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WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore, or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised.

Chapter 6. “Unlost Memories”

His whole body ached from tensing up. It felt like he'd done a whole set of leg, arm and ab workouts. His meaty cock felt the brunt of it. The convulsing mare still had a firm hold on him with her contracting baby chute. Somehow, he stayed rock hard as the mare finally loosened a bit. The cool feeling of the hands across his exposed fur felt good. Even the tongue rolling around his drained nuts felt good. The grip the mare had on him loosened enough to where he could move. It meant it was time to go.

He gave her cheek a quick smooch and began to roll them over. He swung his arm and leg over until she was on her back. It was time to free the blood-filled sausage of her clam trap. He couldn't help but look at her satisfied smile and listen to her cooing breaths. The gecko moved and assisted the cow with the cleanup duty to ensure none of his spunk stained the sheets.

He moved his legs back to descend the invisible ladder of her body until his legs hung over the side of the bed. A tongue worked its magic along the base of his shaft while another lapped at the ascending shaft. He looked back and made sure the cleaners were clear before placing his feet on the floor. He watched as her lips followed the contours of his cock until they spread to allow the still-flared tool clearance. A high-pitched kissing sound marked the last bit of spelunking cock freeing from her cave. A mess of cum spilled onto her inner thighs and began to pool upon the bedspread. The green one greedily lapped his juice from the bed as the cow cleaned up the mare. He lifted his sore prick and set it down to cool upon the gecko's back.

He could feel his strength returning and the ache in his cock melt away. The girls continued mopping up as he watched the mare's stomach flex. Cum began to spray-paint the face of the green one as the mare passed all of the trapped air from her damaged cavity. He began to laugh uncontrollably as his fat snake slithered along the

gecko's back leaving a snail trail of man milk. He pressed his hips forward to rest his bruised oranges on the base of her tail to cool them off. He closed his eyes and slowly sighed as he came down from the high.

"Looks like that fuck stick could go another round," an effeminate voice called over - causing him to raise an eyebrow as he slowly turned and slid his eyes open.

A rather handsome white-tailed buck with an equally handsome rack walked toward him. The buck was about as tall as he was. He was toned but not cut, thin but not too thin. He sported a creamy brown coat with a white anterior that stretched from his collarbone, down to his groin, then cut in to the middle of his inner thighs. The buck wasn't as endowed as he was in the sheath but sported a nice pair of lemon-shaped balls. He was escorted in the room by a solid gray shark woman with impressive tits and stilts for legs. She could've passed for a sister of the shark lady he...where did he know her from?

The buck placed a hand on Troy's cheek and mashed his lips against Troy's. Troy was taken slightly aback. He wanted to pull away, but the stirring in his chest, gut, and balls stopped him. He'd never seriously thought about being with a man. He'd imagined himself as the dude in a porn flick several times and even had a preference for the cock that he saw on screen over others, but this was...nice. He was even finding himself enjoying the buck drag Troy's hand through the soft, downy fur of the buck's chest.

Troy closed his eyes with a moan as the buck's tongue worked his mouth with precision. The buck descended the hands down further until Troy's hand hit a bump. The buck moaned as he left Troy's hand there and wrapped his arms around Troy's neck. Troy took the opportunity to explore the hardening sheath and roll the cervine nuts in his palm. The buck pressed harder against Troy's lips as he cooed and lapped at Troy's tongue. Troy dragged his hand up to the buck's thinner, yet longer sheath and wrapped his fingers around it. He twisted his wrist, pulled down, twisted again, then pulled up on the filling skin pouch. The buck sucked on Troy's tongue as he pulled away and turned away from Troy. The buck moaned as he began to thrust his hips against Troy's working fingers.

Troy glanced over to witness a sight. The cow was on all fours driving her tongue into the vixen with the vixen's legs propped up against her horns. The vixen had a grip on the sheath of a canine - possibly rottweiler - and played with his balls while licking the emerging red rocket as it escaped the silo. While Troy loved his woman splitter with

enough ammo to fill a pint glass, he sometimes wished he'd had that over-packed kielbasa casing with the narrow tip that led to the scoop up front and a knot in the back. His canine friends would always brag about how amazing their orgasms were once they were caught inside. He was left to his imagination what those extended orgasms would be like.

While he was proud of his womb splitter, it just wasn't compatible with some holes. Not that the rotti was a slouch packing about ten to twelve inches by about three finger widths of meat. Even the buck thrusting into Troy's hand and sucking his neck had around twelve or fourteen inches by about two fingers of venison. Troy was beginning to wonder what venison tastes like.

The vixen and the canine both stood. The vixen turned and backed up, then wedged her red thighs between the cow's horns while the canine began to pace with his fire engine swaying. She laid down on the cow's back as the rotti used his fingers to line up to her flaming lips so he could begin putting out her flames. He grabbed her hip as he guided about half of the mayo spreader into her ham sandwich. After placing his other hand into her fur, he began thrusting slowly and shallowly.

More creatures began to enter the fray. A bluish dolphin stroked his snakey spike as he walked up behind the cow. A stocky black bull walked up to the cow as it stroked its Angus. A feminine looking fox coyly walked over towards the same pile as he fiddled with his fingers. It made Troy wonder if there was anybody walking up behind him - not that he cared to look at the moment.

The dolphin lined up to the vixen's muzzle. She profusely petted and passionately painted his pale pink pussy pounder with her writhing tongue. The bull somehow squeezed his way under the cow and lapped at her awaiting snatch as he thrust up into her eager mouth. The fox stroked his thick shaft as he devoured the bull's baby batter boulders. Troy wondered just how much milk those rocks could squeeze out. He was becoming jealous of those massive yams being nibbled on by the fox.

Troy took his mind off of that by giving in to his curiosity. He moved his hand from the hard sheath and caught the swinging lemons in a firm grip. The buck lurched and nearly broke the skin of Troy's neck as it was nibbling. He squeezed them to see just how much juice they held. Troy moved his free hand up to the buck's chest and guided him to kneel on the bed.

Troy hesitated. He wasn't sure he wanted to go down this path. That's when he remembered his old husky roommate, Alexei, that shared his city apartment back when they were rookie actors. He met Alexei after Troy moved and they did a soft-core video together. They became fast friends and Alexei moved in shortly after. Alexei turned Troy towards pornography flicks. He also made Troy question his sexuality several times. God Alexei was gorgeous. Even now his heart pitter-patters when he sees a photo of that handsome dog with those nearly translucent blue eyes.

Troy made a killing off of his solo videos he'd post online. He was offered an opportunity to do a soft-core role when he moved and met Alexei. Troy didn't mind soft-core films but shined in straight, hardcore, BDSM, and even some fetish porn flicks. Alexei pushed Troy to expand his roles even further.

This film would have to wrap up first. The scripted portion was over. This was just the improv portion. Troy did want to experience all he could while he could in this life. Alexei may have turned Troy three-quarters bisexual, but as he pressed his lips to the buck's cock, he was about to fulfill on tape what Alexei asked of him and what had been burning in his heart. He parted his jaw and began to work his long muzzle along the buck's shaft.

Troy couldn't help thinking about Alexei at this moment. He remembered how his heart pounded when Alexei asked if Troy wanted to practice on another man - namely him. He recalled how Alexei coached him and put it to practice as he moved his tongue and lips across the buck. They were similar lengths, but Alexei was blessed with more girth. There were also the shape differences. Alexei had the scoop and the bulbous knot while this was like an icicle. The buck had larger balls, but Alexei rewarded Troy's efforts with a mouthful. Troy poked fun at Alexei's diet choice until his seed was on his tongue. He didn't hate it, but it was definitely something to get used to.

He felt something on his cock. The gecko was kneeling beside him as she tugged on his shaft to help fill it out the rest of the way. He pulled his lips free of the buck and stood with the green one. She held his tool as she crawled onto the bed and held him to her dripping hole. The shark moved behind Troy. She slid her hands from his ass around to his shaft and helped the gecko line him up.

Troy pushed forward and pierced her lips with little resistance. It felt amazing. He'd jerked off in a cold shower before on a hot summer day before - the feeling of a rush with goosebumps. The lizard rocked back and forth and twirled her hips to grind against him when she was fully saddled. The shark began to work her hands into the fur

of his back and squeezed his ass. The buck stood and pressed his rod into Troy's mouth as he groaned. The shark kneaded his ass, then raised his tail. Troy felt something cold against the tight hole that caused him to "oof" air out of his mouth - his cheeks and lips puffing out causing the buck to test Troy's gag reflex. The buck missed his uvula or there may have been a disaster on set. Troy didn't like to do retakes.

"OH! Fuck! God...FUCKING DAMMIT!!!" The rottweiler howled.

Troy glanced over when the buck shifted and started brushing his teeth. Troy could see the rotti's rocket pressing against the vixen's opening. His face was contorted, his biceps bulging, and his right foot scratching against the floor. The vixen's lips caved in against the bulbous knot as she whined and clawed his arms.

It was almost time for the grand finale. He trusted his castmates to make it into an original shot. Alexei always stressed the importance of it even through his battle with cancer. Troy nearly lost his composure thinking back to the hospital visits and the funeral.

The smooth-scaled lizard quaked as she ground into Troy and squealed in ecstasy while she clawed at the sheets. The buck moved away from Troy's mouth as she pushed against the buck's legs. The gecko's back arched and Troy saw her eyes roll up and close as she breathed cool air in his face. She gasped sharply and deeply before she melted into the bed and took Troy with her. The buck fell to his knees as Troy's shoulder crashed into his legs. Troy found the buck's cock twitching against his nose. Troy was amazed at how hot the thing was against his nose versus when it was in his mouth.

Troy could see the whining rotti still smashing his knot against the passed out vixen. He cursed, cried, and clawed but could *not* get the vixen to accept his knot. He looked absolutely rabid in his efforts to get off.

"It's time," came a booming female voice.

Troy recognized that voice. It was Jenny. She was his first porn love from the time she started appearing on film. He watched her with lovestruck puppy eyes and a pounding in his chest. She was still smoking hot. Even with that "bitch" face, she had those cut abs, those delicious tits, those long legs, and that thigh gap that he wanted to slide in. She wore a black corset that pushed up her tits, a leather belt that held up

garter straps, upper thigh-high stockings, and over-the-knee leather boots with a spike heel. He felt his cock flutter at the sight of that striped mare.

She slowly rocked her hips as she stepped forward while snapping a leather strap against her palm. He felt his cock go full flare watching her strut. She tapped his nose with the strap. He shook his head, then realized what was going on.

He discovered that he was in quite a predicament. He found himself on all fours - the bed gone. He was strapped down. Straps caught his calves just behind the knee, a strap on each wrist, a strap around his waist like a belt, and a harness around his chest. Everyone else was circled around him. Each appendage strap was attached to a cushioned pedestal and the harness and belt were attached to chains from the ceiling. He found the only thing he could move was his neck.

He'd never spaced out on set before. He hadn't even realized this happened. He was torn away from those thoughts with the intoxicating scent of mare pussy. Two partial brioche buns housing neat labia lines. A slight sheen glinted off those lovely pink lips. She gyrated her hips back as she bent over to kiss his nose.

"Mow-uh. Ma widdow stud wikes what he sees?" She asked in a condescending voice as she cradled his jaw.

Something cinched around his neck just behind the hinges of his jaw.

"Wets give widdow ho-see," she said just as condescending, "What he deserves," she finished, looking and sounding devious as she dragged her hand stiffly off his jaw.

She stood up and fiddled with something. He found he couldn't move his neck anymore. He felt a hand grab his tail at the base and lift it up as the people around him started to move. The gecko slid under him and looked vehemently at the head of his cock. He felt something rub against his asshole, then plunged inside. He could feel it fill his entry, then slowly slide out. A hand grabbed his cock while a cool, sticky tongue lashed at the tip. A small, warm tongue began to lap at his dangling sack of man fruit. A broad tongue lapped at his medial ring. The canine was holding the vixen's knees with her back to his chest. The roddy slammed to his knees still desperately seeking release as she bounced off the knot of his cock. He panted and wheezed as he stood and repeated the process.

He felt the hand return to his tail and the, now slicker, cock slid in with ease. He felt tense at first but then began to melt like butter with the new sensation emanating from his once one-way street. It helped that he was getting a mouthful of sweet mare lips. She had a firm grip on his ears as she growled while smashing her pelvis into his muzzle.

Moans of pleasure came from below as his cock was passed from mouth to mouth like mashed potatoes at Thanksgiving. The growling above him started to mix in with whines and gasps. The roty was crying maniacally. Grunts and sharp breaths came from behind as the cock slid further and further inside of him. The violator massaged his cheeks as they slid even deeper. It was giving him a warm, full feeling he hadn't experienced since the intense orgasm he felt when Alexei experimented on him with fingers and toys. That moment brought him from the halfway, teetering point to three-quarters thinking he may be bi. He was regretting not giving Alexei his virgin hole.

Oh, the power sexual release holds over a man's mind...

When Troy's balls weren't being tongue-painted with long, narrow strokes, the penetrator's balls collided into his and sent a shock from his gut to his ass on up to his throat that made him momentarily clench down on the extension.

Having the noose around his neck that dug into his Adam's apple made it hard to breathe. It made it worse when something shoved the mare into his nose and made his neck squeeze against the strap. Troy's wide eyes caught the sight of large, black-furred hands reaching around the mare's hips and a red bullet shot into his nostril from between her thighs. It pissed him off that it wasn't him. The dick poking into his nose in a steady, frantic rhythm was as hot as freshly brewed coffee and red as a fire hydrant. Wet noises came from her outer foal pouch and the spear spread the mare's slick juice across his nose. Troy's eyes fluttered and rolled into his head as his sinus filled with sweet mare pheromones and the bitter, sweaty, musky, sex smell from the canine dick.

An effeminate buck call and a cloven hoof clapping the floor filled the air as the buck ground his hips into Troy's plump rump. Troy felt a few ropes of hot fawn chromosomes coat his colon. Troy felt the buck's soft hands run through his back fur for a moment before he pulled out with a slight "*plop*" noise. Troy could feel a bit of the buck batter leak from his starfish, but the buck licked the hole clean and finished it with a kiss.

The mare reached down and pressed her hand between her and Troy's nose. The frantic dog dick slowly moved closer and closer to her sweet lips until one calm thrust sent him straight into her. This irritated Troy even more. He didn't have time for anger right now.

A large digit poked, then penetrated Troy's hole. Troy remembered Alexei's advice on relaxing as a much larger invader had quickly replaced the buck before his rectum had time to cool off. Troy took a deep breath and remained still as the larger passenger came aboard. It was a bit tough with the mare's chest pressing into the chain that led to the strap around his neck and his nostrils being plugged by mare snatch with a canine sack slapping against his upper lip with enough force it would be sore in the morning.

The attention his cock was receiving made the pain and asphyxiation worth it. The mixture of cold and sticky to hot and broad tongue strokes on his cock with the tongue lashes and suckling his fruit basket received was almost too much to handle.

The tunnel sweeper had found its way to the hilt as thighs pressed against quadriceps. Hot cock rubbed against a greedy prostate. Hot sheath met hot, achy ass pucker. Warm balls met warm balls. A big, strong hand gripped Troy's tail and his left hip. The plunger slowly and methodically pulled out and pressed in with a bit more resistance than the prior occupant. Eventually, a pace was reached where balls started slapping against balls. These were nothing compared to the last set that slapped the top of his balls. Lemons and yams were very...very different. These were more like wrecking balls that were out to harm whatever they plowed into. These slapped against the entirety of his stud farms. Troy didn't immediately notice since they ached already, but now it was becoming *painfully* apparent.

With a few yips during a few punches to the snout, the fox moved his face. Troy felt him wrap his legs around Troy's hips and began to rub their cocks together. Though it felt nice as well, the pain in Troy's ball bag started making his stomach and esophagus tighten with nausea. The bull's watermelons didn't seem to be slapping as hard after Troy felt a fluffy dampener wrap around his scrotum and brush his inner thighs. Troy would love to kiss that cute fluff ball for preventing him from passing out from the pain. The asphyxiation was bad enough. He was beginning to feel like the vixen or the brown mare and felt himself slip from sheer ecstasy.

It was time to wrap this up. He was ready for bed. It seemed others thought the same. The striped mare was tossed aside when the maniacal canine couldn't force his

way into her either. It seemed Troy was about to become the next object of his obsession to cum. The ladies started rubbing his cock head like a magic lamp as they moaned. The fox was nearly crying as his small, soft hand held Troy's meat pole while rubbing his own knotted stick against it. The bull was huffing and snorting as his pace quickened.

The rotti held Troy's mandible in his hand as he used the other to point the tip of his cock at Troy's lips. That burning hot rocket parted Troy's thick flesh. Troy tasted the vixen and mare juice along with the sweat and musk of the canine with stronger mare pheromones filling his nostrils.

Something slapped against Troy's back. Then another and another. Many more followed.

"Almost missed the party, little bro. Sorry I'm late. Got some nice pieces of ass in here..."

Troy glanced over and saw his big brother Shawn and his friend Patrick on one side with the rest of the starters from the football team surrounding him. Shawn pulled the dolphin in close and roughly kissed him. He licked his lips as he looked over the finned one.

"...for both teams."

Patrick slapped his cock against Troy's muzzle. "Meanwhile, the rest of us are going to drown this bitch here."

Something snapped, then something wet sprayed on Troy's back. It felt like someone rubbed it into Troy's fur. The wet "*schlick*" of cocks being stroked around him and varying sizes of cock rubbing on his back joined the chorus of moans and growls.

Troy was beginning to share the canine's frustration. He, too, felt the flood walls holding back the bursting surge he so desired. The dam was cracking. He could feel the pressure in his balls. Then the base of his cock. It moved to his shaft and made its way up to the flaring tip. It felt like his trumpet was being muted and just needed the extra...*something* to pull the plug free. Something that was missing. Something different. Something he hadn't experienced before.

Moans, cries, whines, screams of pleasure, and cocks fapping filled the room. The Shawn and dolphin train pulled into the station by Troy's mouth. The dolphin squeaked as he wrapped his pale pink python behind the roddy's knot. Troy was a bit jealous of that prehensile trick. The roddy whined as if he was being kicked over and over. He grabbed Troy's thick ears and thrust as hard as he could into Troy's mouth. Troy's lips stretched to accommodate the softball-sized knot and rest upon the slightly cooler dolphin cock. The roddy clawed at the floor as his hot, pulsing rocket prepared to blast off against Troy's tongue.

That's when it started.

"Ah! Ah! Nnn-AH!"

It sounded like the fox was the first to go. Troy felt a fluffy pull-start sling around his balls as a string of hot cum splash against his cock and stomach. The bull snorted and clapped his hooved foot against the floor as he wrenched Troy's tail up hard. His yams slapped against Troy's oranges so hard that the back of his throat tasted sour. A hot, almost burning sensation could be felt in Troy's colon. It stung like pins sticking in, then spread into a "hot chocolate in your stomach during a freezing day of winter" feeling. After pulling back and another charge, the bull dozed his cock into Troy's ass - those yams rocking Troy's contused cum cartons. More and more hot ropes of cum lassoed around Troy's insides until his entire ass felt full of lavish lava. The pressure grew until hot milk spilled out between the bull's bone and the stallion's star. Troy could feel it drool down his taint and begin to coat the backside of his balls. He could feel the fox's small tongue lap at his nuts and clean up the beefy seed.

A mist sprayed down onto Troy's muzzle that smelled of shrimp and seaweed. Several more times he felt a mist dampen his muzzle. Troy glanced up from the caramel fur at the end of his nose through parted eyelids to see the dolphin forcefully spraying cum up into the lower chest of the roddy and it hitting so hard that it ricocheted and settled upon his face in a mist. The mist that made it onto the dolphin slid down his smooth skin and began to collect inside of Troy's left nostril. Shawn lifted the dolphin up and pressed him against the wall to finish off.

The canine began to laugh like a damn hyena as he began to thrust into Troy's mouth like a jackhammer striking concrete. Troy's lips stretched with each slight withdrawal and sank behind the massive ball of a knot with each push. He *finally* came. Each shot into the back of Troy's throat felt like an impact sprinkler spraying. The canine shortened his thrusts even more to where he was grinding against Troy's nose. There

wasn't much to each bitter, metallic-tasting spray, but after the twentieth even squirt, it was becoming too much to house both the rocket and the fuel. This pissed Troy off as well. He was good for about five or six strong shots before it started to just leak out. He desperately wanted to cum like this mutt. He was so pissed off, he didn't swallow it as he did for Alexei. He used his tongue to angle the dog dick up and lowered his muzzle to try and let it leak out. *That...* was a mistake. A solid shot struck Troy's uvula and activated his reflex. His throat partially swallowed and equally coughed. Rottweiler seed shot out of his nose and out the sides of his mouth with the cough. Troy's stinging olfactory filled with the smell of wet cardboard wrapped around an iron pipe.

Troy felt a rope slap against his back. A second rope followed. Rope after rope struck his back as his brother's teammates began to cover his back, tail, and mane. It almost felt like it was raining cum upon his back. There was so much of it that it pooled in the crease of his spine until that flooded and began to slide down his sides.

The rotti pulled out as he grabbed behind his knot with a posture and face that looked like he'd been shot. Troy gagged and coughed the rest of the bitter fluid onto the floor. Through a slit, watery eye, Troy watched as the rotti fell to the floor and rolled his lower half up and over until he was nursing on his own cock.

He looked down to see that more bodies joined in on giving his cock attention. Hands lips, and tongues could be felt along each exposed inch as they passionately licked, kissed, and fondled each other as well. Troy's back felt heavy with the milky pudding that was still being poured on.

He felt the need and pushed. Air mixed with milky cum to create a cum fountain. It seemed the bull had a nearly endless supply saved up in that sweet potato sack.

Several bodies fell around him with drooling cocks on their stomachs and smiles on their faces. The rotti tipped over on his side and convulsed while panting and whining in the fetal position as cum continued to lightly spray from his twitching tip.

"Making room for more?"

Troy glanced over at a quivering dolphin.

"Sh...Shawn?" Troy said, his voice quivering with fright.

“Seeing that tight ass in the shower all those years, then seeing it on screen...I can finally see what it tastes like,” Shawn said a little too excitedly for Troy’s comfort.

“N-no!” Troy cried.

“Shh. It’s okay little brother,” Shawn whispered as he rubbed Troy’s doughnut.

Troy winced as a softball-sized head planted into his ring. Shawn grunted and plowed into Troy’s aching hole. Troy could feel and hear the air being forced through his guts. It hurt. He felt his brother fill every last remaining bit of his shit chute as the flare pressed forward within him. It was unsettling, but the feeling against his singing prostate sent chills down his spine and made his own bugle spill butter on whoever was below. He seemed to have started a fight under him over every drop.

Something white caught the corner of his eye. Walking towards him was a petite calico with the cliché caramel eye patch around the blue eye of the heterochromia. Black and caramel patches covered the white fur of the young one. She barely held a jiggle in her chest or curve in her hips. She wasn’t more than five feet tall and ninety pounds soaking wet. She was shyly looking down while holding one arm across her slight chest and the other covered her virginity. She stopped just in front of him and pulled her arm away to reveal a pair of breasts with a slight curve to them and eraser tip nipples with nickel-sized backers. She pulled her hand against her groin and spread her tiny lips apart.

Troy felt the pressure build to the breaking point in his bugle. He felt his face contort and his breath caught in his lungs. He knew who she was. She was Reina - the child of a former girlfriend he was seeing for several years up to about a year after he met Alexei. She couldn’t have been more than eighteen. He felt sick to his stomach that he was being turned on so much at the thought of having the honor of breaking her in and possibly splitting her in half with his space invader. He missed hanging out with her and treating her like a daughter. She was a good kid. Alexei thought so, too. Troy loved her. But not like this. Not like *this*.

“Daddums,” she said in a soft, high-pitched voice.

For several years she called him that since she didn’t know her real father and Troy was the longest relationship her mother had since she was born. She looked at him with lust-filled eyes.

“I want you to be the one to make me a woman.”

Troy's eyes widened and he felt the heat rising in his face as his stomach churned at the disgusting sight he was seeing, what he was feeling, and the thoughts that ran through his lust-driven mind. Especially with his own brother pounding his ass.

He watched her scoop two fingers between her maiden lips and wipe it over his nose. She reached over his head as her crotch brushed his nostrils. She backed up and held up her fingers to her nose and breathed in deep with partially lidded eyes. She wrapped her lips around the digits covered in cum as if it was whipped cream. She squealed and hummed with excitement as she suckled on her fingers with closed eyes. Her knees twitched, then buckled as she fell to the floor. She began to stare into his eyes as her hips gyrated below his muzzle and she ran her free hand over her chest and groin.

Troy's face contorted again and his vision began to blur. He didn't want to smell what she wiped on his nose. He didn't want to see what she was doing. He wanted the thoughts of jamming a tongue, a finger, or his cock into that body to go away. The cock-worshiping and the ass reaming he was receiving wasn't helping...at...all! He couldn't hold his breath any longer. He wanted the shoot to end NOW.

Shawn began to unload his stud seed inside of Troy's crying cavity. Thick, strong ropes splashed against the curve and filled his colon. His pucker pulsated as Shawn slowly withdrew his drooling digit - pressing against his prostate one last glorious time.

He just couldn't hold it any longer. Troy's butt clenched, his abs tightened as his stomach sank in, his biceps bulged, his head drew back, his back arched, and his legs felt fit to cramp. His head drooped towards his chest as white spots began to form in his darkening vision. He balls burrowed into his body. The dam broke.

The first spasm dribbled out to little fanfare as he cried out. The second spasm felt like a bottle rocket flying from his penis as he growled. He heard the young one shriek in surprise as his jet of sperm shot into her stomach with the sound of a pressure washer spraying someone at close range. She fell onto her back as his eyes rolled up and closed.

He saw a vision of Reina's mother in his mind.

“You disgust me,” she spit in discontent.

She was hard to get along with after she found out what he did as a career. While they ultimately left on good terms, her religion came between him, her, and continuing to see Reina. Never again was he able to help with Reina's homework. To play catch in the backyard. To attend another daddy-daughter dance. To be the one to show up at parent-teacher conferences. To take pictures of her in her prom dress. To walk her down the aisle and pass her off. Between returning thoughts of Alexei and Reina and the fact his own brother just violated him, Troy felt his eyes water and tears began to stream down his cheeks.

The third spasm exploded within him and fired out. Being on the pedestals made him feel like a cliff-mounted howitzer. His penis slowly lurched forward as his head drew up and his back arched. He cried out as the fourth shot fired. He tucked his head and his hips shot back. He caught the shot within his open mouth and draped along his upper lip until it slapped against his nose. He'd never tasted himself before. It was slightly bitter and salty with a very creamy texture. *Much* better than that rabid canine.

His body continued to wind up and spring free as shot after shot left his body. He felt his tail hole loose a mist from deep within like a nearly empty can of whipped cream with each shot. Every round he fired made him think he was filling a bathtub full of his desire. He'd never cum so much before and he was in too deep to want it to stop now.

He wasn't counting, but it felt like the shots were slowing down like popcorn popping in a microwave bag around fifteen or sixteen. Several smaller shots fired from within him until he tensed up for one final shot that sprayed ahead of him. His penis swung down and drooled a long trail as it swayed. Pain wracked his rectum and penis while pleasure filled his mind and muscles.

He pried his eyes open as he gasped air into his hungry lungs. He sighed in disgust with himself. The calico one was draped in a tarp of his seed to where you could barely tell where any patches of color were. She writhed and squirmed in the gel-like fluid like a drug addict on a trip. His body felt drained and sore. He envisioned the looks of disgust Alexei and Reina's mother would give him. He thought about what Shawn just did to him as he stared blankly at Reina. He felt his stomach retch a dry heave. Tears continued to stream down from his eyes as his stomach retched again.

Fingers covered his eyes and seemed to tear this world from Troy's mind. It felt like a hundred LED lights were shining directly into his crying eyes. The light seemed so

bright that it shined through his eyelids and the pain from it felt like an ice pick lodged in his brain. He squeezed his eyes shut sending even more tears streaming from his eyes.

The light slowly faded. He opened his blurry eyes to see a black and white-furred creature with red eyes holding a crown while looking at Troy with a look of disgust as it shook its head. The crown looked like a small, spokeless bicycle rim with diodes along a mesh cap. There were two movable eyeglass lenses on one end and a case about the size of a battery pack that held four double-A batteries. Very thin wires came out from the "battery pack" to each diode and each lens.

Troy's whole body felt exhausted and in as much pain as a sunburn. He gasped for air through his dry mouth while his heart sent a pulse of pain throughout his body. He was mentally and physically drained. He tried to get to his feet and stretch but found himself unable to move. Again he tried to move and was met again with heavy resistance.

His vision began to focus and he began to realize the situation. He was back in the dimly lit room. He remembered red eyes. He felt the pressure in his rectum release, then a larger canine walked into view. He was holding a slightly curved, cylindrical rod with a rounded end that looked wet and a half-filled vial of, what looked like, semen. Troy guessed there were about twenty-milliliters in the approximately forty-milliliter vial. The rod seemed to vibrate. No. Actually it sounded more like the hum of electricity.

The larger canine pressed his thumb into the base of the rod and the humming stopped. He opened a drawer on the cart beside Troy and placed the rod inside and placed the covered vial on top of the cart. He walked beside Troy. Troy felt something release from his painful, flaccid penis. Troy felt some pain ease in his tender flesh as the air passed over it. The large canine placed a vial - similar to the one the shark lady placed on him - that had a short tube coming out of the end next to the rod in the drawer and closed it.

Troy's eyes widened with the puzzle pieces fitting together. He looked down to find himself bound by metal-looking bands. He had pink flesh. He was not a horse. He wasn't as strong as him either. He wasn't in a pornography studio during filming. He did not have a massive phallus or large testes. It would take his entire life to produce enough semen to cover a...a...

Troy felt ill. Regardless of the diodes that, most likely, mocked synapses and the whole experience being a simulation, he still ejaculated to...with humanoid barnyard animals, lizards, and ocean life. Even to the sight of someone's kid! Memories of

friendship along with Alexei's death...all the memories with Reina...all those feelings...weren't real! He felt so confused. Angry. Sad. Repulsed.

He was so exhausted. Dehydrated. He was covered in sweat. A slight chill cooled him when the large canine moved past him.

The table began to move. Red eyes placed the halo onto the cart as it continued to stare at Troy with disgust. It twisted its face and brought up a tightly clenched fist that popped with a few knuckles bursting the built-up bubbles of synovial fluid.

A figure walked in the room with the disfigured reptile that walked with a cane. This new figure was slightly shorter than Troy. Its upper body was solid with muscle yet wiry. Its lower body was thicker. The upper body curved into slightly wide hips, thick thighs, strong calves, and a long, thin tail with a bulb at the end. It had four pointy, longer ears that stood up and diagonally out from its head. It had a muzzle or snout on it that was about as long as the canine's. Troy had absolutely no clue what this thing was. Even if he imagined the ears as horns or ears with horns, he was at a loss.

The new figure held up a container that had a clear liquid in it. It pulled off the cap that was on it and pressed the container to Troy's lips. As the cool liquid touched Troy's tongue, he realized it was just water. Troy gulped the water but couldn't help some from escaping from the corner of his lips. When the container was pulled away, Troy licked his lips and took a moment to catch his breath. It was refreshing.

The cane guy had walked to the cart and held up the vial with the cloudy, white liquid. Red eyes and cane guy spoke quietly. Four ears spoke to him as well. Four ears reached in the bottom of the cart to his right as the cane guy looked over at Troy and began to cackle. Four ears pulled out the cleaning sponge and the gel then began to coat Troy's body. Cane guy continued to cackle as it turned and walked towards the door.

Troy's eyes became too heavy. With the calming, massaging feeling of the gel bath, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.