see what's got you so hot and bothered." The lion said, tucking his driving shades away and walking into the building, green eyes shimmering in the sunlight.

Player 2:

The texts had gotten steamy, with pictures of a spotted backside sent that morning--a round, plush cushion that was perfectly heart shaped, with a tight pair of panties obscuring the parts he might want to see the most--and a few hours later, a video of a pretty looking mare, swishing her tail from behind, standing at the sink and doing the dishes, singing the Fight Song from their college under her breath softly--most likely taught to her by the horse, given his previous stature as the university's premier linebacker. The pictures were really coy with their revelations, though, which wasn't usually Jude's style. The horse leaned toward "Check out this bitch's tits" more than "Isn't she adorable?", and the last week had been marked by the latter over the former.

When Reginald stepped into the apartment, the smell in the air caught his nose first. There was cinnamon there, the scent of baking and cooking, and also beneath it all, a heady musk. The

horse had been fucking a lot, and he'd apparently found someone who knew how to cook, which meant he'd been eating well.

There was a soft, almost cute little 'clip-clop-clip-clop' and the mare stuck her head around a corner. "Hey, Reggie!" she said, swishing her tail delightedly. She was acting like she knew him as she walked up, grinning and extending a plate of snickerdoodles. "You want one? I've been practicing really hard to get good at it," she said.

The mare was depressingly flat-chested, with only the hint of nipples under her shirt. Both were hard and eager, though, and the piercings were visible, as well as one over her navel. She definitely had that ass that he'd seen in the pictures, and she seemed warm and happy. An infectious smile, if nothing else. At his lack of recognition, though, she smirked. "Don't remember me?" she asked. "We were in school together!"

Player 1:

The pics his friend had sent him of that sexy mare were making Reginald the Third hurry, admittedly. The tone of the texts was a bit off-character for Jude, but admittedly the girl was hot enough that the lion didn't seem to notice. He kept checking his phone again to keep reminding himself of what he was hurrying for. The horny stallion probably wanted to see if they could fit both dicks in that pony hole. It was a bit gay, but he didn't mind with how cute she was.

The air smelling of cinnamon caused the lion's ears to perk. He always did like that scent. As he saw the pretty black furred mare approach, he looked at her, wide eyed. "Er... um..." Reaching out, he took one of the cookies, not entirely sure what to make of the situation. She talked to him like they were old friends, but the lion was certain he'd never seen this mare in his life before Jude's lusty pics had happened. "T-thank you, miss." He said, before she dropped her bomb on him. "We went to school together?" He hadn't quite put two and two together. "Ah, well, there were women at my university, yes... though as pretty as you are, I'd like to think I'd have remembered you." He took a bite of the cookie, tail curling around his waist as he eyed her up and down. Flat chested, but that COULD be cute in and of itself if she worked the look right. "Do you know where Jude is?"

Player 2:

The mare swished her tail, and it snapped like silk over her hips as she smiled up at him, laughing and setting them to the side. "Oh, you'll remember me," she said. "I remember you, but you were always going for the girls with the really REALLY big tits," she teased, laughing and grinning at him before pushing a lock of her mane out of her eyes, smiling at him as her hooves clipped and clopped slowly backwards over the hardwood floor, offering him a seat. As soon as he flopped down, she flopped down next to him, close, looking up at him quite casually and snuggling under his arm.

"Let's not worry about him right now," she said, her lips nice and pouty as she looked up with warm, dark-pink eyes. "After all, I'm... way more interested in someone else at the moment..." she said, her paw sliding to his inner thigh and squeezing slowly.

Player 1:

He found himself grinning goofily. "Well, that isn't to say I don't like cute little lithe girls like you too." He purred, putting his hands on her shoulders and gently stroking them after finishing his cookie. He let her lead him over to the couch, letting the girl cuddle up to him. "Well, I guess he's just out or something." He said, unable to contain his goofy grin as he felt her squeezing his growing eight inches. The snake was squirming along his right pants leg, and this girl was clearly hot for his jock. "Gracious... you're very affectionate, aren't you? Is the mare in heat?" He said, uncertain if that was something equines had, but amused and clearly teasing her a bit. He ran his paws up and down her back, smiling and nibbling one of her ears.

Player 2:

The mare grinned at him, laughing softly. "Well, I do try..." she murmured, blushing up at him and grinning as she felt his arm sliding in nicely, squeezing at her and making her shiver just a touch. Her body was soft, smooth, and responsive. Sensitive in the places that should be, and easy to coax with a nice squeeze or tug or push. She glanced up at him, laughing softly at his grin. "Do you always smile like that when someone wants your cock?" she asked, a cute little smirk slipping over her lips for a moment as she leaned up, nuzzling at his neck slightly in a move that was purely affectionate.

She curled her lips a little. "Yes, little mares get hot and needy and need to be bred," she confirmed, laughing softly. "Didn't you ever get that confirmed, running around with your friend?" she asked. "I bet he got that way sometimes," she mentioned, stroking him slowly through his pants. "Did he? You're the predator, after all... I bet you bent the horse over a time or two, didn't you?" she asked, flicking her ear and laughing as he nibbled it, then slowly squeezing him through his pants again.

Player 1:

Reginald got to work.

Pushing gently against her body, he stroked and caressed along her back, teasing her flesh and fur through her top. He'd gotten pretty good at massage and gentle touches over the years of bedding ladies. At her question, he chuckled, a deep bassy tone, like the rumble of distant thunder. "Only the pretty ones." He smirked, pushing her down on her back as he loomed over her and gazed into her eyes. His big brawny paws began stroking and kneading at the muscles along her stomach. She was taut and firm, but with a thin layer of fat... like a gymnast. It made him rumble, his cock twitching in his khakis.

"Well, my friend was always more interested in his own conquests." He said, casually deflecting the question. Of course he'd never bent his friend over! They weren't gay, they were both ex-football jocks! The mare was just being a tease. Plenty of girls liked to try and get guys to kiss or whatnot. She had a naughty fantasy, and he was inclined to let her keep it, but wasn't going to encourage it. He frowned at the very idea. Bending down, he kissed her neck, nibbling

along the flesh of it with the delicate touch of a predator not trying to break the skin, while stroking his paws up towards her chest.

Player 2:

She squirmed as he pushed her back, kicking her hooves and laughing softly as he started to kiss at her and stroke at her. She moaned softly, gasping as he pushed and teased at all the right spots. "Mmm... But I bet... deep down... you want to," she mentioned softly. "I bet you... Nfh... Wanted to show him..." she continued. "For how big his cock was, for how much cum he could churn out... that you were the superior between the two of you... The real, powerful alpha male, hmm?" she continued. Her breaths were coming in short, needy little pants as she felt him stroking toward her chest, and the touch to her nipple made her squirm eagerly. A pinch? She whinnied.

Player 1:

Reginald felt his face getting hot. He made circles with his fingers, kneading into her flesh. Every moment he heard her talking, he found himself getting turned on a bit more. The mare had a breathy tone to her voice, like she was just bathing in the afterglow of an orgasm at all times. "Well..." He felt his face getting a little hot. "I was the alpha male, yes." he said, conceding that. "I suppose it would have been fun to make Jude see that." He purred, before leaning in to start licking along her stomach with his warm, rough feline tongue. "But right now I'd rather focus on you than think about him."

Player 2:

She slid her paw down, shivering as she felt his rough tongue dragging through her fur. She was squirming slightly at the sensation, shivering. "Nnn... H-higher... That's so intense..." she murmured, tugging her shirt up slowly for him, revealing fat little nipples on her otherwise flat chest, cute studs in either one. "I think if you licked me up here, I might make a mess of my panties off of that alone..." she admitted, looking down at him and running her paws through his mane.

Though, the lion would notice, the idea of teaching Jude who was in charge was somehow... more appealing now. It had gone from disgusting to alien to... at the very least interesting. "Do you think he would have learned?" she asked, stroking at his neck and ears, one hand on either. "Learned to be a good little mare for the real alpha?"

Player 1:

The mare's request did not fall on deaf ears. Reginald prided himself on NOT being a selfish lover. He started licking up her flesh as she tugged her shirt up. The admission made him grin wickedly. "Oh really? This bears some investigation." He reached a paw over to one of her pierced nipples, gently twisting it. Watching her face as he teased her flesh before ever putting his lips to it. "Ooo, you've got them pierced... have a boyfriend who loves nibbling there, do you?" He grinned. He'd make her forget all about the other man if so.

At the question, he blinked. Then purred, the idea of taming Jude suddenly making him just as hot as the woman in front of him. "Yeah... I think he'd have learned to submit to the real man." He grinned, giving her a light spank on the rump, before bending down again to suck and nibble at her left nipple, while teasing on the right.

Player 2:

She started to squirm more as his muzzle closed on her nipple, though it was like her body was squirming around his actions instead of against, as if her fat, firm nip was the axis she was twisting around each time. She squeezed at his head, panting and licking her lips as she gasped eagerly. "Nnn.... Yeah... He really, really wanted me to get them pierced... I just couldn't say n-n-noooooOOOOOOH!" Reginald could tell from how her words turned into a passionate moan that she was sensitive around those spots, that much was entirely clear, but her words--even with her moans--continued to slide into the lion's brain.

"Nnn... You'd have taught him... made him learn what it was to be a prey bitch to a predator..." she murmured. "Made him into y-your little... m-mare boi..." she panted.

Player 1:

The lion lifted his head up to flash her a fangy grin. "Yeah... I'd have kept him in skirts and panties to show off his cute ass." For some reason he couldn't find any reason to not admit that, though it felt like he should be embarrassed for some reason. Instead, he just ground against her rump with his tenting pants, growling a bit while twisting both her nipples. "Made him change his name to something cuter, kept him a simpering little slutty mare... even made him perform on webcam for horny males." He was voicing all his dirty fantasies now, before moving to lick and tease at her right nipple this time. "Taught him his place was serving the king of the jungle."

Player 2:

The mare whinnied high and loud from the treatment, looking down at him with an expression painted in hot desire and need. She squirmed, wrapping a hoof around him and starting to stroke at the base of his tail, nuzzling into his neck and moaning softly at the feeling of his shaft grinding against her backside. "Nnn... Yeah... Judy?" she asked, laughing softly, then moaning as he started to treat her other nipple. "Nfh... I bet... I bet when you stuffed your cock in him, it was like watching a balloon deflate... First his ego... then the rest of him..." she murmured, panting softly. "W-were you surprised?" she asked. "When he started to change?" It was such an odd question, but for some reason, it felt... normal? Almost expected. After all... hadn't he ruined his biggest rival in the frat back in college? Hadn't he ruined Jude? "Did you even realize it was your cock, your manhood, that was doing it to him?" she asked.

Player 1:

The lion panted, feeling his dick throbbing in his pants as he looked down at J- at the mare. He was getting his ponies mixed up. "Yeah... he tried to fight it at first, but by the end, he was coming to me begging to feel the king inside him." He purred, eyes glazing over with need, as he reveled in the thoughts of it. "I thought he was just trying to get better at keeping my

attention... no idea I was changing him." He grunted, reaching down to start tearing off the girl's shorts. He was getting really pent up. He needed a hole soon.

Player 2:

The mare squirmed under him, her shirt pulled up uselessly and her panties wet around her cute little bulge. "Nnn... He wanted to fight, but you fucked the fight out of him... He wanted to be an alpha, but your dick broke m- his will, broke my spirit..." she murmured, gasping and squeezing her legs more and more tightly around him, her bulging panties pushed against his throbbing piece of man meat. "Ngh... When the changes started to happen, I felt so good... so wonderful.. No more burdens of breeding, of expectations..." she murmured, moaning against him.

"Nnn... It seemed so perfect..." she murmured. "But you got... curious, didn't you?" she asked.

Player 1:

He froze, staring down at her, eyes wide. For a moment, he was just surprised and shocked at what he was seeing.

"Jude?" He said, confused. Wasn't this the mare that Jude wanted to fuc-

Wait, wasn't JUDE the man that he'd broken into a mare?

He had no idea what was going on, and froze up in response.

Player 2:

She leaned up, kissing him slowly, then pushing him back slightly, up and back and into the cushions of the couch, switching their positions as she pulled her shirt off entirely. She rubbed her paws over his chest, licking her lips and leaning down to nuzzle at his neck. "Nnn... Your cock... thrusting in and out of me... It made me start to forget my own... and the more I did, the more it turned... pathetic..." she whispered softly. She leaned up, guiding his paws to her hips, letting them rest there. Somehow, even the pathetic bulge of her cock and balls between her legs seemed... feminine instead of masculine, as if her genitals had been entirely voided of their manhood. She--he?--was... hot. Sexy.

"And then... you started to wonder... what it felt like, didn't you?" she asked, stroking over his chest. "It's fine. You can admit it. You wondered what it would be like... to have this happen to you... Didn't you?" she asked.

Player 1:

The lion stood up. Each word was harder and harder to ignore. His face got flush. His cock was tensed in his pants. "J-jude, I don't know what you're talking about! I never tried on panti-" He sputtered, growling. "I mean I never wanted to feel what it was like to have-" He shook his head, shutting his eyes and backing away. "Stop saying things like that!" He was painfully horny, and it was making thinking of anything or figuring out what was important hard. He could barely think.

"What's going on? Why do you look like that?" Panting, he felt his dick rubbing against his pants. Every movement was making them slide against his wet khakis. The mare had gotten him so hot and bothered. "Nnngh..."

Player 2:

The mare grinned up at him, squeaking as the lion stood up and sent her tumbling backwards. She laughed softly, grinning and getting up to her feet. "Mmm... It was like your manhood was a curse, wasn't it?" she asked, the mare trotting closer to Reginald as he backed away. "Like you were desperate to make it... make it understand..." she murmured. "...how much you secretly loathed having it..." she said, grinning as the cat staggered backward, not even realizing there was a third person in the room until...

...he staggered back and into a thick, powerful chest. It was a strange feeling, a muscular chest against Reginald's back. It felt like it belonged there, and slowly, a big, strong, tan-furred arm reached around his chest, holding him firmly. "It's alright, Kitty Cat..." a deep, sonorous voice said, the pitch and tone of it feeling like someone had struck a low, heavy tuning fork and held it directly against his soul. "Let her help us get started..." he murmured, watching as Judy--Jude?--stepped forward, starting to undo the button on his pants.

Player 1:

Reginald wanted to turn around and stare at the man. The person pressing into his back felt like he was taller than a fully grown lion, which made him feel smaller and less masculine. He wanted to at least see if that was true. But between Judy approaching and the man choosing not to move from behind him, he didn't have the range of movement to do so. His tail smacked against the man's legs as he looked down at the sexy mare (boi?) starting to unbutton his pants. "I... I... don't do that-" He stammered, not remembering if he put on boxers or panties today, and honestly having trouble remembering if he really wanted to be a male or not...

Player 2:

"Did you remember to wear them today?" the voice asked, his muzzle right next to the lion's ear as he rubbed his paw slowly over the lion's chest, reaching down and grabbing the hem of his shirt before tugging it up and sliding his fingers through the long, proud trail of mane that stretched from his head and neck down to his groin. "I'll bet you did, didn't you?" he asked, laughing softly as Judy worked his pants down.

"Mph... You wore them~" Jude said, his voice warm and practically singing with pleasure as he leaned in, nuzzling the lion's wet shaft and heavy nuts through his panties, the silky fabric grinding into his fur.

Player 1:

"I- Noooo!" Reginald squirmed, feeling his face burn as gold fur failed to conceal a red blush. He covered his eyes with his paws, whimpering and squirming, his butt rubbing against the unidentified man's body. "I'm a boy! I mean a man! I'm a manly lion... not.... not a..."

His choice in undergarments told a different tale.

White, with black lace around the waistline and the holes for his thighs. A little black bow sewn into the front pouch, with a matching black heart on the backside, right between either of his cheeks. It'd taken a lot of searching to find a website online that sold women's clothing in men's sizes, and even more searching to find something that was suitably "cute" enough for how he wanted to feel. He groaned, unable to keep up his verbal protests with Judy nuzzling at his throbbing sack. The mareboi was rewarded with the feeling of a spurt of precum pumping out into fabric against the femboy's cute snout.

Player 2:

The voice chuckled softly as Judy grinned, leaning up to kiss the leaking head of his cock softly, almost reverently. "Mmm... You saw what happened to Jude, what happened to our little toy Judy, and you got curious, did you?" the voice said, his free arm grabbing the lion's hip and pulling the cat's rump into his groin, giving a firm grind as he did. "Heh... It's fine. Even if you were born with a potent manhood, it's not for everyone..." he mentioned. "You... don't want the burden, hmm?" he continued. "That's what Judy told me..." he said. "You don't want it... don't desire it, do you?" he whispered.

Jude was nuzzling under his nuts with a happy grin, lifting them up and pushing snout-to-taint as he did, his paws rubbing the lion's big, powerful legs as he looked up, noticing that his mane no longer stretched in a continuous path down to his groin. There was a patch of normal, tawny fur around his navel.

Player 1:

The lion's ears went flat. He felt that grinding into his backside. It was perverse how much that was turning him on. Jude could feel his balls twitching, his cock leaking, the stain on his panties growing bigger, muskier. Huffing, Reginald groaned. "I... I..." He was the heir to his family's financial empire. It always went to the most worthy male. But it was so much pressure. So... heavy a burden to be that male. He felt like he envied the females in the pride. They were still useful, but they didn't have to worry about proving themselves all the time. "It's... so hard to keep up with everyone's expectations. To keep proving my masculinity o-over and o-over..." He admitted, the words falling out of his mouth without him really realizing how he really felt at first.

Player 2:

The paw slowly stroked over his stomach, feeling his nicely shaped abdominals as his mane retreated up from his stomach and along his chest. "Oh, poor boy..." the voice said. Not mockingly. It sounded like general sympathy. "So much pressure... Especially with your father chasing away all those other males who were bigger, stronger, more powerful... How sad it must be to be the one your father didn't fear, hmm?" he mentioned, chuckling softly.

Jude tugged those panties to the side, his tongue licking through that soft fur around the lion's sheath and sac. No trace of mane there now. Just nice, short, tawny colored fur, thin and obscuring nothing. "Mmm... Is seven and a half too much for you?" Jude asked. "My twelve

were way too much for me..." he mentioned, licking slowly over the lion's shaft, his tongue flicking against soft, whisker-like barbs.

Player 1:

The lion squirmed. "I- I thought I proved myself..." He started, but the words of the voice and Jude's ministrations just reminded him... he only proved himself the least threatening. Slumping against the big man's body, he sniffed the air, picking up manly musk and Jude's perfume-ish odor, while his tail swished back and forth between the man's legs. "S-seven and a half?!?" He thought he was an eight down there... The licking caused him to mewl and whimper, so embarrassed but so weirdly turned on

Player 2:

The male behind him reached down, rubbing over Jude's head, then tugged the lion quietly over, moving and standing in front of one of the large, floor-to-ceiling mirrors near the bar. And now, for the first time, the lion could see him. An antelope, at least as big as Jude had been, with long, slightly curving horns and broad, powerful chest. The lion's head rested just against his collar bone, and his big, powerful paws were easily holding him up as Jude scurried over, wrapping a paw around one of the lion's legs, then reaching up and stroking him slowly. His cock looked... less impressive. His barbs were softer somehow. "Look and tell me how long it is," the antelope said.

Player 1:

With as big as the man was, it was hard for Reggie to feel very manly at all. His mane felt small in comparison to the antelope's horns, and the hands on his shoulders felt firm and unyielding and... thinking about it sent a weird shudder through his spine. He stared down at his cock, whimpering. "I... I thought I was bigger!" He said, as his erect, half-size cock dribbled precum limply on the floor, as if cumming out some of its very length. "Was I just imagining it?" He felt himself tearing up. He felt like less of a man. And while it was a relief to part of him, it felt like another part was dying.

Player 2:

The antelope chuckled a little. "When you compare yourself to a Real Man, when you compare yourself to ME that is, how can you find yourself as anything other than... lacking?" he said, biting the lion's ear once, then chuckled as he moved him over, tossing him over the arm of the couch, chest first. The antelope grabbed Reginald's shirt, stepping along the side of the couch and tugging it off smoothly, tossing it to the side. A moment later, his own shirt was coming off, then... The sound of his zipper echoed in the lion's ears, bouncing off the inside of his skull as the bigger male undid his pants, then let them fall.

The only Real Man in the room wasn't wearing anything under his pants, and the lion could clearly see his junk as it came into view. Two large, heavy nuts, and a sheath that looked more equine than cervine. Instead of the long, slender cock of an antelope, he seemed to sport the hefty meat of a horse. Immediately, he dropped to one knee on the couch, lowering his nuts against the lion's nose, then stroking him slowly. "Have you been practicing with your toys?" he

asked, smiling down at the lion as Reginald felt his panties tugged aside again, and Jude's soft, slender fingers prodding at his tight little hole.

Player 1:

"Meep!" The changing lion felt himself pushed over one arm of the couch, his outcry more of a cry of surprise than a cry of indignation. He realized what was happening. He'd done this before... eh thought? With girls, proving his fake masculinity. He suddenly felt like it'd always been so hollow. When all he really needed (needed?) was a Real Man. He felt his tail flagging up, just from the growing read of the situation. He could smell the antelope's masculinity in the air, overpowering his own scent with a force of dominance. At the touch of the fingers to his tailhole, Jude was rewarded with a soft purring sound. The lion gasped, shutting himself up, but his sweet spot had been touched.

And it felt just as limber and flexible as it would need to be. The lion stared back at that huge black meat, feeling drool filling his muzzle as he couldn't stop looking at it. He didn't reply, but his pucker flexing itself showed he'd played with himself enough... even if he forgot what toys he was using.

Player 2:

The antelope snickered softly. "You're one of those really dirty ones, aren't you?" he asked, stroking over the lion's face with one paw and grinding his nuts with the other. "I bet you fantasized about this so many times... Every time you bent some bitch over, you were imagining yourself in their place, with a Real Man that really was everything you were pretending to be taking control, hmm?" he asked. Reginald felt his nuts tightening, drawing up firm against himself as Jude reached out, palming and massaging them slowly. "I bet I know what your problem really is..." he said. "I bet you hit puberty... and couldn't help but hate yourself for it," he said, smirking.

Player 1:

"D-d-dirty ones?!?" Reggie's voice cracked as he responded, before he huffed and groaned, feeling that big male grinding a pair of big sweaty antelope balls into his rump. "N-no! I'm a good girl! I mean kitten! I mean man!" He said, whimpering. "I've never once thought of putting m-myself in the position of the girl, with my cheeks being spread by a big fat throbbing-" With a gasp, he put his paw to his gaping mouth, blushing and silencing himself with a sheepish "mew", as if he were a tamed housecat. His balls were pulling up against himself, no longer swinging free.

As Jude accused him of hating himself for puberty, the lion laying against the armrest of the chair turned to stare at the pony. "L-like you, you mean?" He said, trying to assert some control, or at least make the pony blush.

Player 2:

Jude grinned as Reggie turned to look at him, laughing and squeezing his nuts. "Mhmm... Just like me..." he said, licking his lips, then as the cat watched, he lowered his muzzle and pushed it between the other's cheeks, starting to lick slowly.

In front of him, the antelope was chuckling softly, petting over the lion as the horse took care of his backside. He watched the changing expressions on the others face as his tailhole was serviced. "I bet you started with a nice, small toy, didn't you? Something just to experiment..." the cervine murmured in a deep voice, Jude's tongue suddenly pushing a little more insistently, a little deeper. "Half an inch, if even that," he continued. "And it prodded and poked your prostate, made you cum harder and harder the more you squeezed it... So you couldn't help it. One inch. That's not too big, is it?" he said. Jude's tongue pushed into his ass entirely, having little trouble now. "But that's the slope... One inch, then.... one and a half... two... two and a half..." The horse reached up with his fingers, pushing them in, then spreading the lion open a bit to lick at him more intensely.

"Finally, you're secretly stuffing a three inch thick toy in your ass before you go out... meeting some bitch... Telling her how good her pussy is while you milk your plug to blow a load in her..."

Player 1:

"Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeee-oooow!" The lion hissed, panting, eyes glazing over a bit as he felt the tongue sliding along his tailhole. Jude was smelling the lion's musk change as the big antelope began to warp his past once more. The formerly spicy scent was growing a bit more... fruity. Strawberries and cream on his body wash.

Reginald.. Reggie blinked, absentmindedly humping the couch as he tried futilely to milk his cock of anything. The more he heard the antelope speak, the more flexible his tailhole was getting. He could remember the first day he tried a plug. It hurt, because he hadn't realized lube was a thing he needed, but after that he'd learned his lesson. First one inch... but that wasn't enough for his thirsty rump. Two, three, then FOUR... he played with his tailhole whenever he mounted a woman, it was the only way he could cum. "I... I... Nnnngh, Juuuuddy!" he squeaked, spurting pre onto the couch padding as he panted and huffed.

Player 2:

The antelope smirked, leaning down and slowly turning the lion over. That long, proud spread of chest mane was one now, and his prick was an achingly soft six inches, twitching slightly and dribbling down into his fur as the antelope grinned and petted through his soft mane, rubbing along his chin and neck where it was starting to thin rapidly. "Mmm... She's got a talented tongue, doesn't she?" he mentioned, laughing softly. "I'm so glad you two knew each other..." he said, lowering his nuts onto the lion's face.

The scent was powerful, musky, strong... The hanging cock was starting to harden--long, proud, and equine. Some tiny part of Reggie's mind recognized it, thought it looked familiar, like Jude's maybe? But then, there was the problem of that... Who the hell was Jude? Judy was the only

person with a name close to it, and Judy... hadn't Judy always been a slender, skinny little femme?

Player 1:

The lion's mane had vanished. In its place was just a long wavy set of brown hair. He shuddered, feeling his six inches throbbing, half-hard and almost never getting harder. He needed something in his ass to climax, he knew that now. Jude- July's tongue was just being a big tease! With a loud groan that caused his voice to crack into a cute mew, he stared up at the Antelope.

This creature was truly powerful. Reggi watched that shaft stiffening. For some reason his mouth was watering as he stared down at it. The shaft was easily a foot long... longer than any he'd taken... had he taken any? He was so confused. On one hand he was a lion who remembered mating with females, but on the other hand, he knew he needed something in his ass to cum. Why hadn't he been lifting his tail for true males like this one? He looked down at Judy- for some weird second he wanted to call her "Jude" but that was silly- and huffed. "Y-you've always been a sissy, right?" for some reason he thought he'd made Judy a sissy, but he also remembered the femme pony growing up like that. Like they'd been childhood playmates, with the pony playing with barbies and blushing at cute guys growing up.

Player 2:

The pony finally pulled away from the lion's ass, looking down at him, his tongue long and dripping saliva. The horse nickered a soft, needy moan, leaning down to nuzzle and lick at the lion's pathetic bitch-cock, licking and sucking softly at it. "Y-yeah... Just like you..." he said, grinning and wrapping his lips around it, sucking firmly for a few moments and knowing just how much it would tease the lion. After all... Regi couldn't cum without dick in him. They were both like that.

The antelope smiled down at the lion, grinning at him and laughing softly, bouncing his nuts off the other's muzzle a time or two. "Do you want to cum?" he asked. "Do you want me to sit back and let you climb up onto my bitchbreaker for a while?" he questioned, grinning down at him with more of a predatory-glint in his eyes than the lion had ever had in his life. "It'll cost you..." he murmured, laughing.

Player 1:

The lion let out a low rolling mrowl as he felt his bestie sucking his sissy stick. He panted, feeling another wave of heat washing over him. He squirmed and panted in front of the manly antelope. His naughty cocklet drooled into Judy's snout, giving him a salty-slick taste of precum that sent a shiver through Regi's spine as he felt the sissy stallion milking his shaft fruitlessly. There was no cum coming from it. Not yet anyway.

There was an itch in his rump that badly needed to be filled. He felt his tail lifting at the Antelope's words. With a blush on his face, he lowered his eyes, staring down at that meat and not at the big male's eyes. "W-what is the cost? I-I'll do anything!" He put his paws up against

his chest, squirming like he saw Judy do to her parents once to get money for new panties. "Pleeeeeeeeeaaaaase! I neeeeeed to cum!" She squealed and whimpered, panting and lost in the throes of Judy's expert cocksucking skills.

Player 2:

The antelope smirked and leaned back, stroking his fat shaft and sitting in the corner of the couch. "You know, Jude said the same thing..." he said, glancing down at his shaft, laughing slightly. "And I took it all," he added, laughing again, then widening his stance until his nuts rested on the couch.

"Judy, lay off the faggot's cock," the antelope said, smirking as the horse pouted and only slowly pulled off the feline with his lips puckered up all grumpy. He quietly shifted, settling back, peering over the arm of the couch as the antelope dragged the lion over.

"Just crawl up," the big cervine said. "And push your tight little boicunt against Daddy's shaft," he said, smirking a little. "And as you slide down... I'll tell you exactly what it cost," he said, grinning ear to ear. "And once my balls beat your little sissypack a few times, we'll see if you manage to squirt."

Player 1:

The lion sighed, both in disappointment and relief in the fact that Judy wasn't suckling on him anymore. The claim of being a Faggot almost got him to protest, but he opened and closed his muzzle. If he protested he might not get to cum, and he badly BADLY needed to cum! The need was pushing any other thoughts out of his mind: Pride, arrogance, the changes of his body... he was so focused on his need and his lust that he stopped caring about the other things.

At the command, Regi got on all fours, crawling up the muscular Antelope's body while lifting his tail and flashing Judy his tailhole. With a giggle, he lowered his twin moons down towards the big throbbing shaft. "Oh!" He was surprised at how enthusiastic he was about this. It was pretty gay, wasn't it? But so was using a plug... He closed his eyes, relaxing his pucker and getting ready to slowly plunge down that shaft. Letting it impale him, he went slow, his face contorting into cute pouts and puffs of pressure as he felt every inch of it. He needed to go slow. He hadn't ever taken anything this LONG before, and though it hurt, there was also something RIGHT about it.

Player 2:

The antelope gave a groan. "Nnn... That's nice. Way better than the slippery cunt I've been fucking Judy's into this week.." he said, glancing at the horse with a grin as the equine pouted slightly. He reached up, taking the cat's hip and guiding him slowly. "Mmm... It's a shame that you're adopted, Gina..." he said, licking his lips. "I bet there's a few more of you back home. Pretty little bitches who just wanna please big males... girly little things who need a Real Man in their lives." he said, leaning his head back and groaning.

"Mmm... That's it... Show Daddy Rwarsworth exactly how much you love his fat dick..." he ordered. Something was wrong. So wrong. But Gina was having a hard time putting her finger on it with the excitement of serving someone so wealthy and powerful. "Mmm... My dad was so surprised when one of his sons turned out to be an antelope... Couldn't believe his wife had cucked him, so he put his name down as my father..." he murmured. "That's why I only fuck faggots like you. Not gonna get some disloyal cunt... I want a herd of bitches like you, and this is your try out..." he said.

Player 1:

The feeling of wrongness only caused Gina's face to frown for a moment. A single twitch of the big antelope's hips was enough to banish the thought, causing Gina to squeal like the bitch in heat she was learning to be. She began to grind slowly up and down on his shaft, her cock stiffening and finally getting fully erect as she did. Not that she touched the thing. Gina only pawed at herself when she was desperate. Not when she had a male to pleasure. A shudder ran down her spine as she felt the man's hard shaft sawing into her prostrate. "I-I'm your faggy bitch..." She said, finding that she wanted it so very much to be true. She NEEDED this male to keep her, needed this dick in her life.

And if this was an audition, she needed to prove how good she was.

Bending down, she began licking up along the younger Mr. Rwarsworth's stomach, tasting the salt of his sweat, her fluffy and manicured paws stroking and caressing the big man's body. Her head was lower than her ass, as she slid up and down on that big meat. She was an eager femme slutboi, so desperate for his affection, so desperate to keep his interest. Such a slave to his dick.

Such a slave that her need was having an effect on the Antelope as well.

Whether he realized it or not, he was growing more lusty towards her. More affectionate. There was an emotional bond there, like he was claiming a prize trophy, something to keep and treasure; rather than a slut to toss out. She wanted to be in his herd... and as she started to bounce on his shaft faster and faster, he found himself wanting to keep her in it. Unable to even question keeping her away. Was it love? Maybe, maybe not. But the slutty femboi lion was going to be the jewel in his crown.

Player 2:

"Ngh..." He gritted his teeth. He knew that he'd drunk deep from the little lion, but he wanted more. He wanted all of it. With a grunt, the antelope closed his eyes, reaching into the other's essence, his spirit, and taking what little was left. He absorbed it, breathing hard and deep, leaving the cat with fat, barely budding nipples, a cute flaccid cock, and a tight little pouch that had never produced a viable drop of seed. Just like Jude. Only this had taken a day instead of a week.

He rolled his hips, starting to properly fuck the lionfag, but he quickly grew impatient. He turned, rolling the lion under him and stuffing him into the corner of the couch. He looked at Gina, then leaned in, snapping his teeth once in a quick display, then licking over her nose slowly. "Mine..." he growled, rolling his hips quickly as he bared his teeth. Unlike other antelope, he had long, sharp canines--indicative of the mixed heritage he'd gained from fucking away Gina's lineage. His breeding picked up in speed, and he was growing closer and closer to cumming, his sweat dripping down on the cat.

Player 1:

The faggy little lion's eyes glazed over at the Antelope's whims. He felt that delicious essence intermingling with his own. He had reshaped this creature into his perfect prize, a trophy wife with a throbbing, scrawny sissy dick and sensitive, chewable nipples. Something about it was just so properly formed for him, a taste of a perfection he'd never be able to recreate. He could hear every girly little mewl and pant of the kitten. Nothing about it did anything to calm the fires building with him.

As he began to hump, pushing Gina down underneath his body, he was rewarded with a surprised mewl and a huff. "P-put a kitten in me!" His slut howled, talking dirty and begging for his seed. Her ass flexed against his shaft, milking it like a well trained butt slutt, her entire body radiating heat. The tuft of her tail swayed in his line of vision like a matador's cape, daring him to impale her, to slay her with his mighty shaft.

Player 2:

He shoved in deep, growling and feeling his massive nuts pulling up--a little, at least, their own weight making it difficult--as he pumped a hot, burning load of cum into the faggot, groaning and gritting his teeth as he looked down at him, his eyes glittering gold as he filled him full, then smoothly pulled out, laughing and grabbing the lion's tail, tugging it between his cheeks and holding it there to keep his cum in. He stepped back, looking down at the faggot--no, HIS faggot--and licked his lips slowly. He hadn't expected the sixth member of his herd to be the perfect one, but... there she was. He grinned and extended a paw toward her. "C'mon. Shower time. Judy, get the hot tub ready. Daddy is gonna snuggle his girls before their sisters get here tomorrow..." he said, laughing and tugging the lion close, leaning down and forcing his tongue into the other's muzzle forcefully, taking that mouth as was his due--as alpha, breeder, and owner.

Player 1:

Gina squealed, that warm rushing load filling her finally turning the key. Her neglected, shrunken cock twitched once, and then erupted, spurting white hot goo all over the couch. A bigger load than she'd ever managed as a boy- not that she was a boy anyway. A new life was revealing itself to her in her mind: Brought up a girl by a father who demanded it in a jealous rage when he saw his fourteen year old boy flirting with a female he had his own eye on. Being trained to wear panties and do makeup, the femme instincts creeping in as he grew to love being a swishy butt trap, a pretty kitty princess with plenty of males chasing her skirts unaware of what lay

underneath. Finding a “girlfriend” in Judy in college, and then being recruited into her long lost brother’s herd by the same girlfriend.

Gina swooned at the firm kiss, the faggy kitten purring and accepting his tongue with a bit of tongue-wrestling in return. Snuggling up towards him, she waited for Daddy Rawrsworth to finish face-fucking her before she went up for air. “Who are the other fags in the herd?” She said, giggling and letting his hand rest on her rump, as she watched Judy getting kissed just as eagerly.

Player 2:

He led her into the shower, pushing her into the tiles as the heat washed over them both instantly. He laughed softly. "Nicki... She was my first... Another antelope who thought she was something important... Ramona... Sweet little bull girl..." he continued. He laid them all out for her. Let her know her competition. "And... you," he said, kissing her again. "I saved the best for last.." she said, laughing deeply, then turning her around.

In moments, he was sliding back into her again, flexing and fucking his cum out of her slowly and carefully, grinning. He'd picked the perfect target.

Gina listened, purring and resting her head upon his shoulder. With a giggle and a purr, she wrapped her tail up in his, letting her bottom lazily leak excess seed into the shower drain.

She was going to have a fucking amazing life, living as part of an antelope’s herd...

The End