

# Boys Only: Darkest Desires!

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Joshiah Warbaum

Joshiah's Written Works  
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Joshiah's Written Works

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## Foreword

Usually, when you open a book with a foreword, it's because you have something to say, and generally speaking, this is supposed to be a profound statement; something to make the reader think a little bit before they carry onward with the book.

That isn't going to be the case this time around... not so much.

Writing can be a very cruel mistress, as can any creative pursuit. No matter how hard you try to stay on the straight and narrow path, you're going to run into issues, and though you do your best to keep your head above water, sometimes, you're going to come close to drowning.

There are valleys so low that you can't see a path back up to the top, and there are mountains so high that the air becomes thin, and though it's all figurative, the shock of your success nearly leaves you breathless. It's a rollercoaster of natural emotions and sensations that can't be

replicated by anything else I've ever known, and I only wish that I could say I've experienced more highs than lows.

That isn't quite reality, and I doubt that it is for most writers. For every successful author that you see on a bestsellers list, there are literally thousands who never get a manuscript onto the desk of an editor. Even for someone who's reached the moderate level of success that I have, there are thousands of others who will never so much as finish their books, or even get past the first page.

Writing, as much as anything else in life, is a game of determination, and sometimes, you find yourself in the bottom of the deepest pit, with only a shovel to keep on digging yourself deeper into the hole.

Thankfully, there's no molten core between rock bottom, and the success of coming out the other side of a tough period.

This all might seem a little self-indulgent; I assure you, it isn't. Writing can feel like a

lonely pursuit, but to write, you have to live, and to live well takes more than a thick skin and strong spirit. It's those people around you that help to mold you into who you are, and the places you've been that shape your view of the world.

Even when you don't think anyone in the world cares if you live or die, there's always someone thinking of you, hoping the best for you, and wanting nothing more than to see you succeed. Their voice might be drowned out by your own self-doubt, and their presence might not be known to you, but they are very real.

I've known hundreds of people who are that voice, for me, and the reason for this foreword is so that I can once more say thank you, from the bottom of my heart. Things haven't been easy, lately, and at times, the lights of my dream have been stolen away by what seems like an infinite night... but we wouldn't even know that the darkness of night exists without the twinkling of the stars above, and for us, they call out, like the thousands of tiny

voices that poke holes in our doubt and remind us that there is no greater failure than to quit when things get difficult.

Perhaps, if I can relate all of this to the theme of this book (a bunch of twisted, kinky sex,) it would be a reminder that, in these trying times, there are always people who care about you, and people who want to see you succeed. They aren't worried about your sexual orientation, your kinks, your looks, or the way that you express your love for others.

I apologize for rambling through this foreword. I usually pride myself on being concise, but when things are tight and emotions are running high, it's difficult to keep everything inside, and I'd rather all of you readers get a glimpse of who I really am, when I'm not trying to cover up my own insecurities with large, flowery words and romantic debauchery.

We may have only one common thread, at the end of the day, and it could very well be that there are people rooting for all of us to be happy in our lives. If that's the

case, so be it. I can be happy with that knowledge, and I hope you can, too.

If that isn't enough, there's a whole book of fun, playful exploits ahead of you, and each chapter, while unique, exists for the sole purpose of helping people to find the passion in their lives, and embrace their differences.

Let's enjoy the short, beautiful mystery that is our existence, and read some delightful smut, while we're at it.

## Dedications

Naturally, I've got to give credit where credit is due, so I have to start with a special thanks to all of my Patrons, all of my regular customers, all of my supporters, and all of my fans for making my life a wonderful adventure. I'm never quite sure what's around the corner, but I know that good times are always ahead, even if they're just out of reach.

A very special thanks goes out to Sanowolf, DX Maniac, Aiden, Howling2themoon, Indezzered, Arcturus Chusky, Roweland, and AC Coyote for the chapters that they purchased within this text.

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Thank you all, from the bottom of my heart.



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Boys Only:  
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Even when he was a child, Zack wasn't the type to play nice with others.

Coming from an entitled family meant that he was the kind of Doberman who took whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted it, and he was terrible at sharing; his only sibling left the house when he was still in high school, and despite her opulent upbringing, she decided upon a simpler life of running a farm and taking care of herself.

Her parents completely frowned on her decision, and finding that working on a farm was beneath their social status and income bracket, they were determined to do whatever they could to keep Zack from going down a similar path.

Smarter than he was ever given credit for, Zack used his knowledge of his parent's fear to his advantage, and turned their fortune into his own full-ride scholarship. He had one of the nicest apartments on his campus (which he almost immediately

turned into a dump,) and though he worked at one of the campus bars, that was more about getting free alcohol and scouting out people to bring back to his bedroom.

He could have gone through college doing absolutely nothing and been just fine in life, but there were quite a few people who'd taken the risk of getting to know the Doberman a little bit better, and whether or not that was to their benefit was a matter of perspective.

One of his new hires at the bar, a fox by the name of Goku, was learning about just how quickly Zack's temper could change, and what the punishment was for setting the ill-mannered canine off.

"If you don't open up, this is never gonna end, buddy. You're just gonna be laying there all night, wishing that you'd decided to take my generous offer when you had the chance."

Managing a campus bar might sound like a lot of work, but Zack was lucky in that he

decided to work at the farthest bar from the actual campus itself, meaning that it was always the last one to fill, and in the early days of the summer, just after the spring semester was over, there were hardly any customers to tend to.

He took full advantage of that, and spent most of his nights at the bar torturing Goku.

“It’s **disgusting**. I’m not fuckin’ doing it!”

After working with Zack for just a few weeks, Goku had already revealed so much about his own personality that the Doberman could easily pick him apart and manipulate him, and while Zack was sure that at least *a little* of that was intentional, he could still sense genuine resistance from Goku when he threatened to use a certain substance on the slim, lanky fox.

“It’s just gonna get all over your hair, then, You’ll have to wash your stupid Mohawk in the utility sink, and then I’ve got to punish you all over again for a health code violation!”

“And this **isn’t** a health code violation?”

“Well... not one that I’m gonna report you for, anyway.”

Even in the workplace, Zack couldn’t escape his love of bondage, or more specifically, putting other people into it. Goku wasn’t of much help around the bar when his wrists were tied to the legs of a cheap preparation table, and the rest of his body was sprawled out across the floor, but Zack was used to running the bar almost entirely by himself, and it was usually his own fault that he had to.

“I’m still not doing it, Zack.”

“Guess you’re gonna have to explain the mess to the boss when he comes in tomorrow, stumbling drunk and pissed off about his wife again,” Zack replied, his voice careless and his attitude cavalier as he flipped the switch on the cheese dispenser.

The substance was uncomfortably hot, and Goku winced his eyes shut as liquid, plastic cheese poured from an unkempt

nozzle and spilled down into the mingled green and yellow locks of his Mohawk. “Y-you... you **son of a bitch!**”

It was the first time that the cream-colored fox had the nerves to stand up to Zack in any measurable way. Even from the very first night that Goku worked in the bar, he could tell that Zack was the one who would be calling the shots in their uneasy friendship, and it quickly blossomed into the Doberman taking control of Zack’s life in the workplace.

His influence was threatening to spread much further than that, and Goku realized that if he didn’t do something about it then, he might **never** escape the clutches of his domineering, sadistic boss.

“...What the fuck did you just call me?”

Attempting to call Zack out when he was tied to a table and trapped on the floor, however, might not have been the wisest thing the fox had ever done. “I... I didn’t... mean-

“That’s okay.”

Goku tilted his head, even as more of the nasty liquid poured down the side of his neck. “What did you say?”

“It’s okay. I was obviously too hard on you, Zack. Just as I expected... you aren’t up to snuff for this job. I’ll just have to let you go, then.”

It was right back to the mental games, for Zack. Even if he wasn’t riddled with thick, dense muscle from head to toe, and his fangs weren’t always threatening to sneak past his muzzle, he had plenty enough intelligence to make up for an utter lack of strength, and instead, the two forces complimented each other rather nicely.

Zack could use his powerful body to put people in a submissive state, but it was his **mind** that kept them there, even when freedom really was just a breath away.

“I **need** this job, Zack! You know that!”

“Obviously you don’t need it that much, if you can’t handle a little punishment every now and again when you fuck things up.”



It was entirely unreasonable to ask Goku to be a better employee than he already was, and the fox knew that Zack was just toying with him; he wasn't in any real danger of being fired, and yet, he wasn't sure that he could trust Zack to such an extent, just yet. He'd been a willing enough participant in their sexual adventures at work that he couldn't try to throw Zack under the bus for it without incriminating himself.

Zack had his balls in vice grip, and Goku wasn't sure just yet if he was enjoying the pressure, or if it really **was** too much for him.

“Just give me another chance, Zack! I...” the fox paused, as some of the spilling cheese product dripped over the edge of his muzzle and landed on his tongue, prompting him to spit at the floor, “**Bleck...** I can handle this, dude! I really can!”

“I don't think you understand how badly you messed up, Goku. I can't really exact that level of punishment here at work.

We'd have to go back to my place for that."

The rumored apartment that Zack lived in was supposed to be the stuff of nightmares. Just in the few shifts that he worked, men and women alike at the bar talked about times that they were strapped to the wall or chained up to a bed post, begging for an escape and just wishing that the torture would end.

The strangest part, however, was the fact that they all seemed to keep coming back, no matter how horrible they made the experience sound.

"It's... it's **that** serious?"

"Sure is."

"I can close for you tonight!"

"No you can't."

"I'll pick up a few of your extra shifts so you can get a vacation!"

"You're not a manager. Doesn't work that way."

Goku was quickly running out of options, and the steady, gooey stream of cheese pouring over his head and down the back of his neck, making a terrible mess of his body was making it that much harder to focus.

He didn't know that any answer he gave would be meaningless, and he tried to come up with something as the last of the messy food product spilled between his ears and began dripping down to the floor.

"I'll clean up this huge mess that you made!"

"You were gonna clean that up anyway," Zack assured him, "And you're really trying to blame me for the mess? You could have just swallowed it all *like I told you to.*"

It would have been a ridiculous order, but now that he could feel the staining, gooey cheese seeping into his fur and making a terrible mess of his clothes, Goku was torn; it might have been worth it to

stomach the awful flavor to at least minimize the work he'd have to do later.

“Is it... is it as bad as I've heard?”

“My apartment?” Zack asked, as he headed for the door out of the kitchen. He hadn't checked on the bar in a few minutes, and though there were only a few customers around, he had to make sure that everyone was happy, if he was going to keep his reputation as a friendly manager intact. “It's a little bit messy, but it's probably not as bad as you've heard.”

Goku let out a quiet sigh, but the sound didn't last long enough for him to actually feel any relief.

“It's worse, Goku. It's **so** much worse.”

**\*\***

The mess wasn't anything that Goku had a problem with. His own apartment wasn't in the greatest of conditions, and he was used to the sight of dirty clothes on the floor, dishes left out on the counters of a small, disappointing kitchen, and the

television set being on almost literally all of the time.

Those little things created a sense of comfort for the poor fox, but the illusion that they created was **immediately** shattered by the feeling of something tight wrapping around his neck.

“Something tells me that you can’t be trusted to stay here and be a good bitch, so I’m going to have to take every precaution,” Zack explained.

Cold, heavy links of a thick chain wrapped around Goku’s neck as he stood in the entryway of the small, dingy apartment. He was going to protest that they were too tight around his windpipe, but that same constriction kept him from saying much at all, and his eyes began to shrink with panic as he worried that the mess of the apartment was hiding something much more sinister than mere debauchery.

“Relax... breathe slowly, idiot. I’m **not** going to kill you.”

Even if Zack were trustworthy, it was hard for Goku to do anything close to relaxing, and instinctively, he reached up to his neck with a paw and tried giving a small tug on the chain, hoping that he might be able to slide it away from his flesh, even the tiniest bit.

His paw was smacked away by the angry fist of a Doberman, and his ears began to flatten to his skull as a deep, thorough rumble crossed over them.

“You don’t get to call the shots in here, Goku. You do exactly what I say, when I say it, and if I say you don’t get to breathe, then you damn sure don’t get to... I’m allowing you to continue drawing breath in my apartment, and if you like breathing, then you’d damn well better keep your paws at your sides and come with me... understood?”

Goku couldn’t quite muster up a word, but he was able to nod just a little bit before the underside of his chin pressed against one of the cool, unsettling links of the chain.

“Good. From here on out, you follow every order down to the very last word.”

Zack didn't carry the kind of anger about his person that someone would be truly afraid of. He had a great deal of control over his temper, and it was those very rare times that his attitude flared up that someone truly had a reason to be afraid of him.

It was just for a fleeting moment, but Goku couldn't help trying to gulp down his fears at the sight of Zack's right eye twitching, and if not for the heavy steel across his neck, he would have been swallowing *quite* the lump.

“I know it's a mess, but I'm not gonna have you stinking up the place with your fucking cheese. You're gonna come with me into the shower, and I'm gonna get you into shape that's fitting of someone who belongs to me,” Zack explained, as he gave a quick tug on the end of the chain that he still held. “You're going to follow all of the same rules that everyone else does; if you protest, you'll get

spanked. If you cry, you'll get spanked **twice** as hard. If you try to run... there won't be a place in the world that you can hide from me."

Zack's words were so practiced that Goku felt as if the Doberman might be reading from a script, but the whole time, he was just walking across the living room and into a hallway to the left, keeping a tight grip on the lead of the chain and making sure that Goku wasn't trying to fidget with the portion around his neck.

If Goku didn't know any better, he'd think that he'd been sucked into some kind of a pornographic movie, and he just couldn't find the cameras. Something about Zack's sexual personality was larger than life, and it left the fox wondering how much of what he did was just for show.

The hooks on the walls of the shower and the assortment of different paddles hanging on towel rack were certainly **not** for show.



“Get in. You’re not tracking that fucking mess around my apartment anymore.”

Goku inhaled a full, gasping breath as the chains around his neck were finally released. He was of a mind to turn around and try to swing at Zack, but even as he turned back, he was met with the stern, forceful gaze of eyes that flickered between shades of chocolate brown and mischievous amber.

If he wasn’t into the idea of being dominated, he wouldn’t be there, and Zack was well aware of the fact. It wasn’t the thick, swollen arms of the Doberman, crossed over his chest that kept Zack in place, or the broad span of his pectoral muscles, toned down and flattened into his collarbone.

It was the *deadly* intelligent mind of the canine; one that already knew Goku inside and out, that had the fox stripping away his food-stained clothes without so much as an order.

“You probably think you’ve gotten a pretty rough treatment at the bar, don’t you?”

Rubbing the sides of his neck and wincing in mild pain, Goku turned and nodded to Zack, who was leaning against the far wall of the relatively small bathroom, arms crossed and bearing a grin.

“It might be cliché, but that’s really just the tip of the iceberg, foxy. There’s cameras and witnesses at the bar... it puts a bit of a damper on my mood, and it puts a massive restriction on what I can and can’t do to my **property**.”

It should have been insulting to Goku to be referred to in such a demeaning way, but instead, he felt a mild thrill, as if he’d been challenged, rather than claimed.

*He isn’t really talking about me this way, is he?* Goku thought, but he really didn’t have to wonder. Though he was snickering, there was no lying in Zack, who really did seem to believe that those he brought into his apartment were not only

beneath him, but literally beneath the titles of other living beings. *What the hell is his deal?*

“I’m gonna give you one last chance to weasel your way out of this. Tell me if you aren’t interested in going any further... this is your **last** chance. You just say the word, and I’ll let you use the shower, I’ll offer you a towel, and send you on your way.”

Goku put on his best face of determination and stood in the stall of the shower, hoping that looking tough in the face of adversity would be worth something to his manager. “And if I decide to stay?”

“Then you forfeit **everything**. Your self-worth, your right to protest, your freedom and independence... you give them all over to me, kid.”

“In exchange for what?” Goku replied, his voice indignant.

Zack shook his head and twirled the links of the chains in his right paw, making a

swirl of cold, steely silver in the air in front of him. “I don’t give away that kind of information for free. I need a show of faith before I’ll even take the first step, Goku.”

To be so secretive about what he did behind closed doors gave an authentically dangerous aura to Zack, and Goku couldn’t help buying into it, all while being too curious not to have at least a taste of what Zack was offering.

After all, he knew that it was just some kind of basic bondage play, and he wasn’t even the least bit worried, even when he reached out and caught the swirling links of the chain.

“Sounds to me like you’re all talk, Zack. Show me what you’ve got.”

Whether Goku regretted uttering those words or not depended on the time of day, anymore.

The day after a session in Zack’s apartment, he’d regret them terribly.

Immediately after the fact, however, he’d be too busy swimming in the ethers of

untold pleasure to worry about how sore he'd be later on.

“Most people show their bellies when I give them the warning, but... you just signed a deal with the devil, little boy.”

Goku was already part way through a lecture about being taller than Zack when he felt the chain being yanked from his paws. It shut him up in rapid fashion, and he was left to blink as the Doberman wrapped the chain around his neck once more, and set one end on one of the hooks in the wall. Legitimately nervous that he might have pushed Zack too far, Goku tried to reach out and stop him, but the heavy bondage only continued as Zack caught his arm in the slack and pushed him up to the wall, before resting the links on another hook.

“I... I... is there a safety word?!” Goku began to panic, unsure of what someone was even supposed to say in such a situation. His body slammed harshly against the cheap, ceramic tiles of the shower stall, and half-empty bottles of

shampoo and body wash tumbled to the floor. “**Oooof!** D-damn, Zack! Take it easy!”

Though he didn’t want Goku to see it, the Doberman was grinning wickedly, and his every muscle was dedicated to keeping the fox in place as he used up the last of the chain. Links wrapped around Goku’s waist and attached to a third hook behind his back, just in time for the water to kick on over his head, and start the dearly needed process of washing the food product from his fur.

“Safety word? Are you fucking *kidding* me, Goku?” Zack asked, letting out a quiet huff of satisfaction when he admired his handiwork. The tall, slim fox was trapped in a network of thick, unbreakable chains, and yet, his clothes still remained in place, getting soaked by the pouring water of the shower head. “You don’t use a safety word when you’re **breaking** someone.”

He felt like he should have realized it earlier, but it was only starting to dawn on Goku that this wasn’t necessarily about sex.

This was a more sadistic pleasure, and Zack was only concerned with his own needs as he stepped out of the room, leaving the fox to soak under the water and wiggle against his chains of bondage as his clothes became saggy with moisture, and his fur dampened down to the flesh beneath.

*Well, he's not gonna fuck me... my back is to the wall and my clothes are all still on... what the hell is he up to?*

Goku felt it might be best not to speak, knowing his words put him in this position in the first place, so he kept his thoughts to himself as he heard the Doberman rummaging around in the other room. The apartment was such a mess that Goku wondered silently if Zack would be able to find anything...

... But he was cursing his own thoughts when Zack returned completely nude, carrying a small boatload of sensual items.

"I could hear you trying to wriggle your way free. You really shouldn't waste the

energy,” Zack cautioned, as he dropped the majority of the items on the floor and approached Goku with nothing more than a blindfold. “You’re going to need it to make it through this.”

The world went black for Goku long before he passed out from the Doberman’s efforts, but Zack’s tactics were all about distraction, and the first thing to put Goku’s mind at ease was little more than a ruse.

It was hard to blame him for enjoying the feel of a surprisingly gentle paw against his crotch, however, rubbing the sheath of his manhood through his jeans.

“You’re **awfully** tense, Goku. Is something wrong?” Zack asked, allowing his voice to soften, as the chained-up fox felt his length stiffening to the touch. His zipper was undone, and his jeans began to slide down, revealing a soaking wet sheath and a pair of thick, swollen orbs, dripping with excess water. “Do you think I’m gonna hurt you?”



If Goku were honest, he would have yelled that such was his fear.

Too nervous to reply, he gulped and leaned his head back as he tried to fight the pleasant sensations of tingling that ran through the growing length of his canine cock, but the further it emerged, the closer he came to what simply **had** to be a terrible fate.

Wishing that he was wrong, and immediately being denied, Goku felt the cold embrace of steel against the tapered tip of his member and gasped in shock.

“If you’re gonna be my property, you need to be enduring. I don’t know what kind of stamina you have; not all foxes can go as many times as they say,” Zack claimed, uncaring of the stereotype that he threw in the face of the trapped vulpine. “But this nifty little cage should keep you from shrinking back anytime soon.”

Nifty was an understatement; the device wrapped around the tip of a man’s cock and pressed down with a cage that

embraced the shaft, before a pair of hooks wrapped around each testicle, and one last ring squeezed above the sack.

Everything was still able to move and flow, but orgasm would be nigh impossible to achieve in this manner, and even if Goku wanted to do something about his predicament, he was completely trapped in chains, stuck up against the wall.

Gulping down another nervous lump and shaking against the wall as water needlessly poured over him, Goku wished that he could see Zack reaching for the showerhead. He wished that he could reach out and stop the Doberman from placing it right between his legs, and setting the head to a pulse so that quick, rhythmic bursts of water splashed up against the underside of his cock and his sack, teasing him toward an orgasm that he wouldn't be allowed to enjoy.

As he was learning over and over again that night, his wishes were far from ever being granted.

“I’ve gotta wake up early in the morning... that drunk douchebag isn’t gonna open the bar himself, so I guess it’s up to me. You’ll be comfortable here until the sun rises, right?”

Goku’s ears shot up to attention, and he tried shaking the blindfold from his eyes. As his efforts failed, he felt a powerful, clenching paw reach up to grab the side of his muzzle and hold it still as a thick, heavy gag was placed into his maw, and the quiet **click** of the braces being latched together, while subtle, carried all of the same fear-inducing power as a loud thunderclap to a small child.

“Can’t risk having you wake me up before my alarm goes off. If you’re uncomfortable now... you’d **really** hate to see what happens when I wake up too early.”

The moment still didn’t quite feel real. The tight, metallic clench around his throbbing shaft, the heavy, unbreakable chains around his arms and body, and the blindfold and gag that robbed him of his

senses all felt so fantastical to Goku that he had to wonder if anything was really happening... until Zack turned off the lights and left the bathroom.

Deprived of his senses, and unable to move, Goku's mind was forced to settle on the pulse of the water against his sack, and how each of the thousands of touches brought him closer and closer to climax, but the restraints simply wouldn't allow it.

He'd be broken well before the morning sun came up... and his body would belong to Zack the moment that it was freed.

## 2

For some fathers, having a son who wasn't into the traditional male activities was a serious disappointment.

It was all too common, sadly, that a father and son would grow up with nothing in common. The adage that opposites attract wasn't always true; a father with a love for the game of baseball might find his son more interested in playing computer games and writing code, while a father who wanted his son to follow in the family practice of law could have a son who was more interested in breaking the law than going over it in court.

Not all such relationships were doomed to fail, of course.

"I really don't **need** to pass one of your inspections every time I get out of the shower, do I?"

"Of course you don't **need** to. This isn't about what you need, son. It's about what your father wants, and what he wants is what's best for you."

Jaime rolled his eyes. “That’s awfully arrogant of you to say, dad. How do you know that this is what’s best, really? It’s not like I’m a child anymore...”

“Go ahead and tell me that anyone else can do what your father can, and I’ll stop insisting on inspecting you for cleanliness.”

A relationship that bordered on uncomfortably close blossomed out of two such males. Jaime was decidedly feminine, especially to a father who was more about the rough-and-tumble side of life. He preferred wearing brighter clothes with warmer shades of pink and purple to a rugged pair of blue jeans and a white t-shirt, and it was rare that you would find him on a sports field for any occasion, save for ogling the players in their tight, stretchy uniforms.

Watching football on Sundays was a little bit awkward between the two, when father Paul was more focused on the plays and the score, but it only took a little prying from Jaime to get his father to

admit that he watched the games for more than the standard entertainment value.

It was the reason that Jaime's mother left. It was the reason that Paul snuck off to the so-called "bars" almost every night of the week when Jaime was growing up, and it was the reason that the father and son pair could never go back to living the way that they did when he was an adolescent.

"I guess you are the only guy who's ever been able to... t-to..."

Jaime lost the words, as he felt a tight grip around the bulging flesh of his member. Though it wasn't stiff, it was nice and plump against the white cotton of the towel that was wrapped around his waist, and even **if** his eyes were closed, his father would have been able to find the spot by memory alone.

"To do what, son? It must be something pretty special if you're so nervous to say it."

Though there was no one around to see the incestuous interaction, Paul was still acting as though he had a crowd to entertain, and it was all just to tease and taunt his son, who quietly loved the idea of being embarrassed in such a way.

His father knew more about him than most would say any father should **ever** know about their son, but Jaime didn't regret the decision that they made one bit. If he had the chance to go back to that fateful Sunday a million times over again, he would still make the decision to lower the tight, clinging spandex of his booty shorts and entice his father into changing the paradigm of their whole relationship.

He would still swallow every drop of Paul's cum as their favorite team scored the game winning touchdown in the background.

"You're the only guy to ever make me cum, Daddy," Jaime admitted, and at the honorific title, Paul couldn't help a quiet, but proud grin spreading across his



muzzle. “And I want to keep it that way...”

At the level of fur, Jaime was almost a carbon copy of his father. They shared a similar pair of circle-and-dot markings on the backs of their shoulders, and a band near the middle of the forearm with an additional dot. Jaime was blessed with an extra set of lavender swirls at the tips of his darker purple ears, and the same settling shade of mint covered the tufts of fur that popped from the tall, cute bands of flesh.

The differences began at the small pair of hearts on Jaime’s backside, and the utter difference in their stature: Paul was a tall, thick man, carrying the kind of body that actually made life difficult; being a bat, flight was always harder for him than it was for the rest of his family. Even Jaime, with his lack of athleticism, was a better flyer, given his shorter frame and lack of heavy, bulky muscle.

He was just a little bit curvy, looking more like a short, plump female than the young adult male that he actually was.

“That’s what I like to hear, kiddo. If you’re gonna shower in my locker room, you can’t play for anyone else!”

The football puns that were such a part of their life before were invading almost every part of the lives of the father and son pair, and though Jaime was still more interested in the dressing aspect of the players, he was happy to abide his father and his *unusual* sense of humor, if the payoff was always going to be the same.

“I only play for you, Daddy,” Jaime assured his father, as he felt slow, gentle gropes against the bulge of his crotch.

“And I really like that you make the uniforms optional.”

“If you can’t play at your best wearing them, then you might as well not wear anything at all,” Paul agreed, and though it was just a silly excuse for the two of them to be naked in the bathroom

together, it was just what they needed to help break the ice, every time that they decided to play together.

After all, the gravity of their acts was never lost on them. The pair of bats knew that every encounter between them was breaking a societal norm, and in some places, it was even **illegal**. Getting caught wasn't likely to ever be an issue, but there was still a genuine rush, a bold thrill that ran through each male as they prepared for one of their favorite father-son activities.

“If you don't want me wearing a uniform, then I guess I'm all ready for my inspection, Daddy. I hope I pass.”

Paul snickered as he finally released his son's cock, able to feel the blood rushing to it at his urging. “You've never failed an inspection before, kiddo.”

Jaime was barely even trying to keep the towel around his waist anymore, and when the growth of his manhood pushed a tent up into the fabric before knocking it

away, he left it upon the floor, able to feel the nude, pleasant warmth of his father standing right behind him.

“It helps that my dad is the one running the inspections. I feel like it isn’t fair to the other kids.”

“There **aren’t** any other kids.”

Jaime snickered. “Not yet, anyway. You sure you aren’t gonna get bored of me one of these days, Daddy?”

“A father who gets bored of his son doesn’t know what kind of a gift he’s giving away, Jaime,” Paul replied, and in a rare instance, he actually used the first name that he gave his son at birth.

“There’s nothing you could ever do to bore more, and nothing you could ever do to lose my love.”

As naughty and taboo as their relationship might have become, Paul took pride in that he still treated Jaime like his son, before he treated him as a sexual partner. Though Jaime was a grown man, capable of making his own decisions in life, Paul

was never going to stop worrying about him, and though they were sexually involved, Jaime was never going to stop looking up to Paul as a father, before he considered him a lover.

It was strange, yet amazing to both father and son that they were able to take such a forbidden step together, and they were about to go on that voyage once more, as Jaime felt bare pawtips brushing along the underside of his cock, tracing the thick, bulging veins that rested under minty green skin.

“Nice and smooth to the touch, as always,” Paul noted as he began his so-called *inspection*. “You always take such good care of your cock, kiddo. I wish I could get you to treat the rest of your body with that kind of respect.”

Though he was feminine, bordering on the point that his friends called him a ‘femboi,’ Jaime absolutely loved the rod of flesh that stuck out from just below his hips, and he really did make sure to take extra special care of it, **especially** when he knew

that his father was going to be giving it the extra once over.

“If you’re gonna say that I’m too chubby...”

“Not at all!” Paul cut his son off mid-sentence. “I like my cheerleaders to have a little bit of curve to them, y’know...”

Jaime lifted a paw to his muzzle and giggled quietly behind it. His eyes, sharing the same calm, cool shade of mint as the tufts in his ears began to close with content, and his father, sensing the same, closed his pawtips around the slowly growing rod and began to pump against it, knowing that the stimulation would ease Jaime for what was coming next.

“So I’m just a c-cheerleader now?” Jaime asked, his voice unable to finish a sentence without stammering through a gasp of delight. “Just a whore who gets to wear skimpy outfits and bounce up and down on the sidelines?”

“... Is that really so bad?”

Jaime turned his head back and his father met him in the middle. The pair shared a deep, incestuous kiss as their lips touched, and their muzzles stayed pressed together for a few seconds, providing the younger of the two just enough stimulation to bring a bead of precum to the tip of his cock.

The juice trickled down from the slightly flared head of Jaime's member, and Paul worked it into the shaft with slow, easy strokes, keeping a perfect tempo with the ministrations of his lips.

"It's **just** what I wanna be for Daddy," Jaime broke the kiss for just seconds so that he could reply, and his father, on hearing the answer, sealed their lips together once more in a deeper exchange. He suckled upon Jaime's lips and nipped at the tender flesh with devious intent, knowing that his son would simply melt at the touch.

Lips parted with the greatest of ease, and Paul pressed the tip of his long, thin tongue to his own son's, reaching a place

on one of his own offspring that most fathers would never even dream to go after.

All the while, Jaime was able to feel his father's cock growing against his lower back and spilling precum into the small, fluffy tuft of his tail, and his backside began to grind upward slowly, pushing against the tender flesh and trying to encourage his father to take that next, forbidden step.

As usual, Paul was the one controlling the moment and dictating the pace, but it was Jaime who couldn't wait for the main event any longer, and ever the submissive lover, he could only **beg** with his body, hoping that his father would be desperate enough to answer the call.

His father had the discipline in life to build a strong, thick body for himself. He had discipline enough to stay faithful to a woman that he didn't truly love until their son was old enough to appreciate and comprehend what was really going on between them. He was dedicated enough



to work a job that he couldn't stand to provide for his family, even knowing that half of his check would be going to a woman who was no longer around.

Somehow, being able to endure all of that couldn't prepare him for the tempting feeling of his son's tight, warm pucker against the tip of his drooling cock, and all of the discipline in the world wouldn't have stopped him from grabbing a bottle of lube from the shelf in the small bathroom and squeezing a healthy amount onto his shaft.

“Are you still willing to give it your best effort, kiddo?”

The kiss was broken again, but this time, the warm, panting breaths of father and son passed over the lips of one another as they stayed close. The quiet, messy **schlick** of lubricant being applied filled Jaime's ears and forced them to flatten with a mild bashfulness, one that was enough to leave a flush of warmth under the fur of his cheeks, while still being too weak to stop what had already begun.

“Anything for you, Daddy...”

Fully lubed up and dripping excess precum, Paul leaned over as his son pushed up on his tiptoes, providing just the right angle for penetration. “Then you just made the team.”

Even in such a passionate moment, Jaime couldn’t help giggling at how dedicated his father was to their roleplay. His throat dried up, however, and his chuckle was cut short, as he felt the warm, slick lube brushing against his waiting tailhole, teasing and stroking the entrance with such obvious, forbidden intent.

It made his knees *weak*, and his stomach twisted up in ticklish knots as his father eased his way forward.

Jaime was painfully tight the first time they crossed the incestuous gap, and though he was learning how to properly take the larger male, the first few thrusts were always given at a slow, probing pace. Paul took full control of the moment and wrapped his arms tightly around the

subtle, chubby flesh of his son's stomach, helping to elevate him to just the right height so that his cock would move in with pleasurable ease.

Even if it was just what he wanted, Jaime was still just bashful enough to bite down on his lower lip and try to keep quiet, even if he wanted to cry out with delight for his father, and in turn, his father wanted nothing more than to hear just how much his son loved being speared by his own dear old dad.

“You’re taking it like a champ, kiddo,” Paul grunted quietly in the small, intimate bathroom. His paws braced against the tiles as the first few inches of his cock began to slip inside of his son, and as it did, the small puff of a tail above gave the quickest, cutest wiggle of delight, signaling Paul to push his hips a little further.

Each inch of his member was disappearing inside of Jaime, and a small puddle of precum was already forming on the floor, right between the legs of the younger bat.

A small stream of the same liquid was flowing down from the tip of his length, and with each gentle push of his father's hips against his backside, a fresh drop began to flow, keeping the puddle growing with each passing moment.

Paul could have easily teased Jaime about it. He knew that his son would be *terribly* shy if the mess was pointed out, but instead, he opted for a more positive approach.

“You’re enjoying yourself **that** much, Jaime?” Paul asked, doing his best not to let his son hear the deep, heavy groans of delight that threatened to escape his maw.

Jaime could only nod, at first. He was panting as his father picked up speed, and the quiet sound of thick, broad hips smacking up against a soft, round rump were filling the small bathroom and adding to the already sensual atmosphere of the moment. Heavy, full orbs swung forth and smacked against the back of Jaime’s own sack with the growing force

of each thrust, and though his father was helping to support him, Jaime wasn't sure how much longer he could keep himself upright.

His legs trembled, his knees began to buckle, and he gripped onto the large, powerful paws of his father, hoping that he might be able to stay upright just long enough for Paul to finish.

"It's... s-so fucking g-good," Jaime moaned aloud, his voice turned choppy by the bouncing of his body against a wide, throbbing cock. "D-did... did I m-make the team?"

Now, it was Jaime who stayed dedicated to the roleplay, but Paul was the sole beneficiary of the fact. He was already leaking precum inside of his own son, and things were only going to get messier before all was said and done.

Just to hear his son pining so deeply for his affection was all of the help that Paul needed to cross the gap into his climax, and Jaime recognized the deep, powerful

pulses of thick veins against his inner walls as the first shot of cum splashed across his insides.

“Oh, f-fuck... you *definitely* made the team, k-kiddo!” Paul cried out with orgasmic delight as his seed continue to spill into the tight, welcoming confines of his own son’s asshole. Thick, white mess was spilling from the overflowing volume of the same, and though he was just barely able to stand with his father’s help, when Paul’s arms finally gave out, Jaime barely managed to catch himself.

Paul’s cock slipped free and continued raining thick, sticky seed down onto the exhausted young man before him, and even though he’d just come from shower a moment before, Jaime found this particular bathing to be much more **satisfying**.

“And d-do I get to start, Daddy?” Jaime asked, looking back over his shoulder at his father, as thin ropes of cum spilled over the small of his back.

He was still gasping just a bit too much to reply properly, but Paul happily leaned forward and knelt behind his son, taking a light grasp of the drooling, spitting cock between Jaime's legs. The poor boy never even got to have his own orgasm, and that certainly didn't seem fair.

"Not yet," Paul said, before taking a quick moment to catch his breath. "There's still a few techniques I need to show you, kiddo. *Then* you'll be ready to start for me..."

Jaime wiggled with delight under the weight of his father as his sensitive member was toyed with and teased, all by skillful, dexterous pawtips. He knew he wouldn't last too much longer, but that was okay, in his mind...

... He'd already made the team, after all. Now his father just had to show him the ropes.

### 3

Tufts of light blue and brown were sticking up through smooth, patterned scales of green. A gentle bob of the head, moving back and forth obscured the look of sexual desperation on a kneeling otter, and the tight wince of his eyelids was a sign of his effort as he kept them shut, all while working his neck back and forth.

Iso really was under the impression that the hard part was over for him, and he was *dreadfully* tired. His jaw wanted to lock up from being held open for so long, and his throat, though enjoying the smooth texture of the cock within his muzzle, was growing sore from all of the unexpected contact.

He didn't figure that he was going to end up so busy behind the bar, that evening, but he also wasn't behind the proverbial bar, which was actually the countertop that everyone referred to, but behind the building itself. He found fun in what some people would call the wrong places, but as



long as he was enjoying it, Iso would happily disagree with that sentiment.

*The neighborhood isn't rough.*

*It's... understanding, he thought. Small trails of drool continued to drizzle down from the corners of his muzzle as his head was forcibly pushed back and forth, being treated like little more than a toy that one could penetrate. After all, plenty of people have walked by, but no one has even tried to stop us!*

In most cities, there was a neighborhood or two where the law didn't pay as much attention to what was going on, and what you could get away with there varied from petty theft, to going as far as publicly beating someone senseless.

Of course, if you were just looking to get your dick sucked, there were always neighborhoods where the locals were willing to oblige, and the police would either look the other way, or, if they did stop to watch, they'd pull out their smartphones and try to get video of the act for their own recreation.

“You’re slowing down,” said the male who was holding Iso literally by the fur upon his head. Claws raked against the scalp of the colorful otter as the standing creature, a dragon, kept a tight grip on his catch for the evening. “Don’t tell me you’re running out of steam, little otter.”

Iso prided himself on his oral skills, but this was pushing him to limits that he wasn’t aware he had. Though it was only in the back of his mind, he started counting off the minutes that he’d been working his throat over the dragon’s cock when he passed his old record, knowing that no male had ever given his mouth such a workout before.

He’d lost track of time, anymore, and wasn’t sure if he’d ever be able to figure out the trick to getting the dragon to climax... which was a shame, since he was awfully eager to find out just what draconic seed would taste like.

Hauser, as the dragon was called, found it to be encouraging when the otter before

him flickered his eyes open for a moment, and in them, he saw concern.

“You really thought you were just gonna give me a quick rub and tug and be on with your evening; is that it?”

Though Iso didn't anticipate it taking as long as it had, he **was** planning on just getting a quick oral fix and making his way back inside to grab a drink. He never would have guessed that the dragon would have such impressive stamina, and between slurping the tip, licking the shaft and teasing the balls, the otter was running out of ways to stimulate his draconic partner without removing a little more clothing.

The dragon would be keeping his pants on, and Iso wouldn't have the pleasure of removing his own. He would have been shocked if Hauser ever let him up from his knees, but it wasn't that the otter was doing anything *wrong*.

Hauser just wasn't doing the right thing for himself.

“You’ve got a delightfully smooth tongue, and your maw can just **barely** keep me inside... but I’m afraid I need to dig a little deeper if I’m ever going to finish.”

Iso tilted his head slightly, even around the mouthful of cock that made such a task every bit as difficult as it was adorable to watch.

Strands of saliva burst from his muzzle as he pushed himself back, fighting against the powerful grip of the dragon above.

“**Gah!** Ahhh... nnn... y-you’re kidding, right? You’ve basically given me a strep test for the last half an hour!”

“I said that I had to dig a little deeper. You’ve been doing just fine, otter. You’re a *wonderful* little cock sleeve.”

It was hard for Iso to think of anything that he could have done differently to heighten the pleasure for his scaled companion, but Hauser was telling the truth. Iso had done everything in his power, up to that point, and he’d done all of it to the best of his abilities.

Hauser was just being selfish, refusing to let go of his more primal instincts; he didn't want such a delightful blowjob to end too quickly, of course.

"You sure that there isn't something more I can do to get you there?" Iso asked, keeping his head tilted just slightly, hoping to look as cute as possible so that he might help get the dragon into the mood.

Being cute was a good start, but at the end of the day, it wasn't up to Iso to get Hauser to his peak. Only the dragon himself could do that, and though he could happily keep enjoying the slow and steady path, he was ready for the dash to the finish.

A tight, gripping set of claws wrapped into the colored locks of the kneeling otter, and Iso was left wincing as he felt a quick twist of the digits.

"Ahhn! H-hey; not so rough, big guy!"

Hauser snickered as he gripped the base of his cock with his free paw and lined it back up with the open muzzle of the

suddenly distressed mustelid. “Sorry, little guy. You might wanna connect with your heritage and start holding your breath.”

Iso tried to droop his lips into a frown, but he never got the chance to do so, or even protest the stereotype of his species.

He was too busy getting his whole mouth stuffed with a thick, draconic cock, and he could feel the subtle ridges and delicate textures of the unique rod spilling over every inch of his wet, slippery tongue. The tip pressed gently against the back of his throat at first, but Iso very quickly got the clue that this was no longer the otter giving out a blowjob.

It was the dragon taking the otter’s throat, and using it in whatever way that he saw fit.

“You just k-kneel there,” Hauser stammered out, as he winced his eyes shut behind green, scaled lids and tilted his head back. “And try to r-remember to b-breathe...”

Iso's knees were already sore from being planted against the dirty asphalt for such a long time, but his dedication to the cause was greater than the pain he felt, and the rush of excitement that spread over his body was beginning to center on his crotch, pressing the covered length of his own cock to the front of his jeans.

Being taken so ferociously by Hauser was going to be a trial for the otter, but he couldn't deny just how excited he was to try and meet the challenge.

"That's it, baby. Relax the throat... f-fuck yeah!" Hauser was trying to keep his voice down when the games began, but the walls were starting to come down, and his true sexual personality was shining through to the front as inch after inch of his cock poured down into Iso's throat. The otter was already beginning to cough and choke around what was offered, and a small strand of saliva spread down over the side of his cheek, but Hauser was too far gone to be appealed to for mercy.

He gave Iso the chance to enjoy the experience at the start, and now, he was focused on his own enjoyment, as he released the base of his cock and pushed forward. Extra inches that weren't there before started pushing Iso to his limits, and the freed up paw moved around to the back of the otter's head, pushing against the top of his neck, just in case he decided to try and sneak out of his oral duties.

*I don't know if I can do this... he's so long, and so fucking thick! I can barely breathe!*

“Th-through your nose...”

The subtle, gasping reminder from Hauser kept Iso from blacking out, but the dragon was getting more and more active with each pass of his hips. It started as little more than a gentle, subtle push against Iso's muzzle, but Hauser was quickly picking up speed. His sack swung like a pendulum, and the heavy orbs within kicked up and bounced against the otter's cheek with every thrust. It was a light slap, at first, but it was turning into a painful



smack; one so heavy that Iso had to wonder how Hauser wasn't being pained by it, as well.

For the dragon, it was all a mental game, and the delight of getting to watch the otter struggle around the girth of his manhood was only the start of it.

Trembling, uneasy paws reached up and gripped the sides of the black slacks that Hauser wore that evening, and Iso clung to them for dear life, thinking that he was only seconds from passing out the entire time. His breath was warm and ticklish upon Hauser's waist as it escaped his nose in quick, desperate pants, and his voice was muffled down to a quiet, hopeless whine as Hauser assaulted the otter's face.

"You're d-doing well, kid... j-just a *little* bit longer!" Hauser promised, and though Iso had no reason to believe the dragon was anywhere close after an hour of oral play before, he was hanging onto every word of the statement, hoping that it might come true. His own cock was throbbing in

his jeans at the prospect of just how brutally he was being used in the alley behind the bar, but the lewd, naughty atmosphere wasn't quite enough to keep him from losing his bearings.

His paws were nearly limp against Hauser's thighs as the dragon pummeled away at the otter's face, leaving the front of his snout sore from the constant, heavy barrage of thrusts. It made Iso feel almost like a spectator in his own moment of glory, and his throat pulsed and throbbed with soreness as he tried to contain the long, heavy inches of the sadistic dragon.

Hauser could tell that Iso was on the verge of defeat, and if it were only about the physical sensations for the dragon, he could have reached his orgasm after about ten minutes of Iso's skillful oral work.

The mental thrill was just as important, however, if not more so, and seeing eyes that were wide with panic turn tired and exhausted was the visual cue that Hauser needed to finally burst through the threshold.

“**Hlk! Glllk!**” Iso’s eyes fluttered wide open once more as he waited for a warning, but never received one. Heated, sticky streams of cum just started pouring down into his open throat, en route to splashing into his stomach. He tried instinctively to pull back, but his neck was *horribly* sore, and Hauser easily overpowered him as draconic seed filled the tight, tiny gaps that were left in the back of his maw.

Hauser wore a devious grin as he watched the excess of his ejaculate dripping down over the edge of the otter’s lips. “Keep s-swallowing... **keep fucking swallowing!**” he ordered, refusing to back down from the domineering personality that came through whenever he was in such a pleased state. He could see the thick, wide lumps in the throat of the smaller creature as he tried to swallow down what was left, but no matter how he tried, small trails of white, creamy essence began to spill back over Hauser’s sack and over Iso’s chin and neck.

When the dragon finally did pull away, Iso was left gasping and clenching the front of his throat, unsure of how he was able to actually last through the entire ordeal, though perhaps, that wasn't the right word for it.

He couldn't remember the last time he was so aroused, and his member was still buzzing with sensitivity, under the guise of his jeans.

"I know you just had a tall one," Hauser pointed out, "But... perhaps you could use a drink, after all of that? Goodness knows you've earned it."

The comforting tone was refreshing, after the way that Hauser all but buried Iso into a submissive state. The poor otter could scarcely form a reply, but he nodded gently, still afraid to move his neck too much.

Hauser had his own motives, of course. The cost of finding someone who could handle getting him off was usually much higher than a drink at the bar, and for such

a deal, the dragon was **more** than happy to pay up.

## 4

If you ever stopped through the fantasy or adventure sections of your local bookstore, there was no doubt that you'd seen "The Adventures of Artemis Alexander" on the spines of one of the books, and following, any number of different subtitles that gave away hints of the fantastic, epic stories that awaited within the pages.

Most people would have thought that Artemis Alexander and his coy, witty sidekick, Cid Huckle, weren't real people. Each one was given a backstory in the books that made them larger than life, and some of the treacherous obstacles that they survived in legend seemed downright **impossible**.

Still, people ate up the books, buying them in droves and reading through each adventure as fast as they could, so they could move on to the next book while the tingles and chills of excitement remained

from the previous. It seemed that there was no end to the series, and people wondered just how the author of the books was so readily able to come up with fresh, new ideas.

“You’re writing all of this down, aren’t you? Oh, this is gonna make a **killer** story! People are gonna eat this one up!”

Artemis Alexander; the **real** Artemis Alexander, was wandering through a tight, narrow cave, guided only by the calm, warming light of a torch in his right paw. It gave a soft glow of orange to his otherwise brilliantly white coat of fur, while revealing the silver-gray swirls of an unusual pattern that ran across the sides of his thighs, along his tail, and up over his back to curl around his arms and shoulders. In every book, mention of that pattern was made, even if Artemis was wearing a thick, rugged shirt and a pair of cargo shorts to cover most of it.

Of course, the reason it was so prominent is that the author was none other than Cid Huckle, writing under a penname, and

keeping track of literally *everything* that he and Artemis did together. He always followed behind, getting a good look at the mysterious fur pattern, and he really was the sidekick; he wrote himself into such a role to avoid ever being exposed to the limelight, if someone were to uncover their secret identities.

Cid was never afraid of the rigors of his everyday life, and was actually quite the social butterfly in his personal affairs, but he was growing weary and twitchy at the prospect of another dangerous mission. This one was already through a collapsing bridge, a narrow cave and into an open cavern to find a hidden artifact of priceless emerald, and even if they **could** extract it, they wouldn't be able to show it to anyone, making the entire trip seem fruitless for the poor otter.

His dark, brown fur was tainted with dust, and the stark, dyed hair upon his head looked less of the blue shade that it was supposed to, and more like the dirty, muddy walls that surrounded him.



“It’s just a few more steps this way. If this map is correct, we’ll have survived all of the traps, and the treasure of the haunted cavern will be ours for the taking!”

Artemis **was** an expert explorer, but his ambitions got the better of him sometimes, making him reckless in the face of danger. Cid had a feeling there was something they were overlooking, but he was too busy making a note that said, *Title: The Treasure of The Haunted Cavern* on one of the pages of his notebook.

He was so buried in the pages that he walked right into the back of Artemis, who came to an abrupt stop at the edge of a cliff.

“... W-well, this **is** a cavern, but... there’s nothing here. It’s just a big, musty pit of water and some old, poorly carved stairs down to the shore. According to the map, the treasure should have been dead ahead.”

The room was a dead-end; there was no path forward, and in the bowels of the

cave, there was no way to be sure just how deep the underground pond truly was.

“Perhaps the treasure is at the bottom of the pond?” Cid asked, figuring that the treasure trove could have been flooded to protect the emerald artifact from being taken.

Artemis snapped his fingers and grinned. “Cid, you’re a **genius!** An otter like you could easily hold his breath and swim deep enough to get his paws on the artifact! We’ve still got a chance!”

Gulping and hugging the notebook to his chest, Cid immediately shook his head. “That water could be terribly hazardous to swim around in... and we have no idea that there wasn’t some other kind of trap left behind. We don’t even know for sure if there’s a treasure at the bottom!”

“That’s why it’s an adventure, Cid my boy,” Artemis pointed out. The silver fox stroked the length of his ponytail and gave it a quick, confident flick before he

pointed down at the stairs. “You’ve done plenty of writing in your days, but very little actual adventuring. It’s time that you stepped out of my shadow and took the lead!”

Cid would be lying if he said that he didn’t have visions of glory and grandeur sometimes, but this wasn’t just a step forward. He was looking at a massive leap, and he wasn’t sure that he could reach the other side, even as he tried to mentally talk himself up to it.

He set the notebook down on the rocky, uneven floor and began walking down one of the jagged, ruined sets of stairs. There was clearly a reason that people were able to access the water, and Cid was the more qualified of the two to handle an aquatic approach.

“You’re gonna do great, Cid!” Artemis called out, as he watched the otter strip away his dusty, messy shirt and immediately dive in.

Cid knew that if he waited any longer, he would have chickened out, but he opened his eyes and began swimming down, hoping that he'd see the bottom before too long.

It took only a few seconds of downward strokes for the agile otter to reach what felt like the floor of the pond, and thanks to his species heritage, he was able to settle and rub his paws around, kicking up dirt and wondering if he could see clues for where the artifact really was. His curious paws revealed a glowing, emerald light under all of the mess, but it certainly didn't have the toughness of a mineral.

It was soft, and Cid panicked before he knew he had a reason to.

Up above, Artemis watched bubbles rising to the surface and bit back on his fears. He had faith in Cid, but didn't expect to see the otter come shooting out of the water so rapidly.

Poor Cid was dangling in the air, and Artemis feared the very worst, as he

noticed something piercing into the otter's throat.

"It's a trap... I should have known! Cid... I... I'm so sorry, kid... you weren't ready!" Artemis felt his emotions spilling forth as he fought the natural resistance to jumping from a cliff and began to leap, but before he could, the so-called "trap" beat him to the act and wrapped around his leg, yanking him down toward the water.

Eyes as blue as the ocean matched its width as Artemis flew toward the surface, but his body stopped short, as another long, emerald appendage wrapped around his other leg and spread them apart. Two more small tentacles sprung forth with a **splash** as they broke through the surface and grabbed his wrists, keeping his body elevated.

His clothes were no match for the only real danger: a long, clawed appendage that began tearing away the rugged, thick fabric and leaving him as naked as Cid was above.

“Wh... what manner of map is this? Where the hell is the treasure?!” he asked, and though Cid was there to answer, the poor otter had no chance to. His muzzle was filled with the thick, full appendage of a greedy tentacle, and already, his cheeks were filling with warmth as some kind of strange fluid poured from the tip of it and tickled his throat the whole way down.

In his years, Artemis was sure that he’d seen every manner of trap that a civilization could come up with, but he **never** could have prepared for this, and he still wasn’t fully aware that it wasn’t actually a trap, nor was there no greater treasure to be found.

Hidden away in a deep, dark cavern, needing only the occasional offering of vital fluids to survive, some kind of ancient, tentacle beast was luring smaller creatures in to pay tribute to it, and though he was trying to resist, Artemis found that the appendages of the creature were very quick to learn.

His clothes fell to the surface of the water in tatters and floated around as one of the bright, emerald pillars of flesh tried to penetrate his muzzle, but he kept it shut tightly. Cid had **far** less resistance, and was even trying to angle his hips as he dangled around in the air, hoping that he could help the tentacles to find a faster way into his tailhole.

Artemis, despite his strong will, found that the smooth, slimy texture against the underside of his sack was more than he could handle, and the intelligent beast showed that it was willing to meet him halfway, as a sinister looking tube popped up through the surface, headed right for his slowly growing cock.

“N-no...no, please don’t take that...I **really** need that!” Artemis tried to express his concerns, but the creature had no intention of taking the actual flesh. The pliable, delicate tip of the tube brushed against the stiff, smooth tip of his vulpine manhood and coaxed it in with a gentle suckle.

Once Artemis was inside, however, the tube shot right up to his hips, and he bit down on his lower lip as a tight, **powerful** suction worked on his cock, trapping the flesh in tight bondage and bouncing upon it with such practice that he couldn't imagine a greater, more unexpected pleasure.

As Cid floated just above him, Artemis could feel small drops of mysterious fluid spilling onto his lower back, and he tried to cock his head to see a pair of tentacles between the otter's thighs, pumping smoothly into his asshole and stroking the underside of his balls to try and coax his body into giving in, as well. "I... *nnngh*... I don't t-think we c-can put this in the... *ohfuck*... in the new book, Artemis!"

Cid's maw was stuffed with a tentacle once more, cutting off his speech, but drawing a desperate, lustful moan to muffle against it. "Well, n-no kidding, Cid!" Artemis agreed, trying to keep his adventurous persona about him, but it was already a struggle, and only getting



**worse** as a myriad of small, silky tentacles spread across the base of his sack, like a dozen skillful fingers that massaged his balls through the fur.

To think that he would ever do something so twisted bought Artemis a few extra seconds, but as one last smooth, slippery appendage slipped under the base of his tail and began poking and prodding at his tight, warm pucker, the walls came down, and Artemis watched as the translucent tube around his cock was filled with the sudden, full burst of his cum, spraying in and showing just how dedicated the creature was; not a single drop was able to escape the tight vacuum, and Artemis, in all of his pleasure, couldn't even properly praise the creature for what it had done.

Small, clear trails of drool spilled from the sides of his open, hanging muzzle as he was literally drained for everything that he was worth, and the cave began to rumble around him as the tentacles, now far more docile, floated his panting, pleasure-

riddled body over to the poorly made stairs and allowed him to rest.

Cid was placed next to him, barely clinging to consciousness and still leaking some unusual, foreign fluids from the edges of his mouth and the stretched, abused flesh of his asshole.

“W-we... we need t-to get out of h-here!” Artemis tried to explain through heavy, grunting breaths, but the treacherous shaking of the cave was short-lived, at best. A sound like the rumble of a massive, but contented creature came up from the surface of the water as the tentacles retreated, and once the last one disappeared, something brilliantly green and shiny popped up from the water, landing in front of the exhausted pair of adventurers.

Cid felt it roll across the stairs to his cheek, where it came to rest. “It’s... it’s a little emerald... in the shape of a *tentacle*.”

“Everyone who comes into this cave probably has one of these,” Artemis

rationalized, as he picked it up and gave it a quick examination. “So, that makes it effectively worthless.”

“Well, yeah... but it makes for a hell of a story, doesn’t it?”

## 5

If you're a good scientist working with a new, undiscovered substance, then you should know from the beginning that you have limited control over the results of an experiment, if any control at all.

You also probably shouldn't experiment on humans, but then again, scientific experiments that claim to be for the betterment of all happen every day, and most of the time, those people who are made to suffer for such advancements are never given the thanks and praise that they deserve.

Jason wasn't sure if he was ever going to get **any** praise for agreeing to be strapped into the chair that he was, but he was too eager and willing of a participant to back out now, and he could already feel the chill of his nerves as a doctor approached him with a vial of liquid.

“This could have *terrible* consequences for you, Jason. I’ll give you one last chance to walk away before I administer the test.”

Doctor Franz was the kind of scientist who had a legitimately brilliant mind, and a degree to back up the same, but he hated the idea of being confined to the safe, small world that university laboratories wanted to keep him in. Body modification was his passion, and he was sure that if he had a willing subject with the right genetics, he could bring the human race forward by leaps and bounds, rather than the slow, designed crawl of evolution that he was forced to watch.

He was lucky that he met Jason at such a laboratory, and that the young man was such an eager specimen. “You’re not gonna scare me off, doc. Let me have it.”

Keeping Jason strapped to a chair was just a precautionary measure; Doctor Franz had no idea what kind of reaction Jason would have, or how rapid it would be.

His patient was growing impatient, however, and he approached with a small, plastic syringe. He drew a few milliliters into the tube and set the rest of the vial aside, among the clutter of beakers, test tubes and stacks of papers that made up his work bench, all a part of his private, in-home laboratory.

“There’s no turning back now, Jason. I... I wish you good luck.”

Jason opened his mouth, and the small trickle of pinkish fluid was sprayed onto his tongue. The liquid had a mild burn to it, and carried a flavor like heated copper, but Jason fought through the terrible taste and swallowed it down, knowing what he was to expect.

James Franz would go down in history as the doctor who succeeded in a whole new kind of body modification, but whether he would be seen as a hero or a monster was up to the will of the of people.

The first person he ever tested his drugs on, however, saw him as neither a hero, nor a monster... but a **target**.

“Those straps look kinda small,” Jason pointed out, as his thin, pale arms began to bulge up against the leather bondage. “You really think they’re gonna hold me, doc?”

The original vial was filled with a chemical that was a blend of all of the most perfect genetic structures that Doctor Franz could find. Within, there were growth hormones, Nano-machines for sensory augmentation, and even some strands of DNA from animals that the doctor believed would meld properly with the human genome, if manipulated properly.

It was supposed to work, but not so well, and not so **rapidly**. Jason was about average size before, trending to a little bit thin, but his arms and legs were already growing dangerously thick, and the leather straps stretched in the middle until they gave way with a loud, threatening **SNAP!**

Arms lifted up from their rests, and legs lifted a body up out of the chair, just in time for Jason to feel the augmentation moving around to the backside of his body. His rump was growing, and able to sense that his clothes weren't going to fit much longer, he began stripping out of his jeans as fast as he could, thinking about what a waste it would be for them to tear.

He wasn't able to save the seat of his pants, as a sudden, thick bulge of flesh burst through the tired denim in the form of a long, flickering tail.

"... Try to slow down, Jason!" Doctor Franz declared, after a brief pause of shock. "You're progressing too rapidly! I can't take down the notes fast enough!"

Delight and fear created a quick response from Doctor Franz, who picked up one of his notepads and began trying to write down everything that he could about the process of the transformation. He watched in awe and felt a swelling of pride inside as Jason grew thicker and taller by the second, and his skin began to take on



a texture that wasn't smooth like that of a human, but that of an overlapping lattice structure that felt slick to the touch, as if it were made of latex.

A hue of red spread across Jason's body and covered the growing pattern of scales as he stood proud before the doctor and snickered. "You say it like I have any control over the change, doc... or like **you** have any control over the situation anymore."

Doctor Franz knew that there could be some strange, concerning side effects as a result of ingesting the serum, and though he didn't want to believe such was possible, he was left with warm, blushing cheeks as he gazed down over the nude form of the changing beast and noticed his manhood was growing just as rapidly as the rest of his body. Even flaccid, it was dangling down toward the middle of his thighs and still growing further, and it would have been too fascinating to look away from, if not for the bright, massive

claws of white that were growing out from Jason's feet.

They took more of a paw-like structure, and Doctor Franz was quick to take note of the bands of black that wrapped around Jason's ankles, thighs and hips, as well as a pair of sharp, black hooks that sat upon a growing underbelly of white. His appearance was both frightening and triumphant for the doctor, who was still so busy taking down notes that his ears were only just starting to process what Jason said.

"I... I'm sorry, my boy. I'm **absolutely** in control of this experiment. I do appreciate you being a willing participant, but I need to request that you continue to give me your full cooperation until I declare the experiment to be over!"

Excitement was slowly giving way to concern for Doctor Franz, who could tell that Jason was getting belligerent in a number of ways. He was far smaller than the growing creature, who was less human than anything now; three claws

stuck out stark from each footpaw, a long, heavy tail swung at the base of his spine, and fins grew out from the scales upon his elbows as the last vestiges of his transformation took control of his body.

Doctor Franz couldn't be sure if his mind was being altered by the serum, or if this was Jason's intention, all along.

"I'll be glad to give you a full something, but it isn't cooperation..."

"Oh, don't be so crude!" Doctor Franz barked at his test subject, who came to stand much taller than he was. "What the hell do you think this is? I'm a respected scientist and this is a place of knowledge!"

"Oh, the experiment isn't over," Jason explained, as he took a step closer to the nervous doctor. Thin, white robes were easily ripped away from his flesh by the dangerous set of claws that Jason developed, and the poor doctor was left trembling as Jason continued his approach, giving him no choice but to back up until he ended up against his work

bench. “We’re just changing gears, Doctor Franz. Don’t tell me you aren’t interested in the mating habits of this new species you’ve helped to create!”

Jason flicked his mane; a long, flowing mass of brown headfur that he’d been blessed with by the transformation, as he stood over the trapped doctor and gripped at the front of his jeans. “There is **nothing** scientific about this!” Doctor Franz protested, though his words fell on deaf ears, as the creature, a combination of so many different things, continued its assault on him. “This is... t-this-

“Is just what you’ve always wanted,” Jason cut him off, and in the next breath, he cut away the doctor’s smooth, black slacks. His briefs didn’t stand a chance underneath, and as the floor became a graveyard for tattered fabric, Jason loomed over the pinned scientist and gripped the base of his wide, massive cock, holding all fourteen inches of it tightly and pointing it right at the poor doctor. “And since you got what **you**

wanted, I think it's about time I got what I want..."

Doctor Franz gulped and pretended not to know what was coming, as his body was pinned onto the work bench by the mass of muscle and scales above him. His legs were pushed back and his ankles were gripped by massive paws, as Jason adjusted his hips. "W-what... what do you want, Jason?"

"To see how much of this cock you can take. It's just an experiment, doc. You are a man of the sciences, aren't you?"

The perversion of his profession was the least of Doctor Franz's concerns, as he felt an inhuman amount of precum spilling and slathering against the pucker of his asshole. It seemed that Jason's new body was gifted with the ability to generate a copious amount of fluids, but even as they built up against the doctor's backside, he still worried about his ability to handle such a massive length, even if he'd already relegated himself to his fate.

*Perhaps this is my punishment for trying to take the reins of evolution away from nature itself, Doctor Franz wondered, as he felt a warm, smooth tip pressing tightly against his anus. This creature could impose itself on anyone, if it were so inclined... I guess I should feel fortunate that it desires me in such a way.*

It was all a mind game for Doctor Franz, who was trying to talk himself up to the task before it was too late. His asshole gave way as Jason bumped his hips forth, and the wide, full head of his cock spread the poor doctor out, as he was effectively impaled on the impressive flesh.

“T-this... this is **no** science,” Doctor Franz tried to argue, but as inch after inch of beastly flesh filled his inner walls, he found it harder and harder to breathe, as if the penetration somehow stole the air from his lungs. “This is... a **monster**, having his w-way with me!”

“Like I said, doc... just like you always wanted!” Jason growled aloud as a few more inches of his impossibly large

member slid inside of the pinned doctor. His inner muscles clenched and fought against the invading length, but he had no chance to stop the creature above him, and, whether he thought of it as a punishment, or perhaps, it really was some kind of a twisted fate that he always wanted, Doctor Franz did all that he could to adjust to the moment.

He reached forward and gripped his human length in his hands, and stroked it with small, gentle pumps as he was taken forcefully, in the hopes that it would help his poor, abused passage to relax. “You are what I wanted, Jason, b-but... this is more than I **ever** could have asked for!”

The doctor’s words were hard to properly understand, and they were the last ones that he could manage, as he gritted his teeth together and tossed his head back, trying to embrace the shocking pleasure of having his prostate touched by such a massive instrument, finding it to be a blissful release in what seemed like an otherwise punishing session. His body was

just **barely** able to tolerate Jason and all of his glory, but he continued to take deep, full breaths as his insides were ravaged by the beast.

He lost track of time as his mind grew weary, and his inner muscles lost the battle against the impending flood. Jason's orbs, full and swollen, poured such an amount of cum into the defeated doctor that it splashed back out of his stretched, taken asshole and dripped down over the edge of his workbench like a small, private waterfall of sticky, white seed.

Doctor Franz couldn't be sure, when all was said and done, if the moment was a punishment or a pleasure. He'd created his own personal monster, but it was a creature that retained the deadly intelligence and free will of a human being... and he refused to be held down to just one breeding sow.



## 6

Zack the Doberman and Jesse the stallion weren't exactly strangers to each other. They were familiar on a level that most men simply weren't, and in fact, this wouldn't have been the first time that they ended up in the same place, because of someone wanting each of their affections at the same time.

“Oh, you have **got** to be fucking kiddin' me! You again?!”

That didn't mean that they had to like each other, however, and Zack was fairly vocal about the way that he felt about Jesse, much to the chagrin of the larger horse, who only kept his fists in his pockets because he didn't think that Zack was worth going to jail over.

It was a smart move: Zack's family had pockets as deep as the darkest caverns at the bottom of the ocean, and Jesse would never find a way out of the charges.

“Y’know, if you didn’t whore yourself around to every person in town, you and I might not end up meeting in places like this,” Jesse pointed out, and to be fair, he was right. Jesse had a little more pride and respect in his sexual escapades, and considered himself to be choosy, at least. It made the way that Zack was constantly out and about, picking up whatever person he could seem that much **more** like he was someone who didn’t have any standards.

Those who knew Zack personally knew that this wasn’t the case, but Jesse held onto the assumed moral high ground every time that they met, and each time, Zack had the same rebuttal.

“It’s not my fault that I’m so damned good looking. No one in this town can keep their paws off of me, and who am I to stop them?”

Jesse rolled his eyes and leaned against their table at the small, dingy bar that they happened to meet in, this time around.

“I’ve heard plenty enough about you to

know that's not the case. You keep a stable of people around just so you've always got someone to go to bed with... are you really so pathetically lonely that you need to have someone to curl up to every night?"

"*Hmmph.* Says the guy who always ends up throwing his heart at someone when he really just wants to fuck 'em. Why aren't you looking for a long-term deal?"

"Too busy. There's too much work to do back at the farmhouse, and I can't be tied down if I'm gonna get any work done."

"That's a convenient excuse."

"Better than yours, trust fund baby."

The pair were getting ready to come to blows, but as always, someone interjected to calm their heated tempers down, and this time, it was a stranger to Jesse, but someone that Zack was getting to know very well, in his private time.

"...Goku? Awww, hell. How did I **not** see this coming?"

The number of dating apps that someone could download with their smartphone was growing, and though Jesse was new to the concept, Zack and Goku were on several. His username, “Colorful Hawk” should have been more of a dead giveaway to Zack, but Jesse was completely floored.

“I... uh. I was expecting a hawk, actually.”

Zack and Goku snickered with each other. “Did you even look at my profile pictures?” the latter asked, as he reached out with his paw and offered a greeting to the tall, powerful stallion. “I’m Goku, or as you apparently know me, ‘Colorful Hawk.’”

The bright, mingled shades of green and yellow in Goku’s Mohawk made perfect sense, now that Jesse was seeing him in person. He shook his head, but being a gentleman, he still took the offered paw and gave it a shake. “I’m Jesse. You **honestly** have a history with this knucklehead?”

Zack answered for Goku, as he often did when they were out together. “Before he gets a little too open with the details... yes, he and I do have a history together.”

“Ahh. So he’s part of your stable, is he?”

Goku felt a warmth building under the fur upon his cheeks at the concept of literally being part of a group of males and females that Zack could take his pick from, but that was no excuse for him to be rude to his new guest. “I... I am, yes. I haven’t met too many of the others yet.”

“I’m sure you’ll just have a wonderful time with that. This Doberman is as selfish as they come, Goku. You might wanna cut your losses and break things off before you get into him for too much.”

Zack snickered. “I’m the one who gets into him, generally speaking.”

Jesse couldn’t decide if he should dignify the statement with a response, or go to the bar and grab himself a beer. It was going to be a long night if he had to share

Goku with the Doberman of his nightmares, and he was wondering quietly if he should just cut his losses and try meeting up with someone else, much as he was taking a quick liking to the tall, slim fox.

He wouldn't have been surprised if Zack found a way to weasel into that conversation, as well, and as he contemplated his current situation, he came up with a middle ground that might end up being satisfying for the whole trio.

“You’ve always seemed like a sporting fellow, Zack. I know I can’t tempt you away with money... but perhaps, there’s a wager that I **can** interest you in.”

Goku was already standing closer to Zack, knowing that showing any real interest in Jesse would result in a punishment that he’d feel at work the next day, but it was already fairly clear to the vulpine that Jesse was taking a legitimate interest in him.

“I’m not sure what you could offer me for Goku, honestly. He’s proving to be quite the loyal little bitch, and I doubt you’re up to his standards, regardless.”

“We can let him decide that on his own, I think,” Jesse argued. “By giving him a taste of the best that we can offer.”

Suddenly, Goku felt more like he was in the middle of a prom date dispute, and he couldn’t deny that he liked the attention, though the males seemed every bit as interested in their proposed competition as they were in the fox.

They were staring each other down across the table, like a pair of gunslingers in an old saloon, each daring the other to draw their weapon first.

“We’re really gonna do that song and dance again, hm?” Zack asked, though he didn’t immediately turn down the suggestion. “And just what is the wager, exactly?”

“That he’ll enjoy being wrapped around my cock more than he does your own.”

Zack snickered for a moment, and then, he forced a deep, bellowing laugh out from the pit of his stomach. “**HA!** That... that’s a good one, Jesse. I’ve already had time to learn this little fox inside and out! I know just what to do to make him squeal like a horny little schoolgirl, and you’d be going in totally blind!”

“Everyone’s different, but at the heart of it, we’ve all got some things in common, Zack. If your boy here is like the rest of us, I’m sure I can find a way to make him beg to come home with me.”

“And why should I give you the chance to make him do that?”

“Because we’re on a date, and you’ve rudely interrupted it.”

Thanks to the dating app, Jesse was technically right, though Goku was the one who called upon both of them to arrive at one junction.

Zack was willing to ignore that fact, just so that he could prove a point.



“Fine, Jesse... but if he says that he likes me better, you’ve gotta delete him from your matching contacts and never bother him again. Sound like a deal?”

Jesse knew that he was taking a sucker bet. He knew full well that Zack already had Goku on a tighter leash than was ever necessary, and that the fox was at least somewhat afraid of leaving Zack’s side, for whatever reason.

Getting to plow one of Zack’s playthings in front of him, however, was the kind of batting practice fastball that Jesse couldn’t leave over the plate.

**“Deal,”** Jesse replied firmly. “I just hope you like hearing your boy cry someone else’s name.”

**\*\***

Knowing Zack, Goku wasn’t expecting the Doberman to waste any time, when they made their way back to the apartment.

If not for the fact that Jesse was bickering with Zack about how messy the place was the entire time, he was sure that he would

already have been slammed between a couple of cocks... but to be fair, he was already naked and on his knees.

“You really think that I’m gonna fuck someone in **this** disaster?”

The rivalry between Zack and Jesse wasn’t exactly a friendly one, and if Jesse could find a place to smear the Doberman’s reputation, he was going to settle there.

For someone who had such affluent parents, Zack didn’t take very good care of his messy, gross apartment, and if not for the fact that there was a fox in between them, Jesse likely would have made **at least** a few more jokes before the evening was over.

The frustrated bickering could wait, however. The stallion was already gazing down upon Goku and brushing some of the long, flowing mane of brown from his eyes.

“A deal’s a deal, Jesse. You didn’t make any terms about having to do it in a place that has a professional cleaning service.”

“A vacuum and some dust cloths would do wonders for this place, Zack. I know you’ve got plenty enough free time,” Jesse pointed out, “And maybe you can get one of your little sex slaves to help you clean up the mess, one of these days.”

Zack rolled his eyes, as he continued stripping away his own clothes. His jeans were already beginning to sag as the zipper came undone, and the dark, tantalizing fur upon his sheath was exposed, giving Goku something more to look at while he waited for the show to begin. “I’ll think about it, Jesse... but is now really the time to criticize my interior design choices?”

“Anything to piss you off,” Jesse replied with a snicker. “Though, you’re right. It looks like Goku might be getting a little impatient with us.”

Whether he was or not, Goku knew better than to complain. “I’m really just enjoying the show, guys. Don’t worry about hurrying on my behalf.”

On his knees and staring up at a tall, thick example of canine strength and intelligence in the form of Zack, and an even taller, stronger body of country determination in the form of Jesse, Goku had plenty to feast his eyes on. Short, brown fur with just the slightest hue of sand covered Jesse, and was so tightly pressed to his body that Goku could see the thick, rippling muscles beneath with ease; such a body, formed by the rigors of a difficult, working life, was strong enough to do whatever it wanted to the kneeling fox.

His head turned to Zack, and as usual, it wasn't the overcoat of manicured black, or the underbelly of brown, riddled with slim, ridged abdominal muscles that held Goku's interested. It was that devious, twisted look in the chocolate brown of his eyes, one that hinted at an intelligence that could have changed the world, if it were ever given the right direction.

Instead, it was being used to torture all manner of different creatures, forcing

them to abandon their resolve and be little more than playthings for Zack's sexual escapades.

"You're **too** polite to be wasting your services on someone like this, Goku. I'm sure that I could find you a much happier home on my farm," Jesse offered, and in the face of his master, Goku was afraid to show any real excitement at the prospect.

It did sound awfully nice, though, and the deal was that much sweeter when Jesse finally released the tight, thigh-hugging jeans around his waist and allowed the full, heavy length of his cock to spill over. It was rather hypnotizing to watch as it swung back and forth just slightly, and Goku finally broke character when he licked his lips at the sight of a wide, enticing flare at the end.

"Zack... is... v-very good to me," Goku explained, though he struggled to focus, between his exciting fear of the Doberman, and the healthy looking rod of equine flesh that now dangled before him. "He's taught me a lot about myself."

Watching from the other side with a close eye, Zack was rubbing his own sack and enticing his member to jump from the end of his sheath. Thanks to pure anatomy, Zack could never quite compete with the girth and length of his rival, but when it came to special features, he knew that Goku preferred his knot to the flare that Jesse's cock could offer.

“Why don't you show him some of the things I've taught you, Goku? It would be rude to *literally* leave our guest hanging over there.”

With permission, Goku could feel the ethereal chains of bondage lifting from around his neck. He was bordering on shameless as he leaned forth and rubbed the side of his cheek along the long, heavy member that hung before him, and the soft fluff upon his muzzle drew vital warmth into it, as blood began to flow.

Watching Jesse grow erect wasn't like a canine, where the cock simply emerged as arousal grew. It was fascinating for the fox, who watched the impressively large

rod of flesh bouncing slightly with each beat of Jesse's heart, until it was nearly like a forearm, gently bopping him on the side of his face.

"What... what the hell do you **do** with this? Kill people?" Goku asked, giggling quietly as the rod continued to bounce with thickening growth. "I can't imagine anyone being able to take the whole thing!"

Zack wore a scowl as Jesse smiled down from the other side. "A couple of ladies have managed that feat, but I've never met a fella that could. You think you're up for the task?"

The Doberman gritted his fangs as he watched one of his own sexual conquests flirting with another man, but he didn't have to just stand by and take the show. He twisted his pawtips into Goku's Mohawk and yanked the vulpine's head forward, and the quiet yelp of pain that followed left his muzzle open against Jesse's cock, forcing saliva to drool over the lengthy flesh.

“Yeah, Goku... **are** you up to it?”

Zack and Jesse had taken on the roles of the bad and good cops, respectively, and the blend of comforting reassurance and brutal reinforcement was getting to him in ways that he couldn't hide. The tapered tip of his canine manhood was already creeping out from the end of his sheath, and Zack set one of his footpaws down over the end of it to add a little more discomfort to the act.

Jesse was tempted to step in and force Zack to be gentler, but he knew that they had already established their own set of rules to play by. He might have hated the owner, but he was in someone else's house, and he wasn't going to break those rules, as a welcomed guest.

He'd just enjoy the feeling of Goku's tongue slathering along the side of his length, as the submissive fox tried to angle his neck properly to catch the wide, intimidating flare.



“Don’t forget to relax the throat, kid. If you don’t... well, you’ll be calling it a night a lot earlier than any of us wanted to.”

An amount of precum that would have passed for a full yield of ejaculate began to spill over Goku’s jowls, and as the warm, clear liquid dripped down the side of his neck, Goku struggled to open his jaw wide enough to take the very birth of the equine cock. More fluid poured onto his long, moist tongue as he flattened it out, and his own member jumped with excitement as Jesse urged his hips forward with a delicate, gentle buck.

“Mnnn... atta boy, Goku. Now just t-tilt your head back and lemme do the rest...”

Goku knew that he’d be punished later for the natural reaction of his tail picking up in an excited wag at the horse’s praise. He knew that Zack was growing more and more frustrated by the moment, and he could feel the ire of his master as he leaned back his head, closed his eyes and allowed the massive rod to push into the back of his maw.

At the moment, however, he just didn't care. Zack could have been a million miles away, as he took the front half of the throbbing, twitching cock and embraced the mild, pleasant musk that it carried; the reward of a hard day's work. He knew he'd never be able to take enough of it to feel the heavy, swollen orbs of the horse on his chin, but he could just imagine the smooth, stretchy flesh of Jesse's sack against his muzzle, and around his mouthful, a low, pleased groan escaped, sending vibrations up through the entire thing.

"You're an even bigger slut than I thought, Goku. Willing to turn on a dime with your loyalty when you meet a guy who can damn near reach your stomach with his dick? I guess I didn't train you well enough, after all..."

Jeans that were sagging were suddenly and forcefully pushed to the ground as Zack stepped away from the front end of the fox, and moved his way around to the back. The wagging of Goku's tail was

**rudely** interrupted as Zack wrapped a tight, clenching paw around some of the tuft and held it still at the tip, forcing Goku's contented eyes to fly back open with a gagged whine.

"I'd have been a bit more gentle with you this evening to show you that I was capable of it, but you turned sides on me so quickly that you didn't leave me any other choice. I've got a bet to win, and if I can't do it by being affectionate, I'll just have to do what I know how to do best."

Jesse shot a knowing grin over to Zack, who was dropping to his knees behind the fox. "You mean being a giant asshole? Not sure how that's gonna win you the bet, idiot."

"You think you can win Goku over by being a big softie? Trust me, pal. You don't know this little slut the way that I do. The way to his heart is through his mind, not his mouth. You can pound his little face all day... I'm gonna use the backdoor and find a new way to rattle his brains."

“For someone who’s so s-smart,” Jesse paused, as he sucked in a deep breath and watched in awe as Goku managed to pull even more of the length into his throat, “You sure **suck** at talking d-dirty in the heat of the moment...”

Glaring across the fox and deciding it wasn’t worth the effort to form a rebuttal, Zack lifted Goku’s tail with a fierce, domineering yank. Yelping around his mouthful and forcing tiny streams of drool to drip from the corners of his overly stuffed muzzle, Goku tried to help Zack along by pushing his hips upward, but a harsh, painful **SMACK** was his only reward, as the Doberman slapped the fox on the ass with an open, unforgiving palm.

Against such soft, bright fur, a red spot of pain began to emerge, and Goku dug his claws into the carpet as he felt the tapered end of Zack’s length prodding and stabbing at his exposed pucker.

*These two are gonna tear me apart,* he worried in the back of his mind, but excitement ran through his body faster

than a light to a bulb at the flick of a switch, and just under his hips, a small pool of precum was already starting to form, spilling from the tip of his vulpine flesh. *And I hope they do a good fucking job of it...*

In reality, Goku was the biggest benefactor of the less-than-friendly competition; no matter who he ended up choosing, he got to experience the best of both worlds.

Affection and a gentle throat fucking had his attention up front, but in back, he could feel lubrication spilling onto the warm, tight birth of his rear entrance, and once the field was set, Zack was going to give this game **everything** he had.

There was no gentle, explorative poke against Goku's asshole. He'd been stretched plenty of times before by Zack, and he could take a quick surprise.

He wasn't quite ready for half of the Doberman's length to suddenly spear inside of him, however, and when he tried

to suck in a gasp of shock, it merely created a tighter vacuum around the equine, who let out a deep groan of delight, partially in thanks to the canine that he so hated.

“Remember how I said we were gonna practice taking the knot?” Zack muttered, as his hips quickly turned into a blur of black overcoat and brown underbelly, all surrounding the bright red length of canine member. “Moaning like a little **whore** around his cock just cost you that luxury...”

Embracing every bit of his canine heritage, Zack had no concern about Goku finishing, and it was just as evident that he wasn't trying to last. Goku could barely breathe with the full cock of a horse in his maw, and he feared he might actually black out as he was given no time to warm up to the hammering, brutal pace of a canine in full stride.

Quick, choppy thrusts yielded the threatened result, and Goku's irises shrunk down to tiny, green dots in a sea of green

as the wide, bulbous hunk of flesh, wider than a tennis ball, began forcing itself upon him. Too shocked to properly react, the fox was lucky that his body didn't have time to respond to the stimulants, as his relaxed asshole was just able to take the knot with a slick, pleasant **squelch**. The warmth of Zack's cock failed to even compare to the heat of the seed that followed, and it painted his insides like a river breaking through a weakened dam, leaving no inner surface untouched.

"Y-you... you've got yourself a d-damn fine boy here, Zack," Jesse paid the fox a compliment as he watched his cum travel down Goku's throat in heavy, swollen lumps. "Trained him so well that I didn't even have to **tell** him to swallow!"

Growling deeply and glaring up at Jesse, Zack, for all of his intelligence, looked more like a feral beast in the midst of a mating than the clever Doberman who tricked Goku into the lifestyle that was now his own. Jagged, angry fangs stayed gritted tightly together as Zack wrapped

his paws around Goku's midsection and dug his claws in, keeping such a tight grip that the poor fox risked his stomach being torn to shreds if he dared to move.

Flowing, sticky and white, excess cum began to spill from Goku's jowls, and finally, it poured right out of the front of his muzzle as Jesse pulled his length free. The ordeal was exhausting for the poor fox, and he panted through small, trickling streams of the mess as drizzled from the end of his tongue and between his fangs.

The carpet was home to all manner of stains, but that evening, it saw perhaps more than it ever had, as Jesse began to pull his jeans on, struggling to hide his still partially stiff length inside of them.

"I was never planning to steal him away, Zack... I just wanted to wipe that disgusting grin off of your face for a little bit. Fur all standing up on your neck, drooling, fangs out... this is a **much** better look for you."



Ever a strange one, Jesse showed himself to the door as Zack held on to Goku, continuing to fill his poor, abused asshole with what seemed like endless pumps of heated seed. The vulpine was still clinging to the floor, swimming around in an ocean of delicious pleasure and subtle pain, a sensation that only added to his delight in the moment.

He truly felt loved, more than he ever had before, and as Zack continued to pant and cling to his abdomen, Goku wondered if Zack needed him more than he needed the Doberman.

## 7

Hypnosis was always a controversial topic, and opinions about the subject varied, depending on who you asked. Some people couldn't be convinced that the practice was real, and others still thought that it was all a matter of how much you **wanted** to be mentally controlled.

The idea of letting another living being control you was disgusting, to some. To a lot of people, it felt like a form of slavery where no chains were used, and to others, the concept of being conscious your actions, but unable to control them was simply terrifying.

Still, for the stage hypnotists, and those who willingly attended those shows, everything was fun and games, and no one was ever in any real danger when there was an entire audience of people around to see what was going to happen.

While on a brief vacation in Reno, the little sister to Las Vegas, Arcturus found himself

sitting in the audience at such a show, and when he was the one up the stands, he couldn't help pressing his paws to his sides and nearly bowling over with laughter as he watched the skillful hypnotist on stage, making people hop around with their ankles together like bunnies, or making them lift their legs to the side in unison like dogs peeing on a fire hydrant, or even making some of the guests crawl around on all fours while they babbled incoherently like the babies that they were meant to impersonate.

It was a great show, but it was shockingly brief, and without something to do for the next few hours, Arc didn't feel that he got his money's worth.

"Thank you all so much! I am the Amazing Pietro!" the hypnotist called out his stage name as the audience rose from their seats to present him with a well-deserved standing ovation. His voice barely carried over the cheers from the crowd, and Arc joined in the response, as some of the guests began to file out. "Now, put those

little ones to bed! Our ‘adults only’ presentation will begin in just one hour! Don’t forget to purchase a ticket and make your way back for some truly **exciting** hypnotism!”

*Now that is a show that would be worth the price of admission!* He thought, as he slumped back down into his seat. The hybrid of a cheetah and a husky with a very unique fur pattern, Arc wasn’t sure that he’d be able to keep the spots of blue and cyan upon his body entirely hidden, but he also wasn’t too concerned about getting caught, either. Security was fairly lax in the theater, and it wasn’t going to be the end of the world if one or two people decided to stay hidden in their seats.

*It’s just one or two tickets, right? This place will be packed... not like his entire career will be over because of it.*

Though he may have been right, Arc still felt a hint of guilt as the crowds filed out toward the exits, and when Pietro came to

stand over the top of him, he didn't feel anything at all.

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“Welcome our assistant for the evening, ladies and gentlemen! This interesting little ball of black and blue fluff has the softest little underbelly of gray, and though I've heard he's a little timid about taking off his clothes...he was kind enough to bare all for your viewing pleasure!”

The words went in one ear for Arc, and right back out the other. A smile was plastered over the lips upon his muzzle, stretching almost from ear to ear, but he wasn't telling them to curl.

His clothes were forgotten, left in a pile backstage, and Pietro, the master hypnotist, found that Arc was a willing, and downright *pliable* assistant, once he was under a spell.

Applause rang out from the crowd, a certified group of adults who were joined together in their desire to see just what a

skillful mind-taker like Pietro was capable of when he had someone under his full control. All manner of species were in attendance, and though there were still some who believed that Arc was in on the whole thing, there were others who could tell just by looking at the chusky that he wasn't entirely in control of his own body.

“Why don't you introduce yourself to the crowd, my boy? You won't be able to do too much talking once the show begins, after all!”

Snickers and giggles spread across the eager audience as Arc turned to face the crowd and stepped forward. His entire body truly was exposed, from the tufts of blue hair that hung over the orbs of his eyes, down to the unique, hanging member between his legs, all the way down to the claws upon his footpaws; no detail was off limits.

“I'm Arcturus, but you can call me Arc! I can't wait to entertain all of you this evening!”

There was a quick round of cheers and applause, and a few whispers of people noting that the speech sounded a little **too** practiced.

“You **can** wait, Arc. What you mean to say is that you’re an impatient little slut, and you figure that a few of your kin are in the crowd this evening!”

Pietro was a master showman, if nothing else, and he cast a wink to the crowd before a few people let out some cheap laughs. He was able to entertain, with or without his abilities, and he was full of surprises, as he revealed the black of his legs... by tearing away the pull-apart slacks of black that covered his legs.

“I’m sure you folks don’t mind that I have to make myself comfortable to move along with the act,” he teased, and just like that, the black-furred wolf was half naked, with only the stark, pinkish tip of his canine manhood poking out from just below his waist. It looked nearly cartoonish, the way the he kept his white dress shirt, red vest and bowler hat on as

part of the act, but the people knew that they were coming to see a performance, and the majority were far more concerned with the slow, calculated growth of his length as it began to engorge, right before their eyes.

“Do I get to play with that, Master Pietro?” Arc asked, even though he wasn’t prompted. He leaned over at the waist and popped his backside out to the crowd as he shameless admired the hypnotist’s member, all while giving the crowd a perfect look at the back of his furred sack and the pucker of his asshole.

It was a shockingly adult performance, but everyone figured that Arc’s actions were just part of the act, so they applauded once more and stared on; some even pulled out their smartphones and began snapping pictures of the act, as Pietro walked slowly across the stage.

“Well, I suppose... if the crowd wants you to, Arc, then who am I to deny you a little fun, hm?” Pietro asked, clearly speaking to the crowd, and the responded with a



resounding cheer, as Pietro stood right in front of the bent hybrid. “Go on, then. Taste the tip. Go ahead!”

Arc stood, bent fully at a perfect 90 degree angle, but he just stared at the tip of the tapered, canine member, as precum dripped from it.

The crowd watched eagerly, but no sexual act came, and Arc, fully hypnotized, just stood there and stared at it.

“Uhm... Arc? Can you hear me? I said you can lick my cock already! Sheesh... is this guy broken or something?”

A true master at blending crass, adult humor with legitimately sexual situations, Pietro knew that his act was working to perfection a low rumble of giggles spread over the crowd, one that slowly grew into louder chuckles. People were pointing and snickering as Arc continued to just stare at the member, even as drops of precum spilled wastefully to the floor of the stage.

“Oh, **of course!** How could I forget?”  
Pietro slapped himself on the forehead

and offered a goofy, silly smile to the crowd. “I’ve gotta snap my fingers first, right? That’s how this hypnotism stuff works!”

Pietro placed his index pawtip and thumb together and stared down at Arc, who finally cast his gaze up to meet with the golden eyes of the mischievous wolf.

“**Everyone** knows that, master! What are you, some kinda hack?”

Such a strange blend of arousal and entertainment spread across the crowd that most weren’t sure what to feel more of, but all sides were in stitches as Pietro rolled his eyes. “I know, I know... that’s why I can only get a booking in Reno, but don’t tell anyone, okay?”

More roars of laughter spread over the crowd as Pietro offered a wink to the full auditorium. His antics were sure to keep the crowd enticed until the **real** show began, and his expression grew stern as he looked back down to Arc with just a hint of anger in his face.

“So, Arc... even hypnotized, you’re quite the little smart mouth. I think it’s about time you put that muzzle to good use, so when I snap my fingers, you’ll become insatiably needy for my cock, and you are to suck it until I snap my fingers once again. Do you understand... you little *sneak*?”

Pietro knew something about Arc that the crowd didn’t, but the chusky nodded eagerly all the same, despite being called out for his crimes. “Yes, Master Pietro! I bet the crowd is awfully jealous of me!”

Uneasy chuckles spread at the quip, and Pietro narrowed his glare on his target. “Trust me, they **won’t** be in a minute.”

***Snap!***

Moving in a flash, Arc didn’t stop to lick the tip, or swirl his tongue over the balls. His muzzle went wide open, and Pietro’s throbbing, full length disappeared inside of Arc’s mouth, pouring all the way toward the back until the tapered tip was stroking against the walls of his throat.

“He’s downright **desperate** for it, ladies and gentlemen!” Pietro called out to the crowd, and a collected gasp of shock and awe was followed by a round of applause as Pietro stood tall in the middle of the stage, getting an absolutely lewd blowjob from the hypnotized hybrid. His entire length was quick to glisten with saliva in the intense stage lights, and Arc braced himself against the wooden panels of the stage, opening his palms against the floor so that he could easily move his head and neck back and forth, bobbing upon the length as if he was literally starved for it.

While most were convinced by now that this really was all just an act, they were too impressed with Arc’s technique to care too much about it, and Pietro was selling the show so well that no one could claim they weren’t entertained. Quiet applause continued to fill the room with a pleasant sound as Arc closed his eyes and focused on his work, trapped in a trance that made he believe he literally **needed** to suck Pietro’s cock.

It seemed that the wolf hypnotized his target a little too well; he was having trouble getting his words out through the low, pleased gasps that came up from his throat, and his legs were starting to tremble, shaking his presence on the stage. “What skill! What desperation! What... nnngh... w-what downright **slutty** behavior! Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you, I couldn’t have asked for a better assistant this evening!”

Pietro was getting close to orgasm sooner than he’d planned on, but his manhood felt like it was nearly trapped in a vacuum. The unique blend of feline and canine traits in the hybrid allowed him to growl and purr at the same time around the base of Pietro’s pulsing length, sending vibrations unlike anything he’d ever known into his crotch and down into the base of his sack, tickling his balls with the kind of skill that Arc obviously learned elsewhere... but Pietro was happy to be the benefactor of it.

He was just feeling a bit too greedy for his own needs to properly worry about the crowd, but he could think of a way to make the best of an already wonderful situation.

“Our poor chusky is getting tired, ladies and gentlemen! He’s starting to slow down!” Pietro lied to the crowd, who could easily see that he was bobbing his head that much faster than he was at the start. “What do you say that we give him a little protein shot to help him keep going?!”

The audience cheered louder than it had the entire evening previous, and people began to jump up in their seats so that they could get a look at the finale of the first act.

“G-glad we’re all on the same page!” Pietro stammered out, as he felt the familiar tightness of an impending orgasm growing in the pit of his stomach.

“O... Okay, Arc! When I snap my pawtips again, you will s-swallow all of my cum,

right down into your tummy! Do y-you understand?”

Arc couldn't answer regardless, as he refused to give up on his mouthful of cock to actually verbalize a reply, but he appeared to nod as he rapidly bobbed his head, and the crowd continued cheering the pair on, wanting to see just what Pietro had in store for his assistant.

“I didn't hear you, Arc! D-do you understand what I said?”

Precum was already lining the entire throat of the hypnotized chusky, and the brilliant, blue locks of his hair were bouncing into his vision as he reached the peak of his pace, bucking forth with his whole body to give his sore neck a small break.

Pietro, however, had no intentions of actually letting Arc taste the promised drink.

The wolf took a quick step back from Arc's bobbing head and gripped the thick, wide lump at the base of his cock as his knot

burst forth, and holding onto it tightly, Pietro controlled his own orgasm and aimed the tip of his manhood right at the muzzle of the poor chusky. Streaks of sticky, thick ejaculate sprayed across the bridge of Arc's muzzle and stained into his fur, but he didn't stop there, allowing a few more long, warm ropes of satisfying cum to land upon the chusky's hair, and even a few drops spilled down upon his cheeks.

His face was a complete and utter mess of sensual fluids, and the last of Pietro's yield spilled down over the very end of Arc's muzzle, trickling across the cool, moist flesh of his nose before it touched upon his lips.

Panting quietly for a moment after as the crowd cheered, Pietro wiped his brow, turned to the crowd, and once again, he played up the act, as he shook his head. "How could I be so foolish? I forgot to snap my fingers **again!**"

**Snap!** Arc was broken from his needy trance, but Pietro took things one step



further, as he snapped twice in quick succession. Arc's eyes fluttered for a moment before the curious, blue orbs came open and looked around the room.

All manner of eager looking species were staring down at him on a stage, his face covered in canine cum, and his clothes nowhere to be found.

“You sure were a wonderful assistant tonight, Arc,” Pietro whispered, his voice falling under the thunderous cheers and applause of the wild crowd. “But maybe next time, you’ll just pay the price of admission, instead of trying to steal a seat?”

Ears went flat as the chusky nodded silently, too fearful to admit to the crowd what he'd done to deserve such a fate.

## 8

“This job really isn’t for everyone, kid. Trust me... only a special kind of person can do this, and I don’t know if you quite fit the bill.”

The world wasn’t quite undergoing another sexual revolution, but it was definitely changing, and that meant that some new jobs, while questionable in nature, were starting to come around. They weren’t the kind of thing you could often claim taxes for, and they *certainly* weren’t the ones you proudly told your parents about, but the world was filling up with new needs, and someone had to fill them.

Goku was just getting introduced to that world, as the underground of sexual debauchery slowly pushed itself up toward the surface of the real world, and made itself known. His recent interludes with Zack were starting to shake the notion from him that sex was something

to be shameful about, and he was actually grateful for his relationship with the aggressive Doberman: it was helping him to be true himself sexually, something that he wasn't sure he was ever able to do before.

Only recently, he'd discovered just how much he liked taking the knot of a thick, impressive canine, and the feeling of cum spilling in his backside was a rush that he'd known so rarely before that he was finding he had a mild addiction to it. Zack was only able to produce so much seed per day, and of course, he had a few other people in his sexual stable, so there was only so much to go around.

Zack was still coming up with the punishment for his newest pet, but at the same time, he granted Goku a small leave of absence from the apartment, so that he could pursue something rather twisted in his spare time.

Between working at the bar, being on call for Zack and still having to balance his other personal affairs, Zack wasn't quite

sure how he found time to get employed at the “Milk Duds” underground bar, but he heard that the money was simply too good to pass up, and as a fringe benefit, he wasn’t like the other workers, who were doing it just to make ends meet.

He was getting paid over \$150 a night in tips to do something that he legitimately **enjoyed**, and as far as he could tell, he was becoming one of the most popular “targets” in just his first week of training.

“If you really thought that, you would have cut me loose in the first week, Mr. Lion.”

A lion that many people would have found familiar tussled one of his blonde bangs and sighed. “I suppose that’s true... just do me a favor and try not to enjoy yourself **too** much tonight, okay? These guys said they wanted one of the less willing types, but you’re the only one I’ve got free at the moment.”

A very unique kind of bar, but one that filled every available seat, “Milk Duds”

could have easily passed for a place that employed lactating females to entertain guests in any variety of ways.

There was something of an equal and opposite place across town that did exactly that, but Milk Duds beat them to the licensing punch, and they offered a **very** different kind of liquid show.

“I’ll act like it’s my first night and I’ve never even seen a man cum before.”

The lion snickered. “That... that won’t really be an issue.”

Rather than explaining properly, two of the bouncers held Goku still as a blindfold was wrapped around his eyes, and his paws were placed in shackles before him.

“You won’t be able to see a thing, and they wanted to make absolutely sure that you wouldn’t try to escape. You’re definitely gonna earn your tips tonight, kid.”

Goku’s ears, pointed and tall, began to flatten just slightly as his nerves crept up. He tried not to let them get the better of

him, as his entire body shuddered with a knowing fear. “Are they... a-are they really that bad, sir?”

“You’ll just have to go find out, won’t you?”

It seemed that Goku’s boss always took pleasure in the discomfort of the lanky vulpine, and incidentally, they knew each other outside of work before Goku was employed, but that didn’t mean that his boss would ever go easy on him. It was usually the opposite with his friends and acquaintances, and **that** was the reason that he trusted Goku to handle this particular set of clients.

As always, Goku was escorted down a hallway, and though he couldn’t see through his blindfold, he knew that it was fairly plain: Black floors, black walls, and a black door with a silver handle waited for him at the end. There were multiple rooms there, with as little seats as two or three, and as many as twenty.

He was right in the middle of that, as he was taken to a room with ten seats, all currently occupied by furs of different varieties. He'd never get to see their faces, and he'd only ever learn their species by the feel of their cocks... but each touch would be brief.

“Your target has arrived, gentlemen. Do have fun with this one, and please, don't forget to tip your fluffers.”

An odd arrangement, but one that was a successful business model, each man who entered Milk Duds was allowed to bring their own partner in to help get them close to a climax, and then, the business provided a target to be literally painted with different kinds of seed. The bar appealed exclusively to fans of the growing bukkake fetish, and Goku, a fan of being on the receiving end, thought that he'd found his calling in life.

He was a fan of messes other than cum, and in his other line of work, Zack was always happy to make a terrible mess out

of him before sending him back home to get cleaned up in the shower.

Here, the shower was literally made of the mess, and Goku found himself latching onto his favorite clients, reveling in the financial gain that it provided him, and the sexual gratification of the fact.

“He’s skinny... but he’s tall,” said a voice that croaked with rusted age. “Plenty of meat to cover. Do you think we have enough?”

“I’m not worried about covering the whole thing. His fur is already such a creamy color that it’ll be tough to figure out where the stuff landed!”

The second voice was more youthful, eager more to get to the point of orgasm than to actually paint Goku with the cum that he had to offer. It seemed that everyone had their own reasons to take part in the underground activity of bathing a stranger with their seed, but there were definitely those who were more worried about what was done with their yield than



the pleasure of getting off, and sometimes, there was a clash of cultures in the slowly growing field of the fetish.

Goku was just shocked, time and time again, that so many people were interested in showering a stranger, and beyond that, he was pleasantly surprised that they were so willing to pay for it, and pay **copiously**. He knew that the business was making money hand over fist, and that was before he even saw a single dime in tips.

“Doesn’t matter where it lands as long as you hit the target, kid... now step up and get us started here. Youngest always goes first.”

This group was obviously an established one, and though Goku would never know any of their faces, he was immediately aroused by the anonymity of the act. The blindfold kept him literally in the dark about who was using him as a cum dumpster, and his thighs had to stay pressed tightly together so that no one

would be able to see the tip of his member creeping out through his sheath.

He wasn't sure how long he'd be able to suppress it, but the group was distracting him with bigger problems.

"You got it, fellas," the eager, youthful member replied. Goku could hear him stepping closer and closer as he stayed on his knees in the middle of the room, silent. His head was cocked down just slightly to show a submissive state to the customers, and his mouth stayed tightly sealed at all times, unless someone expressed a desire to use it.

Just as quietly as he came into the room, the show began, and Goku felt the warm, throbbing presence of a cock on top of his head, brushing through the locks of his Mohawk. Seed immediately began to spill into the tresses, messing up the mingled hairs of mixed green and yellow, soaking them with a quick burst of white that started to settle in place.

Just above him, a male that he couldn't see was stroking the base of his own cock and spraying a thick, full yield of cum down onto the kneeling fox, allowing errant strands to spill over Goku's shoulders and onto the back of his neck. His ears twitched at the sensations, but he managed to hold still as a statue, knowing that he wasn't allowed to move an inch unless he was instructed.

“Well, the seal's broken, folks. Let's **bathe** this little bitch.”

With the ritual of the youngest going first completed, Goku's ears perked to the sound of nine more men walking forth to stand over his compromised form. There was just barely enough room around his small, lifted stage in the middle of the room for the men not to bump elbows, but if you were interested in such a place, you likely didn't have qualms about brushing against the person next to you.

It started slowly again, as it often did. Goku was usually able to see when the strands were going to arrive, but these

men refused to break the illusion of their fetish, which extended beyond the mere reaches of the bukkake act itself. There was something more sinister, more *devious* that they had to fulfill, and it was clear that the need was being met, as Goku felt a long, thin rope of heated cum spray across his flat, broad chest and begin to drip downward.

His ears twitched, and Goku began to wince under his blindfold as his cock threatened to burst right out from between his thighs. Keeping it restrained was only a mild discomfort, but it was enough to put distress on his expression, and he could hear just how much that was appreciated, as his mystery assailants began to moan and groan all around him.

“Poor little slut doesn’t know what to do with himself,” came a comment, as Goku felt the man’s cock rubbing against his cheek aggressively, stabbing and prodding into the side of his jowls. Seed burst forth in the next moment and dropped down along the side of his face, spilling onto his

tummy and rolling down over his thighs as the mess grew, and the sound of desperate, orgasmic panting started to echo around the chamber. “Just look at that... he even knows better than to open his mouth! He just sits there and **takes** it!”

There was no forced moaning, no stammering in the words of the men as they continued to work on Goku. They weren't worried about appealing to a lover and sounding as if they were enjoying themselves more than they were, and they weren't worried about their companions, either.

Each man was completely selfish, absorbed in their own needs as they continued to stroke their cocks around their target and take aim, wanting to make sure that no part of the slim, submissive fox was untouched.

“Bet we could **drown** the little whore if we really wanted to,” came a new voice, as the male stood right behind Goku and stroked the tip of his cock along the smooth, velvety flesh of the vulpine's ear.

“All we have to do is say the word and he’ll open up, y’know.”

“We don’t waste seed in the stomach here, pal. We never have... you know better than to suggest something so **vulgar.**”

It was an odd thing to hear, all things considered, but Goku recognized that for a man to be in such an establishment in the first place, he must have been rather eccentric, and perhaps, they weren’t all on exactly the same page about how they used their loads.

“Hmmp. Just saying that w-we could try it sometime,” the male stuttered out a response as his cock tensed up in his paw and sprayed Goku down from behind, soaking the back of his ear with a tiny burst, before the real flood made itself known. A heavy, burdening stream, similar to the equine load that Goku had come to know only nights earlier began to spill down his back, and for a moment, he wondered if there really was a

showerhead behind him, spilling lotion over his spine.

The scent, earthy and just a little bit sweet, made it clear that it wasn't coming out of a bottle. The impressive flood of juices went all the way down to the base of his tail and even tickled and teased over his tailhole on the way down to the floor, and only then did Goku wish that he could see, so he could admire the handiwork of the gentlemen who chose to have him that night.

Better than seeing the seedy mess was feeling it, however, and his body was simply **coated** with a variety of different kinds of cum. He could feel the sharp, tantalizing barbs of a feline cock against his tummy before it began to spill a thinner, slicker version of ejaculate, one that quickly ran down over his hips and into the small crease that was made by his sealed thighs.

The seal broke slowly, as excess mess spilled down through the cracks and began to tease the tip of his cock. He

knew that he couldn't contain it much longer, and his fangs gritted under the guise of his muzzle as he felt a torrent of cum following it; the remaining males weren't going to be so direct and calculated with their loads, as they simply wanted to see just how much of a mess Goku could really be.

Five males unleashed their built up pressure upon him all at the same time, and finally, Goku's cock shot right out, burst forth from the sheath and settling in place as a pillar of bright color against his soft, creamy fur, and creating a new target for the other males to enjoy as seed rained down on him. He contained his desperate gasps, but it was a terrible struggle, as a volume of cum unlike anything he'd experienced yet in his line of work dripped down his shoulders, over his arms, across his chest, and down along the curl of his tail.

The initial warmth of the seed was beginning to cool as Goku stayed as still as he could, but there was no denying the



eager tremble that ran from the tip of his ears to the end of his tail, and his member throbbed in place as he shamelessly enjoyed the treatment, knowing just how terribly *naughty* it was.

He was told not to enjoy the moment, but he just couldn't help himself. He was nearly painted with varying, but similar shades of milky, creamy juices, and already, the unique scents that each load of cum carried were settling into his fur and traveling up to his nostrils.

“Hmmm... guess I can't blame him for enjoying himself a little bit. It takes a special kind of person to work here, right?”

The voice sounded less than pleased, but Goku wasn't worried about it. He wore his smile on the inside, and decided then and there that even if he didn't receive a tip for his efforts, their collective mess was **more** than payment enough.

## 9

If you wanted money, and you didn't come from a wealthy family, you had to find a job, and if you wanted to make really **good** money, you were better off finding a job in a field that very few people were willing to try.

Modern conveniences meant that some jobs were being phased out, but there were still people out there who preferred the good, old-fashioned method of getting things done. Taking a shower, for example, one could now pay to have multiple heads installed on all of the walls of the shower, have a "waterfall" ceiling so that streams could pour from above, and pressurized bursts of water from the sides would help to force any stubborn dirt and grime from your fur.

If you were one of the aforementioned old-fashioned types, however, you might end up going the route of Zechariah, who

was more interested in doing the work himself.

You might think that a shower was the kind of work that you'd do alone, and that someone wouldn't really be able to help you with it, unless you were physically disabled, or of an age that you could no longer reach all of the deep, dark spots on your body.

"Ready for another bath, Scout?"

Scout was the kind of person who was willing to go the extra mile in his line of work, and he was being given a place to stay, as part of his compensation.

He also had the kind of job that was extremely *unconventional*, and he just happened to have a client who was a little bit eccentric, himself.

"Always ready to help clean you off and get your day started, Zech. Just the usual shower today?"

Scout was happy just to have a job. He came from a typical family of mice, having more brothers and sisters than he ever

cared to count, and he would be ashamed to admit that he might have forgotten a few of their names before he was even ready to leave home.

Sharing a space the size of a microwave with about fifty other people would inspire just about anyone to leave home as soon as possible, however, and Scout quickly made his way out into the world, trying to find a place that he could apply himself, so that he'd never have to deal with such cramped living quarters and unsanitary conditions ever again.

Living with Zech, he had a shoebox all to himself, and he couldn't complain about that one bit. His job, coincidentally, had a lot to do with keeping things clean, so in finding work with Zech, Scout was able to check off his entire list of wants, all in exchange for a service that some would find a little unusual.

"We'll start with that, yes," Zech replied. His shirt was already falling to the floor, and it landed next to Scout with a quiet **thump**, before turning into a pool of white

cotton for the mouse to play around in.  
“Though I might need some... **other** services before all is said and done, today.”

“You mention other services all of the time, Zech. If you’re interested in having me do other things around the house, you can just tell me what they are.”

Scout, in all of his tiny size, had been living with Zech, mostly unnoticed, for the better part of a year. He was just a simple mouse with simple fur of light tan, a small tuft of darker brown headfur between his wide, looped ears, and just one change of clothes to his name... a ragged pair of slacks and a shirt that he rarely wore, given how much they reminded him of his questionable upbringing.

His roommate, so to speak, was a bit more unique. A hybrid of a wolf and a coyote, Zech was a proud coywolf who ran his home with what he thought was an iron fist and some degree of omnipotence, but when he discovered that Scout had invaded the home, he softened up his

stance, and allowed the mouse to stay behind, in exchange for a couple of services.

One such service, the one he was most often called for, was that of acting as a living loofah for the larger creature.

“I think you’ll understand why I’ve been putting it off for a while,” Zech explained, though he allowed the act itself to stay shrouded in mystery. “Shall we get started with the shower? We’ve got a lot of other things to do today.”

“I do like keeping busy,” Scout mentioned his agreement, as he scampered up over the footpaw of his hybrid companion and climbed over the gradient of fur as it shifted from a solid, dark gray to a softer color of cream at the thigh, and back to gray once again, after a slim stripe of orange. Those same stripes framed his torso and his collarbone with a unique pattern of fur that could only belong to someone with a hybrid heritage, and Scout had come to know them extremely

well, in his time of service to the larger beast.

That morning, he was going to get to know Zech in a way that he'd never quite expected, but Scout was desperate to keep a hold on living quarters, small and simple as they might have been... and Zech **knew** it.

“Top to bottom, right?” Scout asked, as if he hadn’t been through the routine with Zech at least a hundred times before.

The quiet **splurt** of gel seeping out from a tube hit Scout’s ears before the gel itself actually landed upon his chest and poured over the back of his shoulders. His tiny body was easily coated in the substance, and once the water in the simple, single-head shower was turned on, the mouse began rubbing himself into a foamy lather.

From there, Zech was able to simply stand in the stream and relax, as steamy, hot water poured over his fur and soaked it down to the flesh beneath. Scout jumped up on the top of Zech’s head and rolled

around between his ears, making sure to smooth his paws along the sides of each of the tall, fluffy triangles, before he ran down the back of Zech's head, kneading his hind paws into the scruff of the hybrid's neck.

The entire experience was so measured and calculated that Zech knew where Scout was going before he got there, and he couldn't help giggling a little bit as the mouse ran down under each of his shoulders, rubbing his own back against Zech's pits to scrub them clean before skittering across the broad, flat chest of the coywolf. It might have been a job to Scout, but it was also a good deal of fun, as the larger creature stepped up and placed his footpaw on a ledge in the shower, allowing Scout to literally slalom his way down the torso of the hybrid, creating a trail of suds wherever he went, before he came to settle on Zech's knee.

"I'm really getting all the way down today! I think I'm starting to get the hang of this!" Scout called up to Zech as he rubbed



his paws vigorously around the right kneecap, and then made a daring leap over to the left, where his tiny, albeit *sharp* claws allowed him to latch onto Zech's fur so that he could clean the other.

A hybrid who made it a point to really slow down and enjoy his mornings, Zech was glad the he was able to find a way to save himself a little bit more time before he made his way to the breakfast table. It was unconventional, to say the least, but he was happy with the arrangement, and his roommate didn't seem to mind it too much, either.

He always saved the best part for last, however, and this time, Zech was going to draw out the shower as much as possible.

He could feel Scout climbing up the back of his thigh from the familiar tickle of tiny, delicate paws against the rigid muscles of his calves, en route to his glutes, and as always, Scout was *extremely* careful about the way that he snuck under Zech's tail and worked his soapy paws into the underside. Keeping his tail lifted and flat,

the hybrid allowed Scout to climb along the entire length and use his own underbelly to work the soap and suds into his fur, but eventually, the mouse would have to move back down, toward the exposed flesh of the tailhole.

Zech simply knew that Scout was a little bit shy about cleaning the more private areas of his body, but he always tried to be calm and comforting to the hard-working mouse, as a sign of his appreciation.

This time, he decided that he was going to shift the paradigm.

“A l-little... a little slower,” Zech murmured, as he felt tiny, curious paws just *barely* pressing against the pucker of his ass. “Take your time there, Scout. Really make sure everything is nice and... c-clean...”

Scout wasn't some kind of a sheltered youth. He was a fully grown adult, despite the fact that he was so much smaller than

his companion, and he knew all about the birds and the bees, so to speak.

He also never tried to think about those two things when he was cleaning the most sensitive areas of another male.

“It, uh... it seems pretty clean to me!”

Scout called up to Zech, as he rubbed his own lower back against the tailhole, on his way to the perineum. Perhaps the most sensitive area on the hybrid’s body, Scout could always feel Zech’s thighs wiggling with delight when he passed through, but the mouse did his best to never overstay his welcome, as he grabbed as gently as he could to the back of the large, hanging sack in front of him.

The musk of a powerful, deadly predator could be intoxicating to even the smallest of prey species, and Scout always held his breath for just that reason as he fondled each testicle individually, rubbing them with his paws and holding them in his arms with great care. He did **everything** in his power to keep the act from being sexual, but he knew that Zech had to be

deriving at least some pleasure from the act.

He didn't realize that he was doing such a good job that it was giving Zech other, more sinister ideas.

"I don't t-think you got the other one clean enough," Zech said, as he gazed down between his legs. The head of the mouse popped out and gazed up, and a pair of blue eyes that shimmered with a hint of innocence looked to Zech, scanning the calm, soothing brown orbs above as if he questioned Zech's motives.

Scout wasn't *that* innocent, and he wasn't going to deny his roommate the services that he required... but he wasn't sure if he trusted himself to take this next step, just yet.

He was being given a litmus test, and there was no safe way for him to back out of it. "This... t-this one?" Scout asked, his voice stammering with obvious nerves as he fondled the left testicle once again, but rather than simply holding it, he rubbed

the soft, smooth flesh of his belly against it and stroked it on either side with his tiny, skillful paws.

Almost immediately, Scout could feel the flesh around it tensing up in a sure sign of how much Zech was enjoying the treatment. “Y-yeah, that one! Oooh... t-that’s **so** much better, Scout! That’s *perfect*... I think we’re about ready to do the sheath, now.”

Even if Scout was as innocent as his cute, delicate expression would lead someone to believe, he would have been a fool not to see the obvious outcome ahead of him. He’d always been able to treat the shower as something of a real, legitimate job, and until that point, it seemed that Zech was content to allow him to do the same, never actually getting close to crossing that line between roommates.

This time around, the gloves were off, and Scout could feel his tiny heart thumping in his chest like a hammer against a stubborn nail, swinging harder with each passing

moment as his emotions were driven home.

“If y-y-you’re sure,” Scout tried to form a proper reply, but his voice couldn’t help tripping up on the words as he spoke. His nerves were pushing his stomach up toward his throat, and he had to gulp it all back down as he crawled around the underside of the hybrid’s sack, knowing that he was just giving Zech more pleasure in the process. “I’ll, uh... I’ll just s-start with the rim!”

If he were foolish enough to take that first step, Scout knew that he was going to be doing so much more than a simple cleaning. Every time previous, when they reached this stage, Scout simply cleaned the entrance to the canine sheath with his paws, making sure to scrub the fur around the narrow ring, before Zech politely took care of any further mess on his own.

*I guess I could consider this a promotion,* Scout thought, knowing for a fact that Zech often used his own paws to bring himself to orgasm after the mouse was

done helping him in the shower. *Hopefully I end up getting a bigger shoebox for my efforts...*

A simple mouse with simple desires, his expectations for what he'd get for the hard work he did might sound silly to others, but Scout was legitimately excited for the possible rewards that were coming his way, when he was done with his work.

He'd never actually **seen** what Zech had to offer, as far as his most private flesh was concerned, but he knew what to expect, at least to a point. He'd seen canine anatomy before, and he figured that he would be ready for anything, as he climbed up along the inside of Zech's right thigh, and came to settle his paws along the rim of the sheath.

Things started out the same way that they always did, with Scout being extra careful about the tiny, sharp claws upon the ends of his paws. He knew, even before, that the tip of Zech's cock could have popped out at any moment, so he always took great care not to scratch at it on accident.

Against the cream colored fur that surrounded the narrow entrance, a bright, reddish-pink rod suddenly bursting forth would have been impossible to miss, and those wide, innocent eyes of crystal blue gazed upon the end of the cock as it lunged right out, threatening to poke Scout right in the face.

**“Careful!”** the mouse cried out, looking up at Zech with a more than obvious warmth in the pits of his wide, fluffy cheeks. “You could have given me a black eye!”

Zech actually snickered at the idea, despite the delightful pleasure that was radiating up from the depths of his manhood. “It’s not like a jab, Scout. It doesn’t just come flying out all at once, like that. Let it come to you.”

Still coated from head to toe in suds, Scout would be able to rub and roll around on the length with ease once it was all presented to him, but it was a slower process than he expected. The very tip, tapered and smooth, emerged with an easy, gradual pace, and the vein-riddled



flesh that followed captivated the tiny mouse.

*It's so bright... and so thick!* Scout thought, as he felt his own manhood beginning to stir with anticipation. His member was normally flaccid throughout every single shower that they had together, but this time around, as the warm, reddish flesh of Zech's rod brushed along the delicate fluff on his cheek, he couldn't help a bashful arousal from spreading over his body and dictating his actions.

He may have been the more innocent of the pair, but that didn't stop him from clinging to the underside of the impressive flesh and rubbing his underbelly against it.

"That's it, Scout. That's t-the way... just treat it like any other shower," Zech encouraged the mouse to move forward, but as much as Scout loved the feeling of the hot, throbbing cock against his tiny body, he hesitated, though not for the reason the hybrid would have guessed.

“What about my claws, Zech? I kinda need to be able to hang on...”

It was a problem that Zech hadn't considered, but one that there was an easy solution to.

“... Tell you what, Scout. You've already done your share of the work,” Zech began to explain, as one of his paws settled down upon the mouse. He gripped Scout from the back and placed him on the top side of his cock, allowing his own pawtips to wrap around the bottom. “How about I finish the rest... like I always do?”

Scout managed a shy, but sensual smile as he relaxed his arms, only allowing his sudsy fluff to make contact with the sensitive rod. “Long as I get to help... and watch.”

Zech snickered and immediately began stroking Scout against his member, building up more suds than the old, tired shower head could wash away. “You'll be doing a lot more than that in a moment, Scout...”

What would have been painful friction without the soap became a pleasant experience, akin to the softest loofah that Zech could imagine, rubbing and squirming against every surface of his cock. Scout stayed limp in his body, allowing Zech to manipulate his form around the impressive inches of his length in whatever way he wanted, and Scout, for his part, couldn't deny the little bit of pleasure that was running through his crotch as his small, twitching cock was rubbed against one that was larger than his whole body.

The minutes began to add up, and before long, Scout was adding his own lubrication to the mix, as precum began to spill from the narrow tip of his member, but Zech was enjoying himself a little too much not to be devious about the rest of the act. "Y-you... you really wanna h-help me be clean, right Scout?"

The stammering and panting from the muzzle of the coywolf above made it clear to Scout what was about to happen, and

he wasn't far behind with his own orgasm.

"You know that I do, Zech. I'm at... *nngh*... at your service!"

"Then swallow... as much... as y-you fuckin'... **can!**"

Zech could barely manage a word between desperate, orgasmic pants, and his wrist went stiff as he forced Scout to the tip of his canine length. The knot bumped up against Scout's haunches and lifted his backside into the air, forcing his face right down on the tip, just in time for his tiny muzzle to be simply coated in a gooey, sticky burst of cum.

Scout, ever eager to please, was foolish enough to open his muzzle for the second shot, and he felt his entire maw overflow from just the one strand of seed, to the point that his cheeks were puffed out in such a stereotypical way that Zech couldn't help a giggle sneaking into his climactic moans.

*He's gonna drown me if he's not careful!*  
Scout thought. He would have made some

form of protest, but he was loving the flavor of the warm, creamy yield as he tried swallowing the massive amount in his mouth, and it bulged out his throat as he literally denied himself the right to speak, so that he could enjoy that moment that much more thoroughly.

Zech barely even noticed the tiny, appropriately sized load of cum that spilled from Scout's cock, and the mouse was more obsessed with the hybrid's orgasm, regardless. It ended up being his favorite part of the shower, despite his initial doubts, and his body was filled with a new sense of warmth as a load of cum large enough to be a meal for the tiny creature came to settle in his stomach.

"I...I think y-you got enough," Zech suggested, still panting quietly as he tried to catch his own breath. The poor mouse in his paws, however, was simply coated with seed, having taken the proverbial bullet for Zech so that he wouldn't have to extend his shower. "Since I literally just dyed your fur white..."

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A spare toothbrush that Zech was going to throw away ended up getting new life, as the coywolf stood over his sink and worked some soap into the bristles.

Scout was chittering with delight as he felt the smooth, flattened bristles rubbing against the soft, short fur upon his back, scrubbing a place that he was never quite able to reach with his short, slim arms.

“You really didn’t have to go to all of this trouble!” he exclaimed to Zech, as his roommate literally bathed him in the sink, working all of the excess cum out of his fur. “I already told you that I enjoyed it!”

Zech smiled warmly as he ran the brush between the ears of the contented mouse and turned the faucet back on, allowing the suds and ejaculate to be rinsed down the drain.

“I enjoyed it too, Scout... and it’s only fair that I bathe you, if you’re gonna go to all of the trouble of bathing me.”

It wasn't a pay increase, and it wasn't a bigger shoebox for Scout to live in; it was something **so** much better than either of those things could ever be.

If there was one thing that Goku had learned in his short, few weeks working at a bar with Zack, it was that there was no end to the sexual debauchery that the canine could put him through, and he could decide if it was for the best, or for the worst that he was enjoying himself more with each and every passing day.

“The rules are simple, kid. You lay down in the middle, we close the brackets on you, and you don’t tell a soul; I mean a **single fucking soul** about this part of the operation, okay? If you think the boss man is gonna show up, you press the little button, we come let you out, and you act like you have no idea what the hell is going on in here.”

Zack would never need more money than he had, being a legitimate trust fund baby, but he really enjoyed his job at the local college dive bar, for whatever reason, and the drunken owner was running the



business into the ground. If he wasn't careful, he was going to be out of business soon, and that meant that Zack would be out of a job.

Goku didn't quite seem to understand why Zack had such a soft spot for the bar, or for working at all, but he was effectively under the control of the domineering Doberman, and the more he learned about his own sexual personality, the more that he found himself enjoying every minute of it.

"And you're really thinking this idea is going to draw in the customers that we need to keep the bar open?" Goku asked. "I mean... the place is pretty empty right now, and it's not like we can claim all of this money is coming from tips."

"We're not giving the money from the glory hole to the owner. That old dipshit would just end up spending it all at some other bar," Zack pointed out. "We're pocketing that money, but after you spend a few hours pounding a submissive little bitch in a glory hole, you're gonna

need a drink or two. The extra customers will be coming to take whoever happens to be in the stall that night... we charge a cover to get into the bathroom, and place a two drink minimum on the whole thing to increase bar sales.”

“I dunno if people would pay for all of that, Zack...”

“Trust me. We’re charging a lot less than the average prostitute, we don’t have to be kicked out when everything is said and done, and we have alcohol for a fairly reasonable price. This is just the natural progression of desperate guys paying for sex, and where they save a lot of money, we stand to make it hand over fist!”

It was almost creepy that Zack was such a great entrepreneur, especially in regards to things that were related to sex. He had a certain set of morals, of course, and would never profit off of sexual activity that was truly immoral, and certainly wouldn’t dare to branch into the realm of trafficking, but as long as he had a stable of willing, submissive pets to throw

around, he was sure to find ways to put them to good use.

His plans for the near future, while shrouded in mystery, always seemed to revolve around the dive bar, and having a staff of people that he could unequivocally trust to run it for him.

“And naturally, I’m gonna get the first shift?”

“You should be honored,” Zack suggested. “This is the inaugural run of the glory hole at a college dive bar, and you’re helping to save a failing business! I’m not sure how much more justification you could really want from me, here!”

Goku crossed his arms defiantly, though it was hard for him to look the part when he was already standing naked in the bathroom, between the shackles that were going to hold his wrists, and the gallows that would go around his waist, creating a divider so that both his front and back sides could be taken by multiple customers at once.

All told, it was a fairly elaborate set up for a college dive bar, and Goku wouldn't deny feeling a little excitement at the thought of being the first one to break it in.

"Do I... do I get to keep **any** of the money from this, Zack?"

"You've already got this job, and another side job, as I recall... we'll see how much money we're bringing in with this, and if business is really good, perhaps I can come up with some way to reward you financially."

Zack did love to be in charge of anything that he was involved with, and this operation was no different. He was calling all of the shots from day one, and like any good entrepreneur, he was going to test his product before he introduced it to the open market.

"The bar opens in about thirty minutes, Goku. Let's get you all strapped in."

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Shackles made sure that Goku wouldn't be able to move his wrists, no matter how desperately he wanted to. His throat would have to do all of the heavy lifting, and if he was having trouble, it just meant that he was going to have to get that much better at holding his breath.

Dark, rugged metal held a spot around his wrists, and his stomach was placed on a small pad, acting as his only source of comfort. His backside was forced out, and a fairly wide hole was placed on that side of the bathroom stall, making sure that no one would have trouble finding his exposed tailhole. His tail was placed in a shackle all for itself, yanked up and lifted high so that he couldn't lower it, no matter how the person behind him was treating him.

Goku was just barely able to line his muzzle up properly with the front hole, but with a little crook of his neck, he was in a perfect position to take all comers, and with the bar opening only minutes

from then, he was shocked that Zack was still busy “testing” the new set up.

“It’s f-fuckin’ perfect!” Zack cheered himself on as he continued pounding his hips at the wall of the stall, finding that there was just enough room for his knot to fit through the oral hole. Goku, naturally, was stuck completely in place with no other option than to test the rig, and thanks to the angle of his neck, all he had to do was relax his throat a little bit, and the person on the other side of the wall could do the rest.

The set up was obviously effective, as even Zack was having trouble keeping his excitement in check. A warm, easy stream of cum was soon to pour into Zack’s maw and right down the flesh of his throat, coating it with delightful, tasty seed and leaving behind a subtle reminder for the submissive fox... though Zack was happy to verbalize it, as he gripped the base of his knot and squeezed it, drawing out a few more strands of the mess for Goku to enjoy.

“You can have as much fun as your body will allow in here,” Zack murmured, keeping his normally loud cries of orgasm to little more than a delicate rumble, “But I don’t care how much you enjoy what someone else brings to the table. At the end of the night, you’re still coming home with me, and you still **belong** to me. This isn’t a speed dating service; it’s a **fucking** service, and I know that you’re the best bitch in my stable.”

Goku wasn’t quite sure what Zack was getting at, other than the obvious reminder of who he belonged to... at least, until the Doberman began zipping his pants back up so that he could go open the bar.

“I guess what I’m saying is... do you worst, Goku, but save your best for **me**.”

The trapped fox wasn’t sure that he’d ever fully understand Zack, or his motives in life, but he couldn’t deny a happy, twisted thrill from running down into his tummy at the pseudo-romantic statement. It wasn’t going to make up for an entire evening of

being abused, and he wasn't sure that Zack could actually handle running the whole bar by himself, but the Doberman was truly resourceful, and in the end, he'd likely find a way to make everything work.

With college out of session and the local crowd rarely venturing so far, the only way Goku was going to have a busy night was if his services were advertised... and he should have known from the beginning that Zack was bragging about him in every nitty, gritty corner of the city. From every back alley to the most twisted sex clubs in town, Zack had been bragging about the surprise that was coming soon to the bar that he worked at, and instead of the slow, easy trickle of nervous, curious customers that Goku was expecting, there was a sudden rush of people to the door, all **much** more eager to have a turn with the trapped fox than to sit at the bar and drink a crappy, overpriced beer.

"That'll be fifty dollars," Goku could hear Zack repeating himself time and time again, until it reached the point that he



was actually handing out vouchers and telling customers to go wait at the bar until the fox was freed up.

*I... am literally going to get fucked to death, Goku thought to himself, fearful at just how many men were waiting to get their paws on him. These guys are gonna tear me apart and come back for seconds... can I really handle this?*

“It’s only forty for the muzzle, if we’ve got any takers for the front side!” Zack called out, and naturally, there were a few takers for that role. When it came down to it, the Doberman knew his customers, and there were plenty of people in the college town who were willing to pay for sex, rather than go through the trouble of dating someone to get their rocks off. “Two lines, fellas; two lines! If you’re tired of waiting, head to the bar and I’ll get you topped off! Gotta stay hydrated!”

If nothing else, Goku could admit that Zack was resourceful, and to be able to run such a seedy operation, he had to be. He was ruling over the bar at the moment,

completely unquestioned, and Goku was just another cog in the machine, waiting to be lubricated by a countless number of mechanics.

To call the customers eager would have been the understatement of the year, and the first one was already unzipping his pants before he was all the way in the front stall. A man with a failing marriage who felt that it was easier to pay to get his rocks off than to deal with the stresses that his wife threw at him, he was a stocky, ragged feline, a shorthair with stripes running down the side of his body, and a suit that clearly hadn't been washed in weeks covered up the patterns.

His cock was likely the only part of his body that he paid enough attention to in order to keep it clean, but Goku was fortunate for the anonymity of the glory hole, at that point. He couldn't see the terrible state the other male was in, and couldn't tell about his stresses, nor did he really care to hear them.

He just wanted to feel the sharp, yet *tantalizing* barbs of the feline's cock against his tongue, and his wish was granted in rapid fashion, as the cat forced his member through the oral hole with no hesitation.

"Just... j-just suck it all down," the man on the other side of the wall called out, and Goku could create his own image of what the man was really like, despite his voice sounding nervous, as if this was the first time he'd ever done something sexual in public. The shackled vulpine could pretend that he was a tall, beefy tiger with a domineering personality, and that the errant thrusts against his lips were the results of a greater sense of desire, rather than a sense of desperation.

The orders given were weak, but Goku knew that he had a job to do, and all he had to do was imagine that Zack was looking over his shoulder, watching his every move. The risk of punishment made it easy for him to open his muzzle and slurp his tongue along the underside of

the long, slim feline member, all while accepting someone else in the back.

“Don’t let me distract you too much, kid. I know it can be kinda scary when it’s your first time.”

How the stranger behind Goku could possibly know that it was his first trip in a glory hole, he wasn’t entirely sure, but there was something vaguely familiar about the cock that was beckoning at his backside. There was something of a flare to the tip, and it was already struggling to get inside of the pre-lubricated passage, but the force pushed him forward, forcing more of the feline’s cock into his mouth, much to the delight of the poor, desperate fellow.

*That... kinda sounded like Jesse back there,* Goku thought, and given the equine shape of the flesh as it continued poking and prodding at his previously stretched asshole, he had to wonder if it really was the friendly, courteous stallion, taking advantage of the only opportunity he’d likely get to try the fox’s backside.

Even if it wasn't Jesse, it was easy enough for Goku to pretend, and he smiled around his mouthful of barbed length as he pushed his hips back with the little freedom that his body had, assisting the impressive cock with the initial insertion.

"He's an e-eager little bitch, this one!" the feline called out, lacking any sense of respect or shame in his approach. Both males had broken one of the cardinal rules of the glory hole, being that you weren't supposed to speak or reveal your identity once inside, but the horse was at least respectful about his words, and went right back to the silence he started with. "Bet he's gonna swallow my whole load, too!"

The feline, with his own struggles to worry about, wasn't worried about his etiquette when it came to paying for illicit sex, and focused more on the pleasure as his spindly hips began pumping forth. After taking guys like Zack and Jesse in the past, this was a breeze for Goku, who let out only the quietest rumbles of content around the length, not wanting to stroke

his ego too much while he fulfilled his sexual obligations.

He would *happily* have stroked the ego of the horse behind him, as the flare of his cock finally eased inside of his body with a quiet, satisfying **spop**. Goku's ears perked to the sound, and then almost immediately went flat as he felt a few easy, slow thrusts in his backside, allowing each and every inch of his anal passage to squeeze around and appreciate the impressive flare at the end.

Goku couldn't remember the last time he had the pleasure of a slow, gentle fuck, and his knees went weak as they trembled with the delight of the process. Each pass of the surprisingly delicate equine brought a renewed sense of pleasure into his own manhood, and the very tip of his tapered, vulpine cock twitched with delight, making him wish that he could reach down and give it a little attention.

His attention was instead pulled back to the feline, who had very little endurance to speak of. A small, easy load of cum

began to spill into Goku's muzzle as the cat climaxed without any warning, but he slammed his paws on the wall of the stall, over exaggerating his reaction and trying not to yell out, as if he was able to sense the tension of the other males and their judgment of his lack of manners.

*Go on... pump it all in there, it's less I have to clean up later,* Goku thought, able to easily handle what was likely a week or so of build up from the feline, but compared to the yield that Jesse offered him the week before, it was more like doing a shot, when he was expecting to have to chug a full beer.

A quiet, overdrawn “**Ahhhnnn...**” of satisfaction slipped past Goku's lips as the feline pulled back, spilling a couple of drops of cum on the floor in the process. He wanted to entice his customers and keep them coming back, but his real enjoyment began when a new male replaced the old one... a fox that looked friendly, at least, from what Goku could see of him. His stomach was just a little bit

chubby, and the black fur upon his underbelly was exposed as he quickly fished out his sheath, and from it, the very tip of his cock began to emerge.

He had **a lot** more to offer than the feline before him.

*That's more like it!* Goku cheered the male on, opening his muzzle wide and letting extra strands of cum drip from his fangs, trying to make the orifice look as enticing as possible while the fox, a friendly young man by the name of Roweland, lined himself up with the bright, flat pink of Goku's tongue.

It was love at first touch for Goku, who swirled his tongue around the slim, narrowed tip and quickly took the rest of the cock into his maw, or at least, as much as he could handle; the fox was sporting ten inches when his member finally came to a full erection, and even the submissive vulpine was having trouble with it at his current angle.



He was only able to take the entirety of the length when he felt a harsh thrust against his backside, and almost immediately, his inner muscles were coated with a thick, healthy helping of equine cum. Goku couldn't even begin to think of what to compare the sensation to, but precum spilled rapidly from the tip of his own length as the horse emptied itself inside of him, and excess cum spilled over the back of his thighs and dripped down over his dangling sack as his body failed to contain the impressive yield.

The last few drips spit upon his backside as the horse pulled free, and a small tap on the wall behind Goku only confirmed his suspicions about the identity of the mystery equine. Roweland was easily the biggest benefactor, as the deep, full thrusts pushed Goku forward and forced the vulpine cock right into the back of his throat, but once it was coated in saliva, it didn't hang around much longer.

Roweland made a gesture under the stall and stepped out, still gripping his cock, as

he came right up to the messy, cum-soaked backside of Goku and made himself comfortable, using Jesse's seed as all of the lubricant that his length would ever need.

*Atta boy, foxy. Stick it in there... show that gentle horse how a desperate fox gives it to his mate!* Goku wished that he could vocalize his desires, but he could only give a quick shake of his rump, enticing Roweland to abandon his patience.

A quiet, messy **squelch** heralded the fox penetrating his trapped kin, and Goku was fortunate that another male was present to stuff his muzzle; he would have cried out in delight, if not for the sudden presence of another cock to muffle the sound.

This one was somewhere in the middle, carrying a bit of a thickness that felt equine, but the tip was somewhat tapered. Goku was dying to see what the male on the other side looked like, imagining someone that had all of the height and strength of a horse, with all of

the stocky muscle of a standard wolf, and he soaked up the fantasy as his hips bucked gently against the wider hole in the back, wanting to treat Roweland to one **hell** of a show.

Typically, Roweland might have tried to last a little bit longer, but he didn't have anyone to impress, and he didn't want to get caught, if the whole operation went up in smoke. He was loving the tight, playful squeeze of Goku's inner muscles, and his knot was already starting to make an appearance as he slammed his hips forth, letting his sack bounce against the little bit of Goku's thighs that were exposed.

Everything was going swimmingly for Goku, who was happily drowning in what might have been the peak of his sexual debauchery, and as Zack ran his thumb through the stack of twenties in his paws and admired the growing line outside of the bathroom door, his star attraction was gagging around the impressive thickness of a mysterious rod and getting filled with

yet another load of cum, but this time, the male didn't immediately bolt.

Roweland gritted his fangs together and grunted, trying to suppress his cries of delight, but it was a losing battle, and he threw his head back with a moan as his knot **easily** took hold of Goku's asshole, thanks to the equine stretching it received earlier. Goku was tempted to join in the moans of ecstasy, but somehow, he was able to keep his code of silence intact, even as he felt something that he didn't know he was capable of.

Streaks of cum spilled from the tip of his vulpine length and shot down to the floor violently, and his cock bounced around with nothing to hold it in place, the heavy pulses forcing the length to shudder and coat the pad beneath with warm, creamy streams of his own seed, and his mouth gasped around the length in the front, as he tried contemplate what had just happened to him.

*I... I can cum without even touching myself?!* His mind was bewildered, even as

the last strands of his ejaculate fell down against his own ankles and stuck into his fur, leaving him soaked with even more mess than there was before. *Fucking hell... I might actually have to find out who that guy behind me is!*

Goku had no idea if he and Roweland would ever meet outside of the glory hole, but at the moment, his inner muscles clenched tightly around the knot and milked it until there was just no more room for the seed to settle. It began to seep out and join the rest of the equine's seed from before, adding to a mess that would only grow as the evening continued.

At the very beginning, the shackled vulpine was worried that he wasn't going to be able to handle even the first few guests that came his way.

After just four males, he was hoping that he had a line around the block... and that the bar would stay open long enough for him to satisfy the whole lot.

## Bonus Story: “Creating a Book Cover”

The stage was set perfectly. There wasn’t a whole lot on it, and the cameras were set to embrace the darkness around the stage more than anything, in the hopes that it would make the stars of the show stand out, and shine that much brighter.

“You’ve been a **very** naughty boy, Phillip. I don’t think the usual punishment is going to cut it, this time around.”

A Dalmatian by the name of Phillip was standing in the middle of the stage, and he could feel his neck being tugged back by the short, **tight** slack of a leash. A collar of red sat around his neck, showing that he belonged to someone, and clearly, his owner wasn’t too happy with his actions, as he gave another quick, harsh tug.

“Oooh... goodness, Ben! I know you can be insatiable, but you’re just **too** much lately! I don’t know if my slim, tight little

ass can take another pounding from you so soon!”

Even as he said it, Phillip was pushing his backside into the tall, muscle-bound German Shepherd behind him. He and Ben clearly had quite the history, and whatever Phillip had done wrong, it wasn't actually bothering Ben too much; the larger canine was just looking for an excuse to wrap the slim, eager Dalmatian around his cock one more time.

There were no clothes in the way of the act. Their bodies were already nude, pressed so tightly together that they could feel the exchange of warmth, and Ben, already stiff to the point that his member threatened to burst, was pressed right up to the waiting tailhole of the eager submissive.

It seemed as though everything was in place, and that **nothing** could possibly stop them.

“**CUT!** Are you fucking **kidding** me, Phillip? No one actually talks like that when they’re about to be fucked in the ass!”

There was just one force of nature that refused to let the boys have their fun, and it was Joshiah, the director, who was trying to create his magnum opus. The world of literary erotica was slowly fading away, and only video pornography was really worth his efforts, anymore.

That being said, he needed a good cover shot for the new movie that he was producing, and “Boys Only: Darkest Desires” was going to be the movie that launched him back to the top of the erotic world.

At least, it would be, if he would just let the actors finish their scenes.

“I thought you told me to make it sexy!” Phillip yelled back in a huff. The warm, eager blush upon his cheeks began to fade as he glared across the stage and crossed his arms over his chest. “I can do sexy, and I can do serious, but they don’t blend the



way that you're trying to! It's like another one of your stupid cocktails!"

"Scotch and scotch is not a *stupid cocktail*. It's a fucking genius idea, and I heard that **you** were a fucking genius, so how about you stop being such a damn smart ass, and focus on the fucking part?!"

The hybrid was nearing the end of his wire, but thankfully, the movie was nearing the end of production. They just needed this last sex scene to wrap everything up, and then, they could move everything to post production, for all of the bells and whistles.

Before the sex could actually begin, however, Joshiah was trying to get his two most attractive stars to focus so that they could take the perfect shot for the box artist. PJ, a pterosaur who made their way into the line of work some time ago, always seemed to find a way to bring the most life to the cover of a pornographic movie, and at the moment, they were having a little trouble getting the shot just right.

“Ugh. Fine, I’ll focus, but I’d better be getting paid time and a half for this!” Phillip complained. He took his position against Ben once more, who was still throbbing against the underside of the Dalmatian’s tail, and looked back at him with all of the lust that he could possibly capture in his eyes. Ben, a great actor in his own right, managed to keep a grin on his face the entire time, and never took his intense, burning eyes off of his target.

“I’ll give you time and a half of the fuck that I don’t give if you just **hold still**,” Joshiah ordered, and though he could see Phillip lifting his paw to flip the hybrid the bird, he brought it back into focus just in time for PJ to finish the sketch of the erotic moment, captured in a way that no one else could quite muster.

“What do you think? I know I got a little carried away,” the winged artist admitted, “But I think this might be my best one yet. Any input?”

Joshiah forced the actors to stay put as he looked over the canvas, and immediately,

a grin spread over his lips. “This... this is **perfect!** It looks even better than the real thing!”

The actors rolled their eyes, but as the crew began to pack up around them, Joshiah couldn’t help running out, despite their nudity, and hugging both of them tightly. “You guys did great! Take the rest of the day to do whatever you want, and we’ll call you both when production is all done with the film! You boys are gonna be **famous**, just you wait!”

PJ smiled nervously at Joshiah’s ridiculous antics and picked up the canvas, bringing it home so that the colors could be added to a predetermined background of darkness.

The hybrid was too busy running around the room, high-fiving his entire production team to worry too much about what would happen next, but he finished his victory lap and ran out the door, with a bottle of scotch at home that was calling his name.

Before long, it was just Phillip and Ben, sitting in the middle of a dark room with no lights, no director, and no cameras, save for the one on Phillip's smartphone.

"Well... what do we do now?" Phillip asked, and already, he took note that Ben never released the lead on the leash.

The German Shepherd had been sporting a thick, throbbing erection for the better part of an hour, and Phillip, in his own right, had been anticipating a full video that afternoon, instead of just a still shot.

"We make our own little video, Phillip... with no pesky director to tell us what we're doing wrong."

Wagging his long, thin tail with delight, Phillip barely had a chance to set his smartphone on a tilt before Ben pressed the tip of his canine length into the asshole that it had been snuggled up to for the better part of an hour, and as his fangs gritted with delight from the long-awaited penetration, Phillip let his tongue

spill over the side of his jowls in a raw, **real** display of his emotions.

“You c-call this a punishment?” Phillip asked, as Ben pushed him down to the floor and mounted him, all without ever pulling his cock free. The impressively thick shaft was pumping into the Dalmatian mercilessly, and all he could do was curl the length of his tail around Ben’s lower back as the German Shepherd literally fucked him into the floor.

“Oh, we’ll get to *that*,” Ben suggested. His hips quickly took on a truly canine pace, and Phillip was left barely able to move, as a series of desperate, quick pants escaped his open muzzle. “But first, I wanna get rid of those pesky spots, and I’ve got a big ol’ load of white paint right here...”

Phillip rolled his eyes, but they stayed back in his moment of ecstasy. “Y-you are... s-such a... fucking **dork!**”

“Yeah... but you still love me.”

“D-damn right I do...”

## Bonus Story: “An Otter Floating Out Of Water”

To some people, the height of pleasure was close to being the polar opposite of the feeling itself.

Anyone who'd ever been in a sexual situation that they enjoyed could tell you what pleasure was, and why it felt so great for them. It was easy enough to explain that your body was receptive to a particular sensation, and if you could imitate it on your own, the sexual adventures that you'd go on would be as numerous as the orgasms achieved.

When you got past the basics of penetration and masturbation being enjoyable, however, you were able to find out what other, subtle ways you could entice your nerves to respond. The ways to reach a climax were as numerous as the areas of the body that you could touch, and every person, no matter how big or

small, had little things that made them tick.

Rivard couldn't have been much more in touch with the things that made him tick, and much to the delight of some of his close friends, he wasn't even the least bit afraid to express himself sexually, no matter how shy he might pretend to be when push comes to shove.

"Got him all harnessed in over there?"

"Yeah, I don't think this little bitch is going **anywhere.**"

Rivard had been literally used a furniture, even in a non-sexual nature. He'd been forced to lick paws, muzzles and assholes more times than he could count. He'd guzzled down piss without as much as a warning, been shoved around and had his ass beaten so many shades of black and blue that you could nearly make a new color spectrum from them.

Nbowa and Exile were starting to wonder if there was anything that they could do to him that hadn't been done before, but

rather than trying to figure that out as they went, they were starting off with the kitchen sink, and then looking for other appliances to throw at him.

“Like he’d run, even if he **could**,” Nbowa pointed out. “He can wiggle and squirm all he wants. It’s not like we don’t know better...”

In the basement of the lion’s home, a pull-up bar dropped from the ceiling, and thanks to the screws that latched it into the 2x4’s above, it was able to support a lot more weight than the otter brought to the table. With a little elbow grease and a lot of rope, Nbowa and Exile were able to create a rig that even a professional dominatrix would be proud of: Rivard was dangling from the ceiling, his legs spread behind him, his stomach facing the floor, and his head lifted just slightly with a rope that hung under his chin, forcing him to gaze up at Exile.

The tight coils of the same kept his arms stretched out wide, and his wrists were little more than anchor points for the rope



to travel back up to the ceiling. Suspended the way that he was, Rivard could barely move, and even if he could, his cock was completely locked up in a tight, metal cage, with several rings that tightly clenched around his shaft and discouraged it from growing erect... but in the situation, he couldn't possibly help himself, and blood tried to force itself into the delicate flesh all the same, creating a terrible discomfort between his legs.

All in all, the night was off to a great start for Rivard, who couldn't properly say thanks for it. A thick, wide ring gag was settled between his teeth, and drool was already spilling to the basement carpet as he struggled to deal with the large obstruction.

"This might not even be enough for him anymore," Exile suggested. The confident huscoon might have been more dominant than the otter, but a pool noodle had more of a spine in the bedroom, and all said, he was still working under the orders of Nbowa, the lion that always ran the

show. “I bet he isn’t even responding to it.”

A couple of harsh slaps against the back of Rivard’s trapped, bound sack made his eyes wince, but while his body told him he should be in pain, pleasure ran down his spine, through his nervous system and right to the source of the abuse. “Oh, I’m pretty sure he’s loving this,” Nbowa disagreed. “His balls are all tight and swollen from not being able to cum all week... does it hurt, Rivard? Are they too full, you little bitch?”

Exile couldn’t keep from wincing a little bit, as well, but if he wanted to avoid a similar fate, he had to do whatever the lion ordered him to, and naturally, he wasn’t allowed to wear his telltale football jersey, or his shorts in the house. He was stripped naked in front of Rivard, just to taunt the trapped otter with the sight of a hybrid cock, without ever letting him taste it.

It was starting to wear on both of them, as Exile desperately wished to feel the

compressed tongue of the dangling mustelid against his member.

“If you hit him too hard, he might burst,” Exile muttered, wearing a grin that said he wasn’t too worried about the wellbeing of the otter. He knew that Rivard could handle more than he was being given, and he was just waiting for the order, so he’d have his chance to gag Rivard upon his cock in a situation where he wouldn’t have anywhere to hide. “His sack is harder than a damn baseball right now!”

“**Good.** Maybe he’s finally ready, then,” Nbowa suggested, as he gave the back of the sac another hard, firm slap. Rivard twitched against his ropes, but he could literally do nothing more than that, as the lion lowered his trademark shorts of red to the ground and gripped the base of his cock. “Poor little otter has to sit here and service us until we cum, and he doesn’t get to!”

The teasing and taunting were forcing more vital essence to flow toward Rivard’s member, and the buildup of pressure was

threatening to damage the length of his cock as it struggled and fought against the tight rings of the cage. Though Rivard couldn't move or speak, every little bit of abuse was more like a present than a punishment to him, and his insides simply jumped with delight as he felt the drooling tip of the lion's cock pressing to the underside of his tail.

That same thick, heavy rudder was left to hang, but only so that Nbowa could **fiercely** tug it out of the way of his manhood. His claws dug into the flesh, and Rivard whined almost silently against his gag as Nbowa gestured to Exile, finally granting the hybrid the freedom that he so desperately needed.

Moving with errant desperation, Exile gripped Rivard by the captivating tufts of his green hair and dug his digits into the scalp of the hanging mustelid. His cock was bouncing and throbbing right before Rivard's eyes, and the otter could literally do nothing but watch as each inch slipped past the confines of the ring gag and

passed over his trapped tongue. His throat was just a breath away from there, and Exile was able to swab it freely with the tip of his manhood as he yanked and tugged at the pawfuls of hair.

Searing, heated pain ran down the back of Rivard's skull and neck as his hair was so harshly tugged, and he shuddered against Nbowa as the lion drove his claws into the soft, pliable flesh of the lifted tail. It seemed that Nbowa took just as much pleasure in the buildup as he did the act, and the tip of his manhood impaling the otter was just the icing on his personal cake, as the first few inches pounded and forced their way inside, despite Rivard's tailhole clenching up in protest.

"You really need to learn to control your body better, you fucking whore... I **know** you want this, no matter how you try to fight it," the lion claimed, as he brushed one of the bangs of blonde out of his eyes. "And if you try to stop me, I'm just gonna **force** my way in!"

Deriving more pleasure out of the struggle, Rivard kept fighting the lion's advance, but his tight, clenching asshole was no match for the powerful, driving hips of the feline between his legs. The tight little pucker clenched against the invading flesh, and while the struggle itself was enjoyable, it simply paled in comparison to the delight that came from being taken with such **brutal** force.

It was everything that Rivard ever wanted, and as he felt the first hard, rigorous **SMACK** against his backside, delivered by a skillful and open paw, the entire world began to melt around the hanging otter.

He was at a point of sexual nirvana, and he wasn't sure how much more time passed before the supposed ordeal was over.

Pain radiated up from his backside as Nbowa beat it savagely, leaving a series of pawprints underneath the soft, short fur upon his rump, and a glow of red from the flesh that was abused in the process. His eyes winced tightly shut on each strike of their own accord, but each time, they

went back to being lidded over with untold delight, even as Exile literally choked the poor creature around his cock and brushed the tip of his hybrid manhood along his tonsils.

Even when that same rod of throbbing, thick flesh was pulled free to smack Rivard in the cheeks and degrade him, he didn't really *feel* the pain that sunk into his flesh from the harsh punishment. There was only an overarching theme of pleasure that grew with every passing moment, even though his cock was unable to grow, much less be reached.

Were things a little worse, Nbowa might have been concerned, but he was having far too much fun to be distracted from the task at hand. Rivard's asshole was perfectly clean, and the lion couldn't allow that to stand, as he gripped his paws into the curve of Rivard's rump and sunk his claws in to hold his body steady. Unable to bounce any longer, his inner muscles clenched unconsciously around the lion's dick and milked the seed right out of it,

and even the thunderous roar of pleasure from the domineering lion wasn't enough to snap Rivard free.

He could feel the silky, sticky cum pouring into his asshole and spilling out over the back of his balls when his asshole couldn't contain the whole mess, and he could feel claws nearly drawing blood from his cheeks as Exile held on tight and slapped his hips in so ferociously that it was downright painful.

His throat likely should have been gagging around the deep penetration, but instead, it swallowed reflexively as long, thin strands of ejaculate poured right in, as if they were meant to fill the open, relaxed orifice. Barely responsive, Rivard couldn't keep the mess from dripping down over the sides of his jowls and spilling along the thin seams of his neck, but any cum that was lucky enough to make it past the back of his tongue was destined to slide right down his throat and into his stomach as a tasty treat.



It wasn't until the act was coming to close, and Nbowa was starting to catch his breath that he finally lowered the otter from the ceiling, and Exile knelt down next to his head, looking just the slightest bit confused and concerned. He really was worried that they'd pushed things too far, this time, but Nbowa was still grinning, perhaps wider than ever, as he looked at his own handiwork.

"He's drooling cum... he's barely able to move," Exile said, his voice tainted with just a hint of panic. "Should we... should we call someone?"

Nbowa shook his head as he brushed the long, luxurious fur of his mane back over his head and began toweling off the sweat from his face. "Look a little closer, Exile."

Though it was subtle, hidden at the edges of his cheeks, Rivard's lips were clearly curled in a downright stupefied smile, and when he finally saw through the exhaustion of the mustelid, Exile couldn't help cracking a smile, as well.

He didn't think he'd ever seen Rivard any happier, and they still had a whole weekend left to try and one up their thorough performance.

## Bonus Story: “An Unusual Urinal”

In order to stay up with the in-crowd, nightclubs had to pull out all of the stops, and that thought process carried itself through literally every inch of the building... even down to the very tiles of the bathroom.

Humorously, it was rare that you could find a more stylish bathroom than those in a nightclub, because of the constant struggle to stay on the cutting edge of fashion and style. If you were to find yourself in one right after it was renovated, you could be sure that you were doing your business in the kind of style and luxury that you could only hope to have in your own home, someday.

Duke didn't care too much about his surroundings when he was doing his business, and sadly, he completely missed out on the chic, stylish furnishings on the sinks and the LED lights that surrounded

the mirrors when he first entered. He was more put off by the fact that the bathroom was completely empty, and the urinals were black, of all colors.

It was the first time that the fox had seen porcelain of such a color in a public place, and it was a little strange, but then again, it matched almost everything else in the bathroom, and the only white furnishings were used as accents to make the LED lights around almost every surface pop more than they actually did. It was an interesting style choice, and one that made a statement, but it was lost on Duke, who simply strolled up to the first urinal and unzipped his jeans.

The very tip of his vulpine cock emerged from the sheath between his legs, and after taking a full, deep breath, a gentle stream of golden fluid began to spill into the oddly lifted bowl. There was no cake at the bottom, and though he'd never given it much thought before, Duke couldn't help noticing that the height of the base of the urinal was just about

where someone's muzzle would be, if they were giving him a blowjob.

It was fairly common that the red fox was thinking about his next rub and tug, so it wasn't surprising when a little bit more of his reddish-pink flesh began to emerge, and suddenly, he was glad for the privacy. He tried leaning a little further into the wall, but he nearly jumped right back when a small light began to flash in front of his eyes.

"W-what the fuck?!" he called out, but the light just seemed to be a flushing device that was set off by a motion detector. He felt silly, and was standing in the middle of the bathroom with his cock exposed, looking the part, as well... but he had plenty of time to lean back into the urinal and press the button.

His ears perked just slightly when he heard a quiet **ulp, ulp, ulp** coming from the wall, and he cocked a brow as he connected the dots. "That's... completely tasteless," he muttered, finding the sound effect to be lacking in any sense or style.

His opinion changed just slightly, when he noticed that it wasn't a sound effect at all, but the actual contractions and swallowing of a real, live throat.

"Thanks for the drink," whispered a voice from the other side of the wall. The black background on the urinal flashed with a light and became clear, and just on the other side of the wall, a slim, nude otter was on his knees, drinking up every drop of the fluid that he possibly could. His tongue slipped forth and licked both his upper and lower lip with a certain greed. He stroked a paw across the unique, sharp fangs that hung from his teeth, and stroked a single digit over a crack in one fang as he winked to Duke. The red fox took a full step back, his lower lip quivering in panic at the kind of nightclub he was in.

"Be sure to come back, stranger... I'm **always** thirsty."



Thank you all so much for reading through the latest “Boys Only” anthology! We went some dark places this time around, but all things told, I think this book is even better than the first, and best of all, all of these stories are original tales that can’t be found anywhere else yet!

If you’d like to learn more about the other things that I write, there are some useful links below that will lead you to all kinds of places that aren’t quite as dark as this book...but they’re just as enjoyable!

<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/joshiah/>

<https://joshiah.sofurry.com/>

<https://www.amazon.com/Joshiah-Warbaum/e/B01M1oYQOP>

<https://www.patreon.com/Joshiah>

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