

Scottio, or Scott as his friends called him, flopped down on an empty seat directly across from the sliding doors that served as the entrance and exit to this particular cabin of the subway. He had been poring over line after line of code for hours and needed a break, but more than that, he needed to get some groceries. He had been hunched over his keyboard for so long that the little convenience store around the corner from him had already closed up shop for the night. As such, in order to get the basics he needed for the next morning he had to hop a ride to suburbia and hit up the twenty four hour grocery store. Not that he particularly minded. He shopped there a lot for the lower prices and better selection, but it was already well after midnight. He had far better things he could have been doing with his evening than waiting in a train to get toothpaste and cereal.

Scott pulled out his 3DS and slouched down into the seat as he set to work governing his digital town with an iron fist. One of the many benefits of having a package as large as Scottio did was that he could wrest his hands comfortably on his bulge while he gamed away. Scott's cock and balls were quite substantial, even more so when compared to the equine's small, slim frame. His dick was almost as thick as his narrow waist. When he removed his pants and let it all hang out, as he loved to do when kicking around the house, his dick would dangle down past his knees and his large, beach ball sized nuts would hang over halfway down his thighs.

Scott finished another menial task for yet another needy ingrate that was squatting on his land. He had been so caught up in his game that he hadn't been paying attention to where he was. He snapped the 3DS shut and yawned loudly as he stretched. The various buildings whizzing by didn't look familiar to him. He looked over at the scrolling text on the LED sign above the doorway. "Next stop: Avenue Q." A pit formed in his stomach. He had been so engrossed in his mayoral duties that he had missed his stop. He slumped back into his chair and flipped the screen back up. There was only one train running this time of night, so he had no choice but to ride it until it took him back to where he needed to be.

The train had come to several stops with no additional passengers. This was not surprising given the time and the region. Scott had long since ventured outside of the city limits and into the surrounding burghs. The stops became more and more sporadic as he ventured farther out in the boonies. Finally, the train reached the last stop in its journey. Scott didn't even know the train actually stopped this far out. He always assumed that this was just some sort of changeover where the train did a U-turn and ventured back into town. He didn't even bother to look up when the train pulled in. He buried his head in the game,

but something just felt off. He couldn't explain it, but it seemed darker here. He looked up, and indeed, the light coming in from the platform was all but obscured by something.

As the doors slid open, Scottio's jaw dropped and his cock rose. On the other side of the sliding doors was a veritable wall of muscle. The behemoth of a man had to duck to get into the cabin. The roof of train was tall enough to accommodate the giant bear, but only just barely. As the massive, red furred, mountain of muscle stood back up to his full height, the top of his head brushed against the metal plating of the roof. Scott's eyes bugged out as he struggled to soak in every inch of the massive man. His handsome face was framed by long, red hair that flowed over his blue headband and down past his shoulders. The bear's strong chin had noticeable stubble growing on it, but once Scott's eyes got down past the neck the real fun began.

The bear's enormous pectoral muscles strained against his shirt. Scott had to admire the man's choice of attire. The massive bear was wearing a blue yukata that was several sizes too small, so small, in fact, that it barely even classified as a cardigan. The robe that on a normal sized person would flow loosely down to their ankles didn't even completely cover the enormous mammal's midriff. His immense abs and obliques strained so hard against the fabric that it was a miracle that his shirt managed to stay closed. The fabric was stretched so tight across his huge, barrel chest that it was almost as if his shirt was merely spray painted on; each and every bulge, ripple, and contour of his the muscles in his impressive torso could be seen through the fabric. His arms were absolutely enormous. His biceps and triceps bulged so far out that it was no surprise that the bear's sleeves had long since been torn off. Scott wouldn't be surprised if his sleeves had simply burst into confetti after the large ursine man flexed while wearing them.

Scott's eyes managed to drift lower, and was he ever glad that they had. The hulking bear was clad below the waist in a blue kilt that matched his undersized yukata well enough, but unlike in the song, there was no mystery about what this man had on beneath his skirt. Scott's already fully boned cock strained painfully against the fabric of his pants as his eyes fell upon the enormous schlong that dangled out from below the hem of the man's kilt. The giant, red-furred bear's black cock was so massive that the head of it rested solidly against the floor of the train car. His gigantic cock was so thick that it was even bigger around than Scottio's skinny waist. The man's enormous dong was accompanied by equally impressive giant, furry, red nuts. The bear's balls drooped down well below the hem of his kilt and even down just below his knees.

Scott wanted to get up and explore every inch of the stranger's incredible body. He wanted to feel every muscle, lick every curve, experience every thick inch of that glorious cock. He wasn't even fully aware that he was slowly creeping closer and closer towards the amazingly buff, hung, and handsome man.

Lorank was immediately aware of the horse boy sitting on the bus. If for no other reason than the reddish brown furred equine was the only individual on the train at this time of night. The second the horse's eyes looked up from the small contraption he was engrossed in and beheld Lorank's form, Lorank immediately recognized the glazed over stare of pure lust. It wasn't the first time he had seen this, and it definitely wouldn't be the last. The main reason he had left the so called civilized world behind was so that he could live his life in peace, far away from the lascivious eyes of those that would sexualize his body. He couldn't help it that he was naturally gifted below the belt or that he seemed to put on muscle as easily as people put on shoes. His buff visage was a result of necessity and genetics and not an intentional attempt to be really, really, ridiculously good looking.

Lorank became instantly aware of the gigantic tent the young horse was sporting. He had misjudged the slim equine. Lorank had assumed him to be a mere boy, but the overstuffed front of his blue jean shorts contained what could only rightly be called a man's dick. The horse's cock was nowhere near as large as Lorank's own, but on the brown equine's small frame, it appeared even more comically disproportionate than the bear's own.

As much as Lorank hated the lusty glances he received from just about everyone he met, he himself was not immune to the power of hormones. He tried his best to suppress it, but the equine was actually quite cute and amazingly hung. Lorank couldn't help but noticed the steady stream of pre flowing from the tented front of the horse's straining pants. Even if Lorank couldn't see it, he certainly would have been able to smell it. The horse's musk was filling the cabin and flooding his senses. Despite his best effort to blot out his own arousal, Lorank could feel his massive cock swelling up between his legs.

To Lorank's surprise, the horse stopped a few feet in front of him and seemed to snap from his trance. "Oh! Sorry... I must look like a total creep. I mean, you were so hot that I kind of got a little carried away and I sort of couldn't think of anything but feeling you up and wow you're huge, like everything. Amazing. How do you get like that? Diet? Exercise? I could learn a thing or two from you. I mean, really, but I'm rambling again, aren't

I? I should shut up, right. Yes. Being quiet now. How are you?" The words fell from the horse's mouth so fast the Lorank could barely keep up.

Scott could tell from the look on the giant bear's face that he had completely baffled the amazing, muscled hottie. He took a deep breath and started over while keeping his hands covered over his streaming tent in an effort to keep some semblance of modesty. "Right... My name is Scott... well Scottio, but no one calls me that. Scott is much more normal, and easy to say, and to remember, and I am rambling again, aren't I?" He looked up expectantly at the giant, red, mammal, but the massive, muscled, stranger just continued to glare at him dubiously.

"You don't talk much... or at all, but I suppose I probably did offend you, what with how I come staggering out here like some zombie from Night of the Living Dead except with a craving for cock instead of brains, but then again you might not have ever seen that movie, and you might not even have movies where you are from. Where are you from anyway?" Scott asked after yet another rapid salvo of random drivel. Again he was greeted with a skeptical silent glare from the hulking passenger. "Right... So, can you... talk? At all?" Scott asked curiously.

Lorank had softened a bit; both in terms of his apprehension for the strange, excitable young stallion and in regards to his chubbing cock. The equine, "Scott" as he called himself, seemed like a nice enough guy, and he was actually taking the time to speak to him as a fellow person instead of a hot slab of meat. Lorank decided to try to actually communicate with the rambling young man. He opened his mouth and made a few gestures with his hands to denote that he could, in fact, not speak.

"Ooooh... Gotcha. So... Anyway you could at least tell me your name? Like sign it out or something?" Scott asked. Lorank thought for a second and made a series of hand gestures. Scott stared blankly as the movements of Lorank's hands and cut in. "Sorry... I don't actually speak sign language." Lorank sighed inaudibly and slowly and meticulous spelled out the letters with his hands. "L-O-R-A-N-K. Lorank!" Scott read along.

Lorank nodded and gave Scott a pleased grin. "Well, Lorank. It's nice to meet you." Scott said as he extended a hand for a handshake. Somehow it had completely slipped his mind that he had both hands directly in the stream of pre as he tried unsuccessfully to cover the enormous tent in his pants. Lorank didn't think about it either until he grasped the young stallion's tiny hand and felt the warm, slick pre against the palm of his hands.

“So... Do you forgive me?” Scottio asked apprehensively. Lorank nodded cordially in agreement. Scott followed with an equally dubious “So... we’re cool?” Again Lorank nodded pleasantly.

“Great... Then can I feel you?” Scott asked enthusiastically. Lorank was taken aback. Not because he was appalled but rather because he was so shocked at how forward the horse was being. He furrowed his brow and took a moment to appraise the young equine, Scott no longer seemed to be staring at him lustily but was instead eyeing Lorank’s astounding musculature in amazement. The hulking bear supposed it couldn’t hurt to let the slim, brown horse get a few feels in, and so he nodded slowly in acceptance.

Scott’s eyes lit up as he received clearance to actually make physical contact with the enormous red mammal. The equine started harmlessly enough. He first placed the palm of his hand against the small patch of exposed midriff and began rubbing. Lorank’s fur was surprisingly soft, but that wasn’t what really got his attention. Scott could feel the dense, heavy muscles of the bear’s rippling abs right below the thin layer of skin.

Lorank tried to maintain his composure, but Scott’s caress was surprisingly tender and gentle. He had actually been expecting to be roughly felt up. In spite of his best efforts, Lorank let out a long, slow sigh of contentment, but fortunately his silent sigh seemed to be completely unnoticed by the slim equine.

Scott continued to rub Lorank’s muscular belly, but he wanted to see and feel more. He slowly slid his hands upwards and under the hem of the massive bear’s tight shirt. Scott could feel more and more of the large, red mammal’s chiseled abs as he slid his hands up higher and higher.

Lorank’s shirt wasn’t designed to handle his immense bulk, and it certainly wasn’t prepared to handle Scott’s arms sliding up into it as well. Lorank’s skin tight shirt fell open and revealed his huge, rippling abs and huge, bulging pecs. No longer seeing the point of keeping his shirt on, Lorank tilted his shoulders back and slid his tiny robe off and tossed it onto the train bench behind him.

Scott looked up in awe at the firm, yet supple slabs of pectoral muscle that were now flying free just a few inches above his head. Each enormous pec was topped off with a large, rock hard, black nipple. Lorank knew that now that Scott had seen these, there was no way that he was going to be able to hide just how turned on he was. It wouldn’t have

taken long for Scott to figure it out anyway. Lorank's already thoroughly chubbed up cock was starting to steadily rise up and brush against Scott's huge nuts.

Scott stared up past those glorious mounds of muscle and locked eyes with the colossal bear. Lorank was staring down at him with eyes that were clouded by his own arousal. Lorank noticed the gaze that Scott was giving him, but was surprised to see the nature of his stare. Scott was staring at him with a look of wonder and awe as opposed to the lecherous gaze that Lorank was accustomed to.

Seeing the horse's small face peering up at him from between his own humongous pecs was the last straw for Lorank. He reached down and in one swift motion doffed his kilt and added it to the bench that currently held his undersized yukata. Lorank now stood before the slim equine in all his nude glory.

Scott had to take a few steps back in order to soak in everything about the hulking wall of red furred muscle that was now standing fully exposed before him. The bear's kilt had seemingly left nothing to the imagination, and yet, now that he was without it, what was hidden underneath had far surpassed Scott's wildest dreams. Lorank's thighs were absolutely enormous. His bulging quads were thicker than Scott's waist and almost as thick as the bear's monstrous, black cock which, as Scott could now see, was topped off with a dense bush of dark red hair.

Scott had been consistently boned throughout the entire ordeal. His rigid cock had not once stopped dribbling pre down the front of his pants, but now that he was staring at the muscular mammal's enormous, nude form and watching Lorank's gigantic cock as it thickened and hardened before him, Scott's painfully hard cock began gushing pre. The clear liquid seeped through the layers of fabric and cascaded down his front like a waterfall, pooling at his feet on the floor of the train car.

Lorank sauntered forward a few steps to once again close the gap between him. His huge, beefy fingers gripped the zipper on the front of the equine's hoody and slid it down with surprising grace and dexterity. Scott let it fall from his slim frame revealing that he had no shirt on underneath. Lorank took a moment to appreciate the horse's slight musculature and slim physique. Now that Scott's shirt was removed, Lorank could see that the small, brown equine had pale brown, almost blond, tufts of hair on his elbows, much like the ones on his knees, that matched the color of his long hair.

With equal finesse, Lorank set to work undoing the top button on the horse's strained blue jean short shorts. It popped off easily enough, leaving the fly free to be pulled down. He wasted no time in unleashing Scott's imprisoned monster. As soon as the zipper was down, the equine's humongous cock sprung free from its denim confines. Lorank was surprised to see the true size of it. It must have been driving Scott crazy to have so much junk stashed away in his shorts, especially when it was as painfully hard as it obviously was now. The tip of Scott's huge dick reached up so high that it almost slapped the horse in the snout as it flung free. The impressive shaft was nearly as thick the horse's slim torso. The black skin of his cock glistened with pre.

Scott's shorts fell the rest of the way down, letting his huge, beach ball sized fuzzy brown nuts spill out into the open. He haphazardly kicked his shorts off and his shoes with them leaving him standing completely nude in the shadow of the bear's now fully boned cock. Scott's cock was huge, but Lorank's was simply colossal. Now that it had reached its full upright and locked position, it dwarfed the horse in every way. It was bigger around than even Scott's hips, and that includes his big, juicy, bubble butt.

Lorank's erect cock was so large that the tip of it brushed against the roof of the cabin. Scott looked up and stared at it in awe as pre steadily dribbled off the tip and onto his snout. He was not afraid of such a thing, quite the opposite, actually. Scott was a total size queen and what he saw before him was the holy grail of cocks. He wanted to caress it, to kiss it, to rub his entire body against it as he ground his rigid cock against that colossal dick. He had to swallow to avoid drooling all over himself; his mouth was watering almost as much as the tip of his painfully erect cock.

Lorank didn't give Scott the option of worshipping his cock, though. He silently turned around and spread his cheeks wide for the equine's viewing pleasure. Scott didn't even need to ask what the hulking bear wanted. The lewd pose provided him plenty of information, and Lorank's eager hole was twitching in anticipation. The bear's furry, red ass was just as hot as the rest of him. It was easily one of the best that Scott had ever seen, even amongst the cavalcade of hindsides he had seen on the net. Lorank's cheeks were just as buff and muscular as the rest of him, making his huge ass two giant slabs of muscle.

Lorank got down on his knees, placing his ass at just about the right height for Scott to mount him with ease. The brown horse lined the tip of his huge, black cock up with the

quivering entrance of the large, red bear's hungry ass. It had been so long since Lorank had had a real cock inside of him that he almost came just from the excitement as he felt the spongy head of the equine's huge dick pressing against his hole. Sure, Lorank had plenty of large objects with which to play with back at the onsen he called home, some of which even rivaled the hung stallion's enormous member in terms of length, and girth, but these lifeless toys paled in comparison to a real, warm, living, oozing, self-propelled cock. The bear could feel his ass spreading to accept the horse's large cock. It felt so great that Lorank's whole body shuddered with pleasure. Lorank moaned inaudibly as inch after inch of the enormous cock slid into him. His insides stretched and shifted to allow more and more of the cock to slide into him. Despite his best efforts, Lorank let loose a jet of cum as Scott's dick brushed against that sweet spot deep inside of him.

Scott's huge brown nuts slapped up against Lorank's absolutely massive, fuzzy, red balls. Scott held there for a second as he struggled to subdue the rising need to cum. His whole body trembled as he willed his cock to force back the raging torrent of spunk that was churning in his balls. Scott let out a sigh of relief as he felt the urge steadily fade away. He really wanted to get off but not on the first thrust. He wanted to be sure his partner enjoyed this just as much as he did.

Once the urge lessened enough that Scott felt comfortable in continuing, he settled into a rhythm of sliding his cock out slowly and sensually, allowing the buff bear to feel every inch of Scott's length glide over his insides and then thrust back in. Which each and every thrust, Lorank let out another spurt of jizz. Despite this, Lorank's huge, red nuts didn't seem to be draining. He was so aroused that his balls were actually replenishing faster than he was shooting. Scott was in a similar boat, but he had not been cumming at all. His large balls were getting almost painfully pent up from the steady production of spoooge. His breath got steadily more ragged as it became harder and harder for him to hold back to oncoming storm.

Feeling the bear's large, muscular body shifting and shuddering as it tightly gripped every inch of Scott's huge cock finally got to be too much for the hung, young stallion. He could feel his nuts tighten up and his cock give a strong lurch as his whole body braced for what was sure to be the greatest orgasm of his whole life. He thrust in one last time and really dug in deep as he gripped the sides of the bear's wide, muscular hips and let loose a solid torrent of spoooge deep inside the hulking, mammal. His mind went blank as his whole

body was engulfed in the pure euphoria of dumping his massive load into that hot, muscled ass.

Lorank could feel the equine's enormous cock shuddering and lurching deep inside of him. He knew this could only mean that the horse had finally lost the ability to hold back the tidal wave of cum that was no doubt roiling in those amazingly oversized nuts of his. Lorank tried to brace himself, but the second he felt the wave of jizz enter him, his arms felt weak and his brain clouded over with joy and pleasure. Every muscle in his body seemed to surrender itself to the sheer bliss of being pumped full of gallons and gallons of warm, sticky spunk. He found himself no longer able to support himself with his arms and flopped down on top of his own monstrous cock. His cock began firing jet after massive jet of cum which splattered against the closed doors of the subway car. He came so hard and so much that the jizz quickly began pooling on the floor of the cabin. He felt an odd pressure welling up inside of him, but it felt so nice that he didn't worry about it. As the pressure of the spunk flooding into him became more and more intense, Lorank's gut began to feel surprisingly warm and pleasant. He wasn't sure at first, but slowly he became aware that his stomach was bulging out, slowly at first, but the rate steadily increased as his body adjusted to compensate for the influx of cum. He reached down the sensually massage his inflating belly. The very touch of his fingers against his tummy sent shudders of pleasure through his entire body.

By the time Scott had finished pumping every last ounce of his seed into the bear's glorious, round, muscular ass, there was an ankle deep pool of bear cum filling the entire cabin. The puddle of jizz began to slosh and sway as the train once again began its journey. Neither of them knew how long they had been stopped and neither of them cared, but as the train exited the tunnel and traveled through the forested areas outside of town they could see the sun peeking up from over the horizon. The train must have been out of service during the slow time of night and was finally starting to move again to pick up the morning commuter rush.

Scott was incredibly drained, both in terms of the quantity of spunk in his now blissfully emptied nuts and in terms of his own personal stamina. He slowly pulled his cock out of the muscled, red furred, mammal's amazing ass and slumped down in the pond of cum to rest. Lorank managed to get to his feet long enough to move over and lie down beside the slim, brown equine. The two of them laid there in silence, enjoying each other's company and the afterglow as the wonderful scent of sex, spunk, and musk filled their

noses and the waves of spooge lapped against their skin. Lorank slowly rubbed his bloated belly. What had started as a toned, rippling eight pack now was a large, bulging muscle gut. It looked like he had swallowed one of those jumbo yoga balls whole. He silently sighed in bliss as he felt the cum churning inside of him.

Despite being exhausted from the amazing sex, both of them were still rock hard. Lorank could feel his nuts loosening up and filling up due to his still heightened state of arousal. A quick glance down towards the stallion's knees confirmed that Scott was feeling the exact same way. Lorank was in far better physical shape and so it only took him a few minutes to catch his breath. Scott on the other hand was still lying sprawled out in the pool of spooge, trying to steady his breathing. Lorank slowly got to his feet, immensely enjoying the feeling of the jizz sloshing around inside him as he did so. The feeling was so wonderful and arousing that he already was craving more.

Lorank shifted over so that he was now on his knees beside the equine who was still dazed by the afterglow. He grabbed Scott's huge, glistening, still rigid cock and began to slowly pump it while licking the savory pre off of his slit. Scott's breathing, which had finally managed to settle back into a normal pace, began to get heavier again under the masterful handwork of the hulking bear. Scott's dick was far too large for Lorank to get his mouth around it, but he licked and sucked it as best he could all while steadily, sensually stroking the sensitive organ.

Lorank could feel the slight twitches and shudders pulsing through the equine's massive cock becoming more frequent and more powerful the more he licked, and sucked, and stroked. He knew it was time. Lorank lifted his huge frame back up and slowly positioned himself over top of Scott's pre seeping tower. Scott could do nothing but stare upwards all bug-eyed and slack-jawed as the veritable titan of an bear loomed over him. From down on the ground, Lorank seemed almost ten times larger than he really was. Scott nearly creamed himself just from staring up at the mountainous landscape of muscles spread out before him.

Lorank straddled the head of Scott's cock and slowly and deliberately lowered himself down upon it. His huge, red balls covered the stallion's entire torso as he did so. Soon, Scott's entire view was filled with nothing but the bear's enormous furry balls and gargantuan black cock. Scott couldn't handle lying there and doing nothing while being

ridden by the hottest guy he had ever seen, but his range of motion was severely limited by the weight of the colossal balls resting on top of him.

Scott ran his hands along the gargantuan nuts, sensually massaging and kneading the humongous sacs of cum as he did so. He could actually feel the jizz churning inside as the bear's furry nuts steadily generated more and more cum. The horse buried his face in glorious, cushiony orbs. His senses were all overwhelmed by the bear's humongous nuts; all he could see were the large furry balls; all he could smell was the erotic musk wafting off of them; all he could hear was the cum steadily churning inside; all he could feel was warmth and softness of those amazing balls pinning him down and pressing against his face; all he could taste was the sweat and fur of the gigantic cum factories as he ran his tongue tenderly along the sack.

The steady reaming of the equine's huge cock sliding in and out of him, as Lorank continued to ride the gigantic dick would have been enough to send Lorank over the edge in record time, but the special attention his nuts were receiving by the slender stallion was more than enough to cause the bear to blow his load all over the side of the train, completely drenching the wall and the benches in the process as he fired shot after shot of thick, gooey jizz. His spooge splashed against the windows, and blotted out the sunlight filtering in through the trees. The thick spunk seeped into the cushions of the chairs as it cascaded down over the benches. Finally, the cum joined the previous load as it flooded the floor even more.

The sensation of the bear's muscular frame rocking on convulsing all around every inch of the stallion's massive cock was enough to send Scott over the edge once more. He moaned loudly in pure, unbridled ecstasy as he pumped his load deep into the bear's hungry ass. Lorank silently sighed in contentment as he rubbed his belly. With each massive gush of spooge from the equine's huge, brown nuts, Lorank's belly swelled and swelled. His gut had gotten so large that he could barely get his fingers to touch on the other side as he hugged it tenderly, and still it kept swelling.

Scott was once again completely drained of spunk and all too soon. Sex with this enormous, buff, bear was so amazing he wished it would never stop, but even a pair of sex crazed, hyper mammals had their limits. Feeling Scott's erection waning, Lorank lifted himself off of the equine's still rigid dick and shifted himself over so he was no longer straddling the slender horse. Lorank positioned himself in the center of the cab, since the

lack of benches on one side made it the only area of the train that could handle his inflated gut and massive cock. He sank to his knees and drifted into a semi-conscious stupor as he hugged his immensely cum-bloated belly and rested his head against the soft fur of his gut. He could actually hear and feel all of the horse's jizz roiling around inside of him as he sat there.

Scott looked over at the massive form of the muscular bear with the enormous jizz belly. This was the first time that he really got to see what he had been doing, and something about the way the bear was tenderly hugging the bulging balloon of his cum was just so amazingly sexy to him that Scott couldn't help but stagger over and join him. Scott rested his head atop the bear's flowing red locks and wrapped his arms tenderly around Lorank's neck. The bear's thick, muscled neck was the only point of his body that was narrow enough for Scott to throw his arms around. Scott reached forward and stroked the soft red fur of the bear's bloated belly. He could feel his own spunk sloshing around inside the massing hunk and could feel the tingle of arousal once more returning to his deflated cock and his empty balls.

The two of them continued to lie like that as the train continued down its path. They were far too lost in each other to notice that the sun was no longer shining through the windows. Instead, the view had been replaced with a series of streaming lights signifying that they were once again in the city and in the underground subway system. The train creaked and slid to a halt, causing the lake of jizz that was stored inside of the cabin to rock violently. The doors emitted a hydraulic hiss as they slid open, revealing the duo to the hundreds of passengers awaiting their morning commute. The pool of jizz flooded out of the train and onto the platform. The baffled passengers exchanged a few looks of confusion before making their decision. Some opted to sit this one out and catch the next train, but the more adventuresome or more punctual ones chose to ignore the mess and the nude, massively hung, spooning couple and catch this ride.

The train was once again moving, and the bear and horse were surrounded by suit and dress clad office workers on their way to their morning jobs. The passengers gave them both a wide berth, though. Scott nuzzled in closer to the bear. The two of them were enjoying feeling the pent up jizz slosh wildly with each stop, start, and sway of the train. The two of them were aware of the growing crowd but were too blissfully enrapt in the afterglow to care.

Slowly and steadily, the stallion's libido returned as his cock gradually inflated to its former rigid glory. Lorank had been rock hard for a while before Scott finally recovered his strength, but the whole time, the bear had waited patiently while happily rubbing his bloated tummy. He shuddered in anticipation as he felt the horse's cock grow and stiffen. He knew it was only a matter of time before he got pumped even fuller. He could barely contain himself as he felt the equine's now rigid and seeping cock pressed up against his back. He wished he could say something to urge the horse onward, but he could tell from Scott's steadily shifting weight that the stallion was already thinking the same thing.

Scott positioned himself so that his once again rigid cock had easy access to the bear's large, supple ass that was positively twitching in anticipation. He eased his huge dick in on the first pass, but once his huge nuts slapped against the bear's massive balls, he abandoned all restraint and began pumping his cock vigorously into the red, furry mounds of muscle. He could hear the bear's ragged gasps which seemed like something akin to silent whimpers of pure, sexual joy. This spurred Scott to continue reaming the buff hottie. He cried and moaned with joy and desire. Some part in the back of his mind knew that they were surrounded by some twenty to thirty commuters, but he didn't care. Let them enjoy the show. Thrust after thrust he could feel the bear's body shuddering around his huge dick. With each push he could feel the cum welling up inside of him. He knew it wouldn't be long before he climaxed, but he was determined to not be the one to cream first. Lorank's panting became more ragged as Scott continued to plunge into him time and time again. The bear's whole body was rocking from the spasms of his cock and the force of the reservoir of cum sloshing violently in his gut.

Lorank silently cried out as he lost the ability to hold back anymore. A thick geyser of spooge erupted from his cock and splashed against the doors of the train. This was his biggest load yet. His entire body seemed to rock violently from the sheer force of his immense cumshots. His brain was fogging over, but he fought it as best he could. He wanted to be conscious for when he inevitably got pumped even fuller with the horse's amazing jizz.

Feeling the wave of spooge crash against his feet was the only sign that Scott needed to know that he had succeeded in outlasting his massive partner. He dug in one final time and let his painfully full nuts take over. His whole body felt like jelly from the unprecedented wave of pure, sexual pleasure that wracked every muscle in his body. It took everything Scott had just to keep himself more or less upright as he gripped the sides of the

bear's massively defined waist. His vision started to fog up, but he could make out the outline of Lorank's steadily expanding belly and the look of sheer joy in the bear's gleaming eyes.

Lorank hugged his swelling gut as tight as he could as he felt gallon after gallon of horse spunk flood into him. He could actually hear it filling as he buried the side of his head into the gigantic, furry balloon of jizz. He never in his life imagined he could be pumped so full or feel so good. He never wanted this feeling to end, but he knew that all good things must do so.

Scott had once again drained every last drop of spooze from his now pleasantly sore nuts. He was so exhausted and so overcome by the amazing afterglow that he could no longer stand upright. He flopped down back into his previous position of resting his head atop Lorank's own and draping his arms over the bear's broad, muscular shoulders. Lorank held onto Scott's hands and kept him steady as the spent equine drifted off into a blissful haze.

Lorank didn't want to sleep. He far preferred to enjoy the afterglow and the companionship of the lightweight, slim equine. He could feel the steady rise and fall of the slender horse's chest as he peacefully dozed and could feel the steady sloshing of the several gallons of the stallions cum sloshing around inside of him. Lorank wanted this moment to last forever, but with each stop of the train, he knew it was getting closer to his time to depart.

Finally the trains skidded to a halt in front of his stop. Lorank still needed to run his errands. He typically far preferred to only do his shopping late at night when there was no one around to gawk at him, but he was feeling so amazing about himself and his body today that no one or their glares could get him down. He gently lifted up the slim, brown horse and set him down on the floor of the train car to continue his blissful slumber. Then Lorank steadily rose to his feet and collected his discarded clothing. They were far too soaked in cum to be wearable, and his massive gut and still rock hard cock would make it impossible for him to pretend to have any sort of decency even when wearing them so he tossed them over his shoulder as he sauntered onto the platform and into the crowd. His massive, jiggly, cum-flooded belly bobbed and sloshed and his gigantic, rock hard erection swayed from side to side with each heavy footfall.

Some time later, Scott managed to shake the haze from his mind. He was still feeling absolutely giddy from the intense afterglow, but he was more or less awake now. He saw the LED sign blink to announce that his stop was coming up next. Scott sighed, but slowly climbed to his feet and scooped up his clothes. His fellow passengers all gave him looks that ranged from jealous, to impressed, to full on incensed. He had been lying bare-assed naked on the cum-slick train floor for who knows how long. Hundreds of people had come and gone and all had beheld him and his massive cock and balls sprawled out in a cooling pool of sexual fluids. As the train skidded to a stop, he tried to calmly slip out the door, but already his afterglow was fading and the embarrassment was setting in.

He stepped out onto the platform with his clothes bundled into his arms and his towering erection openly on display. He looked around for somewhere where he could change. It was strange, but dressing in public was somehow more embarrassing than walking around in the nude. He ducked behind a pillar and pulled his tight, blue jean shorts up around his ample ass and full, heavy balls. There was no way he was going to get his raging boner tucked down his pants so he didn't even bother trying. Next he pulled on his hoody and closed it shut around his gigantic hard-on. It looked a little silly since the tip of his cock poked above his collarbone, but it at least gave him the illusion of decency.

His clothes were so saturated with spooge that his senses were flooded with the smell of the handsome, hulking bear's spunk and musk. It was so overpowering that Scott started to feel a little light headed. He was aware of the wet spot forming around the neckline of his hoody and trickling down his front from the pre now flowing from his cock. He knew he'd be completely boned until he got home and got these clothes off of him. He sighed as he slipped his hands into the front pockets of the hoody. It seemed a shame to wash these. After all, they were the only real reminder he had of the wild morning he had spent with the amazingly sexy bear. His right hand brushed against something in his front pocket. He was momentarily startled; he did not remember having anything in his hoody earlier this morning. He pulled his hand out and saw a small, blue pamphlet inside. He perused the pages intently. He had heard rumors of the old hot springs resort that was depicted within. It had been abandoned for years, but this pamphlet was new. Maybe the stories of the new owner were true, he thought.

His heart skipped a beat as he remembered the other stories that sprung up recently. The stories about the massive beast that now occupied the once deserted

grounds. His cock ached for release as he wondered if maybe, just maybe, those stories for true too.