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

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## Chapter 17. “Luger”

At the end of the residential sector was a set of two doors. Each direction had a menagerie of smells. The guard led him through the left door. Inside were giant machines that looked like commercial-grade washing machines on his world. On another wall was the same grade of drying machines. Long tables were next to the drying machines. Several of the washers were running and one dryer was tumbling.

An obese bovine was bent over one of the folding tables with a large pile of laundry in front of her. She seemed to be giggling or moaning as she cooed - a patting sound could be heard behind her.

“Pat-pat-pat.”

Behind the large, brown cow was a short, tiger-striped feline that seemed to never miss a day in the gym fluffing a pillow out of the dryer. Troy had a sudden vision of that feline. He was pulling down her tail over his shoulder while it was wrapped around his neck - lightly asphyxiating him. He didn’t appear to be breathing much, if at all, as he clutched her inner thigh with his other hand paw. She felt like silk as he impaled her upon his...

“Here’s how things work around here,” the canine said as he stopped near a raised table by the entrance.

Troy snapped out of his daydream and looked over at the canine. The canine was tapping a ledger on the countertop. Troy was glad *something* snapped him from that strange mating session. The canine picked up a pen and tapped by a long line.

“Here is where you put your full name. Here,” he said and tapped a box next to it, “Is where you check if there’s a biohazard.” He tapped the next box. “Here if there’s chemicals.” The next box. “Or here if it’s just a normal wash.”

A vertical line separated the boxes.

"Here if you need something pressed or immediately folded."

Another line and more boxes.

"If something needs starched, check what level - whether "light," "normal," or "heavy."

Another line and more boxes.

"The last row of boxes indicates what type of laundry you have." He tapped along the boxes as he said, "Shirts, pants, socks, underwear, towels, and linens for bedding. Anything else, write it at the end."

The canine looked at Troy to see if he understood. Or...something. Troy was trying to familiarize himself with the symbols that made up their words. They looked like calligraphy.

Troy saw movement out of the corner of his eye. He could see the tiger-striped feline as he picked up the pace of his hips slapping against her ass. She looked back at him. Her eyes were bloodshot and her inner ears were turning from pink to purple and blue as he held her neck in his hand paws. His hips glided with ease as he continued to breed her.

He glanced over at the cow. Her squinty eyes stared back at him as her large breasts did revolutions over her large belly. She was surprisingly tight and she had a firm grip on Troy's shaft. She panted heavily as she moaned, "Yes." "Fuck me!" And, "Breed me, daddy! Fill me up!"

The canine snapped Troy from his trance again as he used the pen to tap the side of a bell.

"Don't worry too much with ringing the bell unless you really need help with something."

He placed the pen on top of the ledger and walked behind the counter. Several laundry bins were lined up against the wall with labels above them. Troy couldn't make heads or tails of what they said. He was more interested in why he was having these visions.

The canine pointed as he listed off the contents of each bin. "From left to right as they appear on the ledger: Biohazard, chemical, starched and pressed, shirts, pants, socks, underwear, towels, and linens. Anything else goes in the last bin. Drop your wash off and it will be delivered to your room once finished."

The canine walked over in front of Troy.

"Undress here and place your clothing in the bins as I directed. That green shit is all over your clothes. I'll take you to the showers next."

Troy looked at the shirt. There were green flakes all over the shoulders. The canine walked over and leaned up against the door frame. Troy was hesitant. He reached for the pen and started to fill out the line with his printed name.

"The hell kind of writing is *that*, smoothy?"

Troy glared over at him. "Why do they call me that?"

He could see the other two out of the corner of his eye. They were still fully clothed. He closed his eyes and sighed, then looked back at the form.

He marked the boxes for the shirt and pants. He left a question mark in the boxes for "biohazard" and "chemical." He - as well as they - still weren't sure what to classify the green stuff as. Better to be safe. He marked the "fold" box and set the pen down. This was foreign to him, but it did make sense. He wasn't sure how they knew whose laundry was whose. He stood next to the bins and peeled off his shirt and tossed it into the "biohazard" bin. He hesitated more as he envisioned himself walking across the hall in the nude.

Troy heard a gasp from his right. He looked over and saw the feline panting. He loosened his grip around her neck as he groaned loudly into the heavily scented air. The tiger trembled as he lay across her back and pressed his hips hard against her firm ass. His body convulsed as he felt his seed rush from his cock. She cooed and caressed the cheek of her happy lover. She sighed heavily and her feet slid from under her until she fell onto the floor. Seminal fluids spilled out of her and pooled onto the floor. The cow grabbed his engorged penis by the sheath and ran her tongue along the pointed head as he spilled his seed into her large muzzle. Tiny barbs flexed and contracted with his flow behind the conical tip. He looked into her eyes as she winked at him when he shot a string across her face.

Troy breathed heavily as he looked back at the bins. He fumbled with the drawstring and shoved the thick cloth to the floor. He stepped free and, in one motion, picked up the communicator and lower wear, then slammed the sweats into the bin on top of his shirt. Troy covered his groin as he walked over to the canine.

He couldn't fathom why he was having these visions. There was something hidden in the air he breathed. It wasn't the mixed floral and linen scent. It was something...else. Troy glanced over and saw the cow still folding the laundry as she hummed. The tiger was looking directly at him with her hand over her short muzzle. She quickly covered her chest with one hand and her groin when Troy's eyes wandered down to see a bit of her puffy, pink lips peeking out of her short, furry groin.

Troy's eyes went wide. He'd never seen that before.

"Wait...did that...was she...?" Troy looked away quickly as she seemed to become distraught - her body shaking with each passing moment while running a padded finger across her engorged and slick lips.

Troy still couldn't come to terms with how open and free these creatures lived. The environment seems more relaxed in terms of sex and nudity compared to the other one. This ship or whatever was clearly made of metal while the other was...whatever that was. This group wasn't as technologically advanced, though. Perhaps these ones were raised with a more open and understanding culture. The others seemed more militaristic and strict.

But then...why did she cover herself?

Troy followed the canine through the door.

"Winged Savior, ma'am. He was cute! Did you see the size of his..."

Troy darted his eyes back over her way. She was looking at him, but she wasn't naked. She wasn't rubbing herself. She was fully clothed and was holding the pillow in her hands. She was glaring at him as the others did with the end of her nose wrinkled and the tips of her fangs exposed. Her clawed fingers began to rip into the sides of the pillow.

"The fuck you staring at, you smooth sk-..."

The door closed before Troy heard the rest of what the tiger had to say. He lowered his head and glanced down to make sure nothing of his was out in the open. Having the communicator in his hand helped. Speaking of...

"Can I ask you something?" The communicator's voice said as the canine reached for the next door switch.

The canine slightly turned and glared over his shoulder. "No," he bluntly said and pressed the button to open the door.

The door slid aside and revealed a large locker room. There were hundreds of lockers in this giant room with benches between them. Between each tower of lockers was a hook every foot or so if they needed to hang something.

Troy could hear water spraying in the next room. There were voices and various chatter mixed in with giggles and laughter. There was also the telltale sound of intercourse. Troy wondered if no room was sacred from the intimate encounters.

To the right were various genders and species of manimals mingling as they toweled off or dressed. One couple were engaged in mating as they spoke with another couple that were dressing. The left side looked like it was roped off as a thin female horse went about mopping the floor. A stout leopard female was wiping down the lockers. The crotch of another manimal could be seen on top of the lockers with their upper half inside the ceiling. They must have been a maintenance person.

The laundry room smelled like the fabric softener sheet section of the grocery store. This area smelled heavily of other floral scents and dampness. A towel snapped and someone screamed.

"You fucker!" Some unknown male yelled with laughter in his voice.

Another male voice bellowed with laughter.

Troy had to look twice. A naked male...bat?...ran across the walkway before him to the left while twirling a towel as a naked male...dolphin?...ran close behind.

"This is the locker room," the canine said as he held out his hand. "You can use any locker you want. The section closest to the shower area is off-limits, though. Any locker that has a nameplate on it is off-limits as well. I don't recommend placing your things inside a locker that already contains things. Don't want to lose your stuff."

The canine walked up to a locker on the wall that had the door on it. It was one of the small cubby lockers.

“You can put that in here,” he said as he glanced down at Troy’s communicator.

Troy placed the communicator inside and closed the door. He made sure to keep a hand over his groin the entire time. The swelling wasn’t going down. Visions of the tiger and the cow still tormented him. He hoped this wasn’t a permanent thing.

They walked past the rows of lockers. Some were tall. Some were small cubbies. The last row was all tall lockers. There seemed to be a total of about fifty manimals inside the locker and shower area. Furry ones, scaly ones, winged ones, and fishy ones. There had to be each type of species on this ship. Another thing Troy couldn’t fully wrap his mind around.

The canine pointed to the right as soon as they entered the concrete-like floor of the shower area.

“Over there are the toilets if you need to relieve yourself. I don’t recommend doing that shit in the showers.”

The canine proceeded to step further inside the shower area and turned to face Troy.

“Everyone is assigned a shower buddy. There’s a reason for that. Just go with it. I don’t have the time to explain it. Just do it.” The canine seemed in a rush with his words. “There’s showers in the middle for our disabled members. The other shower areas are first come. In the back are normal tubs and tubs with jets. There are even cold baths for injured or heavily pelted members. Be sure to grab a towel from the laundry area before coming in. Your buddy already grabbed yours. Remember it starting tomorrow. Your buddy is... \*snort\*...Luger.”

The canine brought a hand up to cover his laughing. Troy didn’t know what the issue was. And who was Luger?

The canine stepped past Troy and pointed to the opposite end of the toilets.

“On those shelves are all types of cleaners. Bar soap. Body wash. Shampoo. Conditioner. Mixes of everything. There’s also washcloths and those frilly things. Starting tomorrow, make sure to grab something before entering the shower. Each shower has a basket you can place those items in. Make sure to return everything when

you're done." He stepped back into the shower room and pointed along the wall to his right. "There's a room with air dryers for those that prefer not to towel off. There are combs and rakes in there for the fluffier members. Files and other items are in there to touch up scales and claws." The canine snickered and laughed. "You *do* have to wash your buddy." His laughing intensified. "You...have...to wash...Luger. Ha ha ha!"

Troy looked around and saw all male/female pairings. Maybe Luger...she was in here somewhere? Why was the mention of her name so funny to this guy?

There was a couple mating against one of the walls with the female's claws screeching against the tiles. Another pair was mating while the female held on to the showerhead with her legs wrapped around his waist. A pair was to the left - Troy assumed they had finished mating - with the female scrubbing the male's back. Another female was in one of the large tubs engaging in oral affairs as her mate scrubbed her feet. Another couple was kissing inside another tub. The remaining manimals were washing each other normally.

There was a tallish, thin gazelle - or something - standing in front of one of the empty tubs. It was holding a towel against its chest. Troy couldn't tell what gender it was with the towel just covering its groin. He or she was very androgynous. Troy probably couldn't tell what gender any of them were if the obvious bits weren't present. This was one of many Troy saw without hair on the top of their head. Just fur. And roughly two-foot-long, ribbed horns.

The canine finished laughing and turned to look into the shower area. He nodded his head towards the gazelle.

"That's Luger. I'll be waiting for you to...\*snort\*...finish...with him. I'll be in the locker room. I'll take you back to the laundry area to get you fitted. I'm sure you'll need clothes that actually fit you." He looked back at Troy.

"If I'm being fitted, what was the point of me filling out the form?" Troy felt annoyed as he looked from the canine to Luger. "That's...a male?" Troy thought as he scanned the manimal.

The canine turned and walked up to Troy, then placed a hand on his shoulder. He chuckled again.

"I'm sure he'll be reeeal gentle," the canine whispered and chuckled again. "Just...relax and imagine yourself shitting...\*snort\*...in reverse."

The canine guffawed as he slapped Troy's shoulder and walked into the locker room.

Troy wasn't sure what the canine was talking about. He sighed as he began to walk towards the bashful gazelle. He had a feeling that this was going to be awkward. He'd never bathed with another person. He hadn't been bathed by another person since he was a child. Jackie never...

Troy reached up and scratched at some of the itchy green stuff and watched it flake off his arm. The last thing he needed was to resurface those memories. Speaking of, he didn't know how long it's been since he last bathed. The last time he remembered was when he was hooked up to...speaking of resurfacing repressed memories.

He approached the wiry beast. It...*he* was about as tall as him, but the horns made him appear much taller. The animal wasn't just holding the towel there, it...*he* was clutching it tight against his chest. Its...*his* breathing was labored. This creature was a mess. It...*he* was shaking. His eyes were looking straight down with his muzzle angled towards the floor. Troy couldn't tell for sure, but the creature seemed to be...

He looked up at Troy. His eyes were like polished gold. Not solid like the smelly feline. He still had pupils and a proper sclera. The pupil reminded him of the pictures he'd seen of goats with the rectangle pupils that had rounded corners. There was a slight starburst in the color. Troy squinted. No. It looked like plates in a circle like the blades on a jet engine. Troy couldn't help but stare at his eyes. They were so interesting.

The horned one squeaked and his eyes widened as Troy continued to stare. He was shaking so violently and Troy could hear his heavy breaths being dragged slowly in through flared nostrils and out in a huff. The horned one finally looked away and brought the towel up to cover his...

"Oh, fuck!" Troy shouted in his head as after he glanced down at the rising towel. Face face face!" He screamed internally.

Troy didn't know why his eyes wandered down that far. He squeezed them tight as he tried to scrub his brain from seeing the dark pink, rounded penis topper protruding from a pure white sheath at the creature's groin. Large lemons stood on their ends made the shape of his testicles. They heavily hung below the long, thick sheath in a pure white pouch that had a strip of tufted long fur curving up from below in-between the two fruits about two inches up before it tapered off. The pattern of white not only



covered his sheath and balls, but it rose up into a strip that tapered off - like a bullet - several inches below his navel.

After Troy suppressed enough of the image in his head, he opened his eyes and looked at the creature before him. His fur was brown. It was darker on the top of his head between the horns and tapered off on the bridge of his muzzle, then stretched down to cover his back. The darker brown gradually faded through various shades of brown until it met a thick, black stripe along his sides from just inside his armpit to his hip. His chest and stomach was a very light brown or cream color. A half foot of flat tail pressed into the crease of his rump that was the darker brown like his back and contrasted the lighter brown of his butt. Beneath the tail was a white strip that matched the front until it tapered off at the base of his tail. His muzzle had a black strip that ran from the inside corner of his eyes to the top of the lip of his smaller - than the others that had a similar-sized muzzle - mouth. His nostrils were angled slits on a nose that seemed to cover nearly the entire top end of his slightly oblong muzzle. His lips were forced together. He was a rather beau-...handsome creature. Troy prayed that he never had a vision of this one like he had the others.

“Luger!” The canine yelled from the locker room. “Hurry up!”

This made Luger’s fur lurch all along his body and he shook even harder. He closed his eyes and nodded into the towel, then took a deep breath. The shaking lessened as he took another breath.

“Com don, Lu-gah,” he muttered into the towel.

Troy wasn’t sure if this was an accent or a speech impediment. Or was he a bit of a simpleton? His voice had a deep undertone, but was very effeminate. There was a definite sweetness to it. It reminded Troy of the President’s voice when she was being nice and cheerful.

Luger took one more breath and lowered the towel as he opened his eyes. He turned toward the shower tree and hung the towel up on the hook next to another towel on the large, round shaft that made up the pole of the shower tree. Troy watched Luger’s back muscles work as he grabbed a bottle and a loofah-like object. He appeared to squint at the bottle’s label for almost a minute, then set it down into the wire rack and grabbed another. He looked as if he were about to turn around when he suddenly stopped and glanced his eyes up to the shower head.

“Lu-gah, you dummy,” he muttered and placed the objects in his hand back into the rack.

Troy watched as Luger's hands lowered, then he turned to face Troy. His lips trembled as he stepped towards Troy. Troy stared ahead and through the beast coming towards him in an attempt to *not* see the bottom of those fruits walking in step with Luger's thighs. Luger's small hands barely covered anything up. Luger's eyes darted to the side as he came near Troy, then stepped beside him and walked behind him. Troy felt small, soft hands lightly touch his back. They gently pressed into Troy's back. Troy took a step forward. They pressed into his back on the left side and felt like they were pulling to the right. Troy stepped to the right. The hands left Troy's back. Troy looked up to see that he was standing directly underneath the large showerhead. It was about the size of a salad plate - bigger than a saucer but smaller than a dinner plate.

It was strangely quiet in here. Troy could still hear some of the showers and bath jets running, but he couldn't hear any conversations. Matter-of-fact, it had been like that since he stood in front of Luger.

Troy looked over and saw the two sets of manimals in the tubs staring directly at him. The female that had her lips around the penis of the male was gently stroking him as the water splashed around her hand. The other male was fondling the female's breast as he nibbled on her ear. Troy could see their mouths moving, but he couldn't hear anything they were saying.

"I hope the new guy's had all his shots," Troy heard someone say quietly from the right.

Troy heard a short giggle from the right. It was like someone quickly caught their laugh in their hand and stifled it.

"If not, he's about to get one," Troy heard the giggling one whisper.

The right side erupted in snorts and stifled laughter.

Troy glanced to the left and saw something that made him shiver. A male horse was peeking out from the dryer room that looked just like the one he portrayed in the simulation. His fur was still damp. His hair was longer and was messed up like he was a rock star that just stepped off stage. Troy's lip twitched. He could only wish to look that cut, that muscular, that handsome, that...equipped.

A female otter...ferret...muskrat...thing peeked out and fed her left hand between his legs and began to massage his testicles. Her small hand could barely hold just one of those limes. Her right hand slid up his thigh and across his washboard stomach. His

penis began spilling out of his sheath like a waterfall. Troy had never seen a horse's penis before - simulation excluded.

"Damn, baby. We just had a go and showered it off. Can it not wait until we get to the room?" He whispered as he looked down at her. He pointed over at Troy. "I kinda wanna see this. Ah...don't ask."

"Mmm," she hummed in protest, sounding like a growl towards the end. "But I love your cock," she whined. "I feel so empty without it," she cooed.

Troy watched as he bent in half to pick her up. He'd been staring at something he shouldn't have again. Something else he would have to scrub from his mind. He just realized that she barely came up to the top of his abdomen. Either she was very young or very petite. She couldn't have weighed more than sixty pounds soak and wet. Perhaps with the tail, sixty-five.

"How did he not rip her in half?" Troy thought.

The forthcoming image was taken from him as Luger brushed past him. He was still modestly covering his groin. Troy confirmed that he was, too. Luger reached up and pulled a handle, then another. Troy could hear water traveling through a pipe. After a moment, Luger turned a horizontal lever. Water began falling onto Troy. It was a bit uncomfortably warm.

Wait. No. Troy began to feel lightheaded. The heat was coming from within. A sharp pain shot through his head. He squeezed his eyes shut to keep the blinding light from causing more pain. Images of Alexei and Reina appeared. Images of him in his horse form with Alexei. Alexei waved to them as Troy and Reina climbed into the roller-coaster. Alexei was afraid of them. They climbed out of the coaster and raced to the exit. Troy let her win. He'd never tell *her* that. She raised her arms in victory with a huge smile. Troy scooped her up and squeezed her tight as he walked towards Alexei. Alexei laughed with them, then wrapped his arms around them both. He kissed Reina's cheek, then kissed Troy on the lips.

His mind went blank. The pain was gone. He opened his eyes to see Luger's shaking legs. He was making a strange noise through his mouth as he reached out to Troy. It was a sound people in movies made when they were shocked and speechless after something happened. It was like a creaking in the back of the throat as they breathed out. It was a common sound in anime after someone got punched or kicked in the gut.

Troy noticed Luger's long nailed, cloven hooves with a partial webbing between the...toes? It made Troy wonder how they kept an animal's feet, but had human-like hands. Troy got to his feet and wiped the water from his eyes. He saw Luger take back his hand. He noticed that Luger had thick, black nails on the ends of his fingers. They looked just like Horns' hands. It made sense that "predator" type manimals would have claws and "herbivore" type manimals would have regular nails.

"Why do I care again?" He thought and looked at the meek animal before him.

Troy motioned with his hand - waving Luger towards him - and signed, "Continue," before letting his hands rest back over his groin.

"O-okay," Luger squeaked out and took a moment to calm down.

Luger grabbed the loofah and flicked the top of the bottle open with his thumb. He picked up the bottle and squeezed a clear gel onto the loofah. He closed the cap and placed the bottle back. Troy could smell a familiar smell as Luger worked the gel into a lather. It reminded him of the fake rain scented body wash he used a few times.

Luger quickly walked behind Troy and carefully worked the loofah against Troy's back. It actually felt really good. He noticed that the loofah was being used in Luger's left hand because he could feel Luger's right hand wiping behind it. Troy tried to resist moving to have him go back over a place that was itchy. Luger went up and covered Troy's shoulders, then along his neck. Troy could feel Luger's hand trembling. Troy closed his eyes and let Luger continue.

Luger worked the loofah up Troy's neck, then up to his head. Troy breathed as normal as he could. This really felt great. That gel that Shark Lady used just didn't compare. Luger worked the loofah back down Troy's neck and shoulders, then along his back again.

"Here we go," Troy thought as Luger worked the loofah down to his hips.

Having his butt and legs worked over with a loofah by another male was...awkward. He tried to keep calm about it. The canine kept saying there was a reason they did it this way. That didn't stop him from feeling Luger's trembling turning to vibrating with how hard he was shaking. This wasn't so bad - all things considered. The only thing making it weird were the barely audible comments and jeers from the onlookers.

"You see that?"

"I know. This is gonna be good."

"Wonder if new guy will freak out?"

"Shh-shh-shh! Shut up, idiot!"

Luger picked up the pace and scrubbed Troy's thighs and calves. Troy lifted each foot as Luger cradled his ankles and scrubbed his feet. It tickled a little.

"He sounds like he's really struggling with this," Troy thought as he could hear Luger panting. "Maybe he's just nervous. / would be if I was a manimal forced into scrubbing down an alien."

It sounded like Luger was trying to suppress his breathing. Troy just wanted to get this over with or he would have tried to calm him down. Luger stopped scrubbing the front of Troy's shins and thighs. Troy cracked an eye to see if he was just getting more soap or something. He was looking down and saw he was surrounded by flaky green bits. Troy felt like a solstice tree as it was losing needles.

Troy heard giggling. He also heard some females gasp. Troy tried to look up but kept getting water in his eyes.

"Look look look!"

"He doesn't even know!"

"Shut up. Shut! Up!"

Troy moaned as a sudden wave of heat rushed to his head. He felt a bit dizzy and staggered. He caught himself as a calming wave replaced the last one. His head felt clearer. His senses were sharpened. He could feel everything! It didn't feel like his senses were so foggy like they had been.

Luger began wiping down Troy's face with his hands. His small, soft fingers prodded into every crease. Luger's breathing was erratic. He almost poked into Troy's eyes and nose with his quaking. Luger stopped for a moment, then placed his hands on Troy's arms. Troy could hear him whimpering as he worked the loofah against Troy's skin. He couldn't open his eyes as the water cascaded down his face as he rinsed the soap away. Luger finished his sloppy work of soaping up Troy's arms and moved to his chest. Troy brought his hands up to wipe at his eyes and nose.

Luger whimpered and groaned, then something very warm struck Troy in the stomach.

More stifled laughter. More snickering. More giggling.

"That's fuckin' gross," someone said quietly.

Luger seemed to gasp. He whimpered as his quaking hands quickly wiped at that warm spot with the loofah, then resumed slowly working down Troy's chest.

There was a strange odor underneath the fake rain scent and the smell of the shower area. It was musky. It was almost like freshly cut grass. There was a peculiar cherry undertone to it. Troy sniffed. That's when he could smell the unmistakable smell of male...DNA. That sickly metallic smell like his wastebasket in the bathroom if he didn't empty the trash after a quick session to relieve his pent up desires.

"I suppose that'd only be natural considering I'm surrounded by sex-crazed animals," Troy thought as Luger's fumbling hands passed over his stomach.

Troy felt something hot and sticky press against the outside of his thigh. He held his hands still as he tried to work out in his head just what that could have been. It just tapped his thigh, Luger squeaked cutely - as he had been - then it was gone. Luger quickly wiped that spot with the loofah, then back to the middle of Troy's chest.

Luger's breathing was out of control as he passed over Troy's navel - his "incubation scar" he liked to call it. Though Troy enjoyed a good belly rub, he wasn't looking forward to what was coming next. Luger was really panting hard with moans and creaks escaping his throat that trembled just as much as his fingers. Troy clenched his fists and prepared himself mentally for the coming moments. He relaxed his shoulders and let his hands slowly fall to his sides.

Troy's hand bumped into something slick, hard, and very warm on its way down to his thigh. Troy heard someone break out into laughter and Luger quietly shrieked in his throat as his hands became very still.

"You can't make this shit up!" Someone yelled and bellowed into laughter.

The whole room was engulfed in echoing laughter.

“The fuck is going on?” Troy thought as he quickly wiped his eyes again and opened them.

In front of him was a mortified Luger. Troy’s hand again fell onto something slick, hard, and very...very warm. Troy became puzzled as his first two fingers moved along the sticky item. Luger’s eyes became wider and wider and looked like they were about to pop out of his skull. Something that felt like the loofah struck the top of Troy’s foot. Luger’s mouth was slightly open and his nostrils were dancing, but he didn’t appear to be breathing. His whole body was rocking - Troy assumed - by his heartbeat.

Troy’s eyes continued lower until they reached Luger’s abdomen. He saw that familiar-looking penis end. Troy mimicked Luger’s mortified look as he saw what his hand rested on.

Troy yanked his hand away and took a step back as he looked up at Luger’s frozen face. It finally dawned on Troy why everyone was laughing at him and the canine made those comments.

“Luger is...gay?” Troy hypothesized.

Luger’s chest finally expanded in a deep gasp. He tried desperately to cover himself up. His small right hand tried to cover up his large testicles and his left hand grabbed the base of his thick sheath as he tried to hide the engorged digit behind his thin forearm.

Troy took another step back to try and reassess the situation. But what could he do? He watched as a hunched over Luger backed up and bumped into the trunk of the shower tree. He squealed like a startled teenage girl.

“Steer clear the queer!” Someone yelled.

“Fuckin’ retard!” Someone else yelled.

Tears streamed from Luger’s clenched eyes as he quietly sobbed.

“Get the fuck outta here, you faggot!” A deep voice boomed.

Luger cried out, grabbed a towel from behind him, and began to run through the shower room into the locker room.

“Run, faggot! RUN!” A female screamed as the room reverberated with laughter.

Troy could hear Luger wail as he ran past a female rabbit, through the locker room, and ran into the door. He was crying hysterically as the door opened. Troy heard his cries fade as he ran down the hallway.

The female rabbit walked - though it looked so smooth, she almost appeared to be gliding - into the shower room. The laughter died down in a hurry. She was nearly pure white except for smokey gray spots on her hips and face. Her right hip had a large smokey gray spot and another one covered the left side of her face. A smokey gray spot danced with her twitching nose that highlighted her displeased expression.

Troy found himself looking far too long at her body. Troy found himself very attracted to her body type. She was a bit thin up top, but detailed muscle was pressing through her fur. Her chest was about an A cup, her abdomen rippled with muscle as she breathed, and her hips were a bit wide for her thin upper frame. Her thighs were thick and muscle rippled as her foot landed on the concrete floor. Her chest between her breasts had a large tuft of fur that was larger than her two breasts combined. Her groin had a smaller tuft above her lady lips. Her feet had different length gray socks on them. The only things that besmirched her beautiful body was a thick scar along the left side of her abdomen that reached from below her breast to her hip and a thinner scar across her right thigh. Actually, Troy found those attractive as well.

“Am I really ogling an animal?” Troy asked himself in disgust.

She stepped just in front of Troy and stopped. She brought her hands up and rested them on her curvy hips. She looked around the room looking just as disgusted as Troy felt right now. She snapped into a salute and held it.

The entire room erupted into a singular salute as feet stamped the floor, hands slapped thighs, and fists thudded into chests.

Troy felt his thighs warm and his groin stir. “She’s a ranking officer as well?” He looked away from her as he squeezed his eyes shut. “Dammit!”

The room was cemetery quiet as Troy suppressed his lewd thoughts.

“You’re all despicable!” She growled in a commanding tone. Troy peeked at her as she continued. “I...*never*...want to hear such negative and derogatory terms from any of those lips...*ever*...again. If I *do*, you *will* answer to me. Do I make myself crystal?” She spoke as she scanned the room - her hands were back on her hips and her chest puffed out.



“Yes, sir!” Echoed throughout the room.

Her eye twitched as she scanned the room once more. “As you were,” she said calmly as her eyes landed upon Troy.

Troy felt his body tense up. “Great. The only one taking the attention off of me just ran out of here crying.” Troy lightly sighed.

Troy glanced away from her imposing glare to the right as she stepped towards him.

“I’m fucked...aren’t I?”

It seemed like she perfected walking as there was no wasted movement. She stopped before him as she balled up her left and right hand into fists. Her hips angled to the left as her left fist landed on top of her protruding pelvic bone while her right foot angled out slightly. He didn’t want to know where the other one was about to go.

Troy felt himself panic as the other manimals were clearing out of the room and heading to the dryers or locker room. Her eyes scanned over him, then landed on his own. Troy winced and closed his eyes as her fist came forward.

“Are you okay?” She asked as her hand landed on his left shoulder.

“Wh-what?” Troy asked as he pried his eyes open.