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

Chapter 22. “The Power Of Boners Conquers All”

She led him down several hallways and through many intersections. Troy tried to stay close so that his eyes wouldn't wander. She stopped and nodded to the left. He recognized it as the door to his room - just from the opposite direction. It seemed he was closer to it than he thought.

“Do you need to grab anything?” She asked after turning to face him.

Troy shook his head. She seemed to be bothered by something as she nodded with her lips pressed together.

“Okay,” she said quietly, then turned away from him. She appeared to grimace as she stood there for a long moment. “Does it bother you?” She asked quietly.

She said it so softly. If his senses weren't enhanced, surely he wouldn't have heard it. He wasn't sure what she was getting at. She turned to look at him. She was biting her lower lip and she appeared to be in distress.

“Does it,” she said, then sighed. She looked at him stoically. “Does it bother you that your body was replaced with parts of,” she said and glanced away. “Parts of us?”

He never thought he'd be asked *that* question. He was caught off-guard by it. He lifted the communicator into both of his hands. He looked down at it, but didn't know what to say. Should he be completely honest? Would she understand?

“Don't hold back. If we're to cohabit, I want to know as much as I can about you. I want to know who I'm laying myself out to to protect. I need you to be absolutely crystal with me.”

She was at it again. She was being genuine. Truthful. Trustworthy, even. If she was declaring her intentions to him like this, how could he *not* acknowledge her wish and just...say it?

He looked down at the communicator and closed his eyes while taking in a deep breath. He squeezed his eyes shut and slowly let the breath out as he opened his eyes and moved his fingers.

"I hate it. I'm no longer me. I'm one of them. One of you. I didn't ask for this. I don't want to be here. I just want to go home. I don't know if there's a home to go back to, but I don't belong here," the mechanized voice spilled from the small speaker.

Troy looked up at her expecting the worst. He watched as her hand formed a fist and pressed into her chest armor. Her eyes were watering and her lip was quivering. She glanced away and closed her eyes. She curled her lips in between her teeth and seemed to chew on them for a moment. She looked back over at him and nodded. She appeared to be barely holding her feelings in. Her hand lowered to her side.

"I understand. Through all the physical torture, the experiments, the mental anguish, your losses...seeing Jon dead like that..."

She looked down at the floor between them and closed her eyes as she swallowed hard. She breathed out through her mouth with trembling lips. She pulled in a shallow breath, pressed her lips together, and breathed out through her flat nose.

"There's barely anything left for you - barely anything that's left of," she said quietly and looked up at him. "Of you." She curled her lips in again with an attempted smile. "I will state again that you have people here that care for you - regardless of whether it's the original you. You have a chance to start again. From the beginning. No. From ze-." She seemed to freeze. Her smile slowly faded as she brought her hand up and rubbed her forehead. She slowly shook her head with a soft chuckle. She lowered her hand and mocked wiping a window or something. "With a clean slate. You have people here that will help you with that." She stepped towards him and placed her hand on his cheek. "I want you to know that you're stronger than I will ever be. You marched on through everything thrown at you and-and-and adapted."

"Should I tell her?" He thought as he listened to her speech.

It seemed that she was done speaking. Maybe she was searching for what to say next. He took the opportunity to say something.

"I'm not as strong as you think I am. I'm barely keeping it together," the robotic voice said on his behalf. He typed again, then looked up at her with a pained expression as he hit "send." "Until I met the smelly one, Luger, the President, and you, I wanted to die. I get it now. I think. I should try and live up to what you see in me. I just need to keep my mind occupied and away from the feelings and thoughts that I'm a captive and have no control over my life. In talking with you and thinking over your words, I want to try. I don't know how I'll contribute and I don't know what tomorrow will bring. But if there's a chance I can go back home, I'll do my best to try and see that day." Troy could feel the lump in his throat as the words came from the device. He forced a smile, looked back at the communicator, and typed again. "Someone told me in a dream that I'd be okay. That I may even find love here - whatever that means." The Colonel's head rocked slowly to her left with a hint of confusion in her expression. "With that said, we should keep moving. I'm pretty hungry."

She seemed to come to - possibly from deep thought - then nodded. "Yeah," she said, her voice cracking. "That's probably best. I'm getting hungry myself. This armor is starting to stick to me," she said and chuckled.

She looked at him endearingly, then hugged him with her free arm. She rubbed his back and squeezed him gently, then pulled away. She smiled warmly and turned to the side. She nodded her head down the hallway, patted his shoulder, and turned to lead the way once more.

She led him to the laundry room where she placed her helmet on top of one of the tables. The brown cow set down her folding and moseyed over. Her eyes opened just enough to take in a full sweep of Troy's body. She seemed to stare at him, but looked disappointed. She took the helmet from the table and carried it in the back room while the Colonel pulled the gun strap from her shoulder. She unlocked the clip, unchambered the round, then fed the bullet back in the clip. She placed both on the counter, then reached under her left armpit to unbuckle the armor. She lifted from the bottom to pull her head free from the hole, then slid it down her left arm until the armor fell on the countertop. Her shirt was still soaked with sweat and was just transparent enough to show a glimpse of pink bleeding through. She reached down and unbuckled her pants and pushed them down as she bent over. Troy had to look away for fear he'd stare at her behind.

"Oh! Now *that's* embarrassing," she muttered as she looked down while dropping the long sleeve shirt to the floor.

Troy looked over at her. Her pink sports bra was soaked through with her nipples fully pressed into the fabric. He looked down further to find her crotch was soaked

through and - short of being naked - every facet of her womanhood was visible in the folds and creases of her bikini briefs. Troy could smell the sweat. He could smell the perfumes from her body wash and shampoo. There was an underlying, alluring scent tickling his nose, but it wasn't overwhelming his testosterone like the other - presumably pheromone - scent. It was still seductive, but he felt more in control of his urges. He still felt drawn to her - to press his nose into her chest and crotch.

Troy shook his head of those thoughts. "She's still a beast," he reminded himself. "It's disgusting to think like this. It'd be just as if I had lustful thoughts towards Angel."

Bringing that name back to the forefront of his mind caused him to feel a renewed desire to find her. He still didn't know where she disappeared to. He felt bad for not actively trying to find her on the other ship.

The Colonel slid her fingers into the fabric along her chest and groin. She pulled her sensitive parts free from the fabric's clutches. Troy found himself stealing glances again. He watched as she pulled up on the hem of the sports bra - her breasts rising with the fabric and bouncing as they were freed. She tossed the item in one of the bins, then slid off the fabric from her hips. She tossed her briefs into the bin and filled out the form on the other counter.

Troy watched uncontrollably as she bent over in front of him. He had a view of her pink anus under that fluffy, yet matted tail and pink nether lips that peeked out from her lady mound. It felt so wrong to look at her like this, but she had such a lovely form. He bit his lip as he realized the ache emanating from his penis trying to burrow through its confines. He tried to think of something disturbing to calm himself down. The memory of his skin being held in front of his eyes was losing its potency.

She grabbed something that looked like a communicator from the pants pocket, then picked up the long sleeve shirt and pants and threw them in the bins. She set the communicator on the counter and turned to face Troy. She looked unamused as she glanced from his groin to his eyes

"Look, Troy, I'm flattered that you find me - another species, an "alien," or what-have-you - arousing, but I'm not joking when I say that Sven will murder you if you flash that thing around me," she said calmly. "He wasn't thrilled that I washed you in that state after Luger left you. Don't take it personal. I *do* find you intriguing, but not attractive."

Troy felt his heart sink. He put so much effort into maintaining that *these creatures* were "disgusting." To hear one of them say that...he didn't fully understand why he felt this way. Was he subconsciously seeking approval from them? Was it

because someone he befriended said it? Perhaps it was for the best. He was no match for the Lieutenant. Sven was taller, more muscular, better endowed, and a more handsome creature than Troy. In her eyes, how could he possibly compete with that?

"I *do* hope you, someday, give in to those hidden desires you're fighting off. Plus, there was that line you said occurred in your dream. Some dreams are vague glimpses into the future. Don't put too much stock in them, but...you never know. We're just like you. We may look different, but we're not once you think about it." She stepped over and placed her hand on his cheek. "Troy, I think that once you realize this, you're going to find yourself so much more happier during your time here. It's only going to be as miserable as *you* make it."

Troy felt his brow furrow a bit as the corners of his mouth squeezed toward his lips. His heart felt like a zombie walking in one of those horror films: Dragging one foot, then stepping hard on the other. He stared into her eyes for a moment, then pulled his face free from her hand as he looked at the floor. The statement hit him hard. He felt anger. Confusion. Irritation. Realization?

"I'll leave you to your thoughts. We need to get washed up so we can go eat," the Colonel said as she quickly reclaimed her hand and moved past him.

She grabbed the communicator and a few towels from one of the racks, then moved to the doorway. He wondered why she grabbed so many. Maybe she toweled dry as opposed to using the wall dryers? Troy followed her into the locker room. She stopped at the last row of lockers before the shower room. She turned to Troy and nodded her head to her right.

"Third one in is mine. Toss your clothes in there. I need to contact Sven to make sure he's bringing me a change of clothes. Talk to one of the ladies in the laundry room to get yourself assigned a locker. I'd stay away from Danielle the tigress - Danny we call her. She's not a fan of humans. Not sure why," she said and appeared to think before looking at him again. "Stella might be too busy, but Beth - the brown cow - will be more than happy to help you." She leaned in a bit and whispered. "Be on your guard, though. Don't get seduced by her. She's a sweetheart, but she's a bit of a nympho. A recovering one, but one nonetheless."

Troy wasn't sure what that meant. The Colonel seemed to see his confusion.

"She's very sex-driven. Sex was like water to her: She couldn't live without it," the Colonel explained, then giggled. She looked at Troy with a smile. "Also, while it's proper

to call me Colonel, you can call me Bunny. I don't want you to feel like a stranger around me, crystal?"

Troy nodded. "Thank you," the robotic voice said from between Troy's hands. "Bunny," it finally said. He wasn't sure it felt right to call her that, but it was by her command. He would follow orders this time.

Bunny curtsied like a dancer in one of those period dramas where they held large parties with women in big, poofy dresses and everyone had large, curly loops on the hair's end. She pulled out her communicator and started tapping away at it. Troy moved to the locker she indicated and started to undress. Troy looked into the locker and took a deep breath, then closed the door. He tried to calm his nerves and prepare himself for what was about to transpire. This was about as frightening as walking the corridors of the other ship during the attack. There weren't any explosions or orbs of death whizzing by his head, but he was in no less danger. He loosed his breath and moved towards the waiting Bunny.

She chuckled and tapped a few things into the communicator, then looked over at Troy. She chuckled again, then walked past him to put the communicator in the locker. She joined him and they walked into the shower area together.

"Sorry. Sven was just telling me something you may find intriguing," she said and began to hang the towels on the shower tree. She looked at him and placed a hand on one of her hips while motioning with the other hand. "It seems your reputation is spreading throughout the ranks."

Troy looked at her in confusion - his head tilting to the side and twisting to the right. Bunny brought her hand up to her mouth and giggled.

"Just know that everyone thinks you're a badass. No one can believe that you aren't dead or suffering more from what the other colony did to you. Your story is growing into a legend." Bunny brought her other hand up and mocked lettering on a billboard. "The human laughed in the face of his captors as they peeled his smooth husk from his body. He used their own weapons against them and blew off the heads of anyone that dared cross paths with him. He threw a punch so hard that it cracked the ribs of the toughest, scariest woman among us."

She began to laugh as she turned to pull the levers and released the water. She turned to face him again as she held her hand in the stream.

"Bottom line is: You may not have any other run-ins with the people while you're here," she said plainly. "Some are even going so far as to say that you're tougher than any of us." She smiled warmly. "People are acknowledging you, Troy," she said happily.

He knew that was all stretched truths, but it still brought a smile to his face. She smiled with him, then seemed to remember something.

"I almost forgot. Do you mind grabbing us some shampoo, conditioner, and body wash?" She brought a finger to her lower jaw as she looked at the floor. "That's right. I don't think you can read our language," she said and looked up at him. "On the shelves, it's the red bottle, pink bottle, and a green bottle. If you could please grab them, I'll get rinsed off."

Troy nodded as she began to soak her chest in the water. He found himself staring at her as she moved her hands through her white and gray-spotted fur. He watched as her hands pressed into her breasts and traveled down her rippled stomach. He had to pry his eyes away as she let out a soft moan while rinsing off her groin.

What was it about her that he couldn't stop staring? It *had* to be her body type. He'd masturbated so many times to human porn. But those people had normal bodies with ample breasts. Many of them had so much makeup on or had so much cosmetic surgery done that they were fake. The Colonel was all natural. Maybe that was why he appreciated her more. "Appreciated" sounded safer to think than "sexually appealing" given the circumstances.

Troy grabbed the bottles from the shelves. He looked down to find himself fully engorged. Was his body trying to get him killed? He took a moment to settle down before walking back into the shower room.

He walked up to the shower tree and placed the bottles in the rack. His heart began to pound. His hands were trembling. He glanced over at the Colonel. Her fur was flush against her muscular frame. She looked much thinner like that. Pink nipples no bigger than the tips of his smallest fingers poked through her fur with areolas the size of his first finger and thumb creating a circle. He watched her move her hands over her breasts again, then over her shoulders and arms. Her hands snaked down her stomach as the muscle flattened, then sprang up behind them. She leaned forward and held her face in the stream of water as she reached up and pulled the ribbon from her ears free, then pulled another ribbon free from behind her head. Troy didn't know that she had hair. It was pulled so tight to her head that it looked like long fur. She shook her head and her bobbed hair sprang free. It was no longer than to her jaw and was nearly silver

like her spots. She hung the ribbons up on the bottle rack and ran her hands over her long ears.

Troy swallowed hard and tried his best to hide his panting - plus his excitable penis. Troy had seen this pose many times before with a woman's arms raised up to make their breasts perky perfection. He swore he was staring at a goddess. A hairy, animal-faced goddess. He'd lost count as to how many times he finished while staring at photos of women in this pose.

"Regardless of genealogical differences, this is still a phenomenal humanoid female form before me," Troy thought as he gripped the body wash bottle tightly. "Still, I have to approach this as a doctor would and not think of her sexually."

Troy swallowed hard once more and breathed slowly. He tried his best to stifle his growing excitement of placing his hands on this seemingly perfect creature as he walked behind her. He steadied his hands as he uncapped the bottle and squeezed a bit onto his palm. He raised the bottle up as she continued to run her hands through her fur and hair. The smell of fake rain mixed in with the damp smell of the room, the smell of wet fur, the smell of her sweat, and other perfumes filled his nose, but there was an underlying "willing female" scent leftover from someone in the air. It was making this task extremely difficult to do without inciting a raging erection.

He squeezed the clear gel onto her shoulders and moved the bottle down the middle of her back. He bent over and placed the bottle at his feet. His forehead landed directly onto her formerly fluffy nub of a tail. She squeaked and giggled upon contact. Troy forced a chuckle out and did his best not to drag in a deep breath of her scent. He stood upright as he worked the gel into a lather in his palms. He slowly moved his hands up to her back. His hands quaked, his heart skipped a beat, and he lost his breath as he pressed his hands into her solid, muscular shoulders. She cooed and quietly groaned as he worked his hands into her fur along her shoulders, then her back.

"Make sure to get it down to the skin. And remember to look for anything abnormal," she said - the water causing her voice to burble from the water entering and passing over her mouth.

He kneaded his fingers deeper into her fur at her request. It was taking all of his willpower to remain calm. Her musculature was very defined. So far, her skeletal structure was nearly identical to his. It seemed that his suspicions were true: Besides the skulls and lower legs - and fur - they were the same. He worked his hands down her back and sides to just above her back bump. He was going to need more soap. As he reached down to grab the bottle, his hands glanced over her tight butt. She gasped and

her back arched. He lost his balance as her butt bounced against the side of his face and hit the tiled floor hard on his shoulder. It didn't hurt so much as surprised him. He looked up as she quietly shrieked and wiped the water from her eyes.

"I'm so sorry. Are you okay?" She asked with a lot of concern.

Troy smiled as he shook his head. He pointed at her butt, then the side of his face. The more he thought about what just happened, the more he felt himself laugh.

"Oh my," she chuckled out as her face stretched into laughter. "I'm so," she choked out between laughs.

Her mouth stretched wider and wider and her teeth became more exposed. Troy stopped laughing and focused on a metal object in her mouth. It was attached to her gum with screws and a thin wire stretched across her front teeth along the gum. Her squinted eyes met his and her laughter died instantly. She brought her hand up and covered her mouth as she looked away.

"I...I'm sorry you had to see that," she said somberly and cleared her throat. "Please don't tell anyone...about..."

Troy had to think quickly. She was much too strong of a woman...-imal...*furry person* to be shaken up by an inconsequential item as a set of false teeth. He got to his feet and his hands hovered over her lower back. Troy mustered the courage and did the only thing he could think of. He pressed his hands into her lower back and slid them along the tops of her hips. She gasped and became straight as a board as his hands slid around to her front and pressed into her rippled stomach. He pressed his cheek into the nape of her neck and squeezed her close to him. This felt...strange...yet...comforting to him. She was so hairy, yet...she *was* a woman. Sure she had long ears, a short muzzle, animal legs, and a tail that fluttered against his semi-engorged penis...but she had feelings, too.

"They're right," Troy thought as he sighed over her shoulder. "They're a lot like me. Flesh. Blood. Feelings..."

He felt her body relax and her arms lowered onto his. She reached over and patted his forearm.

"Thank you. Even the strongest woman needs a hug every once in a while," she said calmly, yet quietly.

Troy felt her hands caress his forearms as she gently swayed.

"Now you know my weakness," she said after a moment. "I shouldn't let it bother me, but it does." She reached up and moved her hand along his bald head. "Still, I don't want anyone else to know about this. You won't say anything to anyone...will you?"

Troy shook his head against her neck. He closed his eyes as water was splashing against his face. He pulled away from her and used the backs of his hands to wipe the water from his eyes. He grabbed the bottle and squeezed some of the gel onto his palms and her supple rump and flicking tail.

"Thank you," she said just as calm and quiet. "Tr-hoy!" She began to say calmly before her voice raised several octaves as he massaged the soap into her tail.

She began to moan and pant as he worked his fingers into her tail. She calmed down a bit and breathed slower as he began to work the lather into her tight butt.

"Lesson number one when touching us, sir," she said in a bit of a lecturing tone. "Take it easy with our tails. They are very sensitive and very," she said and huffed out a breath. "Erogenous."

Troy felt calm, but working his hands into this area was a struggle. Jackie's butt was squishy and soft. The Colonel's was firm with a hint of squish. Even her thighs were like this. He could feel the heat from her groin as he worked his hands around her thick thighs. He was afraid he was liking this a bit too much. Maybe she was, too. If anyone walked in on them like this, he may be safe, but he didn't want to chance it. He kept his breathing steady and tried not to focus on where his hands were. He was working his hands into her left thigh and moving his hand closer and closer to the crook of her leg junction.

"Sven," Bunny said with a bit of melancholy.

Troy's hands pulled away from her fur and hovered there. His heart began to race and visions of his head rolling along the floor flashed in his mind.

"He did this to me," she said and turned her upper body to look down at Troy. She waved her hand as if swatting at an imaginary fly. "N-not like that," she said and lowered her hand. She pointed up to her face. "It happened while we were training," she said calmly, then chuckled. "He hit me so fucking hard." She paused and moved her hand across her mouth. "Blood and teeth flew everywhere." She lowered her hand and gave a small smile. "I actually thanked him. I think that's when I fell in love with him, too

- as crazy as that sounds." She giggled and lowered her hand to her chest. "He was the first one I sparred with that treated me as a proper woman. As an equal," she said and sighed contentedly. "He reached down and helped me to my feet," she said calmly. "I held on to his hand as I drove my knee into his stomach, then swung around and swept his feet out from under him," she continued in a - what Troy believed was - fawning way. "I jumped to my feet and landed on his chest with my knees in his arms. I struck his lower jaw with my palm and stopped my fist just as it was about to strike the bump in his throat. I stared into those beautiful brown eyes full of rage." She giggled. "I couldn't stop the pounding in my chest," she finished saying, lustily. She sighed and her hand fell to her waist. "He apologized profusely," she explained. "But I made him sorry in bed that night," she said lustily again, grinning smugly.

Troy cringed at the image she forced into his head. She giggled at him and turned to face the water once more. He began to work his hands into her thigh fur again. The heat emanating from her groin had intensified. She sighed contentedly as he worked down to her knees - or whatever these things were.

Troy nearly sprang free from his skin as something slapped his shoulder. He whirled his head over to see a familiar set of wiry arms, genitalia, horns, and eyes. Luger squeaked as he took a step back in fright. He held his hands up against his chest in loose fists.

"Mas-der, Troy. You shoul'n't do that. Let me," Luger said and reached over to take the bottle from the floor.

"Oh! Hey Luger! I didn't even hear you come in," Bunny said in a bit of a higher-pitched voice.

Luger smiled wide at her with a mischievous look. "Luger's shneaky."

Troy could swear he'd seen a look like that before. Like one a child would make. The more Troy thought about it, the more he began to think that Luger spoke like one, too. Maybe he had the mind of a child. Troy remembered what the fornicating skunks were talking about from Luger's past. Though he had the appearance of an androgynous male in his early twenties, he sounded and acted more like a child than an adult. That seemed to fill in some holes in Troy's thoughts about him. It would explain his timid demeanor, his nervousness of being naked, his outbursts, and maybe even his sexual confusion.

"Well," Bunny said as if thinking. "He does have a point, Troy. He's more experienced in our anatomy and needs during bathing. Plus, he knows what to look for

when looking for abnormalities.” She turned and looked down at Troy. “Why don’t you go ahead and clean up. Let Luger take over.”

Troy nodded and got to his feet. He looked over at the still grinning Luger.

“Luger, you may have just saved my life,” Troy thought and gave the gazelle a little smile.

Troy left the two and retrieved his own body wash bottle. He returned and activated the shower across from them. He rinsed off the soap that was left from him hugging the Colonel and covered his body in water. There were some itchy parts from the green stuff flaking off. Luger had finished washing her legs as Troy began to lather the gel onto his own body.

He couldn’t help himself. His movement slowed as he watched Luger’s hands carelessly soap her chest and breasts. His hands were barely moving as Luger soaped up her washboard abs, then began to carefully work his hands down into her groin. His eyes fixated on the show he was given. He felt a massive tinge of jealousy for Luger’s hands. Maybe it was for the best. He would need to find something to catch his release later in the night if he had continued to wash the body of that goddess. He may regret it later, but it was better than regretting it now - even though he felt like some perverted voyeur watching Luger’s thin fingers work the soap into her nooks and crannies.

Click...clomp

Hands rubbing those breasts.

Clomp...clack

Defly tracing along her muscles.

Clack...click

Gingerly swiping along that...warm...slick...

Clomp...CLOMP

“Woul’ve brought an axe had I know we had awl these woods in here,” bellowed a certain accented, antlered...

Troy felt his insides clamp down so hard he thought he’d implode. Troy saw Luger’s reaction was much the same. Shampoo squirted from the bottle he held and onto the hard floor by his cloven feet. Troy hadn’t noticed the hulking beast walking into the room. He lowered his eyes to see Luger had an erection. It wasn’t as big as it was when he was washing Troy, but it was undeniably noticeable. Troy regretted looking down to see his strange digit was rock hard and a large bump formed around the base. It was a bad time to notice how odd it looked - painfully so in a couple of ways.

Troy slowly turned his head over and up. His eyes moved from the large cloven feet to the thick legs, torso, and arms of the reindeer. He winced at the sight of the gun wrapped over his broad shoulders and resting in his massive hands. The armor made this monster look even more menacing, but those eyes and that gigantic rack of antlers did the job just fine. Troy's eyes lowered and fixated on the digit that was tapping the trigger guard of the gun. Thankfully, the gun was pointed at the ground. Regrettably, the imposing figure held the gun even if he didn't need one to murder the other males attending his significant other.

"Hey, Sven," Bunny...the Colonel said cheerfully. "Luger was helping me wash up in place of Troy since he knows what to look for better than our novice. Afterwards, me and Troy were going to get something to eat after I showed him around," she said sweetly to the unwaveringly irritated Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant's face turned more aggressive as the gun arched over and lined up with Troy's waist extension.

"Haw 'bout I cancel those plans," he spat as his finger slipped between the trigger guard and the trigger.

The fur on his knuckles and hand stood on end as he began to squeeze his finger against the mechanism.

The Colonel sauntered over to the belligerent male and caressed his cheek. "Honey, you know Luger's," she said sweetly and trailed off. "He's just being nice. You know how much of a sweetheart Luger is. And Troy...well," she said and glanced down, then back up at the sneering reindeer. "I'm sure he hasn't had a companion or a proper release in a long time...if ever," she whispered to her companion.

Troy's ears seemed to be drowning out the sound of the water and focused entirely on their conversation.

"How about...you get out of those clothes," she said as her finger traced down his jaw and down his neck to his chest. "And I wash you?" Her voice was filled with sickly sweet lust. Her finger continued down his torso and stopped over his groin. "Maybe get that...hard," she emphasized as she aggressively groped his manhood. "To reach place?" She whispered seductively.

The Lieutenant's expression softened slightly as he looked from Troy to the Colonel. He looked threateningly over at Troy again, then to a look of surprise. Troy saw

the Colonel had slipped her hand into her lover's pants and was moving her hand around the contents. The Lieutenant's eyes fluttered as his expression softened once more and he lowered the gun. His lips parted and he huffed out a quick breath as his body lurched upwards. She rose up on her toes and kissed her companion and lightly slapped his long muzzle.

The Colonel turned around to face the others and smiled brightly with a wink. She floated back under the water and gently tapped the end of Luger's nose.

"Everything's alright now, sweetie," she said comfortingly.

Troy looked between the three males. It seemed the "lumber" in the room had moved to another location. Luger's hands trembled violently as he worked the shampoo and conditioner in her hair, then helped remove any remnants of soap from her fur. Troy quickly washed himself and was about to turn off the water.

Luger's hooves seemed to be rattling against the floor as he stepped slowly away from the Colonel.

"Thank you, sweetheart. I feel incredible," she said and leaned in to kiss his cheek.

Luger squeaked and tapped away from her as he held his face. His bottom lip quivered and he looked to be in pain even though he smiled. The Colonel giggled and reached out to place her fingers under Luger's jaw. She scratched under his muzzle as she spoke.

"Why don't you give Troy a once-over just to be sure." She stopped scratching Luger's neck as she seemed to think. "Luger, sweetie, when was the last time someone washed you?"

Luger was lost in a trance as her fingers worked along his jaw and neck. "Uh...um...uh," he stumbled out as his right hoof tapped against the floor.

"Not since the last time I did it, huh?"

"N-no...kerna," Luger lazily said in his stupor.

"Myself and the President don't always have the time to help you with that, sweetie." The Colonel turned to look over at Troy. "Would you be so kind as to help out your shower buddy? You're both just going to have to..." The Colonel twirled her finger

along the fur of Luger's under-muzzle as if she were spinning a small pizza dough. "Get over it," she said as if speaking to a dog. Her hand moved from Luger and splatted against her thighs as she bent over to look him in the eye. "Look, Luger, even I had to toughen up. It wasn't easy when I was young and being fondled by some...icky boy." She leaned in and kissed the end of his nose. "It'll be okay. Trust me. Troy's not scary. You'll get more comfortable with each other the more you do it."

The Lieutenant's hooves clomped along the floor as he walked up to the Colonel. "She's right. Stop being-k poosies and poh-lish each other's knobs like good faggots."

The Colonel's face soured as she looked, then walked over to the smirking beast and punched him solidly in the stomach. The Lieutenant doubled over as the air rushed from his mouth in a "*foof!*" She straightened up and put on her "commanding officer's" face.

"Speak like that again and I will," she barked and forcefully grabbed his large, furry sheath, "Rip this fucking thing clean off. Do I make myself crystal...fucking...clear?"

"Sir, yes, sir!" The Lieutenant squealed as he tried to salute while writhing in an indescribable amount of pain.

The Colonel looked over at Troy and mocked a smile. "We'll be right back. It seems I have to discipline my insufferable subordinate." Her face shifted back to absolute seriousness. "March with me, scum!" She bellowed.

Troy could see the muscle in her arm bulge and her knuckles and tendons popped from the fur of her hand as she gripped her companion's sheath. She pulled him into the locker room. After a long, quiet pause, it sounded like a soldier getting chewed out by a Drill Sergeant in a movie.

Troy looked over at Luger. Only running water separated them now. Luger appeared to be shaking and covering himself. The way he was standing and glancing over at Troy made something click in Troy's head. He went to school with a "boy" who acted like this. "He" dressed in frilly clothes - sometimes wearing skirts with long socks, a blouse, and a collar. "He" wasn't bothered by being called a girl and referred to "himself" as a "femboy." "He" used to stand like that and glance at the boy he liked. "He" had to transfer schools later that year, but Troy would never forget how kind "he" was to him.

Troy, too, began to tremble and become nervous - his eyes slightly widening.

“Oh no.”