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

Chapter 23. “How To Shower Your Buddy”

Troy heard all the whispers. Luger even had a *massive* erection the first time he washed Troy. Maybe he’d just never been with another person? The mind of a child with the testosterone of a young adult wouldn’t know how to handle these...animalistic, primal urges. If they still had the mating habits of their animal ancestors, it would only be natural that he’d react that way with another naked body. Some species were even known to be homosexual or bisexual. Some studies sometimes referred to them as “pansexual” since gender identity is unknown in animals. This term was mostly used with animals attempting to mate with objects or other species. Troy remembered blips of headlines where one species attempted to mate with another.

Troy was ashamed to admit he’d browsed over those headlines when writing an essay on Sexual Promiscuousness In Humans for his Biological Psychology course. He had to research various sexualities and romanticism, bondage, sadism and masochism, role playing, and other forms of pleasure derived from various “strange” behaviors. He didn’t extrapolate, but he did include a blurb about this behavior in animals to reinforce his topic on those various sexual behaviors in humans.

“Would that make them *all* pansexual since they’re mating with another “species” from their animal side? Or were they just acting from their *human* side and treating each other as just another homo sapien?” Troy wondered.

It wasn’t just with him, though. Luger was even becoming erect when washing the Colonel.

“Is he...*bisexual* then? Could he be *pansexual*?” Troy thought.

When fully put into perspective, it made sense.

Regardless, Luger was another male. Troy would have to look past that *and* Luger's possible orientation and become comfortable with his "shower buddy" if he was to continue living here. He would have to again rely on his medical background to try and look past this "juvenile" manner in which the others treated it as. Troy rolled up his figurative sleeves and walked up to Luger.

Troy stopped in front of Luger and lightly pressed his lips together into a slight smile. He held out his hand and waited for Luger to place his within it. Luger looked timidly at Troy's hand, then up to his eyes. He slowly moved his arm from across his chest and delicately placed his hand in Troy's. Troy could feel Luger shaking. His hand felt like before: It was soft and reminded him of the tops of Angel's paws - soft fur with bony structure underneath. It was a bit strange. He had pads on his fingertips and two small, round pads on either side of his palm. One was on the meaty part over his thumb joint and the other was on the outside of his palm. His nails were thick and black, but looked like human fingernails in size and shape. They looked like they could use a trim.

Troy looked from Luger's hand to his face. He *was* a handsome creature. Troy wondered if anyone looked at him and saw this rather than his "appointed" and "assumed" sexuality? Sure he was a bit childish, but that didn't have to define him.

Troy looked into Luger's wide eyes and nodded, then carefully pulled on his hand to guide them over to the running water. Troy stood just outside of the water and motioned with his free hand for Luger to enter the stream. He let go of Luger's hand and walked over to the body wash container still on the floor. He looked over at Luger after picking up the container to see him holding his hand in the falling water. Troy could feel his heart quicken and the nervousness return. He did his best to fight it.

Luger stepped into the water and closed his eyes as the water began to soak his fur. His hand violently shook as he lifted it from its assumed codpiece role. His hands gradually became more still as he ran his hands through his chest and stomach fur. Troy took the opportunity to steady his breathing, heartbeat, and hands, then walked behind Luger.

There wasn't much to Luger underneath all that fur. A "string bean" as Troy's grandma used to refer to him as when he was younger. Luger lowered his head and horns into the stream and ran his hands over his face and through the fur on his head and neck. He brought his head back and wiped the water from his eyes, then lowered his hands down to his stomach. He carefully moved his hands over his lower stomach, over his long sheath, then over those lemons. Troy fought the urge to look away.

"This is only natural. As the Colonel said, "This is not sexual, but vital to their survival." Seeing this is not a big deal," Troy thought as he squeezed the contents of the bottle into his palm.

Luger softly whined as his hands moved over his testicles and into the fur of his inner thighs. Just this small amount of contact was enough to cause him to become exposed from his sheath. Luger cleared his throat - seemingly in realization of the lewd noises he was making. Troy watched as he bent over and worked the water into his thighs and lower legs. He straightened up and turned to allow the water to run over his back as he worked it into his small rear. He groaned and straightened out his back with his hands on his lower back. Several loud and quiet pops emanated from his back as he groaned. He huffed out his breath and hunched over with his hands hanging in front of him. He opened his eyes as he stood upright and looked over at Troy. Luger seemed to lurch a bit in shock or fright. His body began to tremble again as he began to turn to face the water once more.

Troy took this as his cue. He looked at Luger's head, then the gel and back to Luger. He pointed to Luger's head with a questioning look. Luger closed his eyes and nodded slightly before continuing to turn towards the water.

"That's o-gay. Luger don't have hair lige most. Sometimes the kerna uses the con'tion-er on my fur to soften it. Ih gan get dry sometimes," Luger quietly stated, his voice trembling along with his body.

Luger tried his best to smile. Troy was noticing a speech pattern with his shower buddy. It only made Troy more curious and he wanted to talk to Luger about it later. Why did he use a hard "g" in place of a hard "k?" Why were some of his actions so child-like? For now, he was fixated on making this uncomfortable situation as natural as possible. Perhaps the last part was the trick to this: Treat this as if washing a child and Troy was the guardian.

Troy reached up and squeezed a bit of the gel onto Luger's head, then placed the bottle on the floor. He worked the gel in his hand into a lather and reached over to Luger's head. Luger closed his eyes and tilted his head back to give Troy better access. This was fine...except for the fact that his horn came less than an inch from poking into Troy's eye. Troy softly sighed and hoped he wouldn't have to worry about those things later.

Troy placed his hands onto the young Furry's head and worked the gel into the space between his horns. It was a bit difficult to get the angles right, but he managed.

His fur wasn't as soft as the Colonel's. It was a bit thicker and coarser on the top layer and softer the further Troy sunk his fingers. It was still softer than the fur of true animal's, though. Troy surprised himself when a memory of going to a petting zoo with deer in it came back to him.

"Mayg sure to get behind my ears," Luger said as he wiggled them. "Mom will be ang'y with Luger if his ears are dirty."

Troy wondered why Luger referred to himself in the third-person. That was a bit strange to him. Troy couldn't remember another person speaking that way. He shook his head and began to work the soap along his ears.

"Sweetie, you know President Alundra will murder you if she finds out you called her that," Troy heard from the right.

Troy felt Luger's body lurch and he softly squeaked in shock. Troy looked over and saw the Colonel and Lieutenant walking into the shower room. It seemed she'd finished chewing out the reindeer.

"Remember what she said about you calling her that?"

Troy worked on the second ear as Luger moved his head and flashed her a big, goofy, toothy grin and giggled. He wiped his eyes and looked at her.

"She'd have to gatch Luger first," he said, ever so child-like.

"Luger, you goofball. You're such a cutey," she replied in a higher pitch as she walked over toward the other side of the shower tree and turned it on. "You know, if we'd found you sooner, I swear we'd be boyfriend/girlfriend."

Luger gave a look of shock as the Colonel giggled while making kissy faces at him. The massive reindeer seemed to want to say something, but looked at the Colonel and seemed to think twice. Luger's nostrils flared as he breathed out of his mouth and a soft screech escaped his throat. Troy giggled as he picked up the body wash and squeezed more of the product onto his hand, then over Luger's shoulders and neck.

Something caught Troy's attention in his newly sensitive nose. He couldn't quite discern *what* it was with how weak it was. He shook it off as Luger looked to the side and down to the floor. Troy worked his hands into the neck and shoulders of this big child. This large, shaking child.

Troy could feel his heart pounding. It was deep, hard, and resonated in his chest. He felt warmer than normal. Perhaps he was just feeling a bit embarrassed.

(Author's note: I mentioned this next part in my journal, but I know most of my readers don't see them. TW: Physical abuse scars ahead. Please skip to the next note if you are sensitive to this type of material. This is for story/entertainment purposes ONLY. It is not my intention to conjure any suppressed demons my readers may have. I'm so sorry for what you've been through. ;~; *hugs*)

Troy continued to work the lather into Luger's bony back. His fingers brushed against something raised and stiff near the middle of Luger's back between the shoulder blades. He moved his finger along it. His other hand found another. Troy took a step back and leaned over to get a better look.

"Troy?" He heard the Colonel call over quietly.

He straightened up and looked over at her. He could feel Luger violently shaking against his hands.

She held her hand up to her mouth and had such a pained expression. She slowly shook her head and sniffled. She blinked and lowered her hand. Her jaw and lips were trembling.

"Just," she said quietly, her voice cracking. "Ignore that for now. I'm so sorry for not warning you about it." A tear fell from her eye. "He won't talk to anyone about it...so," she continued, but trailed off - her voice trembling and sounding choked up - then slowly shook her head again.

She wiped her eyes as she sniffled, then turned and buried her face into the Lieutenant's chest. He kissed the top of her head and rubbed her back as he embraced her. Troy figured the Lieutenant wouldn't admit it if Troy were to mention seeing a bit of empathy flash from the Lieutenant's quick glance their way.

Troy curled his bottom lip in and bit it with his front teeth. He could only imagine what had caused these welts. He decided it was best if he followed orders and continued to massage the suds into the vibrating gazelle's back.

"It's no wonder the others never saw Luger's scars. I wouldn't have noticed them without touching them. His fur hides them well," Troy thought as he worked his way down the thin back of Luger.

The hidden scars traveled down Luger's back to his glutes. Troy squeezed more body wash onto his hand, onto Luger's backside, and along Luger's fluffy, nearly eight-inch tail that *just* covered the crevice to his anus. Troy remembered what the Colonel said about their tails and proceeded with caution. He steadied, then placed his hands on the top of Luger's butt and began to work the soap into Luger's fur. Troy could hear short, muffled moans coming from Luger's throat. He went slower as he cupped the twitching appendage in his hands and worked up to the tip. Luger's legs dipped and a long moan vibrated in his neck. Troy glanced up and could barely see his "buddy's" calm, almost sated, expression.

Troy continued down Luger's rump to find more welts where his glutes met his thighs. There seemed to be a higher concentration of them here. A *lot* more. He continued to wash down Luger's legs and feet. It was a bit difficult to get in-between his thighs because he clamped them tightly together. Troy *had* to wash there, too. It was probably an unwritten rule. Troy got some more gel lathered onto his hands and nudged Luger's leg to try and get him to spread them. Luger was very reluctant, but he finally slid one of his shaky hooves to the side - the sound of clicking and clacking intensifying as he moved. Troy brought his hands up and began to massage into the fur.

"How the hell does he walk with those things?" Troy wondered as he glanced at the hanging lemon basket.

The thing was so large that it was still touching his inner thighs with his legs spread apart to just over shoulder width. Troy stopped his hands and felt rage building within him. He hadn't known Luger long enough to feel anything towards the beast, but what he saw infuriated him on another level. His fingers dug into Luger's left thigh as his anger intensified.

"Muh-masder Troy," Luger whined. "You're...you're hurding me."

Troy heard the words, but they didn't register. His focus was on the gazelle's genitalia. The back of Luger's scrotum was covered in thin, welted scars. He could feel his chest and arms tighten as his mind raced.

"Who could do such a thing?" Troy thought, his inner voice growling. "What kind of monster..."

Luger's hand touched Troy's. Troy snapped out of his rage-induced focus and his eyes went to that wiry hand. He could see his fingers making large indents into Luger's furry thigh.

"Masder Troy. Please. Please stop. It...it's okay," Luger's surprisingly calm and sweet voice said.

Troy loosened his grip and started breathing heavily as his muscles relaxed. Luger began to rub his hand along Troy's - his body twisted to look down at him. Troy looked up at the poor creature with a horribly pained expression. He couldn't tell if those were tears or water droplets falling from Luger's eyes, but he still felt the pain in those golden orbs.

"It's okay, Master Troy. *I'm* okay. He can't hurt me anymore," Luger sweetly said, his voice so calm and compassionate.

Troy couldn't stop the tear that sprang from his eye. He'd seen some horrible things - even been a victim of some - but this was gruesome. He'd never seen anything this cruel.

"Are you sure, buddy?" Troy thought, but couldn't say - even if he wanted to. "Is there any permanent damage? Are you...sterile because of this?"

Troy just stared back into Luger's eyes while lost in his thoughts. Luger gave him such a sweet, kind smile. It only made Troy's chest tighten more - this time in pain and compassion for his new friend.

"He is, isn't he?" Troy wondered as he used his forearm to wipe his eyes.

He was lost in thought as he looked back down at Luger's thin thigh and gently massaged the suds into his fur. Luger had stopped shaking and his smile decreased in intensity. He took back his hand and twisted back to face the water.

Troy finished between Luger's thighs and stood with the body wash container. Luger turned around and faced Troy with his hands parted from his sides. Troy began to wash his arms and hands, then made his way to Luger's chest. The fur on this side of his body was a lot softer. His fingers passed over more welts as he made his way down Luger's chest and onto his stomach. After a few moments, there was only one thing left to do.

Troy mentally prepared himself for a second before squeezing gel onto his hands. He wasn't sure he was ready for this, but it had to be done. He steadied his hands and slowly moved them to either side of the tubular skin pouch along Luger's groin.

It still felt strange to him seeing this - despite knowing that animals had different genitalia. It wasn't as if he hadn't seen photos of them before. Maybe it was just strange that this anatomy was on a bipedal creature. A few inches of his odd penis was sticking out from the top of that cylindrical skin pouch above his lemon-shaped testicles. He could see the slight flap of skin that attached to the "top" of the cylinder to his body.

Troy tried to remain calm, but it was so difficult seeing the abuse Luger's been through. His rage was further fueled by what he saw next. The end of Luger's penis appeared to have been mangled. There was a surgical scar on the underside and there were smaller welts - like those on his scrotum - at various angles around the exposed flesh. His eyes traveled down to find a bald spot on that connective flap of skin about an inch wide that traveled down the sides of his sheath and disappeared around the sides of his scrotum. Troy's pained and angered expression looked up to the face of the poor creature. Luger's head was slightly tilted up, his eyes were squeezed shut, his expression looked troubled, and he held his balled up fists near his collarbone and upper sternum.

"What the hell?" Troy thought - his hands clenched into fists of his own and quaking with rage. "Luger, I swear to you that no one will ever hurt you like this again. That's a promise!" Troy thought with conviction.

Troy looked at his fists. He could feel the ache in his fingers. He did his best to relax, ease his breathing, and slow his pounding chest. He didn't want to hurt Luger any more than he already had. He imagined he left bruises on Luger's thigh. This wasn't an area where brutish tactics would be as easily brushed off. He didn't want to do this. He didn't want any part of it. But it was made "crystal clear" that this was necessary. He began to hope that he didn't find anything else in his examination. He wondered if he'd be able to control his rage if he did.

Troy looked back at Luger's genitals and lightly pressed his hands next to Luger's sheath. Luger wasn't making this any easier with all the squeaks and moans coming from his throat. Troy worked the lather into Luger's pubic fur and gradually brought his hands closer to the emanating heat of Luger's sheath. Luger's breathing became increasingly erratic with the squeaks and moans getting longer and louder. Despite the damage, it seemed this was still an extremely sensitive area. Troy began to wonder if it was more sensitive than his own. He approached what came next with as much care and delicacy as he did with his own.

(Author's note: End of abusive material...for now. Another warning will precede anything mentioned later.)

Troy gingerly rubbed his soapy hands against the webbed skin and made tight half circles with his thumbs around the cylinder of skin and downy fur. He did his best to ignore Luger's emerging, hardening length. He kneaded and moved his hands to the end of his sheath, then back down to where his scrotum began.

"Did Bunny warn you he might poke you in the eye?" Sven's deep, husky, accented voice called over.

Troy heard a sharp "*SLAP*" come from behind Luger. He moved his head to see what on ear-...this ship had happened. He could see the Colonel staring down the Lieutenant with the most fiery eyes as he looked angrily to his right. A whine started in Luger's throat and increased with volume and intensity.

"Oh, because you weren't about to do the same to me - all half-cocked," the Colonel growled.

There was no denying that fact. Troy could see the Lieutenant's own tapered, conical penis of nearly the same size as Luger's standing out of his sheath. His seemed to have a more defined glans with a bit of a scoop on the top

Luger's eyes shot open and he had the angriest look on his face as he violently lowered his fists, then whirled around - knocking Troy's hands out of the way.

"Sh-shUT UP y-y-YOU BIG JERG!" Luger shouted.

His wiry biceps bunched up in his arms, his knuckles were poking through his fur, and his fists trembled by his waist. Troy could almost *feel* the air around him change from awkward to hostile to uncomfortable. It reminded him of the times Jon would slowly work his way up to chewing someone out - whether he was the target or not. The large reindeer slowly turned his head back to look at Luger.

"Muh-muh-MAKE muh-ME!" Sven mocked. He looked down at the Colonel. "Right. It's not like you weren't just stroking my cock like a damn GAH!!" He said angrily before crying out in pain.

It seemed the Colonel heard enough. Her speed was fast! Troy barely saw her hand fly forward and clench around the top of the Lieutenant's scrotum. He could see her hand slowly rotate.

“One more FUCKING word and I crack these eggs!” She shouted with equally enraged voice and expression. “Is that *crystal* enough for you!?” She spat as the Lieutenant hunched over in pain - his whining echoing off the walls.

Luger chuckled. “That’s what you get!” He said quietly as his balled up fists lowered to rest on his thighs.

“I’m sorry, love,” The Lieutenant squealed out. “I’ve seen you wash him. I swear you treat him bedder than you treat me,” he whined.

The Colonel reached up with her free hand as her other hand stopped rotating. She held his twisted scrotum at nearly ninety degrees. It looked dreadfully painful to watch. Troy felt sympathy pains pulse out from his own groin.

The Colonel’s expression softened. “Luger’s not like you,” she said calmly. “He’s not a warrior like the rest of us. I *have* to be more delicate with him. He didn’t have anyone to help him until Troy showed up.” She looked to the side and became quiet. “A friend. Someone that won’t,” she said and trailed off. Her voice was so “motherly” during this monologue. Her expression turned more serious. “I don’t treat you the same because you don’t *need* to be treated like that. You *are* a warrior. I have to be more vigilant in my inspections of you. We can’t afford to lose you. I...can’t afford to lose you to something that could have been prevented. I can’t go easy on you. You *have* to remain strong and you *have* to survive.” Troy could see her grip ease on his testicles and her hand slowly began to fondle them. “Besides, I treat you *just* fine.” A glint of that mischievous grin flashed, then she turned sincere. “Luger’s still young and,” she said, then glanced down as her hand stopped moving. She looked back up at his face and caressed his cheek. “Just...be nice to him. For me.”

The Lieutenant's expression softened. He glanced towards Luger, then back at the Colonel. “Fine,” he said, sounding a bit defeated.

She rose up on her toes and kissed him. She gently rubbed her nose against his with a giggle, then kissed him again. After a moment, she lowered her frame and took her hands off of him. She turned to face Luger and - more specifically - Troy.

“Now Troy,” she said and squatted down in front of the Lieutenant. She grabbed the body wash and squeezed some on to her hand. “I’m sure you’ve never done this before, so pay attention.” She worked the gel into a lather and placed her hands on the Lieutenant’s sheath. “Gently wash the area,” she said as her hands began to move along the Lieutenant’s sheath. “You don’t have to dig in as deep because the fur isn’t as thick. After you wash the area, gently squeeze it.”

Troy felt like he was being lectured. He already knew how to check the male genitalia for anomalies. He tried to remain calm. It wasn't as if *she* knew this. Plus, it wasn't like he'd done this on an animal. He watched her one hand hold the base of the sheath and her other hand slid up to the end of the sheath. She held her hand there and used her other hand to gently squeeze under the first, then slid it along the length down to the base.

"And Luger," she said as she stopped moving her hands and looked at him. "Remember what I told you. Don't fight it. It's a completely normal response to what's happening to you. It's not sexual and it's unavoidable." She glanced down at the floor. "It's not as if my skin doesn't tingle and I don't react to others touching me in certain places as they wash me." She looked up and over at Troy, then back to Luger. "As long as it's a "good touch," *let* it feel good. Don't be embarrassed. Whether it's me or another icky boy like Troy, just relax and don't worry about it."

Troy wasn't sure if he should be offended whenever she referred to him as "icky."

"Think about it. Troy was relaxed and allowed himself to become aroused as *you* washed *him*. He even did it with me."

Now he felt like he should be offended. The Lieutenant sure looked offended as he glared over at Troy.

"Even this big idiot," she said as she nodded her head back at the Lieutenant. "I'm sure he'd be hard as a rock with another male checking him."

The Lieutenant shifted his glare down to her. His jaw worked as if he was about to object, but it seemed he thought better of it and just pressed his lips together as he continued to glare at her.

"Those areas are wired to react to stimulation regardless of who's doing the stimulating or what the stimulation is."

She was right. No matter how hard he tried, Troy couldn't help reacting to Luger's or the Colonel's touch - nor could he stifle the swelling. Troy glanced over at Luger as he seemed to look defeated.

"I know," Luger muttered.

“Back to what I was saying,” the Colonel said and looked back at the Lieutenant’s genitals. “The next step is to wash their testicles.”

Troy watched as the Colonel’s strong, yet delicate fingers and palms rubbed against all sides of the Lieutenant’s miniature footballs. His focus seemed a bit too strong. He was imagining himself in the Lieutenant’s position - his penis reacting to the implied touch.

“When you’re done, hold them like this,” she said and wrapped her left hand around the back of the Lieutenant’s scrotum. “And gently, yet firmly rub your fingers along each one.”

Troy became increasingly harder as he watched her fingers press into the Lieutenant’s testes. Her fingers pressed into the skin between them, then moved to the other side, and finally rubbed along the bottom. She repeated the process on the other teste.

“When you’re done checking the front, repeat it on the back side. It’s a bit difficult with the angle, so if you have to, move around to the back, have them bend over, and check it from the rear.”

Troy bit his lip as he felt his growing extremity throb. He glanced over at Luger. He had returned to his slightly pained expression with his fists against his upper chest. He, too, was “enjoying” the show. Troy quickly looked back at the Colonel. She finished her examination and looked back at Troy, then Luger.

“Now, sweetie,” she said sweetly, then looked at Troy. “Troy. You’re not going to like this part, but you’re just going to have to deal with it,” she said, her tone more serious - almost commanding.

Luger swallowed hard and began to shake. Quiet moans and squeaks escaped his mouth. “Please no,” he seemed to beg.

“Yes, sweetie,” she said as she looked at him, then over to Troy. “Troy, there’s no other way to say this and you don’t have to be ashamed or embarrassed. Disease, bacteria, tumors, cysts, and other diseases aren’t ashamed or embarrassed of where they attack. Be sure to check for any discharge around the opening of the sheath. Most of it is normal. Clear or very light, milky white is harmless. If it’s a light yellow or green or a darker milk shade, it’s probably fine but keep an eye on it. Those clear up on their own. Any other colors should be reported to the Doctor immediately. The last part is the penis itself.”

Troy cringed. He couldn't help but steal a glance at the Lieutenant's, then Luger's strange looking shafts. He forced his eyes back to the Colonel. He didn't want to see this part play out.

She held her hand in the water. "Absolutely make sure your hand is free of soap. We have cleansers if they're needed, but the sheath contains natural cleansers. Soap of any kind can irritate the highly sensitive skin and mucous membranes." She held her right hand up and nearly pinched her first finger and thumb together. "Very gently pinch the penis with your fingers and slide it down the length. To get the bottom, they may need a little," she said and turned to face the Lieutenant with a sly grin. "Assistance."

Troy watched as her left hand slowly masturbated the sheath of the Lieutenant. The Lieutenant's expression drastically changed to one of satisfaction as he grunted and his penis began to grow even more. His hips bucked back as she pinched the tip of his smaller end and traced her finger and thumb down the length of the Lieutenant's penis to the thicker base. She pressed her left hand deep into his groin and ended the first pass. She paused for a moment. Her breathing had quickened with her torso expanding and contracting fully. Troy couldn't quite see her face, but what she did next explained everything.

"You can check it this way. However...it's optional," she said quietly and lustfully.

Troy watched as the Lieutenant's penis disappeared into her mouth. The Lieutenant's hips bucked back, then forth as a loud, cervine-like grunt rumbled in the shower room. She appeared to swallow all of him. She closed her lips around his penis base and slowly dragged her lips up to the tip. That was enough of a tutorial for Troy.

He didn't study much in the area of Urology - let alone Veterinary Urology - but he thought he understood what she was saying. He looked over at Luger. Luger was still standing there with his fists tight against his upper chest, his eyes squeezed tightly shut, his lips trembling, squeaky moans escaping his throat, and his right hoof clattering against the floor, but at least his penis wasn't as present as it was before. He looked absolutely frightened.

Troy felt bad for him. He wanted to try and calm him down. He stepped in front of the drenched gazelle and took a deep breath. He did his best to remain calm. He wondered if these creatures reacted the same as their feral counterparts: Reacting similar to how you appear to them. Troy reached up and placed his left hand on Luger's trembling fists. Luger lurched with a loud squeak as his eyes flew open. He stared wide-eyed at Troy with his mouth slightly agape. Troy did his best to smile as he rubbed his

thumb along the back of Luger's left hand. He glanced down and softly sighed. He looked back up in Luger's golden eyes. Luger seemed to have calmed down a bit, but he was still trembling. Troy tried to smile again as he brought his right first finger and placed it on Luger's nose. He gently pressed down until Luger was looking down at Troy's painful erection, then removed the digit.

Luger squeaked again and locked eyes with Troy - bearing a look of surprise. While the trembling started to dissipate, Luger began to breathe slower and heavier.

Troy moved his hand to Luger's shoulder and nodded. He mouthed, "It's going to be okay," as he patted Luger's shoulder. He genuinely smiled at Luger, then brought his hand up to rub between Luger's horns.

Luger's eyes shut and he groaned. "Staaahp," he quietly protested.

He said that, but he made no effort to move away from Troy's head pat. He was even smiling a little.

Troy scratched at Luger's hard head as best he could with his nailless fingers. Luger's eyes opened and looked at Troy again as Troy moved his hand from Luger's head. He brought his right hand down and shifted his left so that he could cover both of Luger's smaller, bonier hands. He nodded again as he patted Luger's hands once before taking them away.

"Let's get this over with," Troy thought as he began to kneel.

Troy looked over his hands to make sure they weren't trembling before bringing his eyes up to his target. He tried not to audibly groan as he closed his eyes and pressed his lips together as he brought the corners of his mouth in to create a pucker.

"I may have calmed his nerves, but I just...fuck!" Troy thought, then opened his eyes to see Luger's continuously emerging erection. "I suppose at least I don't have to masturbate him to properly examine him like Bunny did Sven," he thought with a bit more rationale.