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

Chapter 9. “Making New Friends”

This story was so...conflicting and mentally exhausting. It was like a “good cop, bad cop” routine. Maybe this was all part of the schtick.

Troy caught his breath and looked back at the ceiling before closing his eyes. Horns patted Troy’s head and pulled his hands away. He fiddled with something on the cart, then headed out the door.

So quiet.

The only noise was from Troy’s heart reverberating throughout his body. It made him think. Forced him to. Why was there some werewolf in his dreams?

“Someone’s...”

“What? Coming? What nonsense.” Troy thought. “Humans don’t have the technology to combat these things - let alone the vessel that could carry them here to outer space...if that’s where I really am. The space shuttles they had could barely make a trip from the next planet and back.”

“Why exactly is this...manimalynthrope in my dreams to begin with? Why are they so real?”

It had to be some type of parlor trick. It had to be because of the drugs they used on him or, perhaps, he’s still inside the virtual reality. Maybe *that* was it. He was already made to believe he was a horse in a pornography movie while they collected his semen. Perhaps, even now, he was inside the simulation and he was really being dissected or worse. His brain was probably in a jar on a shelf somewhere. Even worse: He was

inside a cryo pod and his body in storage or the powered their ship off his brain synapses.

Troy thought about Horns and his sleep talking. The warning that seemed to come from him, but couldn't possibly. They didn't even speak the same language. And what kind of nightmarish happenstance was the band securing his arm with Horns' slobber?

What happened to the Hammerjacks? Angel? Jon? He was even beginning to worry about what happened to Jackie. No matter how much resentment and vitriol they shared, nobody deserved this fate.

Troy sighed and looked to the left. His neck still ached but it was good to be able to stretch it like this. He looked over to the right and his eye caught the image on the tablet. It was a phenomenal recreation of his body. It even had an indicator showing his bruised larynx. He cleared his throat as he watched the yellow neck blink. He wondered why there was a black spot in his throat. It didn't appear that there were any other areas with any color to them inside the wireframe as it morphed from epidermal to internal like a CAT scan. It was incredible how a quick scan of his body can create an image and can change just through a needle in his arm.

Despite the pain protesting in his neck, Troy tried to lift his head. His abs strained to pull his arms against the bands, but there was nothing there. Horns was gone and the door was closed.

The green underwear was interesting. They were like bikini briefs with the shape and how he could barely tell they were there. They felt extremely comfortable. They also left nothing to the imagination. They really did seem to be like a second layer of skin. Strange thoughts entered his head starting with Horns' penis. He cringed at the thought of his green, erect penis being the last thing those girls saw.

"Do they have intercourse with this on?" He asked himself.

Troy envisioned Horns' erect penis pressing against the front of another manimal's crotch. The labia majora would be defined already. But, would it make the labia minora discernable? As he pressed in further, would her folds welcome the incoming girth as it stretches her out until his round, warm balls pressed against her ass? Just how much lava-like cum would he fill her hot, slick pussy with?

Troy's head slammed against the table as he squeezed his eyes shut. He grit his teeth against his lower lip with such a thought. He couldn't believe he just envisioned that. He shook his head. The thought of his own erect cock slamming into shark lady's...

Troy's eyes flew open as he let his body relax - his head rolling to the side as he cleared his mind. It seemed his penis had other plans - not that his penis has ever made sound moral, ethical, or rational judgments during his time in captivity. Something more than this predicament wasn't right. Something was clouding his thoughts and dreams. He had *no reason* to be thinking about how the manimals mated. He had no reason to be dreaming of some lycanthrope and his manimal friends.

He didn't like it at all. None of it. He tried as best he could to take his mind off of his predicament...and off of the manimals. Perhaps if he kept his mind blank, this mental corruption wouldn't continue.

He slowly awoke. His body didn't feel like moving. He could have sworn he had just gotten comfortable. He was too snug in his blanket. Alas, he had to urinate.

He rolled and sumo slapped, then kicked at the blanket as he rolled off the edge of the air mattress. The air inside of it shifted and the PVC squeaked as he pushed himself up. He made his way to a nearby tree as he glanced up at the house.

He loved this old log house way out in the woods. He could pee against this tree and nobody could say a damn thing about it. His side ached of something awful, though. Perhaps the mattress was losing air again. He gave his sheathe a shake and adjusted his fuzzy balls

Man he was tired. It felt good to sleep outside, though. He didn't even care that it seemed to be the middle of the day.

It didn't make sense, at first, why he slept so far away from the house. He couldn't recall placing the tent outside of the wooden fence with iron banding. He shrugged and stepped through the wooden gate and closed the steel latch.

He shuffled into the tent and zipped up the door before landing on the mattress, then curling up and cuddling with his lovely cheetah wife. She purred and looked over

her shoulder at him with her gorgeous golden eyes. He kissed her neck and she squeezed his arms before he fell asleep again.

He awoke a bit later. He still felt really groggy. He just wanted to close his eyes and go back to sleep. The shadow of a figure standing over him made him think otherwise.

This creature had a round head with no real distinguishing features. A similar creature with a significant mouth projection stood to his left and seemed to be the one that made the table move. The creature on the right was attaching wires to some patches that were placed on his body.

Troy struggled with the weight of his eyelids. He was losing focus in his eyes. He couldn't even think. He moved his head and looked directly in front of him as the table came to a stop.

Three figures stood in front of him. There was the familiar reptile human, Cane, and the other one looked like the one that shot shark lady. The third one was a large, beefy one.

The more manimals walked in the door and lined up on either side like a military unit. The three in front of him turned to the side as the other two came from around, then they all lined up as well.

A *huge* creature turned towards the door and ducked as he walked through. He locked his eyes on Troy as he slowly walked up to him. This *massive* creature must've been *at least* seven feet tall. He was looking down on Troy even with the foot of clearance the table had from the floor. Solid muscle bulged from the suit so much that it even accented the veins in his arms. What was more fear-inducing was the large horn that split his view protruding from the end of his snout. There was no mistaking what this thing was.

Rhino turned and spoke with one of the other manimals. He had the kind of deep voice that would make women leak onto their panties. A higher-pitched voice stammered out a response. Rhino nodded and glanced back at Troy. He turned and slowly made his way back to the door. He suddenly stopped by one of the round-heads that had fallen out of line.

In a flash, Rhino sent a massive hand to the side of the round-heads' neck. Round-head made an "ACK!" sound before crumbling to the floor. Rhino stepped forward and stopped next to the largest one in the line. Rhino nodded their way before stooping under the door and leaving the room. The large one - who *might* have passed for the Doberman's older brother - picked up the round-head and dragged them from the room to the cries of their protest.

Cane hobbled over in front of Troy. He rested on the cane as he pulled off his hood. A disturbing smile was stretched across his equally disturbing face. The remaining round-head stepped over to the left and a birdman stepped in front of Troy and lowered a set of lenses over his eyes. Troy assumed it was time to make another deposit into the alien sperm bank. Round-head passed birdman a tube, then the tube was fed down Troy's throat with much more discomfort this time. Perhaps because his throat was still sore. A small object was passed over and placed over Troy's nose. Something crawled up Troy's nose and filled his sinus cavity, then into his throat and chest.

Suddenly, the table felt like it was gone. Troy still felt like he was bound, though. He could tell he was still attached to something behind him, but couldn't turn enough to look. It didn't seem possible that it was still the table, but with how the table has changed before it was entirely possible.

The feeling slipped away and so did the feeling of being shackled. His feet touched the floor and the room became clear again. He looked around the empty room. He slowly made his way to the open door and looked both ways. It was quiet and not a soul around. He made his way to the right while still looking behind himself. He passed by multiple closed doors until he came to the end of the hall. The door shushed open and revealed a small concert-like hall that could fit a few thousand people. He walked through the hall and to a door on the other end. The door shushed open and the light blinded him. Troy closed his eyes and held up his hand to shield him from the light.

Troy opened his eyes. He was looking outside with his head in his hand and his elbow propped up on the table. The sun was rather bright as it beamed out from the passing cloud. He grabbed his sunglasses from his shirt and put them on. He sighed with the same feeling as if he'd just woken up. He stretched the stiffness from his joints,

then ran a hand over his face to rub the sleep away. He rubbed his brown-furred forearm down to the longer white-furred cuff, then up to the mass of muscle of his bicep.

He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but something didn't seem right. He felt damn good, though! He could see a faint image of himself in the glass. He looked damn good, too! He passed it off as nothing. He rubbed his other arm, then arched his back to get a few more pleasant pops. He huffed and ran his black, thick-nailed fingers through his thick, black mane. He scratched behind his ear and the back of his head, then down to the back of his neck. He moved his hands to his chest and gave it a good scratch. He smoothed out the fur and felt the ripple of muscle in his abs. His hands passed over the crease of his upper torso and legs to the large bulge of sheath and balls beneath his jogging shorts. He stood and stretched out his legs before doing a quick jog in place. His muscles tightened and jiggled and the heft between his thighs bounced with each step.

He felt ready to go. He continued the light, in-place jog, then hopped his knees to his chest a few times. Something felt off. He stopped and reached down to move the tennis balls around a little to rid his sack of a painful pinch. He felt a calm warmth fill his chest as his sheath inflated with blood. He felt blessed with this body. He reached down his tight spandex shorts and adjusted his sheath and peeking head.

"Need help with that?" Asked the most angelic voice Troy had ever heard.

He felt his heart flutter as he turned his head to the handsome husky. He shared the apartment with Alexei. He was a friend and co-worker. He wasn't as bulky as Troy, but he was definitely fit. Deceptively strong. He could slightly outpace Troy when they went jogging. Troy knew he was openly bisexual. It didn't bother him. He felt a bit special whenever Alexei looked at him with eyes like this. It was as far as Alexei's passes would go. They had to be comfortable around each other with their bodies. You really can't be shy when getting a blowjob while watching as your best friend gets his ass pounded. Alexei knew and preached the importance of work and home separation.

"Some days I wish I had a third hand," Troy said with a coy smile.

Alexei held up a white-gloved hand with the soft pink pads. The smirk he wore would melt anyone's heart. Troy felt himself blush as he smiled, glanced away, and chuckled nervously.

“Seriously, why don’t you wear underwear?” Alexei asked as he turned his hand over like holding a tray.

Troy glanced back into his icy blue eyes. “Not when wearing these. I like how this feels when I run.” He rocked his head to the right and looked up. “Would I like the extra support?” He asked in a higher-pitched voice, then looked back at Alexei. “Sure.” He straightened his head as he gently shook it. “To be honest, I prefer them when working out, I love the feel of the spandex against my balls as it hugs them,” he said as he held a finger up with each point. “I love it when chicks stare at me, I look and feel amazing...” Troy dipped his head and shrugged his shoulders with his lips pressed together. “The only downside is that I always feel like fucking when I get home. I have to force myself to cork it so I can uncork it on camera.”

Alexei’s eyes slightly widened and he very noticeably swallowed. He moved his hand to his chest, then turned and disappeared out the door.

Troy thought maybe he shouldn’t have disclosed that information. He had a sneaking suspicion. Several things have tipped him off in the last few months - especially after separating from Reina’s mom. Alexei seemed to need to use the bathroom while Troy was showering. He started wearing a towel after his own showers when Troy was home. He wouldn’t talk to him for a week if Troy brought a girl home. He seemed a bit more handsy when watching movies or playing games together. Occasionally, he even would touch Troy with his feet or lay his head in Troy’s lap when hanging out on the couch. Alexei would even have Troy rest his head in his lap or massage Troy’s feet after a tough day. He would treat dinner as if it were a date, then thank Troy for a “lovely evening.” Alexei would crash in bed with Troy after drinking.

Troy let him do those things, though. The poor guy lost his father to prostate cancer, his mom to heart attack, and his sister to a drunk driver. He had no other family that accepted him with his profession and sexuality. He didn’t have many close friends. Alexei was the friendliest, nicest, most generous, and positive person Troy knew. His walls were cracked, though. They were weaker and weaker as the day went on. They were always fortified by morning. Whenever he was around Troy and had more than enough to drink, he would break down and just let it all out. Troy remembered the first time. He wasn’t prepared for what was about to happen tonight.

Alexei came home shit-faced drunk. You could almost see the cartoon bubbles popping around his mouth. He collapsed trying to take off his shoes. Troy rushed out of

the shower and stood above the heap of fur giggling like an idiot. Troy used his towel to clean up most of the water, then tossed it aside. Alexei whistled a catcall.

“Let’s get you up,” Troy said and dipped to lift him up.

“Yes, please,” Alexei said with a seductive voice and a girly giggle.

Troy just shook his head and lifted the drunk fool. He helped him to the bathroom and pulled off his shirt, then his pants. His socks came off next, then Troy helped him out of his boxers. Alexei placed his hands against the wall and pushed his ass out as he held his tail to the side.

“Little help,” Alexei cooed.

Troy sighed and slumped his shoulders as Alexei waved his ass back and forth.

“Pu-lease,” Alexei begged.

Troy admitted he was cute. His ass was incredible. If Alexei was a chick, Troy would have been full mast and inside her wet hole. Alexei was both his friend and a male. He would usually be the one plowing or being plowed in films. He rarely did any work with women lately.

“Alex, I’m not grabbing your dick so you can piss,” Troy said coldly.

Alexei pushed himself from the wall and caught his stagger. His tail pressed between his legs and he looked hurt. “Meanie,” he muttered and pissed.

Alexei cleaned up and brushed his teeth.

“Let’s get you in bed, then,” Troy said as he led his friend to his room.

“Now yer talkin’,” Alexei said seductively.

Troy’s bed was bigger and he didn’t want to leave Alexei alone. The first time, he had to pry a razor blade from his hand when Troy nearly kicked in the door to see why his friend was wailing.

They both slept in the nude. It was never an issue before. Alexei would cuddle up to him and fall asleep instantly. Troy rubbed his friend's back and lie on the bed. He pulled the sheet over his body and pushed a leg out to regulate the heat. He patted his chest to signal where Alexei could place his head. Alexei crawled onto the bed and paused when he straddled Troy. Troy had a feeling things were about to get weird.

"Yer so good to me," Alexei said with a drunken, toothy smile.

Alexei slid over and crawled under the sheet. He placed his head on Troy's chest and sighed as he wrapped his leg around Troy's and slid his gentle fingers through Troy's fur. Troy placed his hand on Alexei's shoulder and settled his head in.

"I just wanna squeeze those lemons," Alexei whispered as his hand slid down Troy's stomach.

His hand traveled over the bump of Troy's sheath and cupped his balls. Troy winced. He wanted to stop him and those soft hands. Troy always melted under Alexei's hands from foot and back rubs. He was interested to see what his ball rubs were like. Troy tried to contain his filling sheath. His mind wandered around the rumors of Alexei's amazing blowjobs.

"I should stop him. I can't use him like this," Troy thought.

"I just," Alexei said and sighed.

He burped and blew it away. His breath reeked of whiskey - Alexei's drink of choice. Alexei's finger traced a figure-eight over Troy's balls. His finger dipped down and slid across Troy's taint. Troy drew a slow, deep breath in as the finger traced over Troy's doughnut. There was a problem. Troy didn't hate it.

"I just wanna pay ya back fer bein' so good to me 'cause I love you and I want you to love me and," Alexei rambled. Alexei's finger pressed into Troy's asshole. "I wan' us ta live happy toge-fer an' make movies toge-fer...*with* each o-fer so I can show the world my love for you and so you can show it back and..."

Troy reached down and grabbed Alexei's arm when his finger nearly went inside. He felt the strangest feeling in his gut and his cock was responding.

"I love you so much," Alexei whispered as he pulled his hand free of Troy's grasp and began to rub Troy's filling cock.

Troy's second brain *really* wanted to see where this was going. He couldn't do this to his friend, though. He knew Alexei would regret it later and Troy wouldn't be able to forgive himself. He wouldn't be able to stop if his carnal instincts took over.

Troy grabbed Alexei tight and pulled his hand back to his chest. Alexei started to kiss Troy's neck and grind into his thigh.

"Stop it, Alex!" Troy demanded.

Alexei quietly stopped moving.

"I love you too, but," Troy said as he ran his fingers through Alexei's hair. "We can't do this. I won't take advantage of you like this and I appreciate it when you return the favor."

There...*may*...have been a time where Troy got drunkenly handsy with Alex. He didn't care that he was a man. He needed a port in his storm. Alex held him just like this as Troy cried over not seeing Reina again.

Just as Troy did then, Alexei began to sob into Troy's shoulder. His soft fingers turned into a vice as they clenched Troy's chest fur.

"I'm so sorry, Troy," Alexei cried. "You're my best friend. But...I love you. I don't want to ruin..."

Troy shushed Alexei as he began to slur and stammer between sobs. Troy more or less knew, but it was different hearing it. Alexei was his best friend. He didn't want to ruin that.

The next morning, Troy made breakfast as Alexei slept. He was plating the food when the husky shuffled out of Troy's room. He was scratching his chest and his head as his lips smacked.

"Morning," Troy said as he quickly looked away from Alex with wide eyes. He couldn't help his voice from cracking.

“Morning,” Alexei mumbled. He yawned mightily and slapped his arms down. “I had a naughty dream.”

“I...see that,” Troy said as he sat at the table.

“Huh?” Alexei said and looked at Troy in confusion.

Troy held out his hand and pointed at Alex. Alexei looked confused. He squinted his eyes and followed Troy’s finger to his very erect penis.

“I didn’t...*drool* on you, did I?” Alexei asked as he brought his hands up to cover his face.

“I won’t tell you that I took a shower.”

Alexei gasped and looked at Troy in shock as he held his hands out away from his face. Troy grinned and went back to eating.

“You ass!” Alexei muttered and walked to the fridge.

“I did have to wipe off my thigh. Nothing wetter about your dream, Alex.”

Alexei reached in the freezer and closed it. “Sorry about that,” he mumbled. He sucked air between his clenched teeth as he placed an ice cube on his engorged digit.

Troy dropped his fork and it clanged off his plate. He felt strange. His body didn’t feel real. He didn’t recognize this place. He ran a hand over his body. It was hard to see with a massive nose in front of his eyes. He felt his furred body as he looked down at it. He gasped at the sight of the massive dark chocolate balls attached to his body. Pain began to creep into his head and it was becoming unbearable.

Alexei’s hand slapped on his shoulder as he asked, “Troy? You okay?”

Troy felt his soul snap back in place. He looked over at Alex and blinked a few times. “Yeah. I...I guess I spaced out for a minute.”

“At least you didn’t see pearly gates or God. Instead, I’ll let you watch me ice my penis,” Alexei said playfully.

Troy felt his face burn with a blush. "May-maybe later." He cringed having said that and shoved a slice of bacon in his mouth.

Alexei chuckled and sat at the table. He dug into a slice of his plain, nine-grain toast. They didn't make any eye contact for quite a while.

"After the meeting tonight, what would you like for dinner?" Alexei asked.

Troy could already feel his mouth watering. Alexei was a phenomenal cook. They had dinner based on if the film was going to be going into filming or if they had to go back to the drawing board and seek further funding.

"Sushi and rice balls for a green light. Steak, mashed potatoes, and a side salad for a yellow-light. Red Light if it gets the red-light."

The Red Light was a hole-in-the-wall diner with deliciously greasy food. They only had two red-lights since Troy got his foot - penis, rather - in the door. Alex hated that place. It didn't fit his diet at all.

"Egg or spring?" Alexei asked, referring to rolls with the sushi.

"Egg this time."

The quiet was a bit unnerving. Alexei was never this quiet. It was deafening. He wanted to ask him what the matter was, but Troy could read his face as if he didn't want to talk.

They walked into the gym. Alexei seemed to have lightened up a bit on the jog over. Troy figured it was a good time to ask Alex if there was anything eating at him. Troy waited until here because it was a neutral site and Alex could leave if he wanted. They sometimes talked here to help clear each other's bodies and minds.

Alexei sat at the bench press and began to slowly thrust the bar away from his chest. Troy bit his lip and chose his words carefully.

"Is something bothering you, Alex?" He asked. "I feel like you have something eating at you and I want you to know I'm here to listen."

Those icy blue eyes seemed to be both thankful and pleading. "Not here. Do you mind if we talk later?"

"No rush. Whenever you're ready."

"Thank you, Troy."

Troy smiled warmly. He felt for Alexei. Whatever was bothering him must've been really important. Troy had a feeling it was going to affect the both of them. It was a bit scary since Alexei was always very open and honest.

Troy sat down and began his reps on the bench. Something was in the air around Alexei's crotch. It wasn't oniony body odor, sweat, or butt. It was something else. It made his mind swim, his heart flutter, and his balls twitch. Despite his best efforts to think of things that made him squeamish, he still finished the set to find himself at about a quarter mast.

He was thinking "port in a storm" throughout the meeting and during dinner. The shoot didn't start for a week. He needed a woman. He wished he could find a woman that would accept his work and treat him right. Reina's mom treated him right up until she found out he worked in porn.

Alexei was still quiet. He went and took a shower. Troy couldn't contain his horny thoughts. He deliberately walked around the apartment naked so he could watch his balls bounce and jiggle with each step. His cock was swaying side to side and getting stiffer. He looked over the rest of his bulging muscles and felt really narcissistic right now. And slutty. Very slutty.

He heard the shower turn off and threw the door open. He couldn't wait any longer. He needed to cool down.

"Troy, please," Alexei protested. "Oh my," he gasped as his eyes went wide at the sight of the radiator hose swaying in front of Troy's thighs.

Troy glanced over at the mirror with slight embarrassment. He looked pissed off. He didn't mean to. He was so irritated with not having anyone to release with that he was scowling. He turned on the water after Alexei stepped aside. He turned the water temperature down to under lukewarm. His staff brushed against Alexei's tail as he stepped behind him. His cock lurched forward and slapped Alexei between his legs.

Alexei gasped in surprise and turned around. Troy winced and shoved himself in the shower. He turned the water colder and tried to control his breathing and his pounding heart.

“T-Troy?”

“Sorry,” he muttered.

“Um...if you’re up for it, you mind if we talk when you get out?”

“Yeah. We can.”

Troy cleaned up and stood under the cold water. He finally cooled down, but he still felt his balls stirring. He tried his best to mentally prepare for whatever Alexei wanted to talk about.

He walked out and saw Alexei sitting naked on the couch. He had a small box next to him on the coffee table. Troy didn’t know what was in the box. He knew Alexei had a toy box, but he’d never seen it. Nor did he have *that* much curiosity to search for it.

Troy sat next to him and wrang his hands together.

“Troy,” Alexei said softly. “I know what I said last night. I hope you don’t hate me for it.”

“No. I know you were drunk and didn’t mean it.”

“I did...Troy.”

Troy felt his heart skip. He began to feel uncomfortable. He stared a hole into the coffee table. He squeezed his hands together. He tried to control his emotions and his breath. He knew that it was impossible. Alexei kept glancing over at him and Troy knew that his nostrils were flaring. A searing pain flashed through his skull and he squeezed his eyes shut.

Troy could feel something in his mouth and his skin felt like it was covered in slime. His eyes parted and he could see a figure in front of him. Horns was covering

Troy's body with the gel-like slime. He began to peel the substance off of Troy and let it fall to the floor. Troy looked over and saw his wrist was in a shackle. A cart beside him was covered in various instruments he'd not seen before. Next to the cart was a type of mannequin. It looked like a clone of himself. He felt so confused. He closed his eyes and let his head fall.

Troy slit his eyes. His chest felt on fire. His asshole felt full. His cock was numb as if he were hard for quite some time. He could feel a soft hand on his medial ring and someone was nursing on the flare. He lifted his head and could see Alexi slowly stroking his own cock as he sucked on Troy's. Alexei swallowed several times as he hummed and groaned. He worked his hand down Troy's pole and squeezed as he moved his hand up. He swallowed again when his hand reached near the tip. His lips popped off of Troy's bugle.

"God that's good," he whispered and licked his lips of anything that escaped.

Troy's cock slapped against his stomach. He caught his breath and he felt spent. He was in absolute bliss. He reached down and carefully pulled a large plug free of his asshole. It plopped out and he set it down on the towel beside him.

Alexei's chest was heaving as his hand stroked his large canine dick faster. He locked eyes on Troy. He gave a look as if he were completely and unconditionally in love with what he was looking at. Alexei looked like he was blushing.

"Don't look. It's embarrassing," Alexei said shyly as he kept glancing away from Troy.

Troy chuckled. "Really?" He asked with a smile.

Troy rested his head back and stared at the ceiling. He swam in the sea of pleasure. He'd never come that hard before. He was glad he let Alexei introduce him to this with their compromise. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to add gay scenes to his portfolio.

Troy heard scratching and whining. He pulled his head up and saw an amazing sight. Alexi was nearly folded in half. His feet were over and behind his head scratching at the floor. His already lubed fingers were stuffed into his ass and he was holding his cock behind the knot as he sucked on his own dick. It made Troy both jealous and oddly turned on. Alexei's body convulsed and his throat began working. After a few minutes of

this, his cock popped out of his mouth as he gasped for breath. He pushed his legs back over his body and they flopped to the floor. His cock lay on his stomach and twitched every so often - raising off his body and squirting into his chest fur. His tongue hung from the side of his mouth as he gasped air into his lungs. He looked at Troy as if he were experiencing the greatest high of his life. Troy lazily smiled at the silly-looking husky.

Troy settled back to the floor and enjoyed the remnants of the afterglow. They eventually cleaned up their mess and the toys, then themselves. Neither one could wipe the smile off their face. They made their way to Troy's bed and Alexei cuddled up to Troy as he wrapped an arm around him. Troy sighed and slipped off to sleep.