

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)  
The Holiday Party

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# Disclaimer

This story is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual people/places/events is entirely coincidental. Also, this story contains acts which should not be attempted in real life and does not constitute advice, suggestion, instruction, etc.

This story contains material suitable for adults and should not be read by anyone who is under 18 or for whom it is illegal to view adult and/or sexual material.

Finally, this story contains a wide variety of kinks and fetishes, but also tamer parts too. There should be something for everyone in here, but just be aware there are some heavier kinks involved than I have written before!

# Chapter 1

“Okay, almost quitting time. . .” Sally said to herself. After the chaos of exams, the cafe was practically deserted and almost eerily silent. The students had largely gone home for the holidays, and she and one of the cooks had the place to themselves. The only customers were at a table off to one side: a pig and a raccoon. The pair were regulars who worked at the local adult toy store and always came in together, but she had picked up that they weren’t a couple.

They’d had a few minutes with the menus, so Sally decided to check if they were ready to order. Walking over, she asked, “Can I get you two anything?”

The raccoon looked up and said, “Oh, yes I’ll have the soup and a number five.”

Sally wrote it down—It was easy to remember, but customers found it reassuring when she wrote it down anyway—before turning to the pig. “And what can I get you today?”

The pig laid his menu down on the table and pointed, and Sally wrote it down.

After relaying their order to the kitchen, she came back over to talk with the pair. “So, you two are sticking around for the winter break?”

The raccoon shook his head, “Nah, I’m going to visit my family and some friends next week. How about you?”

“Well, I was going to have a big party with a bunch of friends and coworkers and stuff this weekend, but with how bad the forecast is, I’ve been getting one cancellation after another. . .”

The pig looked up at her questioningly and pointed to himself.

“You want to come to it?” she asked.

The pig nodded vigorously. “Yeah,” the raccoon explained, “He doesn’t have anywhere to go for the holidays. He actually lives at the shop. I mean, I’m not supposed to say that, but there’s nobody here to overhear it and you’ve always been cool.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that. Is everything okay?”

“Well, he used to work for us, but. . . Are you familiar with BioChange?”

“Yeah, sadly I know of them. I thought they finally went out of business last year, though.”

“They did. But he was one of their customers.” The raccoon gestured at the

pig. “What they gave him did what he wanted, but it screwed him up pretty bad. Being mute isn’t the only thing, and some of them make living an everyday life difficult. When I realized he had nowhere else to go, I mean, I couldn’t kick him out. And since the security cameras at the shop are crap anyway, I’ve been making it work for him.”

She looked over at the pig. “So I should probably tell you it’s an adult party, though if you live at a porn shop that’s probably okay with you.” He nodded.

“He can come to it, then?”

“Yeah, it will be starting this afternoon and go until Sunday,” she said, “One thing I am having guests do is write what they are into on their shirt, just to make it easier to find people into the same things. But I assume you don’t have many clothes.”

The pig shook his head, then pointed to the shirt he was wearing and made a drawing motion on it.

“I guess you could use that one, yeah. But right now it is looking like it will be eight including you and myself. Nobody else wanted to brave the weather. I assume you don’t have a problem heading there straight from here? I’ve got my stuff in the car already.” The pig shook his head. “Perfect, because I’d like to beat the snowstorm if I can. Let me grab your food quick, and I’ll leave you to it.”

As she walked back to the kitchen, she thought more about their exchange. Sure, she didn’t know either of them very well, but they had always been very courteous customers and quite friendly. They would ask about how her day was going, talk about various hobbies, and so on. Besides, she had already told Ally and Marci they could invite a friend.



Half an hour later, the raccoon bid them farewell and headed out the door. Looking outside, Sally could already see that it was starting to snow quite hard. As she packed up her things, she heard the door open as her replacement walked in. After a quick hello and some comments about the weather, Sally and the pig walked out the door and over to her car. It was starting to get a little icy, but nothing too terrible just yet.

She fired up the car and started to get ready to drive. Looking over, she saw the pig pull out a handheld whiteboard from a large pocket in his coat and hold it up. Before she pulled away, he wrote a message on it for her. “Hi Sally, my name is Lewis. Thanks for inviting me to your party! Can I write on my shirt once we are there?”

“Of course,” Sally said, backing out of the parking space. It was a chilly day, but the car would be warmed up pretty quickly. She carefully made her way out of town, as a mix of rain and snow fell on the windshield. The forecast had gone from bad to worse for the weekend, and she had sent everyone who still planned on coming a warning to be careful with the drive.

The hotel wasn't far outside of town, and about ten minutes later they had arrived. She did catch the pig rubbing the crotch of his pants several times, but didn't say anything. After all, it felt rude to say something when she wouldn't be able to safely look over to read his reply. She shut off the car, and they got out to make their way to the motel's office.

It was quite a run-down old building. Before the highway had been reroute, it had been a great motel near the edge of town, perfect for travelers to get a night's rest and be ready to go the next morning. But after the rerouted, everything changed. Suddenly there weren't many travelers who took this road, and bit by bit things went downhill.

As they walked into the office, a bell rang overhead and a St. Bernard couple came out from a back room to the front desk. "Ah, Sally, it's great to see you again. We just got off the phone—just finishing up some paperwork for the new hotel. We're on track for a grand opening at the beginning of January!" The husband looked around the office, "I'm gonna miss this place, but at least it's going to host one final party. Sending the place out with a bang, I guess!"

He looked up at her, continuing, "So, you're renting all five guest rooms. They are freshly cleaned, with fresh blankets, sheets, pillows, and the like. The only thing we ask is that you not burn the place down, okay? Oh, what's that? What's happening to the place?"

Sally looked over to see the pig had written, "What's happening to this motel?" on his whiteboard. She probably should have given him a bit more explanation about the party, she supposed.

The couple explained the situation with the highway being rerouted and that the hotel was going to be torn down later this month. And since it was going to be torn down anyway, there was no harm letting a group rent the entire motel to do whatever they liked in it. Lewis nodded that he understood.

"Now," the wife added, "We've got stacks of keycards for each room here. Not sure what you have in mind, but this way you have plenty of keys to let people into whatever rooms they want. We're also doing the guest meals we discussed earlier. Should be a lot of fun for all—Oh, welcome!"

Behind Sally, the door had opened again, and she turned around to see Gloria and Robert. The goat girl was looking at Lewis, a bit confused, and the pig was looking back, a bit embarrassed. "It's a bit of a story," Sally laughed. Looking around, she added, "Well, since it probably makes the most sense to start with everyone meeting in the lobby anyway..." The collie took off her coat and laid it across the back of one of the chairs.

Hearing a sound of surprise from one of the innkeepers, she explained, "Oh, these are just to help people find others into the same things that they are. For example..." She pointed at various things written on her white shirt, like "lesbian", "dominant", and "pet-play".

Following suit, Gloria took hers off to claim a different chair. Sally read the goat's shirt, unsurprised to see things like "scat eating", "anal-only", "bisexual", and "eating random objects". She had either experienced all of those with her, or knew she did them with Three.

Robert, a bit sheepish, set his coat on the chair next to Gloria's. His shirt

didn't have a whole lot on it, but she could see "bisexual", "top", and "swinging". She knew he was much more on the tame side, so she wasn't too surprised.

The collie glanced over as Lewis stepped out of the restroom and tossed his coat onto a random chair, showing off the newly-written words on his. Before she started to read them, though, she saw his eyes laser-focused on Gloria's breasts. The goat girl clearly saw it too, but rather than scolding the pig or shying away, she started to read aloud the words on his shirt. "Let's see... 'big boobs', 'hurt me', 'humiliate me', 'looking for long-term'... Well, maybe you'll find someone here, depending on who shows up. And as for these..." The goat girl gave her breasts a gentle squeeze through her shirt, "Maybe you'll get to do more than just look sometime this weekend."

"So, do you two know eachother?" Sally asked.

"We've only met once," Gloria said, "under kind of unusual circumstances."

"Let me guess—you met at the porn shop?" The collie gave the goat girl a knowing grin.

"Yeah, is that where you met him too?" Gloria looked over to see the pig stroking the crotch of his pants.

"Actually, I know him from the cafe. He and a friend of his come in pretty often during the off-hours," Sally explained, then chuckled and added, "I think he likes you."

Lewis nodded vigorously, licking his lips while continuing to stare at her.

After asking the pig if it was okay and getting a nod in reply, Sally began to explain to Robert about BioChange and what had happened to Lewis. Gloria already knew all of this, while it was all new information to the bull.

"Wait," Robert said, turning to Lewis, "Isn't it a bit rude talking about you while you're standing right here?"

The pig erased his whiteboard and started writing on it. When he held it up, the board read, "I get turned on when people are rude to me. Shame, pain, embarrassment, and stuff like that make me a hard piggy!" He then pointed to some of the things written on his shirt.

Before long, the door chimed again as Marci and Ally walked in. "Hey, you made it!" Sally said happily, "We're all meeting here in the lobby, so go ahead and toss your coats on a chair." The two looked around at the others, shirts emblazoned with various kinks and traits, then looked at eachother with a shrug and removed their coats.

Naturally looking at Marci first, Sally was a bit surprised by some of them. As her eyes ran over things like "forced-bi", "bi-curious", "rimming", "gimp", "watching porn together", and "scat-curious", most of those were a complete surprise to her. She had always assumed Marci was straight and vanilla. *It's always the quiet ones*, the collie thought to herself.

Looking over at Ally, there weren't too many surprises there. "Bisexual", "bottom", "overstimulation", and "exhibitionism" were all expected from things she had heard from both Robert and Three over time.

Just as she opened her mouth to talk with them, the door chimed again as Clara walked in. The massive elephant had to duck slightly to get through the doorway.

“Clara! Didn’t see you pull in behind us,” Ally said, as the two horses walked over to her.

“Can’t wait to see what *hers* says,” Marci chuckled.

“Oh! I, uh, guess we’re taking off coats now.” Clara slowly took hers off and draped it across an unclaimed chair. Sally knew basically nothing about the elephant, other than that she had become friends with Ally and Marci while testing out her new dick. But they spoke highly of her, and—

Sally started to notice the things on Clara’s shirt. “Cuckolding”, “sadist”, “humiliation”, and “roleplay” jumped out at her. She turned to Lewis and pointed toward the elephant. Suddenly, Clara had the pig’s full attention.

“I need to go pick up Three,” Sally told the group, “I ended up coming straight here after work. So mingle among yourselves and get to know each other while I’m gone.”



No sooner had Sally put her coat on and left, than Lewis was already standing next to the large elephant lady. “Oh, hello there. I’m Clara.”

He quickly wrote on his whiteboard, holding it up for her. “Hi, I’m Lewis! I’m mute, but wanted to say you’re beautiful.”

She gave him a smile, and he could feel her eyes roaming over his shirt. “Why thank you. Maybe when we go to our rooms tonight, you’d like to share mine? It kinda doesn’t look like many here are a good match for me.”

The pig nodded vigorously, overjoyed that the elephant seemed interested in him. He pointed at the large bulge in Clara’s pants, at eye-level for him, then drew a question mark and held it up. He saw her look around, her sudden shyness taking him by surprise. She then crouched down and whispered in his ear, “Ever seen a girl with a dick before?”

Lewis let out a silent gasp, quickly shaking his head as he drew a big heart and turned the board for her to see it.

“Well, you’re gonna get well-acquainted with it tonight,” she whispered.



Everyone continued to socialize until Sally returned a bit later with Three. “Alright, now that everyone’s here, let me go through how this is all going to work. So, on the counter here, we have a whole bunch of keycards. With how many people weren’t able to show up, we have enough of these for each person to have a key to each room. That makes things a lot easier, since I’m sure people will be moving between rooms throughout the weekend.” As the group exchanged glances between themselves, there were several nods.

“Also, with how bad the weather is going to be, I figured it didn’t make any sense to have people leave for food or to try to get things delivered, so

instead our gracious hosts will be cooking meals for everyone. Of course, we will have both herbivore and carnivore friendly meals available, so you don't need to worry about that. But food will be served in the lobby at nine, one, and five. There is also a big pile of snacks over there." Sally pointed to a large serving table that was covered in chips, cookies, crackers, pretzels, etc. "Feel free to take those back to your rooms if you like."

She was looking forward to this next part. "Now, the only rule is that you're not allowed to burn the place down. Whatever happens to the blankets, mattress, floor, bathroom, and all that? Anything at all is fair game. I know we've got some people here who love it when things get messy. Or in some cases," she looked directly at Gloria and Three, "downright filthy. But this is a place where you can do that consequence-free. So, any questions before we get started?"

Clara looked over at her, "So when it comes to sleep, how would that work if things *do* get messy?"

Sally laughed, "Okay, I guess that is the *one* consequence. Each of the five rooms has two beds in it, since they are intended to sleep four. If you manage to trash both of them, then either you're sleeping in your own mess or you're asking someone else to share a bed with you. But with five rooms, that's ten beds for eight people. I would hope that would be enough!"

"Are couples necessarily rooming and sleeping together?" Three asked.

"Maybe they are, maybe they aren't," Sally replied, "If you're an open couple and each of you want to play with others, that's perfectly okay. If you want to sleep with your partner, that's cool. If you want to go your separate ways until Sunday, including for sleeping, that's cool too. There aren't any rules there, as long as everyone is okay with it."

"So when you say whatever happens to the rooms. . ." Gloria trailed off.

With an exaggerated eyeroll, Sally answered, "I'm pretty sure I know what you're thinking, and you absolutely can, yes." Seeing that nobody else seemed to have any questions, the collie continued, "Now, why don't we grab some room keys and get this party started? Keycards are over on the counter, and we have enough for everyone to have keys to every room."

For a moment, it looked like nobody wanted to be the first to move, but Clara broke the ice. "Lewis and I will take room five." Sally wasn't too surprised by that. From their clothing, the two of them seemed to be into the rougher side of BDSM, so they probably wanted to make sure they didn't accidentally freak out any of the others.

Gloria gave Robert a wink and pointed toward Three. "You know, I've always wanted to watch my boyfriend absolutely plow a horny cow. . ."

Ally looked over at them, chiming in with, "Mind if I watch, too?"

"Sure," Gloria replied, "The more, the merrier! Marci, you want in on this?"

Sally interrupted, "Marci's got other plans for tonight." Marci looked down at the collie standing next to her, questioningly. "She's getting her first lesson on how to properly eat out a dog."

Marci felt the blood rushing to her cheeks, but the mare supposed it was her own fault. After all, she had nobody to blame but herself for the "Forced-bi"



on one sleeve or the “Bi-curious” on the other. She let out a nervous laugh and replied, “A-alright, guess that’s happening tonight.”

Sally wrapped an arm around the horse, her shoulders being just below breast-level on Marci, “Don’t worry, we’ll take it slow.” She felt the tension in the horse’s muscles relax a bit, as Marci gave her an embarrassed smile. “We’ll be in room one, so we don’t have far to walk!”

“Oh, right!” Gloria said, turning to her boyfriend, “Wanna plow Three in room three?”

“Seems fitting,” Robert said, rising to his hooves. He walked over and grabbed his stack of keycards, along with Gloria and Ally. “Three, want your keycards?”

“Nah,” the large cow said, “With what I’m planning to do to my room, I think I’ll just stay there for the weekend.” She paused for a second, “Actually wait, toss me one for room three—I’m gonna need to get back in after mealtimes.”

The bull lobbed the keycard the several feet toward Three, and she caught it out of the air. “Hey, first try!” the cow laughed.

“Well, it sounds like everyone’s got their plans for tonight, so I’ll see everyone at breakfast tomorrow!” Sally announced. With that, everyone picked up their things (everyone had brought a duffel bag, backpack, or similar with them for the weekend) and headed out the door. The walkway was already starting to get pretty slippery.

And so, Sally’s holiday party began!

## Chapter 2

As Sally unlocked the door to their room and stepped inside, she was happy to find the room's heater already turned on, and the room was warm and cozy. Not bothering with the fluorescent light switch by the door, she walked to the bed in the light from outside and turned on one of the bedside lights. The warm glow filled the room as the door shut behind Marci, blocking out the cold.

"So, I, um..." Marci started to stammer a bit.

"Shh..." Sally gave Marci a gentle smile, "We have all night together, so we don't need to rush anything. So why don't we take our time getting to know each other?" She sat down on the side of the bed, patting it with her hand for the mare to sit down beside her.

As Marci sat down, she said, "Thanks. This, uh, isn't quite my first time? But it kinda is?"

"You've been with a woman before, but maybe never got past handholding or kissing?"

"Well... It's Clara. Not sure if you could tell, but she's got kind of a big surprise under her pants."

"You know, I did notice that actually. She didn't really seem to be my type anyway, though. I've got more of a weakness for shy girls, myself."

"Well, I'm, uh, definitely that." Marci gave a nervous laugh.

"I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable when I gave you that sorta-hug back in the lobby."

"Oh, not at all! It actually felt really nice. And you telling me we'd take things slow—it just made me feel kinda... safe?"

"That makes sense to me," the collie reassured her, "Tonight, you're in charge. We only go as far as you are ready for, okay?"

"Yeah," Marci said, then hesitantly laid her hand on Sally's leg. "Could we just... cuddle a bit?"

"Absolutely," the collie said, and soon the two of them were lying facing each other on top of the blankets.

"C-could you make the first move?" Marci asked. Sally slid a bit closer and wrapped her arms around the horse in a loose embrace. She felt Marci's arm over her body, as the other tucked itself under her head like a pillow.

“You feel nice,” Sally said, running her fingers slowly up and down the mare’s back.

“Mmm, so do you,” the larger woman whistfully replied, “Are you always this gentle?”

“Only for very pretty girls,” Sally winked up at the horse, “Like you.”

“Aww, thanks,” Sally felt Marci’s arms tighten around her in a hug, “So how about you? Have you done this a lot?”

Sally wasn’t really prepared for the question, but in hindsight it was one she should have expected. “Well, with what I do for a living, I have done this with quite a few partners. But I kinda keep business and love separate. As good as some of them feel, I’ve just been waiting for the right one to come along for something more romantic.”

“Well,” Marci asked, “what do you think the ‘right one’ is like?”

With the focus now on herself, Sally noticed the tension in the horse’s muscles had vanished. Maybe she was just shy about being in the spotlight, so to speak. “So, I’ve got a thing for shy girls. And I really love the more far—uh, the more, um...” Now it was her turn to feel nervous.

She heard Marci chuckle, then the larger lady finished her thought for her. “You love girls who look at home with saddles, milking machines, bridles, barns, riding-crops, and that sorta thing?”

“Y-yeah.”

“Hey, only one of us can be the shy one, and I was doing it first!” Marci joked, “I’m just, uh, really into dirty talk. Like, *really* really into it.”

“Alright, alright—just got halfway through saying it, and I was a bit worried it’d be too much for you. But let’s see...” Sally thought for a bit before continuing, “So yeah, I like barnyard species. And honestly, I could go either way on submissiveness. Like subby partners are great, but I’d really like a girl I can sit down with over a cup of coffee and just talk.”

“A girl who can turn it on and off, sorta?”

“Yeah, that.”

“So, um, met any girls like that before?”

Sally hesitated. “I’ve met one. But she’s dating a really good friend of mine, and I don’t want to get in the middle of it.” She saw Marci thinking for a moment, and decided to spare her the mystery. “It’s Gloria.”

“Oh wow. Hey, I didn’t mean to—”

“No, no. It’s something I’ve already come to terms with. She and Robert are so happy together, and I really don’t want to do anything to hurt that. Just like I never want to come between you and Ally.”

Sally suddenly felt herself being squeezed tightly by the mare, “Don’t worry, you’re gonna find the best girl ever, just for you!”

Sally laughed, “Alright, didn’t mean to drag us down that, but how about you? Do you have a ‘type’ when it comes to girls?”

Marci thought for a moment. “I, um, I may not have written *everything* down on my shirt...”

“Oh? Keeping dirty little secrets, are we?”

“M-maybe...” The mare gave her another gentle squeeze, “P-promise not to judge me?”

“Cross my heart,” Sally said, patting her softly on the back.

“I like impregnation. A lot. And like, I’d love a girl who really encourages that? Like maybe they arrange stallions for me, check up on my progress, tell me how proud they are when I take another load, that sorta thing. Or like, I dunno, it would be great if a girl watched me with Ally and made sure I was taking their cum every single day and a pregnancy test every night until it took? I’m also really into not having a choice when it comes to who my partner is. Like I love being the girl at parties who never says no? And like, Ally tells me a lot of the other stuff I’m into are things Gloria and Three really like doing, too.” Marci stopped herself, realizing she was starting to ramble. “I, uh, I guess I would just want a girl who accepts me?”

Sally stretched upward, whispering into the shy mare’s ear. “I accept you. Are you into unusual stuff? Sure. And so am I. And Three. And Gloria. And Ally. And I dunno about Robert, but I’m guessing he’s got one or two weird ones too.” Pulling back to look Marci in the eyes, she continued, “Anyway, my point is that we’re all into different things. But that’s what makes us awesome.” She reached down and gave Marci’s belly a gentle pat, “Even if you’re hoping this one is only the first of many.”

Marci beamed down at her. “Thanks. I, uh, well...” Suddenly, the mare darted in for a quick peck on Sally’s lips, before pulling away.

“It’s okay,” Sally said with a smile, continuing to rub the pregnant mare’s belly, “I know you’ve got a looot of feelings going through you right now. That’s why you’re the one setting the pace. Do you love me rubbing you like this?”

Marci nodded, slowly letting go and rolling onto her back. Sally went back to using the mare’s arm as a pillow, looking up at the larger woman’s face. “You liked what I said about this one being the first of many, didn’t you?”

Marci nodded, “I wanna be a foal-factory...”

“A foal factory, huh?” Sally chuckled, “Never heard it called that before, but I’ll admit I like the idea.”

“H-hang on,” Marci pulled her shirt up to expose her belly, “O-okay, go ahead.”

“That feels so much better now, doesn’t it?” Sally asked, getting a moan from Marci, “Just wait until you’re a few more months along.”

“A-are you enjoying this too?” the mare asked.

“I am,” Sally confirmed, “It’s funny, for me it’s not about the pregnancy itself, so much as the idea of taking a farm animal to a stud service to have her bred. And then taking care of her, just like this.”

Marci let out a small whimper, then slowly started to sit up. Sally lifted her head off of the mare’s arm, as she pulled her shirt up over her head and tossed it to one side. Then she laid back down, and Sally once again rested her head on the larger woman’s arm.

“A nursing bra?” Sally asked, slightly amused.

“They’re the only kind I wear, even before I got knocked-up. It’s... kind of a fetish of mine. Goes along with the whole foal-factory thing, you know?”

“Ah, the lactation?”

“Yeah,” Marci said, “I always wanted to try selling it. I know after World Change it’s not an unusual thing to do anymore. You don’t think it’s too weird, though, do you?”

“I mean, I literally poured milk on my cereal this morning from an intelligent feral cow. I know there are some who insist on only drinking unintelligent feral milk. But to me, if it tastes good, it tastes good.” She gave Marci’s belly a gentle pat, “But you’ve got at least a couple more months before you need to think about that.”

“I’d, um, kinda like to have them sucked on. I-if you don’t mind!”

Sally gave a small chuckle. “I don’t mind at all. I thought you weren’t sure about girls, though.” She gave the larger woman a wink.

“You, uh, kinda know how to hit all my buttons. . .”

“There’s nothing to be nervous about, horsey,” Sally said softly. Her hand slowly moved up from Marci’s belly, gradually working up to one of the mare’s covered breasts. As she did, she watched for any sign of discomfort. Instead, Marci arched her back, pressing upward at the collie’s touch. As she reached up to open her bra, Sally interjected, “Not quite yet. . . Just lay back and enjoy how this feels a bit, first.”

The bra was made of green satin—unusual for one made for nursing, but Marci had apparently found one that suited her tastes. It felt smooth under her fingers, with two bumps where the pregnant mare’s nipples were located. Sally took a clawed fingertip and very gently traced a circle around each nipple, getting an involuntary neigh from the horse, but then she just rubbed and caressed the rest of Marci’s breasts. “You’re a very pretty girl, Marci. You just relax and let me take care of eeverything,” she said softly. Marci nodded, and Sally felt her tremble slightly.

“Green is definitely your color,” Sally added, “It really brings out your eyes.” She kept just gently carressing, occasionally giving a very gentle squeeze. She knew the horse was still nervous, and if things never went beyond where they were right now, Sally was okay with that. From the occasional pleased squirming at her touch, though, she had a feeling things would be going further. Still, she wanted to savor this.

“I guess I should stop being mean and let you open that bra up, shouldn’t I?” she asked with a crooked smile. Marci nodded eagerly, her eyes locked on Sally’s. Without a word, the needy mare reached up and slowly undid one of the cups. Sally wasn’t surprised to see that unlike many nursing bras, Marci’s allowed the cup to detach completely, leaving only the trim and frame. Sally watched intently as Marci undid the other side, setting the two roughly triangular pieces of fabric aside.

“D-Do you like what you see? I-I guess I’m not sure what girls like. . .”

Sally put a finger to the shy mare’s lips. “I love what I see. You look gorgeous, sweetie.”

Marci cupped her hands under her mostly-freed breasts, holding them up to the collie. “Could. . . Could you. . .?”

“Mmm, my pleasure.” Sally ran her tongue over first one nipple, and then the other in a long, slow lick. All of her teasing had left them rock-hard, yet she wasn’t quite ready to do more than tease just yet. She gave long licks, quick flicks of her tongue, even little kisses around the horse’s areolae. And with every kiss and lick, the mare squirmed just a little bit more. The collie’s sensitive nose picked up the needy scent of a the aroused mare, bringing a smile to her face. She wanted Marci to have an amazing night, and it seemed she was succeeding.

“Please. . .” Marci whimpered, “Please, I need it. . .”

Sally gave Marci a soft, wet kiss on one of her nipples, giving her tongue a flick across the tip before pulling away. “Hmm, what was that? Is there something you neeeeed?” she asked, teasingly.

“I. . .I need. . .” She felt Marci’s body tense briefly. Then, the floodgates opened, “I need my nipples sucked. I wanna be a good foal-factory, so I need to be used to having them sucked all the time. I need to be hooked up to a milker, or to have it drank straight from the tap. I wanna go to parties and wake up three days later with god-knows-whose cum leaking out. I wanna be blindfolded and groped, I wanna be told I’m a good girl while I’m taking a load in my pussy. I wanna be used by ferals, intelligent or not! I wanna. . .” She took a deep, shuddering breath, “I want so, so many things. And when they’re done, I need to be held tight and told what a good girl I’ve been, and that I’m like, cool and stuff. . .” Suddenly the mare’s green eyes opened wide, “Oh god, I’m sorry—I didn’t mean to—”

Sally stopped her with a kiss on the white blaze on her forehead. “I read your shirt *before* I invited you to bed tonight. You saw Three and Gloria, right?”

“. . . Yeah?”

“One of them lives with me, and the other visits often. And even if the two of them do a lot of things with eachother that I don’t join in for, there are plenty of things we *do* enjoy together. So don’t be shy. You love what you love, and that’s great! This weekend is kind of a chance for all of us to get to know eachother, but also a chance to broaden our horizons.”

Suddenly, Sally found herself in the mare’s crushing embrace. “Thank you. . .” the horse whispered, as Sally returned the hug tightly. Slowly, Marci let go. “So, um, what happens now?”

“Well,” Sally laughed, carefully tracing a circle around one of Marci’s nipples with the smooth back of a claw, “I believe you were begging me to suck on these.” She lowered herself, wrapping her lips around one of the horse’s nipples, starting to gently suck and nibble on it. Marci let out a sound that was half-neigh, half-whimper. A pair of hands wrapped behind the collie, fingers raking through her hair and ruffling the fur on her back.

“Harder,” the horse moaned. Sally started to suck harder, pressing slightly harder with her teeth when nibbling. She didn’t want to hurt her partner, but if the eager mare wanted it a little rougher, then she wasn’t going to say no. Suddenly, Marci let out a loud whinny, before pulling away and putting her hands over her mouth.

“Are you okay?” Sally asked, concerned, “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“N-no,” Marci replied, “just a little embarrassed. I didn’t mean to do that, but it felt so good and it just kinda slipped out.”

“Remember what I said about, uh, barnyard species?” Sally reminded her, “You can neigh aaalllllll you want at me, sweetie. You don’t have to be even the tiniest bit shy about it.” She went back to sucking on the mare’s nipples, occasionally giving one a nibble with her sharp canine teeth. Above her, she heard the mare moan and whimper, along with an occasional soft whinny.

After a bit, the collie decided she had teased the mare enough and slowly pulled away. “What a big, sexy girl,” she said with a wink.

“T-thank you!”

Sally put a hand on Marci’s breasts, “Of course, these aren’t the *only* places a girl’s tongue can feel good, you know.”

Marci let out a whimper, half nervousness and half arousal.

“Don’t worry, it doesn’t have to happen. And if you want it, you don’t even have to ask for it. I’ll be the one to ask instead, and all I want you to do is nod or shake your head. It couldn’t be any easier!”

Marci took a deep breath, “O-okay.”

“Would you like a girl to eat you out tonight?”

Marci clenched her eyes shut, nodding vigorously.

“I’m so, so proud of you,” Sally said, running a hand down the mare’s cheek, “You’re such a brave horsey. So let me just slide down here...” Sally slowly moved down the bed, climbing over one of Marci’s legs to lay on her stomach between them. “Now, I’m gonna do this nice and slow, okay? I know you’ve got a lot swirling around in your mind right now, sweetie.”

“I’m gonna start by licking along your outer lips here.” She ran her tongue up first one side, and then the other. “This isn’t too intense, so it’s a nice, easy start. A bit furry, but a girl like you is worth eating some fur for.” She then went back to licking. She felt an occasional, small squirm from the mare, but Marci seemed to slowly start to relax. After a minute or two of licking, she started to hear an occasional, small moan. Nothing too much, but there wasn’t much pleasure to be had yet from what Sally had started with.

Pulling away, she said, “Now, I’m going to just run my tongue up in between those lips. Your inner lips are going to be much more sensitive, but I’m going to be very, very gentle with them.” The collie lowered herself again between the mare’s legs, starting to slowly lick. Her tongue movements were agonizingly slow, but her goal was to tease and pleasure the girl, not overwhelm her. She kept up with one long, slow lick after another. The occasional moans from before were becoming more frequent now, and the squirms were replaced by periodic, tiny thrusts toward the collie’s tongue.

Pulling away again, she said, “You’re a very tasty girl. Are you doing okay so far?” Looking up, she saw the mare nod. “I’m so, so proud of you. Now, usually I would go a little rougher, but for you, I think I—hmm?” Marci had held up her hand.

“I, uh, I wanna try eating you,” Marci said, “You’ve been doing everything for me tonight, but I want to make you feel good too.”

Sally paused for a moment, before replying, “Okay, but you know you don’t have to do that tonight.”

Marci said, “I know, but I *want* to. But... I’m gonna need you to guide me, okay?”

The collie rested a hand gently against the mare’s thigh, “I will. Now, let’s switch places.” A moment later, the pair’s positions were reversed, with the mare lying between Sally’s legs.

Sally propped up some pillows to let her see the mare better. The mare’s eyes moved around the room, avoiding the sight in front of her “You know, you can look at it if you like. I know it looks a lot different than yours. Really, it’s okay!”

Marci’s eyes focused on the dog’s pussy in front of her, and Sally let out a chuckle. “See why some people call ’em ‘fortune cookies’? Don’t worry, it’s nothing to be shy about or afraid of. After all, I just spent a while getting really well-acquainted with yours.”

“I-is it normally that, uh, I mean, that puffy and thick?”

“Yeah, that’s normal,” Sally said with a smile, “It helps the knot get stuck in for guys. Works just as well for knotted dildos, though.” She looked down at Marci, who was starting to look nervous again, “Hey, is this too much for you?”

“I-I, uh...”

Sally rolled to the side, careful to lift her leg over the mare’s head, “That’s okay. This was a whole new experience for you, and you did a *lot* tonight. Would you like a hug?”

Marci slid up next to the collie, “Y-yeah. Hey, I’m really sorry about—” She was interrupted by one of Sally’s fingers against her lips, before the smaller woman’s arms wrapped around her.

“You haven’t done anything wrong. You’re exploring something new, and that takes time. After all, it sounds like tonight’s your first time seeing dog pussy,” Sally gave the mare a wink.

“But I just wanted to do something for you.”

“You have nooo idea how much it turned me on when you let out a neigh or a nice whinny. Remember what I said before we started, though? Tonight is about *you*, not me.”

“Yeah. I guess I just kinda chickened out when it was, er, when you were right in front of me, you know?”

“I know—it happens more often than you might think, actually. That’s perfectly normal, and it’s perfectly okay.” Sally gave the mare a squeeze. “I meant what I said before—you’re a very brave girl, and you should be proud.”

“C-can I, um, can I taste it? Like, from your finger or something?”

“Of course. But let me make you another offer. I can let go with one hand, reach down between my legs, and give you a taste. *Or* both of my arms can stay wrapped around you, and you can reach down to get a taste yourself. That way you’re in full control of everything and get held the whole time.”

“Y-yeah, that sounds better.” Sally felt the mare’s hand work its way down her belly and hesitantly between her legs, “Thanks...” The collie felt the mare’s



finger running up and down her thick pussy lips, and spread her legs to give Marci better access. “Don’t be shy, it’s okay!”

“I’ve just never touched a girl’s, um. . .”

“Shh, you don’t have to say it, I know what you mean.”

“D-does this feel good for you?”

Sally nodded, “It feels great. I mean, it may look different than yours, but I like having it touched just like I’m sure you do.”

Sally felt Marci’s finger tracing around her entrance, the mare seeming to feel a bit more brave again. “C-can I?”

“You may. Just one finger, though—I’m not nearly your size.” As she felt the mare’s finger slide inside, Sally let out a whine. “Wow, you’re a really big girl.”

Marci’s hand froze, “I’m not hurting you, am I?!”

Sally shook her head. “No, it just feels like taking a really big toy after not doing it for a while. I’m not really into stretching myself like I know Ally is. Just. . . give me a moment.”

“Thanks for being so patient with me,” Marci said, “I know tonight’s probably been really boring for you.”

“Not. One. Bit,” Sally said, pausing to emphasize each word, “You feel amazing, you taste amazing, your neighs sound amazing, and you’re awesome. I’ve been having a great time tonight, and it’s aaallllll thanks to you.” Sally shifted position slightly, “Okay, you can go ahead now. I think I’m ready.”

Sally felt the mare gently exploring inside her. “Thaaat’s it. Just think of it like a smaller version of what you’ve got, yourself. You’re doing great. . .”

After a bit more exploration, Sally felt the finger slowly being pulled out. “O-okay, I think I’m ready for this,” the larger woman reassured herself. Sally watched the mare pull her hand back up, the collie seeing her own juices on one of Marci’s fingers. The horse hesitated for a moment, then said, “Here goes nothing!” and stuck her finger in her mouth.

Sally felt Marci shudder in her arms, but she didn’t pull her finger out of her mouth. Sally was pretty sure she even saw the mare swirling her tongue around it. With a small *pop*, the mare finally pulled her finger out. “It tastes. . . I’m not sure how to describe it. Like it’s kinda strong and sour, but. . . good?”

The collie replied, “Yeah, that’s pretty much normal. Different species taste different, but dogs tend to be a bit on the stronger side. You’re much more mild, yourself.”

“Which, uh, taste do you like better?” Marci asked.

“Me? I like the milder taste herbivores tend to have. Have you ever tasted your own?”

Marci nodded, “Yeah. I do it a lot, actually. I guess that’s what started me thinking I might be, uh, bi.”

“Well, if you need some time to process all of this first, you don’t have to say anything now. But do you still feel like you might be?”

For a long time, they laid in silence as Marci appeared lost in thought. She started to say something once or twice, then stopped herself.

“Take all the time you need, sweetie.”

After another few minutes, Marci said, “Okay, I think I am. I’m just really nervous about it. Not that anyone’s gonna judge me for it or anything. But like, I really like guys. And tonight has just felt... different? Like I’m not sure if what I’m feeling is really the same thing. Like is what I’m feeling attraction, or is it just that I *want* to be attracted, so I’m trying to force myself to be but I kinda fall apart when the time comes to actually do it?”

Sally gave her a comforting smile, “I guess it was a little easier for me. I didn’t feel anything when I looked at guys, but I did when I looked at girls, so I went, ‘Welp, guess I’m a lesbian!’ It’s probably a little harder when you’re bi. But a friend of mine was telling me a while back that even though he likes both guys and girls, it still feels different for him. Maybe you’re like that too?”

Marci thought for a moment, “Maybe. Because I do like what you and I are doing. And, uh, I kinda like the feeling of your boobs against mine.”

“Would you like to touch them? No pressure or anything. But I mean, your hands are here, dog boobs are here—things happen, you know?” She gave the horse a wink.

“C-can I?” the mare asked, genuine excitement in her voice.

“Of course! In fact...” Slowly unwrapping her arms from the horse, Sally laid down on her back, putting her hands behind her head as she did. “Oh nooo, my boobs are all naked and stuff!” She let out a laugh.

Marci brought her hands close to them, then stopped for a moment. Sally was about to ask if she was okay, when Marci looked up and gave her a wink, “Y-you don’t mind a barnyard animal like *me* touching them, do you?”

Sally cracked up laughing in surprise—it was so unexpected. She looked down to see Marci chuckling too.

“I mean, didn’t anyone tell you that half the fun of being a New World farmer is playing with the livestock?” Sally gave the mare a wink, as Marci’s hands wrapped around them.

The horse’s touch was gentle, softly squeezing and rubbing them. “Mmm, that feels nice,” Sally encouraged, “Still nervous?”

“Hmm,” Marci thought as she continued to rub the collie’s breasts, “I think just because I wanna do a good job for you.”

“You’re doing juuust fine. You seem a lot more comfortable with those than down lower.”

“Well, Clara has kinda gotten me used to these. And I like hers a lot, but yours are much more furry like mine.”

“I suppose Clara is a pretty easy start for you, considering what she has up top versus down below,” The collie was relaxing, letting the mare explore and touch to her heart’s content.

“Yeah, but I kinda wanted to try it with someone who’s, uh...”

“Well, you’ve had your first taste of fortune cookie tonight,” Sally chuckled, “You’ve got plenty of time to try more.”

As Marci bent down with her lips next to one of Sally’s nipples, she joked, “You know I’m expecting you to tell me a fortune when I finally get my courage up for that, right?”

Sally laughed, “Uh-oh, guess I’d better start thinking of one, th—mmm...” Her train of thought was derailed by the mare’s tongue being dragged across one of her nipples.

“Yeah, take that farmer-lady. Time for the livestock to do the milking!”

Sally burst out in giggles, “You know, it’s not nice to keep me bouncing between horny and laughing like this!” With that, she immediately flipped back to horny as the mare gave the other nipple a long, slow lick. Then, she felt Marci’s large lips wrap around it and start to gently suck, her tongue swirling around it and flicking across the tip as she did.

“Mmm, did Clara teach you how to do that?”

Marci’s lips pulled away, “Yup! Do you like it?”

“I *love* it. I need to tell Ally they can’t have you back.”

“B-but what about,” the mare said in exaggerated shock.

“Don’t worry, I’d make sure they visited you to keep you knocked up.”

“Mmm, such a mean farmer, tempting a poor, innocent mare like that...” Marci went back to licking and sucking, and Sally felt the mare’s hand slowly wandering back down between her legs. It looked like, a bit at a time, Marci was coming around to the idea of being bi.

As Sally arched her back in a hard orgasm, she couldn’t be happier.

## Chapter 3

Clara picked up the large duffel bag she had brought with her and grabbed Lewis by the hand, wordlessly leading the pig out the front door. The walkway in front of the hotel had already gotten fairly slippery, and she used the wall to steady herself.

The elephant could hardly believe her luck. Sure, she had certainly enjoyed her time with Ally and Marci, but this pig seemed a lot more up her ally. A couple of things about him had caught her eye. His shirt had been covered with things like “degradation”, “pain”, and “shame”, for one thing. And for the other, he absolutely couldn’t keep his eyes off of any of the ladies that were there.

They finally reached the furthest room, and Clara swiped each unlabeled key until she heard the lock open with a loud click. She then took the pig’s hand and pulled him inside after her. The room looked like any other motel, with little in the way of decor and a pair of beds. She was happy to see that this particular motel was well-suited to larger species, as far too many weren’t.

As she turned to set her bag down, she heard Lewis quickly undressing behind her. She thought for a moment, then decided to keep her own clothing on for the time being. Sure enough, when she turned back Lewis was sitting naked in bed, staring at her.

Looking down, she saw his cock was already sliding out of its sheath. But she was surprised that instead of a pig’s corkscrew equipment, his looked entirely canine. Thinking about herself, though, she supposed she shouldn’t be too surprised by it.

The elephant woman walked over and sat down in front of him. “Mmm. . . someone’s an eager boy, isn’t he?” Lewis nodded vigorously. “I see you staring at my breasts, you know. You’re just dying to see what’s under this shirt, I’ll bet.” Another nod. “In fact, I saw you staring at every single woman who was there—even the innkeeper.”

Lewis hung his head slightly, but she saw that he was already starting to stroke himself. She slid a finger under his chin, raising it to meet her gaze. “I didn’t say you were in trouble. In fact. . .” She leaned in close, both to put her lips next to his ear and to give him a view straight down her shirt, “I like naughty boys like you.” She let him have a moment to enjoy the view, before

pulling away. The pig let out a slow breath, like a silent moan.

“But naughty boys *do* still need to be punished, of course.” She stepped out of the bed and went over to her duffel bag, happy to have a chance to use some of the things she had brought. She decided a ball gag seemed rather pointless for her mute partner, but she wasn’t sure how far to push things.

Turning back to the pig stroking his cock on the bed, she asked, “So we can’t really use a safeword for you, of course. But maybe we could have a gesture or something?”

The pig held up a finger for her to wait, then reached next to the bed and grabbed his shirt. He held it up and handed it to her. Sure enough, all the words she had read were still there. Then, he made a series of motions that she assumed meant to turn it inside out. She was surprised to find that more had been written on the inside. Rather than just being words and kinks, though, this one was a message.

“I wanna be used. No safewords, no limits, even if I’m clearly not doing okay. You can hurt me as much as you want, even if I struggle. Damage or permanent marks are great. Make this piggy your bitch!” As she read, Clara felt an uncomfortable tightness in her pants.

“Alright, you naughty boy, let’s see how you handle this.” She pulled a blindfold out of her bag, as well as some rope and brackets. The brackets tended to work for most hotel beds, and this one was no exception as she hooked the brackets under each corner. She bound his legs spread eagle, then pulled one hand off his cock and then the other to restrain them as well. Finally, she put the blindfold on the bound pig.

After taking a moment to admire her handiwork, she brought the duffel bag next to the bed and laid down beside the pig. “Now, let’s see what’s got my naughty boy so hard. After all, boobs are your favorite, aren’t they?” Lewis nodded. “And do you like biiig ones?” He nodded vigorously again. “Mine aren’t the biggest ones here, you know. You’re thinking about that big cow, aren’t you? Thinking about cumming all over hers?” The pig hesitated, then slowly nodded.

“What a naughty boy, laying in bed with me thinking about another woman. Just what *am* I going to do with you?” She reached down into the duffel bag and pulled out a pair of small clamps. “I saw you smelling her too, pig. Did that make you a horny boy?” Lewis nodded again. She had to admit, she had gotten aroused from the smell, herself. She imagined that was probably something deliberate. She slowly tightened the clamps on each of the pig’s nipples, enjoying how he squirmed and writhed with each twist of the tightening screws.

“But she wasn’t the only one who turned you on, was she?” Lewis shook his head. “I saw your eyes on that goat girl. Her nipples were so big and hard that they looked ready to tear through her shirt, weren’t they?” The pig nodded, “You love how freely she was showing them off with her boyfriend right next to her. I’ll bet that was even your favorite part.” He gave another nod.

“Well, that’s another punishment for you, naughty boy...” She pulled a small container of hot sauce out of her duffel bag. It was pretty intense stuff,

and even moreso for what she had in mind. Holding the pig's head steady, she lined it up over his snout. A single drop went into one nostril, then the other. There was a sharp exhale, which Clara took as the equivalent of a small scream. She decided to give him some time to recover, and climbed out of bed to take her own clothes off. It felt good to release her breasts from the bra, as well as feeling her dick spring free of her pants.

By the time she had disrobed, Lewis had calmed down. He was clearly still in quite a bit of pain, but he was handling it well. "Of course," she said, climbing back into the bed, "I also saw you staring at that mare. And staring even harder when you found out she was pregnant." She watched in amusement as Lewis thrust his hips off the bed. "With how much my naughty boy loves boobs, you would probably love to drink from hers, wouldn't you?" The pig nodded enthusiastically. She gave his little potbelly a pat, "I'll bet if you could talk, you'd even call her 'mommy'." His hips thrust desperately up from the bed again.

"I thought so. Well, you know what that means..." She put a large drop of hot sauce on her finger and set the bottle back down. Lifting the pig's large balls with one hand, she started to rub the sauce around the pig's tight hole. As the pig exhaled hard in another silent scream, she thought out loud. "You're so tight, down here. You haven't had much use, have you?" Lewis shook his head in short, jerky movements. "So, does my naughty boy also love cock, hmm?" He nodded, the blindfold ensuring he remained completely unaware of the hard elephant dick mere inches from him.

Keeping that in mind for the future, she moved onto the next girl. "And what about Sally, hmm? I know I saw your eyes on her. Not the biggest, but very perky, don't you think?" Lewis nodded again. "You poor, poor naughty boy. She's a lesbian, you know. You'll never get to cum all over hers. But you love looking anyway, even if you knew my punishment would be much worse." There was another slow, silent moan from the restrained pig.

She pulled a large bottle of lube out of her duffel bag, then got up and moved to the foot of the bed. The pig cocked his head, confused by the sound of movement. As she climbed back in, she let her cock rest on the pig's belly. "You know what this is, don't you?" After a jolt of surprise and realization, Lewis gulped nervously and then nodded. As she started to cover her cock in lube, she added, "I feel bad for any boyfriend who buttfucks you in the future, you naughty boy. Because I'm going to break you..."

She lined up the lubed head of her cock with the pig's hole. This was going to be much harder than just sliding into Ally. The pig frantically shook his head and struggled, but this *was* what he wanted, after all. She slowly added more pressure, holding it steady to keep from slipping off, until she felt the hole start to give. Then, all at once, she felt his ass open much wider and her first few inches slid right in. As she looked down, she saw tears streaming down the pig's cheeks, and he was breathing hard. She decided to give him a bit before continuing.

As she stayed still, she felt several drops of something trickle down the bottom of her cock, to her balls. Clearly she had done some damage as she

forced herself in. She was curious to see what it looked like later. Unlike Ally, whose backdoor had been stretched and loosened over years, the pig's had suddenly been torn open.

"Don't cry, little pig," she said, deciding to experiment a bit, "Mommy's right here. Are you mommy's good boy?" Lewis hesitated for several seconds, then slowly started to nod. "That's right. So, is this your first time with consensual nonconsent?" He nodded again, a bit more quickly. Bending down on top of him, she whispered into his ear, "And are you happy mommy ripped your poor little butt open?" For a long time, Lewis didn't move, and Clara was a bit nervous she had gone too far. Finally, he slowly nodded.

She felt a wave of relief and excitement wash over her. With a bit more breaking-in, he would be perfect to fulfill some of her darker needs. She slowly started to push deeper, as more tears formed in the pig's eyes. She knew he wouldn't be able to take her full length, of course, but she wanted to feel more of his tight hole.

"None of those girls have what mommy has, naughty boy. You can look at them, touch them, fuck them, cum in them, but none of them will *ever* be able to use you the way mommy does." She pushed another inch inside, feeling his ass stretch to accommodate her girth. That was probably enough for him to take, at least for now. As she started to pull out a bit to begin fucking him, she leaned down and whispered, "Mommy loves it when you cry. So go ahead, let it *all* out for her." Reaching out her tongue, she tasted one of the pig's salty tears with a deep moan.

She wasn't sure how long she would be able to last, and she had plenty of other things in mind for tonight, so she limited herself to only a minute or so of fucking Lewis before pulling out. She forced herself to go slowly, though she was dying to see what she had done to her partner's ass. As the elephant's dick finally popped free, she got a good look. She could see a few places where the pig's hole was torn and bleeding, and reached into her duffel bag for a large plug.

She was quite thankful that World Change had left people far more resistant to disease and infection. What would once have been a trip to the emergency room was now a matter of plugging up the hole to keep it from making a mess until it healed. Pulling out a plug that was slightly thicker than her cock, she started to push it into Lewis's abused hole. There was some resistance when she got to the widest part, but one hard push was all it took to force it in.

"Well, I think my naughty piggy has had enough punishment for now," she said, as she started to undo the knots holding Lewis in place. One by one, his limbs were freed, until the pig was lying in bed with his hands on his cock. "Oh my, you just can't keep your hands off yourself, can you?" He shook his head. "I like that, you naughty little piggy."

Lewis took his hands off himself and reached into his backpack next to the bed, pulling out his little whiteboard and marker. Clara watched him start to write on it, then read as he held it up for her.

"Thanks for buttrapping me, mommy! But I'm still thinking about those other girls. And the guys too..."

Clara laughed, "Thinking about topping the guys, or bottoming for them?"

Lewis erased, then wrote his answer and held it up for her. "Both. Fucking, getting fucked, both at once, I love it any way I can get it."

She reached down with her trunk and wrapped around his cock, starting to slowly stroke up and down it. She had to admit that she was a bit of a voyeur, having enjoyed watching Ally and Marci several times as the couple enjoyed each other. Clara thought about how fun it might be to watch Lewis with some of the others at the party. Perhaps that could be arranged this weekend.

She reached down with one hand and started to rub his balls. While the cock had been replaced with a canine one, he kept the massive balls pigs were known for. "You know," she said, "Sally was telling me how you can't find anyone into you. I'll bet most Friday nights, you just jack off by yourself, don't you?" Lewis gave a shy nod.

With a chuckle, Clara pointed out, "I see you staring at my boobs, you naughty piggy." She moved next to him, lifting his body up into a reclining position in her arms. "You can't use your hands just yet, but why don't you give mommy's nipples a good sucking?" As she felt the pig's eager lips wrap around one of them, she let out a small moan despite herself.

She wasn't sure what it was about Lewis that turned her on so much. Maybe it was just that she saw him as a way to fulfill her darker needs. But that didn't feel like quite all. She loved his eagerness, and the complete sexual abandon when she allowed him to do things. Her mind was already thinking of *so* many ways she could put that trait of his to use.

She reached down to the pig's snout, rubbing her fingers softly on the flat front of it. "Let's play a game, pig. Do you love sucking mommy's nipples?" Lewis gave a small, fast nod, without pulling away from them. "Such a good boy! Now, I'm going to push a finger into your snout here..." She pushed the tip of one of her fingers into one of his nostrils, seeing him wince. "It's pretty big, isn't it?" He nodded again. "Well, mommy's gonna slowly push more and more in. And you can keep sucking as long as you can handle it."

She began to very slowly push in, a millimeter at a time. After all, she wanted Lewis to have a bit of fun before it got to be too much for him. She heard slurping and sucking sounds, feeling as the pig's oral attention became more desperate. Clara looked down to see his eyes clenched shut as the first knuckle reached his snout. She was impressed he hadn't given up yet, but decided she would keep going to see where his limit was.

Bit by bit, she saw more of her finger disappear, and yet the pig refused to pull away. What's more, his hand had made its way to his cock, and he was furiously pounding his knot into his fist.

"You know, if I didn't know any better, I'd think you were getting off on this, you dirty boy." She saw Lewis open his eyes, look up to meet her gaze, and give her a wink.

"Mmm, you're getting mommy all excited, thinking of *all* the nasty things she can do to you. Doesn't that sound fun, piggy?" Lewis nodded painfully, as the motion stretched his poor snout even further. Still, he didn't stop sucking until her finger was fully buried inside.



“Alright, piggy, there’s no more to force in. Now, I want you to let go of my nipple and suck this finger clean instead.” Without hesitation, Lewis slowly pulled back, and she watched as her finger emerged. As he pulled back further and further, she could see thick snot (and a little bit of blood) on her finger, until it finally popped fully out. The nostril she had just been inside was noticeably larger than the other side, and she was curious whether it would return to the same size after a few minutes.

In either case, Lewis greedily took the entire digit in his mouth and began to eagerly suck and run his tongue all over it. “So, I wonder if it’s the snot that has my piggy all excited, or the blood. Maybe it’s both?” Lewis nodded as she said “both”. “Mmm, such a dirty boy. What *am* I going to do with you, I wonder?”

A weak fart escaped the pig’s asshole as he continued to clean her finger with his mouth. “I’m looking forward to breaking you *so* much more.” She pulled her finger out, seeing that the Lewis had done a thorough job of cleaning it.

“Well now, it seems my naughty piggy is into snout-fucking, hmm?” He eagerly nodded, “Maybe we’ll have to find someone to do that for you. It would be a bit like snorting cum, except that it’s being blasted into you directly.” She took a closer look, adding, “You know, yours do look a bit on the large side, even the one I haven’t done anything to yet.”

Lewis held up a finger, then reached over to retrieve his whiteboard and start writing. After finishing his message, he held it up for her to read.

“Ah, so you’ve been fingering and toying it, piggy?” He nodded again. “Maybe mommy should force a pair of plugs inside for an hour or two.” Clara checked her bag, though she was disappointed to see she had left anything that size at home. She hadn’t expected to find a use for them this weekend, and had instead brought a duffel bag filled with other things she had hoped to have the opportunity to use. It was looking more and more like she would get the opportunity to use them all, by the end.

“What is mommy gonna do with you, hmm?” She thought for a moment, and then she had an idea. “So, your shirt made it sound like you are single and looking. So desperate that you’re hoping someone here wants to keep you?” He nodded vigorously, looking up at her with pleading eyes. “You hope someone here wants a piggy who can’t keep his eyes off anyone who walks past?” He nodded again. “You don’t even care of it’s a man or a woman, do you?”

Rather than nodding or shaking his head, he pointed at her boobs, then down at her cock, then made a heart with his hands.

“Mmm, such a naughty little piggy...” She started to stroke her finger up and down his torn asshole, enjoying his pleased squirms. “What if I told you, dirty boy, that mommy knows a group of guys into gangbangng naughty boys like you?”

Lewis looked up, excited.

“Oh, but I should warn you,” she said, “Their group has a couple rules. First, once they start, they don’t stop.”

The pig licked his lips, excited by the idea.

“And second, their group doesn’t care about the appearance of its members, as long as they’re guys. Sadly, even with my new dick, I didn’t qualify for them. But you’re not gonna be getting gangbanged by pornstars, here.”

Lewis stroked his cock thinking about it. He had always wanted to be in an orgy or gangbang, but it was hard enough finding even *one* person into him. As he moved slightly and felt the massive plug shift inside his ass, Lewis realized tonight was a dream come true.



Clara looked down at the pig jacking off in front of her, her mind starting to wander. *You know*, she thought, *he’s single, and doesn’t have much contact with others. If he was okay with it, he could*—She shook herself back to the present. Lewis didn’t seem to notice, fortunately.

“You know, you naughty boy, I haven’t cum yet,” she said, “And if you do a good job, maybe you’ll get to, too.” She was surprised to see him shake his head, then grab his whiteboard and start writing.

“There’s a side-effect to my changes, besides being mute. I can’t actually cum, no matter what happens.”

“Hmm,” Clara moaned, reaching down and stroking the pig’s torn, aching hole where it was stretched around the neck of the plug, “So I could do this all day long, and it would just make you more and more needy without *any* release?”

He nodded.

“So when I talked earlier about cumming on those girls. . .”

He shook his head.

“Interesting,” she said, thinking that she could have some fun with that. After all, if Lewis could never get release, then she could play with him as long as she liked. Looking down at the plugged pig laying in front of her, she saw him reach up and give one of his nipples a squeeze while the other hand never left his dick.

The gears were turning in Clara’s mind. Normally, she wasn’t one who liked to talk a lot during sex. While she had a dominant personality in the bedroom, she was usually more into gimp-style play. It wasn’t that she didn’t enjoy talking, but she was always nervous that she would go too far with it and reveal more of what she was into than the person she was with would be okay with. She had lost more than one relationship to that, in the past.

As she continued to think, she laid down next to Lewis, quietly saying, “Let mommy take care of these. . .” as she wrapped her lips around one of his nipples. She started to bite hard and pull on them, switching back and forth between the two. The pig squirmed, but seemed to be enjoying her attention. *Maybe. . .*, she thought to herself, *this one might be different?*

She pulled away, rolling onto her back. “Now, dirty boy, I know your nipples are aching, and I want you to pleasure mine as much as I hurt yours. No teeth,

but gentle licking and sucking. After all, mine don't deserve the same treatment yours do, do they?" The pig shook his head quickly, then sat up to reach them better given the size difference.

As his tongue made contact, she felt a jolt of pleasure. For her, much of the sexual excitement came from knowing what she was putting her partner through. Lewis's nipples and areolae were red and covered in bite marks from her large teeth, and yet he was being sooo gentle with hers. "What a good boy," she said as he continued to slowly lick, "I'll bet you want nothing more than to ram that dog dick up my ass, don't you?" The pig barely stopped long enough to nod before going back to licking."

Whe wrapped a hand loosely around his cock, feeling him immediately start to thrust against it. Still, though, he managed to keep calmly licking. She decided to pry a bit. "You seem so lonely and desperate. I'll bet it's hard for you to get a good fuck, isn't it?" He again pulled his tongue away only long enough to nod, before wrapping his lips around her nipple and starting to gently, carefully suck.

She decided to push her luck a bit further, saying, "Now, I want you to keep doing what you're doing, both up here..." She traced a finger over his lips, continuing, "And down here," as she gave his knot a slight squeeze. "Only stop if I'm wrong about something."

Seeing him continue, she steeled herself and began, "Being unable to cum means you are always a horny piggy. You probably started to stare at people when you thought they weren't looking, but you discovered the embarrassment and humiliation of them catching you just turned you on more. Eventually, it got to the point where you get off from the idea of being a desperate, lonely boy." Clara paused for a moment, to see if he would stop. He didn't.

"I'm gonna go out on a limb and say you've dated a couple people but it never seems to last. In fact, I'm going to guess they keep dumping you because you can't keep yourself from cheating. The moment anyone gives you a 'yes', you don't even hesitate. After the first or second time you got caught, you found out that embarrassment turned you on even more intensely than being caught staring." Again she waited, and again he didn't stop. If anything, she felt his cock starting to thrust harder against her loose grip.

"So now you can't find anyone that wants you anymore, because anyone who might have before got tired of the cheating." She paused, debating whether to go further. But at this point, not only had she been correct, but it seemed to just be turning Lewis on more. "Every new first—the first time caught staring, the first time caught cheating—you are shocked and horrified by how low you are sinking. But it's like an addiction, and what starts out as a thrill becomes a need. By now, even those things aren't enough for you. I saw your shirt, you nasty boy. You want to let sex completely destroy both your body and your life." Once more, she waited for him to stop. And as before, he kept licking and thrusting.

In some ways, the two of them weren't that different than eachother. It's just that their needs were in opposite directions. He needed to be humiliated, and she needed to humiliate. He needed to be hurt, and she needed to cause

pain. But she had to know one more thing... “You are even getting off from mommy talking to you this way. Not just her, but *anyone* talking to a filthy piggy this way.” She felt him thrust further, until her hand was cradling the pig’s large balls. She took that as a confirmation.

Clara had a lot of thinking she would need to do. But first, she still needed to cum. She sat up without a word, grabbing Lewis and holding him over one knee. Reaching behind him, she pulled firmly and steadily on the plug buried in the pig, as he started to pant loudly (the closest he could come to whimpering). Suddenly, with a loud popping, sucking sound, she pulled it out. The tip had a bit of a brown coating on it from being buried inside the piggy’s ass, but she decided not to make him clean it tonight. “Now, I’m going to—” She was interrupted by the wet *plop* of pig shit hitting the floor beside the bed.

She looked down at Lewis, who had buried his face in her thigh. “Sounds like I broke your little pighole already, hmm?” She saw Lewis nod, then reach back to feel around his hole. As he felt around, he shuddered on her lap. “Never done that in front of a girl before, have you?” She saw him shake his head. Bending lower, she whispered, “I know a mare here who would get off watching you do it.” He gave another shudder. He might not have been able to cum, but Clara was quickly learning he was very responsive to pleasure.

“Now,” the elephant said, lying back down, “I want you to climb on top of me, dirty boy.” He climbed up, the pain and soreness in his ass clearly making it a challenge, and looked her excitedly in the eyes. She reached down behind him, positioning her massive cock once more against the pig’s broken hole. “Now, force yourself to take it. I want to see how badly you need it, you lonely, desperate boy.”

Lewis positioned himself as best he could on top of her, then started to impale himself on her cock. As she felt him thrusting back, taking her a bit further each time, she saw tears start to trickle down his cheeks. Taking her hands, she collected one tear on the tip of each of her index fingertips. Lewis unclenched his eyes in confusion, as she rubbed the tears into each of her nipples.

Whatever happened after this, Clara would remember tonight for a long, long time...

## Chapter 4

Robert and Ally walked toward room three, with Robert helping Gloria and Ally helping Three. It was still slippery for the two with tread cut into their hooves, but it was far more difficult for those without. Still, they slowly made their way to the room, and Three used her keycard to let them in.

As they stepped inside and flipped on the lights, the dark room was suddenly bathed in harsh, white fluorescent light. As everyone started to set their things down, Robert stepped over next to the bed and reached for the switch of one of the bedside lamps. "I think some mood lighting might do the trick. Never done this with an audience before, so, uh, we'll see how it goes."

Gloria giggled, "Aww, I *knew* I shoulda brought my pom-poms! Gotta cheer my bull on, you know." She looked over at Three and added, "Don't worry, with the way she smells, you'll be rock-hard in a minute or two."

There was a flurry of movement as clothing was hastily removed and tossed aside. After all, everyone there had seen at least two of the others naked before. As Robert saw Three's body for the first time, though, his jaw dropped. Everything about her was practically dripping with exaggerated sexuality, from nipples that reached six inches long and three across, to her pussy already drooling onto the blankets as she climbed slowly into one of the beds. Then, the smell hit. Gloria had explained the pheromone thing to him before, but nothing had prepared him for just how strong they would be. He felt his cock already beginning to slide out of its sheath.

Three, meanwhile, was looking up at the bull as she rolled onto her back in the bed. He was solid black, and his eyes were focused on her. Not just her massive breasts and nipples, but roaming over her whole body. She spread her legs wide, showing off her loose pussy and plugged asshole, as her tail swished invitingly. She hoped her holes wouldn't intimidate the bull too badly, but she figured he should know what he was in for. The cow pushed three fingers into herself with a loud *squelch*, letting out a deep moo.

Off to the side, Ally looked over at the other bed, then turned to Gloria. "You know," they said quietly, to avoid distracting the two bovines, "we could push this bed over to turn it into a big double-sized bed. Wanna give me a hand?"

"Sure!" The two of them moved next to the other bed and tried to lift it.

Ally had a much easier time than Gloria, given the significant size difference, so instead they ended up pushing it down to get past the bedside table, then over against the other bed.

Looking over at Robert and Three, Gloria chuckled. They hadn't needed to worry about the pair being distracted. By now, Robert had climbed into the bed and was making out with Three. The goat girl licked her lips thinking about it, herself. Three only knew one way to kiss, and that was wet and sloppy. Lucky for Gloria, that was her favorite too.

Prying her eyes away from the pair, she turned to the large horse standing next to her, their massive cock hanging down. She hadn't seen it since Ally's changes had happened, and she was almost awestruck by the size. Seeing a long strand of precum dripping down to the floor, she stepped in front of the horse and lowered herself to a high kneel, putting her at the perfect height.

"Why hello there," she said, teasingly addressing the horse's cock directly, "I didn't expect to run into someone like *you* at this party. I hope you don't mind if I..." Lifting the dick up, the goat girl gave the large, soft head a kiss, as if she was kissing someone on the lips. "Mmm, you smell nice too!"

Ally laughed above her, "Well, part of why I wanted to join you tonight was that I know you like it when your partners don't shower for a few days. So for a whole week, the only cleaning I've had down there has been from Marci's tongue. Of course, that tends to just make another mess, so..."

She gave it a long lick. "Tastes like she's been grinding her pussy against it a bit, too. She isn't gonna mind this, is she?"

Ally shook their head. "She doesn't mind, and I don't either. We had that talk before we started doing all the testing stuff together. That's a job you can't really do if you get jealous easily."

"Yeah, she and I were talking while we were waiting for everyone to arrive. Sounds like I can play with this all night long, and you won't cum until your horsey hole gets some attention?" Ally nodded, and Gloria slowly ran her tongue along the underside of the horse's cock. Another long string of pre started to form, though she guided them forward and leaned back so that it landed on one of her breasts instead. "You know, I've never really been covered in cum before, and she tells me you're the perfect horse for the job. Wanna help a horny goat out?" She lifted the horse's cock, giving their balls an exploratory lick. "Tastes like she hasn't been ignoring these, either. Gotta admire her thoroughness!"

Standing back up, Gloria's eyes wandered over the rest of the horse's body. The white coat was new, giving a nice contrast with the jet-black cock and mane. She saw that Ally's nipples were also solid black, as well as much larger than the last time she had seen them. Seeing the target of her gaze, Ally pointed out, "Unlike my cock, those are hard twenty-four-seven. Not quite as big as Three's over there, but..."

Gloria winked up at the horse, "I think we've got all the big-nipple lovers in one room tonight." She reached back between Ally's legs, running a finger teasingly around their stretched-out hole before rubbing it on their nipples. She repeated it over and over, as Ally's cock started to dribble onto the floor. Finally she stopped, gave each nipple a long sniff, and said, "And now they smell like

sweaty, musky horse-hole.”

Ally let out a moan as her tongue darted out for a quick lick on one side, then the other. When she looked up, she saw the horse glance over at the other pair and looked over herself.

✱

As Robert’s fist slipped easily inside of the cow with a wet *schlorp*, Three let out a deep, throaty groan. It sounded like Robert was the tamest of the four of them, but clearly he still wasn’t the “climb on top, missionary, and done” type. Thinking about his other two partners in the other bed, he also seemed to have a thing for very large holes. The bull was definitely enjoying her sopping-wet pussy.

“Hope it’s not too slimy for you,” she said with a wink as an especially loud *squelch* escaped, “Or too loose. . .”

“Not one bit,” Robert said, “Gloria was telling me about how, um, loose you were, and I just had to see for myself.” He looked down at his fist buried inside her, “I’m definitely impressed!”

“Well, would you be even more impressed if I told you my pussy needed more?” the cow asked playfully, “Or if I told you my ass needed a good fisting too?”

“Both of those would impress me more, yes. Besides, I assume I’m going to be using either your ass or your mouth tonight, anyway.” The bull pointed down at his rock-hard dick.

“Mmm, and why would you assume that?” She licked her lips as she looked at it herself.

“Well, we probably don’t want to. . .” the bull trailed off.

“Wouldn’t want your girlfriend to watch you put a calf in me? Seems to me they’re already enjoying the show,” she chuckled, looking over at Gloria and Ally, “Aren’t you?” Gloria’s eyes were focused on the bull’s fist buried in Three, as Ally ran their hands over her breasts, staring at the bovines themselves.

“Uh-huh,” Gloria nodded.

“And do you want to see how many times he can cum in a nice, fertile cow this weekend?”

Gloria nodded again.

“Well then,” she said, looking back up at him, “it seems your girlfriend would love to see me carrying her boyfriend’s calf.” She reached down and ran her hand down Robert’s cock, as he let out a needy groan at her touch. “Feel how wet and sloppy I’m getting just thinking about it? It’s been sooo long since I’ve played with a bull. I’ve played with a goat and a horse lately, though.”

She heard the pair get up from the other bed, and soon the horse and goat slid into theirs, one on each side. Ally’s hands made their way to Three’s breasts, the horse’s hands gliding over the sweat-soaked udders. Meanwhile, Gloria wrapped her hands around Three’s large, soft belly, starting to eagerly

kiss and slurp away at her bellybutton.

The excited cow reached over between Ally's legs, resting her hand on the horse's big, soft cock. "Of course, we've also gotta figure out just where *this* is gonna go," she laughed, "I *do* know probably the only girl in the world who could depthroat this monster."

Ally looked over at her, curious.

"Maybe the girl with an incredibly stretchy throat, who can keep breathing mid-swallow?"

Gloria pulled her attention away from the cow's belly and looked over at Ally's cock resting on the bed. "You'd never thought of that, had you?" Three said with a wink. "So what do you say, Eleven—wanna show these two a good time?"

Gloria nodded vigorously, sliding back from the cow. Ally asked, "So, uh, how do we do this?"

"Actually, that's easy," Three said, "It's just like when she swallows anything else. As soon as your head gets into your throat, her body will just keep swallowing."



Gloria laid down on her back, next to the cow. She left some room above her head for Ally, as the horse stepped around the bed to stand next to her. She figured if they were going to be all the way down her throat anyway, she didn't have to worry about accidentally choking on cum or anything. She looked over next to her head, as a thick drop of precum fell from Ally onto the bed.

The horse positioned herself above her—she always loved positions like this, where she was looking up at her partner. It always made her feel so small, and them seem so big and imposing. The goat girl loved big, powerful partners, and that just made the effect stronger. She laid her head back, pointing her muzzle upward to give Ally a straighter path down her throat, then opened wide.

"Just get your head in," she heard Three tell the horse, "And she'll do all the rest!" Ally eased the head of their cock into her mouth. It was very large, but her muzzle was able to accommodate it without accidentally grazing him with her teeth. She had thought a couple of times about getting a ring gag or something to hold her mouth open, but hadn't picked one up. After this, maybe she should.

Slowly and carefully, Ally pushed deeper. The goat girl loved the feeling of the cock filling her mouth, and couldn't wait to feel it down her throat. She reached up and gave the horse an encouraging rub on the leg.

Finally, she felt the head up against her throat. After a moment of hesitation, she felt Ally push it just a little bit deeper, and her throat started trying to swallow it. Not quite... Almost... *There!* The head popped fully past her throat, and her body started trying to pull it deeper. The startled horse



tumbled forward, catching themselves with their hands before crushing her.

As she worked the cock deeper and deeper, she felt her throat stretch around its warm, soft girth. She felt Ally adjust their position a bit as they started to get used to the intense sensations, then heard a rather startled, “Wait, is that my—”

Three laughed, “Yep, that’s the outline of your cock. It looks good in her, doesn’t it?”

“Y-yeah, I just. . . She’s okay, right?”

Gloria held out her hand and gave a thumbs-up. She was more than alright. If only the horse had any idea how much pleasure she got from tastes, things in her mouth, swallowing, or even the feeling of her stomach stretching after her changes. . . While she had been a bit nervous about it at the time, the goat girl was very thankful Sally and Three hadn’t held back with the things they did to her. They had managed to turn eating and digestion into quite possibly the most pleasurable things she could do, with the possible exception of rubbing and stuffing her ass. Was it really an exception though? At the moment, she had to admit she didn’t really care.

Bit by bit, she managed to slide more of the horse down her throat, until eventually she felt her nose up against their balls. She loved the smell, though she did wish they were a bit muskier. Maybe that could be arranged later in the weekend. Reaching up, she could feel that Ally extended the full length of her neck, ending somewhere in her upper chest. As that realization hit, she felt herself cumming from the thought of what she was doing.

“So,” Robert laughed, “How does it feel probably getting the best head ever?”

The only reply from Ally was a long, pleased moan.

“You know,” she heard Three say to her boyfriend, “there’s a nice, wet cow pussy right here. Want to make your little girlfriend listen to you fuck it while she deepthroats your friend here?”

She felt the mattress shake slightly as Robert adjusted, then heard a groan from the cow as he slid inside. She didn’t have a great view of the action next to her, but she could certainly hear it. “Mmm, I see you looking at her. Don’t wanna miss Ally cumming straight into her stomach?” There was a moment’s pause, “Well, don’t you worry about that. She could depthroat that cock all night long, but Ally can only cum from anal play now—nothing else will get them off.”

She heard some wet, sloppy sounds next to her, as Robert started to fuck Three. “I love how stretched you are. . .” she heard him tell the cow.

“Mmm, you love fucking worn-out holes, don’t you, big boy? Your girlfriend was telling me you’ve been loving hers. New and improved, would you say?” There was another brief pause, and Gloria realized he was probably nodding in reply, “You can visit me in the barn aany time you like, you know. Juat in case you need a sloppy cow to dump a load into, sometimes.”

They were interrupted by a whimper from Ally. “Aww, is she driving you crazy over there? Need me to give that ass some attention so you can cum?” Three teased. Out of the corner of her eye, Gloria saw Ally nod frantically. “I

don't think I'm gonna let you cum until your friend here does. Why don't you give him a big ol' kiss, just to help him along?"

She felt Ally shift abover her, as the horse tried to get closer to Robert. She couldn't see it, but she could hear the two starting to kiss. As they did, she felt Ally's cock throb and twitch in her still-swallowing throat. It may not have been able to get had, but it was giving it a valiant attempt!

"Aww, look at how desperate they're getting, Robert. Ally, do you hope he cums soon?"

"P-pleeease. . ." the needy horse whined and whimpered. Deciding to be a bit of a tease herself, Gloria reached up and started to gently touch the horse's massive balls. Cupping them in her hands, tickling them lightly with her fingers, even stroking the horse's taint, but always pulling away as they tried to thrust forward so her fingers would touch their needy asshole.

There was a groan from Robert. It sounded like her boyfriend might be getting close. Reaching down as another orgasm washed over her, Gloria pulled her legs back and started to touch herself. As she always did now, she ignored her pussy completely, her fingers going straight for her ass instead. As she made contact and started to rub, she felt Ally starting to thrust slightly down her throat. The horse must have been enjoying the show as much as she was enjoying the sensation.

She felt Ally adjust slightly, presumably to get a better view. But then she was surprised to feel a warm, wet sensation on her asshole, realizing a moment later that the horse had spit in it. She would need to remember to complement Ally on their aim later. It helped her fingers glide over her needy hole so much better, and something about having it spit on like that excited her even more.

Suddenly, the bed shook as Robert slammed into Three one last time. A moment later, Gloria felt Ally start to tremble as Three must have taken the cue to start working on their ass. She had heard Ally came a lot now, though honestly she already felt like the pre was a good-sized appetizer. The horse's moans and whimpers increased in intensity, until they finally started to cum.

It felt rather strange, Gloria thought. There was no fountain of cum shooting off in her face, nor was there the struggle of trying to swallow before it overflowed her mouth. She simply felt the horse's cock swell in her mouth, the head flaring somewhere near the top of her chest, and felt her stomach suddenly starting to inflate. She pushed her fist into her own ass, and the combination of that sensation and having Ally's entire load pumped into her belly sent the goat girl over the edge. Her eyes rolled back and closed as a massive orgasm hit.

As she recovered a bit, she thought about what was happening. Ally was pretty much just using her as a receptacle, like a milking machine for their cock. *I might as well be a piece of plumbing*, she thought, starting to pump her fist into and out of her asshole. At that thought, she felt another orgasm already rising. She had lost count of how many she'd already had with the horse's cock down her throat, and Gloria realized she might have discovered a new kink for her favorites list.

Next to her, she watched in her peripheral vision as Robert flopped down onto his side next to the cow, the two bovines holding eachother in their arms.

Their evening had been quite tame, excluding the part about her boyfriend trying to impregnate a cow he had just met today right next to his girlfriend. Gloria supposed that part wasn't quite so tame.

She felt Ally's flare go down deep inside her, and she got ready for the feeling of the horse pulling out of her. But she didn't feel that at all. She also didn't feel their cock withdrawing into its sheath. *Maybe it doesn't do that anymore?* She felt Ally slightly adjust position above her, thinking that maybe they just wanted to enjoy the feeling of a... "throat-job" didn't seem to quite cover it. "Esophagus-job" maybe? Anyway, maybe they just wanted to enjoy it a bit longer.

She was surprised to suddenly feel that same warm, inflating feeling again. Her eyes went wide as she realized Ally was pissing into her stomach, which was immediately followed by her slamming into an unexpected orgasm (she was sure she *had* to be somewhere in the double digits). If she had felt like a piece of the plumbing before, that was nothing compared to now. She noticed Ally didn't make a sound, meaning her boyfriend was none the wiser. Rather than pushing her fist back into her ass, Gloria started to gently rub her belly instead as she felt it swell further beneath her hands.

As the horse wordlessly finished using her, she felt them shift position to get ready to pull out. Slowly, inch by inch, she felt as the massive horse cock slid back up her throat. While not as pleasurable as things going down it, the goat girl found the sensation strangely pleasant. She looked up at the dick being pulled out of her, loving how it was shiny and covered in her throat-slime.

Finally, the last inch popped out, and Ally laid down beside the exhausted goat. Her muscles shakey, she raised her lips to one of Ally's ears, whispering, "Bet'cha never felt anything like that before." She took one of their hands, resting it softly on her belly. "And you peeing in my poor little tummy will be our little secret." She gave the horse a playful wink.

Suddenly, Gloria felt a belch rising from her sloshing stomach. She rolled onto her back, away from Ally, and let out a loud, rumbling belch that surprised the other two next to them.

"Wait, did that come from your little goat girl?" Three asked Robert.

"It did," he laughed, "Since you and Sally made her kind of a living monument to the digestive system, she makes all kinds of noises now."

Three looked over at Gloria and gave her a wink, while still addressing Robert. "I don't hear you complaining about our handiwork, though."

"Oh, I'm definitely not complaining," he laughed, "I don't have a clue how you did it, but it does have some perks and trade-offs."

Gloria chuckled, "You just like how I don't need any sort of cleanup before a nice buttfucking."

"I'm just amazed you can fit it, at all," Robert replied, "But yeah, that is a big perk too."

The goat girl let out another belch, as her body kept trying to work through the huge liquid meal it had just been fed. "I guess the trade-off is that I'm a bit of a burpy goat." She winked over at him.

"Worth it," the bull chuckled.

Three looked over at him, “Hey buddy, couldn’t help noticing your dick twitching a bit when she let that last one out. Admit it—that’s a ‘feature’ rather than a ‘trade-off’, isn’t it?”

“Oh, um, yeah. . .” the bull answered, suddenly a bit awkward.

“See?” Three said, “We know our customers’ needs—even the dark, secret ones!”

After a good laugh, the four laid together in silence for a bit. Then Ally looked down at the goat’s throat-slime drying on their dick. “Hey, um, anyone mind if I grab a shower? Don’t want to get the bed all messy if we’re gonna sleep here.”

“Go right ahead,” Three said.

“We’ll take one after you’re done,” Robert said, glancing at Three.

The cow rolled her eyes in exaggerated annoyance, “If you insist.”

“Hey, wait for me,” Gloria said, the almost pregnant-looking goat rolling herself out of bed and following after the horse.

As she rounded the door to the bathroom, she heard Three quietly say to Robert, “They’re really cute together, aren’t they?” She didn’t get a chance to hear the reply, though.

Looking at the large size of the tub, Ally asked, “So, shower or bath?”

“Could we do a bath, please? My apartment doesn’t have a bathtub, so it’s not something I get to do very often.”

“Absolutely,” they said, “Now, how hot to you like the water?”

“Kinda scalding, if that’s okay?”

“Hey, me too!” Ally turned on the water, “I just never feel clean if I don’t use hot water, you know? Marci says I’m a bit of a clean-freak sometimes, but it’s a habit from my d—ex-domme.”

Gloria gave the horse a hug. She was never sure what to say when they talked about their former partner, but she knew there were a lot of intense emotions still there.

“She always insisted that I be spotless at the beginning, no matter what happened afterward. And she was very picky about it.”

Nuzzling into the horse’s flat tummy, Gloria replied, “She was missing out. Nothing beats a nice, musky partner. At least, as far as *this* goat is concerned.”

“R-really?”

“Really. Hey, we’re all different people, and we’re all into different things. Like me? I made Robert promise that if he is coming to my house after the gym, he won’t shower or change first. That bull in a sweaty tanktop? Absolutely yummy! But I’m sure others are different.”

“Oh, yeah that all makes sense,” the horse said, stepping carefully into the bathtub. It had non-slip texturing, but those were always a compromise between keeping hooves from slipping, versus not feeling like your butt was resting on sandpaper. In this case, they had gone for fairly mild non-slip in favor of sitting comfort. After sitting down, they helped steady Gloria as she stepped in. While she sat down, Ally continued, “But I guess I never thought of it for things like that. Anal? Some people love it, and some hate it. But I thought liking a clean partner was universal.”

As she sat down facing the larger horse, she giggled, “One of the biggest things I’ve learned since going away to college is that *nothing* is universal when it comes to sex. But since you like it clean, the least I can do is clean up the mess I made all over your beautiful cock. . .” She reached over and squeezed a fair amount of the liquid soap onto her hands, then started to rub them over the horse as the tub slowly began to fill.

One trade-off with tubs designed to fit massive species like elephants was that they could take a very long time to fill. Because of this, most tubs only poured cold water from the faucet. Temperature control came from heating elements embedded just below the tub’s surface. Thankfully after an ice-cold first minute or two, the heater would do its job bringing the water up to the desired temperature. Gloria reminded herself of the short wait as a splash of frigid water hit her lower back from the faucet.

She knew Ally loved continued stimulation after cumming, so she figured they wouldn’t mind her hands rubbing the soap into their big, soft cock. She couldn’t get over how it looked. It wasn’t only the size, but the softness gave it an almost pillow-like quality. It was so unique, and she loved it.

She felt Ally’s hands start to rub her bloated belly, encouraging another loud burp out of the goat. “So, uh, it sounds like you don’t ‘go’ anymore?”

“Toilet-wise, you mean? I still need to pee, but otherwise nope!”

“How does that, uh, work?” She could tell Ally was a bit shy about asking. Was it supposed to be a sensitive topic? To her, she found her body’s new quirks fascinating.

“Oh, so they changed how the chemistry works inside my stomach. You know how normally your body has one specific type of acid it uses? Well, mine has twenty-three. There’s this whole method it goes through in order to decide which ones to use, so my tummy doesn’t go off like a bomb, but the short version is that between all of them, my body can break down pretty much anything into stuff I can use. What it can’t, comes out when I pee.”

“So you pretty much pee out random chemicals?”

“Sort of? I mean, it’s nothing hazardous, otherwise it would hurt my own body. But there’s a lot more, uh, variety in mine than other people’s. Like the other day it was blue.”

“Blue?!”

“Yeah. I ate an old broken CD I found in the back of a closet. Not sure what chemicals mixed to make that happen, but my piss was blue the next time.” She gave a smirk at the horse’s shocked expression. “Oh c’mon, who *doesn’t* eat broken CDs, plastic bags, zip-ties, and random containers out of the back of the fridge?”

“A-and I stuck my dick in that?”

“Yup!” Gloria gave Ally a wink, leaning in close, “And you came in it nice and hard. Aaand then pissed in it, too.” She had finished covering the horse’s dick in soap, and began to rinse it off. The water had risen to a comfortably hot temperature, and Gloria took her time running her hands over it. “You *did* say quite a while ago that you like fucking especially nasty holes or getting

fucked by especially nasty dicks. And you've seen me with Three, so you know *this* hole..." she pointed toward her mouth, "gets absolutely filthy."

"I, uh, guess it's just a lot to take in."

"*Ahem,*" Gloria said, tapping the tip of Ally's cock, "I don't think you can talk about 'a lot to take in' there." The horse laughed.

"So," Ally asked, "Got anything special you want to do this weekend?"

"Honestly? I'm just kinda taking it as it comes. No pun intended," she giggled, "It'd be cool to meet the two new people. I've seen Lewis before, but Clara's completely new to me."

"I'd say Clara is..." Ally paused to think, "If Sally took things a whole lot further, but didn't talk quite as much and suddenly discovered she had a dick, you'd kinda have Clara. She reminds me a little bit of Three, but that might just be the vibe I get from her."

"Ah, cool," Gloria smiled up at the horse, as the pair started to snuggle in the scalding-hot water, "Hopefully I get to hang out with her."

"I'm sure you will," Ally chuckled.

## Chapter 5

Bright and early on Saturday morning, Gloria shuffled carefully along the icy walkway to Three's room. She was carrying her large bucket, along with her backpack. After all, she had some plans for her bovine friend today.

As the goat girl entered, the first thing that struck her was the smell. Despite only arriving yesterday, Three had already made the room smell like her barn at home, with a mix of overwhelming pheromones and at least a couple of fresh piles of wet cow shit on the floor. Being careful not to step in those, she made her way to the bed, where Three was slowly rubbing her pussy and looking over at the goat.

She carefully set her coat aside, revealing her naked body underneath. "Hi there, Three! I wanted to surprise my sexy cow friend with breakfast in bed. Aaand maybe she could feed me my own breakfast afterward," she gave a wink.

Three laughed and sat up a bit, reclining against a large pile of pillows from the two beds. "I figured worms were probably getting a bit boring for you, so I've got some other stuff in here too." She popped the top off the bucket, not letting the cow look inside.

As the goat girl started rubbing and kneading Three's massive belly, she added, "But there's a special rule today. If you need to belch, just grab me and pull my mouth to yours. I wanna taste it."

Three nodded, "Deal."

With that, Gloria reached into the bucket and pulled out a small handful of earthworms. As she moved her hand over toward Three, her bovine friend opened her mouth as far as she could. Gloria always loved seeing how wet Three's mouth was. Not only did the changes make her sweat buckets, but she also salivated so much that she was practically drooling. Gloria dropped the worms in, and Three closed her mouth. The cow was always careful not to accidentally catch any of them with her teeth. She wanted to swallow them whole. With a loud gulp, they began their journey down to her stomach.

"Oooh, my vore-cow is hungry today!" Gloria giggled, pulling out a larger handful, "That's perfect. Let's give her more..." Handful after handful, she fed the worms to the cow. But just as she was reaching for the last four in the bucket, she felt Three's big, strong hands grab her and pull her close. A moment later, Three's belch rumbled into the goat's open mouth. She could taste the

worms, and was surprised to find she didn't mind the flavor. She supposed she shouldn't be too surprised, with the *other* things she typically ate around Three. Far too soon for Gloria, their lips parted, a string of saliva stretching between until it finally broke and landed on one of Three's breasts.

Finally, as the last of the worms slid down Three's throat, Gloria said, "Now, you've eaten one of these before, so I maaay have gotten you more this time." She pulled out a mouse, which started to squirm in her hands. Three let out a deep, low moan and licked her lips. "I know you like eating these more, don't you?"

Three nodded, with an enthusiastic, "Moo!"

As with the worms, Three opened her mouth in preparation. But unlike with the worms, this time she didn't open wide. After all, that would make it too easy for her meal to escape. Gloria slowly lowered the mouse by the tail, then dropped it in. She watched as her friend struggled a bit to swallow it, before succeeding with one determined gulp. Gloria rubbed the cow's belly as the mouse slid down, "You're eating so well today! You're such a sexy vore-cow. I could feed you like this all day long..."

Suddenly, they heard a knock at the door. Gloria quickly looked over at the bucket—she wasn't sure whether Three would want others seeing it, but she quickly put the lid on and carried it to the restroom. Meanwhile, Three turned toward the door and gave a loud, "Come in!"

The door opened, and Marci walked in, none the wiser about what the pair had been up to. "Hi there," the horse said with a wave, "I brought a friend with me!" She stepped aside, giving Clara room to get past and let the door close behind them.

"Oh hey, what a *urp* surprise." Three said, as she looked up naked from the bed. "Don't mind me—breakfast is just fighting me a bit." She gave Gloria a quick, sneaky wink.

"Speaking of breakfast," Clara said, "Marci said she wanted to stop over this morning. Apparently you two are into the whole toilet-play thing, too?" Gloria gave an enthusiastic nod, looking at the pair. Marci looked down at the floor as Clara said it, but the naked goat caught the mare stealing a quick glance at herself and Three.

"I'm still really new to it," the elephant continued, gesturing toward Marci, "but she really wants to try it."

Marci reached down into her backpack and pulled out a large plug, with a tube running down its center and a few feet past. Gloria let out a laugh, as she pulled out the matching one she had purchased before the party. "I had to go for the 4XL, because, well..." She set it down on the bed, walking over and pulling Three's asscheeks apart to reveal the cow's stretched-out asshole. Looking up, she saw Marci's jaw drop.

Seeing the beds pushed side-by-side, Clara laughed that they had apparently already had some fun. She also glanced at the mess on the floor. "Anyway, I stopped by the lobby and grabbed us a whole bunch of snacks. I don't need to, uh, 'go' yet, and figured a bunch of potato chips might help."



Clara and Marci sat down on the beds, joining the pair. “So, uh, which of you two...?”

“Well, like she already showed off, I’ve got a huge ass. I’m also gassy and it gets pretty sloppy most of the time. And she’s my shiteating goat, who is more than happy to swallow every bit of it.”

Gloria nodded happily, then asked, “How about for you two?”

Marci and Clara looked at each other—the shy submissive girl who loved dirty talk but was nervous about doing it, and the elephant who wasn’t particularly talkative about her kinks. They turned back, and Marci opened her mouth and pointed toward it. Then quickly added, “I mean, I haven’t done more than licking stuff clean after it’s been in me, but I really want to?”

Gloria chuckled, “You don’t be shy around us. Hey, I’ve got a great idea! So you and I showed up with the same plug and tube combo, right? Well, why don’t we do it side-by-side? You and me with the tubes,” she turned to Three and Clara, “and you two with the plugs!”

Clara nodded, and Three grinned and replied, “Sounds fun. I haven’t had much of a chance to talk with Clara, here. And I’m sure you two will have your own ways of getting to know each other down there.”

Gloria handed Three the plug, and Marci handed hers to Clara. Without a word, Three grabbed her small lube-bucket from beside the bed and started to coat it. The toy was a size she could take fairly easily, but she always preferred to use lube. The cow just loved the slippery feeling. A deep, rumbling groan of pleasure did escape as she lifted and spread her legs, pushing the lubed plug inside with little effort. She was used to being stretched with an audience, and didn’t mind feeling the other girls’ eyes on her.

Clara was watching the cow. “Oh, um, you just...” She was looking at the plug, her expression a little nervous.

Three gave her a kind smile. “You haven’t done too much anal, have you?”

Clara shook her head. “I’ve kinda always been more the *domme* type, so I’m more used to giving it. First with a strap-on, and then, well...” The elephant pointed down at her half-unsheathed dick. “Like I’ve done it, but it just feels weird, um, taking it in front of people?”

“Hey,” Three replied, “if it helps, you can always think of it as putting on a piece of lingerie or something.”

Gloria chimed in, “Or just think about what you’re gonna be doing to her once it’s in!”

Three laughed, “Yeah, or that. So Gloria, planning on showing off your little trick?”

Marci looked over at Gloria, her head cocked to one side. Giving the horse a mischievous grin, the goat girl took the end of the tube, lying down below the cow in the bed. Then, she slowly started to push the tube into her mouth. She pushed it slowly, an inch at a time, until she needed to swallow the end with a large gulp. The edge of the tube was smooth, which made it easier as she gradually pushed it deeper and deeper inside.

“U-um, don’t you need to breathe?” Marci asked. Clara just looked down at the goat in amazement—between the length in her mouth and down her throat,

she had swallowed about two feet of the tube, leaving her head between Three's knees in the bed. Gloria pointed to her nose, gave a wink, and took a loud sniff of air in through her nostrils.

"Oh, *wow*," the horse said, her mouth hanging open. Gloria held up a finger—the show wasn't over yet. Reaching down blindly into her backpack, she eventually found what she was looking for and pulled out a roll of duct tape. Careful to keep the sticky side facing out, she began to slowly wrap it around her muzzle to keep it tightly closed. After about three layers of it, the goat girl was satisfied and then taped the tube to the wrappings around her mouth, being sure to leave holes for her nose.

Three laughed, "She likes to feel helpless. She told me before we showed up here that she wanted to do that." The large bovine reached over and grabbed a bag of potato chips, continuing, "Not sure if you want to use the tape too?"

Marci nodded, replying, "I do, but I might need some help putting it on." Clara volunteered, and with some reminders and tips from Three, the elephant put the end of the tube into Marci's mouth and started to wrap the tape around it.

Once she was fully taped, Marci laid down in a position matching Gloria's. The cow passed Marci a couple of pillows, explaining, "Gloria doesn't need to swallow, since it's getting forced straight down her throat. You'll need to, though, so you need to keep your head elevated to keep from choking on it."

As Marci tucked the pillows under herself, she gave Gloria a nervous glance. Gloria responded with a supportive thumbs-up.

"You two have done this a lot, haven't you?" Clara asked, seeing the goat girl's confidence.

"Every time we see each other, pretty much," Three explained, "I'm honestly not sure whether I love feeding her more, or whether she loves eating it more. But either way, we both love it."

"Okay, I guess I need to get this in me, don't I?" The elephant was holding the plug nervously in her hands.

"If you're feeling shy, I can close my eyes. Besides, who cares if one of the toilets sees you push it in?" Three gave Clara a wink.

"I'd like that, yeah." Three closed her eyes, and Clara started to slowly work the plug in. Not having a bluntly-pointed tip certainly added to the difficulty, but she very slowly worked it in. "O-okay, you can look now. Wow, I'm really not used to that anymore."

Opening her eyes, Three laid a hand on Clara's shoulder. "See? You did just fine. So, looks like we're gonna be here a while. Did you eat a big breakfast this morning?"

Startled by the sudden change of subject, Clara replied, "Oh, yeah I did. Marci mentioned she wanted to do something, and that she wanted me to really stuff myself this morning."

"Good," the cow said with a grin. She then took a large drink from her bedside water jug and pulled out something that looked like individually wrapped, ordinary candies. One by one, she opened the wrapping of each, until the entire package had been opened. Then, she dumped all of them into her mouth,

chewed them up, and swallowed.

“Chocolates?”

“Nah, laxatives. The sloppier it is, the better she likes it.”

As Clara heard a muffled fart from the cow next to her, and a groan of arousal from the goat, she suddenly had a chilling realization. “W-wait, we’re gonna do this in front of—”

“In front of eachother? Yeah, I hope you don’t mind. But it’s not like we can easily move around at this point, can we?” Three chuckled, “How about we get to know eachother a bit, in the meantime? Do you live around here? I live with Sally.”

After a brief hesitation, Clara replied, “I’m actually from about an hour away. I met Marci and Ally when I got this thing,” She pointed down at her dick. “But I’ve visited them a few times since then. They’re a lot of fun, but I guess I didn’t know how deep the rabbithole went with Marci here.”

“Ally’s into a lot too, though not all of it is the same stuff. . .”

Meanwhile, down below them in bed, Marci was getting more nervous. Gloria reached over and took the mare’s hand in hers, giving it a firm squeeze. The goat girl couldn’t tell if Marci’s nervousness was from what was about to happen or if she was worried people would think she was a freak. Given that the horse had been the one to suggest meeting up with the two of them, she assumed it was the former. After all, it was one thing to fantasize about something, but another thing entirely to actually experience it in person for the first time. And this wasn’t exactly an easy introduction.

The mare grabbed the tube that led to her mouth, feeling for how much slack she had. Unlike Gloria, Marci’s tube wasn’t all the way down her throat, so she had enough slack to carefully slide over next to the goat. Seeing what the horse was doing, Three moved her leg to let Marci past.

“You know,” Three told Clara, “if those two toilets are gonna cuddle up down there, I don’t see any reason we couldn’t continue our conversation while making out.”

Clara rolled over toward Three, being careful not to accidentally kick Marci, and laid a hand on one of the cow’s O-cup breasts. “You’re awfully sweaty,” she said, pulling her hand back.

“Oh, yeah. Those are all the pheromones that are making that big elephant cock hard right now,” the bovine replied with a wink.

“Isn’t that a pain when you go out, though?”

“I don’t really go out much. I kinda stay in my barn and spend quite a bit of my time fucking and masturbating. I mean, I do other stuff too, but those are the biggest things.” She grinned at the elephant, giving one of her own nipples a squeeze. “Don’t you want to feel them? They’re so big and soft. . .”

Clara reached out and began to rub the cow’s breast again. “I do, but I just wasn’t ready for it.” She paused as the cow’s massive belly gave a long, deep gurgle, before going back to rubbing and gently squeezing again. “So how did you and Gloria meet, anyway?”

“Well,” Three said, reaching down and firmly rubbing, squeezing, and kneading her own belly, “we actually met through Sally. Gloria’s dating a friend of

Sally's, and Sally introduced the two of us. I met her boyfriend last night—he's pretty cool. He's the bull that's here this weekend."

Down below, Gloria had wrapped her arms around Marci. She reminded the mare of Sally, with her gentle touch. Gloria definitely seemed less restrained than the collie, though. Still, Gloria's hands hadn't wandered to any of her naughtier bits, yet. The mare was torn on whether she was appreciative or disappointed. The reality was probably a bit of both, she realized. Her own arms were loosely wrapped around the smaller goat girl. She had to admit, it really did feel good to just cuddle like this.

Then, she heard Clara tell Three, "So, um, I kinda need to..."

Three laughed, as Clara heard yet another gurgle from the cow's stomach, "Do you want me to go first and break the ice?"

"Y-yeah."

"Alright," the cow replied, "Hope you're ready down there, because here it comes." Marci heard Three straining a bit, and looked up at the cow's ass and spread legs. The base of the plug and tube were already soaked in pussy juice, the smell of which was keeping her extremely aroused despite the nervousness. Suddenly, she watched in horror as brown liquid started to flow down the clear tubing. She had been sure she'd misheard about the laxatives earlier, but clearly she had heard correctly.

It flowed down nonstop, and she saw Gloria's eyes watching it too, eventually running down past each of their eyes before the tube made its bend into the goat girl's throat. Marci had subconsciously expected to smell it, though if the tube really did go down Gloria's throat, she knew she wouldn't be able to. She was shocked to feel Gloria suddenly trembling in her arms. Had she just—

"She just came," Three chuckled to Clara, "I feel her shaking against my leg."

"Wait," Clara quickly looked down, "But Marci's not even groping her. How?"

"She just loves doing this that much," Three said, and Marci was sure she heard a touch of admiration in the cow's voice. She wondered what kind of a relationship the two of them had, and told herself to remember to ask when she didn't have a tube duct-taped into her mouth.

"O-oh," Clara said, "It's, uh, happening..."

Marci froze, all of her muscles locked up tightly, and her eyes clenched shut in anticipation. Suddenly, she knew she wasn't ready for this, and—

She was brought back to the present by a soft tap on her nose. Opening her eyes, she saw Gloria take one of the horse's hands. She guided Marci to unclench her fingers, then the goat girl put the mare's hand on her left breast—it was the first sexual contact between the two. But as the goat put her own hand on Marci's breast, she suddenly understood. This wasn't for rubbing or groping. What the smaller woman was really doing was saying, "I'm here with you." Taking a deep breath, she gave the goat girl a determined nod.

She felt a weight slowly moving down the tube. Marci wasn't sure whether it was her imagination, but she felt like it was happening much more slowly than it had for Gloria. As she saw liquid continuing to stream down the goat's tube,

mixed with large pockets of air as the cow's farts were mixed in, she realized Three hadn't actually stopped yet.

Out of the periphery of her vision, she saw the dark mass reaching down the tube and getting closer to her mouth. She had pushed the tube pretty far in, which meant she shouldn't need to taste it. The downside of that plan was that she wasn't going to be able to chew it.

It disappeared into her mouth, and a few seconds later, she felt it hit the back of her throat. Immediately, she began to retch, but Gloria waved to get her attention. The goat girl made two breathing gestures, followed by an exaggerated swallow. The mare tried to block out everything else except the brown eyes looking at her and counting. One breath. . . Two breaths. . . *Swallow!* She forced herself to take one big gulp, trying to only think about the eyes that seemed to be cheering her on, rather than what she was forcing her body to do.

One breath. . . Two breaths. . . Swallow. Each time, it felt a little easier. She suddenly realized her arms were wrapped tightly around Gloria, practically crushing the poor goat. As she quickly let go, Gloria again took one of Marci's hands, this time placing it on her belly. Wait, the goat didn't look that big when she'd seen her before.

The horse looked down, continuing the rhythm of breathing and swallowing. Her eyes widened as she saw how much the goat's tummy had bloated. Not only was the amount of waste the cow's bowels were forcing into the goat shocking, but also that Gloria didn't seem to be suffering any discomfort from it stretching her body like this. It felt firm, and the mare soon found herself rubbing Gloria's belly in a mix of awe and arousal.



"Well, they seem to be enjoying themselves," Three said, looking down with a chuckle, before turning back to the elephant. "And what about you? I know you were a bit shy about it, but doesn't it feel good to just let go like this? I know shitting down my toilet's throat always gets me excited."

"I-it does feel nice," Clara said, "I think it's more just that I've never, uh, done that in front of someone before."

Three gave the elephant a wink, "I get the feeling you were only really worried about doing it in front of me, not them."

"I'm, uh, a bit of a sadist. Like a lot of one, actually."

"I see you've been spending a lot of the weekend so far with Lewis. I think he was into that sorta thing, yeah?"

"Mmm, very much so. I like—hey, um, I kinda need to, uh, pee. How do—" She was interrupted by Three pointing down. As Clara's gaze followed the cow's finger, she saw Three spread her legs wide, then a wide stream of piss arc through the air, landing below on Gloria.

"Not quite as good as making her drink it," Three explained, "but almost as good." Looking over at Clara, she said, "You'll need to sit up to do it, but

it'll be easier for you to aim at least."

The elephant carefully rose to her knees, with the tube still connecting her asshole to Marci's mouth. After looking down at her partner for a moment, Clara pointed her cock directly toward the horse's face. Three saw a brief flash of nervousness in Marci's expression, before the mare closed her eyes tight. A moment later, a hard stream of elephant piss started to splash all over her face, with Clara making sure to soak her hair before moving down to her breasts. She had clearly been holding it in quite a while.

Her bladder emptied, Clara flopped back down next to Three. "Anyway," the cow said, "You were saying about Lewis?" She reached over to the elephant's flaccid dick, starting to stroke it a little. After all, she wanted to make sure the elephant would cum during all of this, and she was sure Gloria was working on Marci beneath them.

"Well, I guess I've been trying to find out where his comfort zone and limits are. But the thing is, I haven't really found a limit yet. And I mean, I want to push him, but I don't want to push too far, you know?" Clara turned to Three and asked, "So how did you two find out you were both into, um. . ."

Three laughed, "Well, I guess Gloria is really, really, *really* vocal in bed, so it doesn't take long to learn what she's into."

"Hmm, sounds like someone I know," Clara glanced down at Marci. "But like, it sounds like she wasn't the first time you did it. How have you broken the ice with others?"

"Usually if they seem to like things a bit nasty, I'll just go, 'Hey, I like scat. You into it?' You know?"

"But what if they're not? Like, to such a degree that saying that makes them immediately jump out of bed, put their clothes on, and leave?"

"I've only ever had that happen once. And honestly if the idea of their partner being into something they aren't scares them off, then I'm not for them anyway. It's like pizza. Me loving anchovies doesn't mean you have to get them on your pizza. It just means I like them on mine."



As the conversation continued above them, Marci's and Gloria's hands were exploring each other's piss-soaked bodies ever more thoroughly. Marci, for her part, was learning that even three fingers from her horse-sized hands could easily be worked into Gloria's ass, but that the goat girl didn't seem into having her pussy touched. And Gloria was learning that the mare liked a gentle touch best, and that she liked a steady touch (like when Gloria would slide her hand from the mare's breasts to her pussy, without breaking contact).

As she felt the mare's hands on her body, Gloria could tell Marci was getting more comfortable with her. What had started as light, hesitant touches had slowly become a bit more confident. She was looking forward to talking with Marci after the tubes were removed. This had been a lot of new stuff all at

once for her new friend, and the goat girl was sure she would need some time to process it all. And being able to talk through it with someone more experienced might be reassuring too, Gloria thought.

She had also gotten the impression, over the evening, that Marci's shy and reserved exterior only lasted until she got wet enough. The fourth finger entering her asshole seemed like a pretty good indicator that Marci was enjoying herself.

The goat girl held up a finger for Marci to stop. Seeing concern in the mare's eyes, Gloria gave a big thumbs-up to show that her new friend hadn't done anything wrong. She then laid a pillow underneath her butt to elevate it a bit, rotating herself toward Marci while being mindful of the little slack in the tube connecting her to Three's rectum. She then pulled back her legs, giving Marci an excellent view of the hole that looked far too loose to belong to someone goat-sized, and pointed up toward Three.

Seeing Marci's confused expression, she pointed to the cow's pussy and made a fisting motion, then pointed down to her own asshole. Marci's expression lit up with understanding and, careful of her own tube, she slid up and pushed her fist straight into the cow with no warning.

"MOOO!!!" Three bellowed from above them, as Marci's fist slid easily inside with a wet *squelch*. The surprised cow looked down and gave Marci a wink as she addressed Clara. "Looks like one of these toilets is a bit eager. But I'm pretty sure she's just getting ready to fist the other one. Mine has told me more than once that my pussy slime is her very favorite lube."

Marci looked down at Gloria, and the goat nodded up at her. It was true—with how thick and slimy it was, it worked great for fisting, massive toys, and pretty much anything else she could think of. Besides, she also found it delicious. Gloria watched as the mare gave Three a thorough fisting, before pulling out and rubbing her slime-coated fingers against the goat girl's backdoor. Gloria gave the eager mare a wink, and her head rolled back in pleasure as the mare's fist pushed inside.

She was *definitely* gonna need this mare's number. . .

## Chapter 6

After lunchtime, Robert and Ally braved the treacherous walkway outside to make their way to one of the unoccupied rooms. Walking in, they found everything was still pretty neat and tidy, and they sat down on one of the beds.

“So,” Ally asked with a wink, “You wanted to spend some time with just me, hmm?”

“Yeah,” the bull said, suddenly feeling awkward. He had some big things he needed to say, and he hadn’t had any time alone with Ally to say them. He wrapped his arms around the horse in a warm hug, and their lips met in a kiss. As their lips parted, he began, “I guess I’ll just say it. I still love you Ally. I still think about you a lot. And I know you’ve got a great thing going with Marci, just like I do with Gloria. But as much as I love when you and I still get to hookup, I just...”

Ally gave him a rub on the shoulder, “It’s okay, Robbo. I still love you too. Marci and I talked that out already, between the two of us. We’re in an open relationship, just like everyone here who isn’t single I’d say. Like while you’re sitting here talking with me, both of our girlfriends are hanging out with Three and Clara.”

“It just... feels different when there are emotions involved, you know?” The bull rested his head in his hands, hunched over.

Ally slid back behind the bull, wrapping their arms around him and whispering softly in his ear. “You know, Gloria has a lot of feelings for Three, right? And I’m pretty sure she’s going to hit it off with Marci, too. So you’re not the only one who has feelings for both your partner and somebody else.”

“I know she really likes you, too,” Robert said.

“And how does that make you feel?”

“I guess...” Robert paused to think for a moment, “It makes me happy to see her happy. And when she’s talking with you, she’s happy.”

The horse nodded, “And I’m sure if I asked her the exact same question, she’d say the same about you. I mean, we literally watched you plow Three last night. You can’t say there was *nothing* there, can you?”

Slowly straightening, the bull replied, “I guess you’re right. So... want to do things like old times?”

The horse gave him a kiss on the cheek, “I thought you’d never ask!” The



two stood up from the bed and began to undress. As Ally slid their pants down, they caught Robert staring at their long, hanging cock. “Oh yeah, you probably didn’t get a good look at this last night!”

“It’s huge! Never realized you would want one like that.”

“Well, ‘huge’ is only half the story, Robbo. Feel how it’s pretty soft right now?” The bull gave it a gentle squeeze and nodded. “It feels awesome having it touched, licked, and all that stuff, but it can’t get hard anymore. Which makes me...” the now naked horse laid down on the bed, on their side with knees spread do give Robert a good view, “your kinda girly ponyboy. Just like old times!”

Robert climbed into bed next to the horse. “You know, I’m kinda boring, with all of you having changes made and things like that.”

Ally laid their hand on the bull’s cock, giving one of his nipples a kiss. “Who would want to change perfection?”

The muscular bull grabbed Ally and lifted them up into a cowgirl position. “You know,” he said, giving Ally’s asscheeks a squeeze before reaching in between and caressing the horse’s needy hole, “you always used to love when I would rub it like you were a girl.”

Ally let out a low moan, replying, “I just love having it teased. Besides, I’ve seen you with Three and Gloria. You like it nice and loose like this, don’t you?”

“Guilty as charged,” the bull laughed.

“You take after Sally,” Ally joked, feeling precum slowly starting to drip out onto Robert’s chest, “She loves stretching people out. She says she just loves reshaping people, even in more normal ways.”

“I think for me, I just like...” The bull trailed off, suddenly uneasy with what he was about to say.

“You know you can say anything to me, Robbo.”

“I just like sluts,” Robert said, averting his eyes.

Ally planted their lips on the bull’s cheek, “You like knowing how well-used your ponyboy is? Or knowing Gloria is off somewhere doing something with someone right now?”

Robert nodded, “You don’t have to rub it in, you know.”

“Hey, gotta tease you just a *little* bit. Besides, As one of those sluts, I’m not really in a position to judge, now, am I?” The horse felt the bull’s fingers slide inside, letting out a moan. “That hole has taken elephant cock, you know...”

“Well then it’s going to need more than just those,” Robert said, sliding in a few fingers from his other hand.

“That’s a lot bett—ahhh...” Ally felt Robert slowly pulling their asshole open, as the bull gave the horse a mischevious grin. The horse bent down and gave Robert a kiss, to try to keep themself from whimpering.

As they pulled away, Robert laughed, “Looks like someone is a lot more ‘productive’ than they used to be.” Ally looked down as precum continued to dribble out onto Robert, giving an embarrassed giggle.

“As hot as that is, though...” Ally felt the fingers slip out, their hole slowly closing back up a little. But their attention was quickly interrupted by Robert

flipping the horse over onto their back. “I think it’s much more appropriate for you to make a mess all over yourself instead.”

“I see all the time at the gym has really paid off,” Ally joked, “You pick me up so easily!”

With a chuckle, the horse felt Robert reach down behind them and start to line his cock up with Ally’s needy hole.

“Mmm, taking your ponyboy dry tonight?” Ally had been hoping for that—the friction made them feel much more used, especially with the soreness that usually followed. Slowly, they felt Robert start to slide in. Ally had missed this feeling. Despite their ruined hole, the bull was still very satisfyingly large. The fact that Robert always knew just how Ally liked it didn’t hurt either.

Robert gave the horse a warm smile. Tonight was just like old times, when they would sneak off in their car or something for a quickie. But today, they were in no hurry. They could take as long as they wanted. Well, maybe not *quite* as long as they wanted. Looking down at Ally, Robert wished they didn’t have to part.

As inch after inch of the bull sank into the whimpering Ally, he softly said, “I’ve missed you so much, Ally. . .”

Ally reached up and placed their hand on his chest. “And I’ve missed you too, Robbo. Do you think—nah, tell you what, I’ll ask later. Don’t wanna ruin the mood right now.”

Robert nodded, and a few moments later he felt his balls bump up against Ally’s butt, the horse’s tail tickling beneath them. “I want to be gentle tonight, if that’s okay with you,” he said.

“Then gentle it is. I hope I’m still tight enough to feel good for you, at least?”

“You *always* feel good for me, no matter how loose you get.” Ally knew Robert wasn’t talking about the physical sensation, and the equine bottom melted into the bed. He had such a way with words. . .

Ally felt Robert slowly start to pull out, only a little faster than he had entered. They let out a moan, not trying to keep it down. They wanted him to know how good he was making them feel. He pulled out further and further, until the tip was barely inside, then started to slowly thrust back inside—just a bit faster.

The horse carressed their hands over the bull’s face and down his shoulders. He was such a muscular, powerful bull, which was quite a contrast to the lightly-built Ally. The horse felt a familiar wetness on their chest, looking down to see their cock dribbling yet again.

“I know anal is the only way you can cum now,” Robert said, continuing to thrust in slow, gentle motions, “I’m going so slow because I want this to last, you know?”

Ally gave him a smile, “Aww, thanks Robbo. But you know, just because I cum doesn’t mean things have to stop, does it?”

“Oh yeah, you do like to keep going afterwards.”

“Yeah. Everything gets hypersensitive and I get a bit squirmy, but I love it. And honestly,” the horse pointed down at their massive, flaccid cock, “I love it

even more now that I make a bigger mess when it happens.”

The bull picked up the pace, but only a little. “Alright, I guess I can speed up a little, just to help you along.”

“You’ve always been so good to me...”

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Ally hadn’t noticed a tear forming until it rolled down their cheek.

“Nothing,” they ran a hand down Robert’s cheek with a smile, “Just really, really happy.” The sweetness of the moment was only slightly ruined by the sensation of the pre-cum starting to dribble off of the horse’s chest and onto the bed. The horse was starting to get close.

The bull looked down and gave a deep laugh, “You know, if I wasn’t a top...”

Ally looked up with a wink, “Oh, you ain’t seen nothing yet. Watch when I go off!” Ally looked down at their cock, which was already starting to twitch and throb slightly. They reached down, seeing Robert’s eyes on them as they traced a finger around the head of their cock.

Then, without thinking, Ally slipped a finger down their asshole. Hearing a sound of surprise from the bull, Ally quickly pulled back out. “Sorry, that’s probably not your thing. It’s something Clara got me and Marci into.”

“It’s not my thing,” the bull said, “but if it’s yours, I want you to go ahead. Really.”

Ally slipped their finger back in, quickly pushing it all the way inside. The fur made for a strange sensation, but it still felt amazing.

Robert smiled down at them, “I see you still make that cute face when you get close.”

Ally looked up, eyes half-closed, “Aaallllll because of you, big guy.” The throbbing in their cock had gotten much stronger, and Ally felt themselves at the edge of cumming.

As they felt the bull’s balls bump up against their butt once again, Ally’s orgasm hit. Pulling their finger free of their cock, they closed their eyes and laid back, feeling a blast of cum catch their lower jaw and splattering. It wasn’t as forceful as it had been before they had started getting into asshole stretching, but the volume was just as much. Thick ropes of horse cum splashed out of their cock, covering their chest, face, and body in the sticky liquid. Ally shivered and trembled in the bed from the intense sensations as cum continued to flood out.

Finally, the blasts of cum started to die down in intensity, until with one final dribble, they were finished. Wiping the cum out of their eyes, Ally opened them to see Robert’s chest and face had caught quite a bit of it. “Oh, sorry Robbo. Here, let your ponyboy clean that right up for you!” Ally started to quickly lick it off of Robert’s face, with several kisses mixed in for good measure. From their position with Robert still buried in the horse’s ass, they could only take care of his face for now. They could do the rest in the shower afterward.

Robert slowly pulled out, reassuring the horse, “Don’t worry, we’re not done yet. I just want to tease you a little.” As Ally felt his cock pull free, the bull sat down next to the horse’s hips and Ally saw him reach down. A moment later, they felt fingers gently rubbing against their overstimulated hole.

“So you said something about taking an elephant in here, hmm?” Robert gave the horse a wink.

“Y-yeah. I’ve taken, uh, several actually.” The horse was always so much easier to embarrass immediately after cumming.

“Looks like I’m still a fun ride for you, though,” the bull chuckled.

Ally nodded with a whimper, feeling the bull’s fingers slip inside. Ally saw them grab a bottle of lube from their backpack next to the bed. Once they regained the ability to speak, the horse asked, “A-are you gonna fist your ponyboy tonight?”

“And what if I did?” the bull playfully asked.

“Uh. . . your ponyboy would probably be whimpering in a pool of cum the whole time.”

As he started spreading the lube over his right hand, he replied, “Remind me, whose cum are you laying in again?”

“M-mine. . .”

“I like that,” Robert said with a smile. The horse felt the cool sensation of lube being spread liberally over their hole, moaning and whimpering in pleasure. “Ready?”

Ally gave a shuddering nod and a thumbs-up, and Robert started to work his way inside. Three fingers. . . Four fingers. . . Tucking his thumb in. . . The horse’s hands clutched the cum-soaked blankets as they felt their hole stretch around the bull’s knuckles—always the hardest part of getting fisted—before feeling the bull’s hand pop inside and their hole sliding down to his smaller wrist.

As he always did, Robert gave Ally time to get used to it before continuing.



Robert looked down at the horse, impaled on his fist. Robert certainly wasn’t the kinkiest one here. In fact, he was sure he was probably the most mild of the group. But he did have two kinks. First, he loved loose, slutty partners. And second, he loved fisting. He occasionally dabbled in other things, but it was largely because he enjoyed seeing his partners happy.

“S-sorry I didn’t last longer,” Ally said, “After the changes, well. . .”

Robert gave Ally a warm smile, “It’s okay, Ally. Actually, I think it’s kinda hot that you’re on a hair-trigger.” It was true—it added to the whole “barely-contained sluttiness” as far as the bull was concerned.

“Well, your ponyboy definitely is.”

Years ago, when Ally had first started the conversation about not really feeling like they were a guy, Robert had listened patiently and done his best to support his crush. They had tried different things—calling Ally “her”, going with them to pick out dresses (Robert had to admit, Ally looked drop-dead-gorgeous in a dress), and that was even when they had both started calling the horse “Ally” instead of “Al”.

As they discovered Ally didn’t really see themselves as a girl either, they had

tried one thing after another together. In the end, the things that had stuck were an interesting combination. Ally was a “they”, but still loved when Robert called them “ponyboy”. They loved being treated feminine, but they weren’t into dressing in female clothing.

But the horse’s long trial-and-error journey of discovery had brought the young couple closer together. The late-night phone calls from the horse’s basement, where a sobbing Ally would keep apologizing for being such a mess and Robert would reassure them that they would get through it together. Trying to keep it a secret from Ally’s family. Even the horse’s white-knuckle clutching Robert’s hand under his family’s dinner table as the horse told Robert’s parents that they wanted to be called “they”.

The horse had practically melted in their chair when later that night, the bull’s mother had said, “Robert, could you pass this down to your. . . Um, what should I call you? I’m guessing not boyfriend.”

Her husband suggested, “Maybe ‘significant other’? Or just ‘lover’ works too.”

“Alright, could you pass this down to your lover?” his mother had said, passing a casserole dish. To them, it was such a small thing. Being male, female, or something else entirely wasn’t any different than being a bull, possum, or dalmation. But to Ally, it meant the world.

Robert had always assumed his childhood was a normal one, and it was hard for him to understand the horse’s situation. He saw the same thing in Gloria, their first night together.

He shook his head, returning to the present. Ally was starting to push back slightly against his hand. “What’cha thinking about?” Ally asked.

“Just. . . thinking about us, way back when.”

“I think about that a lot too,” Ally said, with a wistful smile. “This probably isn’t the sort of conversation to have while you’re wearing me like a talking mitten, though,” he gave the bull a teasing wink.

“Aah! Talking mitten!” Robert laughed. He slowly started to work his fist in and out, pulling it back and feeling the horse’s anal ring stretch around it, before pushing back in to give them a brief rest before doing it again. “You know, for as much as I like the looseness, I’ve never really asked. What’s it like actually *being* this loose?”

“Well, it’s—ahhh—I feel kinda proud of what I can take. There’s also kinda this feeling that I’ve ruined my body forever just so I could have a really good cum.”

“Oh. . .”

“Oh, not like that! It’s a *good* feeling! It’s like. . . getting a tattoo or something, I guess. Like nobody’s gonna look at me and ask if it’s my first time. It’s like taking the ‘me’ I am inside and letting it out for people to see, kinda? I dunno, I’m probably not explaining that part well.”

“But—ohhh—But it means I always need more and more. Like feeling your fist inside me is incredible, but I’m already imagining being able to take both of them someday.” The horse had closed their eyes, shivering. Robert knew this well—Ally would often have occasional dry-orgasms after they had already

cum. It was another thing about the horse Robert enjoyed. Ally was very easy to read in bed, so he always knew if the horse was having a good time.

“So, got an end goal you’re hoping for?” The bull was pulling against the horse’s anal ring steadily now, not hard, but also not letting up on the pressure.

“I—mmm—I wanna see how far I can go—ooohhh” the distracted horse tried to answer, “I-I’ve talked with M-Marci, and sh—ahhh—she’s okay with my fan—” The horse cut off with a loud neigh.

Pushing back in to give Ally a rest, Robert asked, “Oh, someone has a fantasy about this?”

Ally nodded. “But it’s one I probably shouldn’t do.”

“I’d love to hear what it is, either way.” Robert twisted back and forth a bit inside of Ally, just to give the horse a different sensation for a bit.

Ally arched their back slightly before replying. “I want. . . Wow, this is hard. I want it wrecked. Like, worse than Three. I mean, I’m talking ‘need to wear a plug to keep from accidentally shitting myself in public’ here. Way, way, waaaay too far, I know, but—”

Robert set his other hand on the horse’s massive, soft cock. “You know, most people would say *this* was going way too far. But do you have any regrets about it?” The horse quickly shook their head. “You see? Besides, look at the people in your life. Do you think any of them would have a problem with it?”

For a moment, the only sound were the wet *squelch* noises as Robert continued slowly fisting Ally while the horse thought. Then, Ally replied, “N-no, I don’t think any would. But what about a normal life?”

“Are you happy with your current one?”

“Yeah!”

“You know, Three gave up a normal life to be where she is now. Maybe you should talk to her about it sometime. She sure doesn’t seem to mind it. Maybe she could give you some advice?”

“Maybe. But I want to know from you. How do *you* feel about me doing that?”

“Doing whaaat?” Robert asked, teasingly.

“Y-you’re gonna make me say it, aren’t you?” Robert gave a nod. “How do you feel about. . .” The horse finished in a mumble.

“Hmm? Did you say something?”

“You’re mean,” Ally said, with an exaggeratedly grumpy face. “How do you feel about reaming me out until my hole is completely ruined? And then keeping going after that?” They sheepishly added, “O-over time, of course.”

Robert took one of Ally’s cum-covered hands and set it on his cock. “See for yourself.”

Ally giggled, “You could hang weights on this thing and use it as a barbell. You like it that much, huh?”

Robert nodded.

“You know, Marci texted me a bit ago that she really likes Gloria. Maybe the four of us should get together sometime and—ahh. . .” The horse’s body shuddered again, and a small white drop of cum dribbled from the end of their cock.

“Aww, is my little ponyboy getting too excited, just thinking about their fantasy coming true?”

“Y-yeah,” Ally sheepishly replied, “I-I don’t think I can do anymore.”

“Okay, hon, let me slowly ease it out.” The bull rested his other hand on the horse’s hip for reassurance—the sensations now could be too much, and Robert wanted the horse to feel a gentle, calming touch. “Okay, I’m tucking my thumb in and pointing my fingers. Now I’m just gonna eeease it out. That’s it—you’re doing great.”

The horse winced as the knuckles slowly pulled through their stretched ring, then let out a contented sigh as the rest of his hand slid out.

For a moment, the two stayed like that in silence, neither wanting to break the moment. Until a wet-sounding fart escaped from Ally’s well-used hole. “Sorry...” the horse apologized.

Robert gave a small laugh, “You do that every time, and you apologize every time. If it really bothered me, I wouldn’t keep enjoying your ass like this, you know. It just comes with the territory.”

The horse let out a happy sigh at the bull’s forgiveness, as they always did.

“Wanna grab a shower and, uh, switch to the other bed?” Robert asked. Ally nodded, then tried to roll out of bed to their hooves. But as they stood up from the bed, their knees buckled, refusing to support the horse’s weight.

Seeing Ally start to fall, Robert dove to catch them, with an urgent, “I got you!!!” as he landed underneath the horse. The landing was painful, but Ally had landed on the bull instead of the hard floor. “Here,” Robert rose, lifting the horse in his arms, “Guess I should have given you a bit longer to recover.” The horse was covered in their own cum, making them a bit slippery to hold onto.

With an embarrassed smile, Ally wrapped their arms around the bull carrying them. “My hero...”

“I mean, I couldn’t let you get hurt, could I?”

“You never would,” The bull felt the horse’s arms give him a shaky squeeze, and Robert’s heart melted. Carrying Ally the rest of the way to the restroom, he gently, carefully set the horse down standing in the bathtub. Robert held Ally’s hand until he was sure the horse could stand on their own, then stepped in beside them. He was thankful the motel was setup for larger species, otherwise there was no way the two of them would fit in the shower. He drew the curtain closed, and Ally turned on the water.

After several seconds, the water gradually warmed up to a pleasantly-hot temperature. Robert started to run his fingers through the horse’s short fur, to help the water wash out the horse cum. The bull had always strangely liked the cleanup part. The thought of carrying the cum-soaked horse to the shower and helping them to wash it all off gave the bull a warm, fuzzy feeling inside. It was something he was never sure how to express, but he loved the idea of taking a tired, well-used partner and cleaning them up until they looked good as new again.

He thought to himself that he should suggest it to Gloria sometime - he wasn’t sure about cleaning up after her and Three, but maybe cleaning her up

after Ally or someone else. On the other hand, he wasn't sure he *wouldn't* enjoy cleaning her up after Three, either.

"Mmm, I feel something back there, and I don't think it's your hands..." he heard Ally say in front of him.

"I, uh, just really like this?"

"Oh yeah, you always did love making me all clean again afterward," the horse sighed happily, "You don't mind that it's my cum you're cleaning up rather than yours, do you?"

The bull ran his hands slowly up and down the horse's mane, watching as the flowing water washed more of it out with each pass. "Honestly? That kinda makes it better."

"You know," Ally thought for a moment, "I'm sure Gloria would love if you cleaned her like this. I mean, I'm not sure if you already do, but if not you totally could." The horse laughed, "She usually needs a *deep* cleaning after she's with Three."

"Hey, quit it with the mind-reading," the bull said, giving Ally a playful *thwap* on the ass.

"Gotta make sure my big guy is satisfied, you know!" The horse gave him a wink over their shoulder, "Speaking of which, I don't seem to remember you blowing a load up your ponyboy's ass, so we should probably do something about that."

Robert laughed, "What did you have in mind?"

"Well," the horse put their hands up against the wall and leaned forward, the shower water streaming down their back, "If you promise you won't let me fall if my knees give out, you could plow me right here in the shower."

Robert certainly wasn't going to say no to that. He lined his cock up with Ally's asshole and grabbed the horse, gently but firmly, by the hips. The freshly-fisted hole opened up effortlessly to let him slide inside, the remaining lube not having been washed off yet.

"I hope you don't mind that I'm so *loose* and *sloppy*," Ally moaned, "You'll probably have to pound my slutty hole sooo hard if you want to cum. Don't worry about your ponyboy. Just ram it in and fuck them as hard as you like!"

Gripping the horse's hips harder, Robert started to slam into Ally over and over. Between the shower, the needy horse's words, and even the feeling of the hole loosely wrapped around his cock, Robert knew he wouldn't last long. Sure enough, in under a minute he felt himself about to cum. Ramming it in balls-deep, Robert held the horse there as he started emptying his balls up their ass.

"Ohhh, that's it," Ally said with a whimper, "You know *just* how to treat me, Robbo..." As the bull started to pull out, he heard a "Wait," from the horse. Ally lowered their body down to below their ass, "I think we've got room for this. Move back a little and sit down."

Curious what the horse had in mind, Robert moved back as far as the shower would allow and sat down on the floor. From this angle, he had an excellent view of the horse's massive cock and equally large balls, with their asscheeks above. "Ready?" Ally asked.



“Uh, ready?” Robert said.

Ally quickly reversed position, raising their body up to standing again. At the same time, they reached back and spread their asscheeks to give Robert the best possible view of their stretched-out fuckhole. Then, the horse started to push.

Robert let out a groan as he watched his cum draining from the horse’s hole, blending with the water washing down the horse’s legs and hooves before flowing down the drain. Without thinking, Robert reached up and started to run his fingers around the stretched hole, helping the water do its work.

“Mmm, did you like the show?” Ally asked.

“I loved it,” Robert said.



The water was shut off, and the now-clean pair walked back out to the main room. With a laugh at what they’d done to the one bed, they laid down next to each other in the other.

“Oh, I was gonna ask,” Robert said, “There was something it sounded like you wanted to talk about before. What was it?”

“Well, uh, promise you won’t get mad?”

The bull took Ally’s hand in his. “Ally, we’ve known each other how long now? You know I won’t get mad.”

Ally nodded. “Well, I, uh, was wondering. You and Gloria are a couple, right?”

“Yeah, we are.”

“And Marci and I are a couple too.”

“Yup, you are.”

“Well, what if we... like, the four of us... were maybe more than friends?”

Robert gave Ally’s hand a squeeze. “You know, a while back, Gloria and I had talked about the same thing. I mean, only with you because Marci wasn’t in the picture yet, but she was actually the one who brought it up.”

“Do you think it would get weird if emotions started to get involved?” Ally looked over, worry in their eyes, “I mean, I don’t want to hurt things between you and Gloria, and I don’t want to hurt them between Marci and I...”

“Well, how about this?” Robert said, “After this party is over and people have had some time to calm down a bit, why don’t the four of us get together and talk through it? I kinda feel like everyone in this whole group has a bit of emotional attachment, honestly. I’ve seen those longing glances Sally gives Gloria, and I’ve seen how Gloria talks about Three.”

“I just... don’t want to ruin anything.”

“None of us do. We’ll take things one step at a time. Step one, though, is a nice nap together.”

“I love you, Robbo.”

“I love you too, Ally.”

## Chapter 7

“Alright,” Clara said, standing over Lewis, “I think I’m going to give you a bit of a break from me for today. Instead, I have something special in mind. . .” The pig was lying on the bed, restrained spread-eagle as he had been the night before. They had switched beds for today, with the elephant deciding she wanted him to start things out nice and pristine. She had even bathed and thoroughly scrubbed him. At dinnertime, she had made the announcement to everyone that for the remainder of the evening, Lewis was going to be in room five, all alone, and that anyone at all was welcome to enjoy him, no questions asked. There had been a few who had seemed interested, but most were enjoying food and conversation while their bodies had a chance to recover from everything they had all done so far.

Lewis looked up at her in confusion as she took his whiteboard and marker. She started writing a message for any who entered to read. It said, “Extreme pain and permanent damage are allowed. Please replace the blindfold when done if you remove it!” She then turned it for the pig to see, watching his reaction. His cheeks turned a rosy red, but his canine cock was throbbing.

“Well,” she said, setting the sign up next to the bed, “I’m pretty sure that is everything. I have other plans for tonight, so I will see you sometime later, little piggy.” She then took a blindfold and tied it around his head. With that, the elephant left, leaving the pig alone in the bed.

He wasn’t sure how long he laid like that, with the blindfold preventing him from checking the clock. He was physically shivering with anticipation, listening for the rattle of the door handle. He hoped some of the ones who had been interested would arrive, though he knew how much everyone was enjoying each other.

Just as the pig was starting to worry he would be spending the entire night alone, he heard the sound of hooves on the walkway outside. It sounded more like dull thumping than the more crisp sound of horse hooves, so that probably ruled out the two horses. As the door creaked open, he was still trying to figure out who it could be. Perhaps they would talk, or their behavior would give their identity away.

He heard them walk over to the bedside table, where Clara had left the sign, pausing there for a bit. Then, he felt someone climb into the bed next to him.

They didn't feel like one of the larger people here, so—

"I seem to remember someone not being able to take their eyes off me," a female voice said, "Do you want to suck those big ol' goat teats you were staring at before?"

Lewis nodded vigorously, knowing now who was in the room with him. He heard the sound of her taking her clothes off, wishing the blindfold wasn't keeping him from seeing her. Then, she climbed back into bed with the pig, and he felt one of her big nipples bump against his snout. He quickly took it in his mouth and greedily began to suck. It was nice and firm in his mouth—no wonder they showed so clearly through her clothes.

"I hope you don't mind the taste. You're like the third or fourth person sucking on them today, so if they taste like someone else's mouth..." Gloria trailed off into a moan, as the pig kept eagerly sucking and licking it. The more he licked, the more he heard her whimper and moan above him.

Finally, she pulled it out of his mouth with a wet *pop*. "Hey, don't worry piggy—just switching sides. You've left this one dripping wet with piggy-drool, so now I want you to do it on the other side." Sure enough, a moment later his mouth closed around the other nipple and he started to suck.

"You know, since you did *such* a good job on that one, I'm going to untie this..." Lewis felt a slight tug on one of his wrists, then felt the rope let go. "There. I know you couldn't keep your hands off yourself when you were looking at me, so there's no way you can resist stroking that big, hard doggy cock while sucking on these."

Sure enough, in moments his hand was wrapped tightly around his cock, stroking away. She was right, he *couldn't* resist. And from the sounds the goat was making above him, he knew he was doing a good job on this side, too.

Gloria let him suck for another minute or so, then he felt her nipple pop out of his mouth. "Hmm, I think that deserves another free hand. But with how much I *love* having them sucked, groped, and stared at, you've gotten me aaalllllll excited. And right now, I think getting knotted by that dog dick of yours sounds perfect." One by one, she undid the knots holding his ankles and other wrist, leaving only his blindfold. "Now, wanna touch me?" She had ended up straddling his body in a cowgirl position.

Lewis nodded vigorously. So far, the only fucking he had gotten was Clara wrecking his asshole a few times. He was looking forward to having his own cock in someone this weekend. And a tight, wet goat pussy sounded perfect. He started to run his hands all over her tiny breasts, finding her nipples and squeezing and pulling on them.

"Mmm, you just can't get enough of them, can you?" the goat girl moaned. Lewis most definitely couldn't. Still, he had the rest of her body to explore, so he reluctantly started to slide his hands down further. She had a little bit of a soft, squishy belly just like him, which he gave a small squeeze before continuing downward.

As his fingers started to trace along her pussy lips, he heard her say, "Nuh-uh, *that's* not the hole you're gonna be using today..." He felt her lean down next to his head, then heard her whisper in his ear, "Have you ever assfucked

a girl before?” He shook his head no. It was something he had always wanted to try, but even getting to second base had always proven nearly impossible for him, except with the raccoon from the store.

“Well, you’re gonna get your chance tonight,” She sat back up, and he felt her hand on his cock as she slid backward. He felt his cock being dragged in circles, the pointed tip brushing against her. Suddenly, she moved his dick to the center, and he felt her slam down onto him.

He was surprised by the sensation—anal was supposed to be tight, wasn’t it? This felt more like she was just loosely wrapped around him. “Sorry, piggy. I’m used to fucking much bigger guys. I hope you don’t mind your first time being with a stretched-out goat.”

She hadn’t meant to call him small (he was actually about average in size), but as he started to thrust with abandon, she let out a small bleat. “Oops, did I say something that turned you on, *little pig?*” Lewis grabbed her hips and kept fucking as hard as he could, giving a small nod. He heard her give a chuckle above him, “So I heard Clara saying you actually can’t cum, can you?” The pig shook his head, sadly. “So that means you can assfuck a goat girl as much as you like, and still be hard and ready when the next person comes in, riiight?”

Lewis nodded. He hadn’t really thought about that before, but he often loved to stroke himself for hours, until his cock was sore and aching. Maybe not being able to cum had some perks, after all. His hands wandered back up to her nipples, as he continued to thrust into her.

“You can be rougher with them, you know,” he heard her say, above him, “I want them aching when I’m going to sleep tonight.” Lewis didn’t need to be told twice, and soon he was squeezing, pulling, and even biting and chewing on them. Above him, the goat girl moaned, whimpered, and let out an occasional loud bleat. He would take his tongue and give one of them a slow, gentle lick, and then immediately chomp back down.

It didn’t take long before Gloria needed a rest. She rolled off the pig, then turned so her head was next to his cock. “I’m always super-clean down there, but I’d better make sure your cock is ready for the next one.” He felt her lips wrap around his cock, as the goat girl gently licked and sucked every inch of the still-horny pig. She gave him a giggle as she stood up from the bed, “So, first time assfucking a girl, and first ass-to-mouth on the same night, you lucky guy!”

He heard her get dressed, then the click of a marker being uncapped and the sound of writing on the whiteboard. “There,” she said, “That should be fun for the next person.” With that, he heard her open the door and step out, with the door closing behind her and leaving him alone once again.

He considered taking the blindfold off, but mommy had told him not to, and he wanted to be good for her. Outside, the sound of sleet hitting the window masked all other sound, so all he could do was wait.

After some time, he heard the door click and slowly creak open. This time, the footsteps didn’t sound like hooves, and they also sounded much more slow and hesitant. He heard them stop to look at the sign, and then the sound of a pair of pants unzipping and being pulled down. A furry, clawed hand took the

back of his head, and firmly pulled his upper body over to the edge of the bed, with the restraints keeping his lower body fixed in place. He opened wide and felt a cock slide against his tongue as it was pushed into his mouth. As the pig closed his lips around it, he felt a knot just beginning to swell.

It was at that moment he realized whose cock he was sucking. It must be one of the saint bernard innkeepers. He let out a silent moan at the thought, though he was unsure why the dog had been so cautious.

Suddenly he felt the innkeeper pull back, his knot popping out of Lewis's mouth. He heard the sound of someone rustling through a bag, then the soft clatter of them messing with a device of some kind. The pig felt one of the innkeeper's hands grab one of his nipples, roughly pinching it and the flesh around it. Then, he felt something like cold metal coming down on either side, and wondered wh—

There was a loud click, and the pig let out a silent scream as a thick rod of metal pierced through the breast behind the nipple. He had considered having them pierced someday, but with just a small cute ring or stud. As the dog pulled the piercing gun aside and attached the ball on the end to prevent it from sliding out, Lewis writhed and squirmed. But as much as it hurt, his attention quickly went to his throbbing cock. No matter how bad pain got, all it ever seemed to do was turn the pig on more. And despite himself, Lewis rolled slightly to give the innkeeper better access to his other nipple.

Just as he grabbed hold of the other one, the door to the room opened again. "I thought I might find you in here," the female innkeeper said, as the door creaked closed. He heard her walk over to the whiteboard, then walk around the bed and slide in beside the pig. She leaned down and gave the pig a deep French kiss, with Lewis gulping down her saliva to keep from drowning in it. Apparently it was true what they said about saint bernards. He felt her reach down and rub his cock, "The nerve—breaking a poor *little* pig like you. I guess you can go ahead, since you've already started." As she finished, she gave his new piercing a tap, causing Lewis to wince in pain.

"You see," she explained as the other innkeeper pinched his nipple and he felt the cold metal again, "He loves doing this sort of thing, but I don't let him do it to me. I don't know what all he's going to do to you tonight, piggy, but I'm going to watch every bit of it." With that, there was another loud click and a burst of pain. That was followed by the feeling of the ball being threaded on, and then an alcohol wipe rubbing over both of his breasts, the stinging of the alcohol mixing with the pleasure of having his nipples touched.

"So," she said reaching down and tickling the tips of the pig's nipples, "wishing you had maybe set some limits?" She was surprised to see Lewis vidorously shaking his head. "What's that? You want more?" The pig nodded, hesitantly.

Beside him, he heard the piercing gun being set down, followed by more rustling in the bag. "You know, part of me wants to take his blindfold off," the woman said, "But if you're going to do *that*, maybe it would be better to surprise him afterwards. But I think I am going to tie him back down for that."

Lewis felt his wrists being bound again, as she explained, "Don't you worry about a thing, little piggy. I've tied down several people for him, just like you!"

She then climbed back in next to him, and he could feel her face hovering over his. Suddenly, he felt a long strand of drool land on his snout. Then another on his cheek. He heard a buzzing sound start up, but he was too busy enjoying the saint bernard spitting and drooling on him to give it much attention.

At least, until it made contact. Suddenly, he realized he was going to be tattooed. As much as he wanted to squirm, he knew that would just make things worse. So instead he laid there, letting out a silent scream.

“Aww, poor guy,” she said, running a paw softly over his spit-soaked cheek, “All covered in nice, wet doggy drool, but he wasn’t ready for what you’re doing to him. Sorry, piggy, but it won’t be *too* long.” Careful not to bump her husband as he worked in silence, she reached down past Lewis’s cock and balls, down to his asscrack. “Oh wow,” she said in genuine surprise, “I guess that elephant girlfriend of yours really did a number on you. Your hole is absolutely ripped open, isn’t it?” Lewis nodded in reply, trying to focus on the conversation rather than the pain his body was feeling.

After what felt like hours of pain, mixed with the female kissing, carressing, and drooling on him, the pain of the tattooing finally stopped. As Lewis breathed a sigh of relief, she asked, “Ready for me to take off the blindfold? He was pretty creative this time.” Lewis nodded, and the restraints were undone. As the blindfold was removed, he blinked a few times and squinted as his eyes adjusted to the light. “Here,” she said, pulling out a cellphone and taking a picture, “This way it’s not all reversed like it would be in a mirror.”

Lewis’s eyes widened in shock. For starters, the studs through his nipples were much larger than he had even thought, causing his nipples to protrude over the top of them. But then, he noticed the tattoos. “Free cumdump”, “Fisthole”, “Wannabe dog”, “Ruin me”, “I can’t scream—have fun!”, and similar messages covered the front of his body. As horrified as he was by his new, permanent markings, his attention was yet again drawn back to the feeling of his throbbing cock.

“Aww, I think he likes it, don’t you piggy?” Lewis nodded eagerly as his hands reached down to his dick. She let out a laugh and spit once more on his snout, this time dripping straight down into one of his nostrils. The pig loudly snorted it down, seeing the delight in her eyes.

The couple then looked at each other, and the husband spoke for the first time. “We should probably go. This will just be a fun surprise for the others.”

As she put the blindfold back on Lewis like the sign had requested, the husband said, “I love you honey. This was so much fun!”

“Mmm, I’m glad you had a good time. Now let’s get back to *our* bedroom and have some real fun.” Without another word to Lewis, the couple got up, took their things, and left him alone once again.

The pig didn’t stop stroking his cock as they left, turned on not only by his new look, but also by the permanence of it all. While he had fantasized about a woman like Clara many, many times, the thought of how she might react when she saw what had been done to him excited him even further.

Fortunately, he didn’t have long to wait. The door opened, and he heard the elephant’s heavy footsteps enter the room. “Hello, naughty boy, did you—

Oh...oh wow..."

She quickly walked over and sat down in the bed beside him, pulling his blindfold off. "Are you okay?" she asked, waiting several seconds for a reply before remembering he couldn't speak. She grabbed the whiteboard, quickly erased it, and handed it to him along with the marker. She then wrapped her arms around him. "Poor baby," she said, "It's okay, mommy's here now."

Lewis was somewhat taken aback. He hadn't expected this sort of reaction, but maybe she hadn't expected anyone to take things this far. Anyway, he started to write as she held him. He started by holding up a big happy face, to quickly let her know he was okay, then started to write his answer.

He held up the sign, and Clara read it aloud, "Better than okay. Got to assfuck a girl for the first time, and look at all the things someone did to your dirty little piggy! Does mommy like?"

She paused for a moment, then said with a grin, "Mommy likes. I guess taking you to a pool party would be pretty awkward now. I was talking with Sally and Three earlier, about how their whole arrangement works with each other. It was very interesting, and it got me thinking about you being mommy's dirty piggy at home. Does that sound better than living at a porn shop?"

Lewis nodded eagerly, setting his whiteboard down and wrapping his arms around her. For a minute or two, the pair laid like that in silence. Then Clara asked, "Hey," Clara said, "Do you want to...listen?" She had been about to ask if he wanted to talk, not knowing if he would be offended. He looked up at her and gave a nod.

Sitting down on the bed and leaning back against the headboard, she scooped up the much smaller pig and held him in her arms. As she saw him unconsciously reach for his cock, she stopped him, gently taking it in her own hand. "Here, let mommy take care of that for you." With that, she felt him lay back in her other arm and against her chest.

"You know," she said, looking off into the distance, "I've never been much of a talker in bed. I know that sounds weird, because when I'm here with you all I've *done* is talk. I guess I've never felt all that confident in myself." Seeing him look up in surprise, she explained, "I know, I know. But like, anytime I've been with someone, I just expect them to suddenly see just how terrible of a person I am and leave me."

Lewis laid there, listening attentively as she continued, "It never fails. I meet someone, we seem like a great fit, we get to know each other, and *something* always drives them away. Sometimes it's the sadism. Sometimes it's the humiliation. Sometimes it's just that I like to play with couples. And I guess it's really hard for me to let go and just be me anymore."

She looked down at him. "After what I am about to say, I understand completely if you never, ever want to see me again. In fact, you can even punch me in the balls if you like. But after what you've just been through for me, I *have* to be honest with you..." She started to waver, but she was determined.

"You not being able to speak makes me feel more confident around you." She clenched her eyes shut tightly, feeling Lewis shift. She braced herself for either the punch or, infinitely worse, the sudden lack of his touch. Instead, she

heard a click, followed by the squeaking of a marker on a whiteboard.

Slowly she opened her eyes, seeing Lewis writing. The letters looked quite small, which meant it was a long one. She made sure to wait until he finished before reading it, though. As much as she loved using the pig hard, she felt reading his board before he was ready crossed a line.

After what had to have been a full minute, Lewis handed it up to her, and she started to read.

“I’m a dog-dicked pig who can’t keep my hands off myself and my eyes off others. Honestly, not being able to talk keeps me *out* of trouble most of the time. But I could listen to your voice all day. I love how you do terrible things to my body, while talking so sweetly to me. But...I want to do something special tonight, if that’s okay?”

As a wave of relief washed over Clara, she gave him a kiss on his forehead. “Of course we can do something special. What is it?”

He erased the message, then wrote five words.

“For the rest of tonight?” she read, confused. Lewis nodded, then opened the drawer of the bedside table. He carefully set the whiteboard and marker inside, then closed the drawer again.

Clara thought for a moment, replying, “Of course, but I’m gonna do one better. Mommy’s gonna make sure you don’t have to even nod or shake your head.” She reached next to the bed and filled the palm of her hand with a thick layer of lube, spreading it around Lewis’s cock and starting to stroke it. “I’m going to take such good care of you, so my dirty boy doesn’t have to worry about anything at all. Just lay back and close your eyes. Thaaat’s it.” She gently eased her smaller partner down onto the bed, making sure he was well-supported by a pile of pillows.

Once he was comfortable, she went back to stroking him. The excessive amount of lube she was using meant there was practically zero friction, and it started to run down to his balls. With a smile, she started to rub it into them as well. “There we go. You know, I spent some time with that big cow lady. She gets downright slimy down there. And while I was stuffing every last inch of elephant cock into her, I thought about just how much my dirty boy would love that feeling. I know he doesn’t mind if it gets messy, as long as he can keep fucking.”

Reaching down with her other hand, she started to softly touch one of his nipples. “Mommy loves your new piercings. Normally they only start out this thick with something like a cow or an elephant. Whoever did these didn’t want to waste time guaging you up, you naughty boy.” She felt him squirm slightly at her touch. “Aww, don’t worry, mommy’s not going to hurt them any more tonight. She just wants to admire them while she jacks her dirty boy off.”

As she said that, he gave a small thrust off of the bed into her hand. “You’re such a lucky piggy. Maybe you’ll never get to know what it feels like to blow a hot, sticky load in someone, but it means this feeling never has to stop. You can fuck anyone at all until they’re satisfied, then pull out and start stroking yourself just like this while you think about the next hole you’ll get to stuff it into.”



“Mommy also knows you haven’t really played with anyone else besides her until tonight. So she actually made a playdate for us for tomorrow. I’ve seen you checking out that horse with the big, soft cock. I love playing with them, and I think it’s about time the two of you met.”

She paused to think for a bit, and for a minute or two the only sounds in the room were the occasional *squelch* of lube between her fingers and his cock. After the weekend, she was going back to her big, lonely bed. Sure, she had plenty of fun toys and a nice home that she was quite happy with, but sometimes it just felt so. . . empty. Looking down at the desperately horny pig beside her, she started to weigh her options.

As much as she loved playing with Ally and Marci, the two horses had a life they were happy with. And as much as she loved the idea of a cuckold relationship with the couple, she knew they would never want that besides playtime. Also, as deep as the rabbithole went for those two, she could never imagine the two of them doing the things Lewis let her do to him.

She had never seen Lewis use or pick up a cellphone, so she assumed he didn’t have one. That meant she would probably only ever see him again after this if she visited him at the porn shop. But it also meant he didn’t have many connections.

Lewis opened his eyes and looked up at her, and she realized just how long she had been thinking. “Mmm, sorry dirty boy. Mommy’s just thinking about something. You see, when she goes home, she’s gonna be all lonely. And she was thinking that maybe her naughty little piggy could stay with her. I don’t want you to decide right now, though. Right now, what you need to decide is whether you would rather fuck mommy’s ass, or whether you’d rather take her in yours.”

She saw Lewis think for a moment, then he sat up and slid to the side of the bed, gesturing for her to lay down where he had been. She did, curious what the pig had in mind. He reached over to the bottle of lube beside the bed and squirted some onto Clara’s cock, rubbing and massaging it in with his other hand. He added one squirt after another, going beyond a normal amount just as she had with him.

He then began rubbing and caressing every inch of her. He wasn’t stroking her, but it was more like he was just enjoying touching her. Their eyes met, and he let go of her cock. With some effort, given her size, he climbed up on top of her, using his lube-covered hands to guide hers around his hips. Lewis then slid back, taking her cock and sliding the tip back and forth across his torn, broken hole before laying down onto her.

“You know,” she chuckled, “there are a couple of people here with stretched out, loose holes. And one or two that are so tight I’d never be able to squeeze into them. But there’s nothing hotter than taking a tight little hole. . .” She started to force him down onto her cock, feeling his body tense up in pain, “and ripping it open with a giant elephant cock.”

She felt the pig starting to grope and squeeze her breasts, letting out an involuntary moan at his touch. As she slid another inch into him, she said with a wink, “Maybe I’ll tear my dirty boy’s hole open over and over, until he needs

to wear diapers.”

He gave her a grin, then thought for a moment. She could tell he wanted to say something, but wasn't sure how to do it with gestures alone. “Want your whiteboard, just for this?” He nodded. Without pulling her dick out of him, she reached over and fumbled around a bit in the end table drawer, pulling out the whiteboard and marker. Lewis rested it on her chest and began to write. She could feel his hole twitching on her cock, and she gave an occasional tiny thrust into him. Finally, he finished writing and held it up for her.

“I lost any chance at a normal life with the side-effects of my doggy dick. Since the only life I'm good for now is humiliation, being hurt and broken, etc., I actually want to take it as far as possible. Like if you want forced changes or surgeries or anything, I actually get off on the idea of you molding me into your perfect pig, then keeping me forever.”

She felt her cock throb inside Lewis's ass, and as she saw him wince she knew he felt it too.

“Anything at all?” she asked, expecting a nod. Instead, he wrote another message.

“Whatever you're thinking, you can do twice as bad. Mental, physical, I can tell you want a freak. So let *me* be that freak, and be yours forever.”

She pulled the surprised pig up off her cock, to lift him enough for an enthusiastic kiss.

“It's a deal, sealed with a smooch,” she said with a wink.

## Chapter 8

Sally looked over at the bedside table, where she had set everything down. She also adjusted the suspenders on her overalls.

The collie had left breakfast a bit early, telling Gloria and Three to give her a ten minute head start. After making her way to the room, she had quickly stripped naked, then put on only a pair of overalls she had brought specifically for this purpose. She had also pulled out a pair of bells, each attached to a soft collar. A big one on a red collar with the number three engraved on it, and a smaller one on a green collar with the number eleven. Finally, she had pushed the two beds together. The motel's beds were comfortable for a couple, but they were rather tight for a threesome—let alone a threesome with a large bovine.

Sally knew that Gloria and Three had been up to much more extreme things, this weekend, but she figured something more tame would be nice for them. Some nice petplay and girl-on-girl-on-girl would be just the thing!

As she set everything else aside and out of the way, she heard a knock on the door. “Come in!” she called out. The door opened, and in stepped the goat and cow she had been preparing for. She saw Gloria look her up and down, smirking a bit. After all, it wasn't everyday she saw someone wearing a pair of overalls and absolutely nothing else.

“Hey there, girls,” Sally said with a smile, “Why don't you come on over to the bed? I've got some gifts for you two, and I can help you put them on.” As they climbed into the bed next to her, she decided to start with Three. Picking up the bell with her number engraved on it, she reached around the cow's neck. As she did, she couldn't help getting a whiff of Three's potent pheromones. The collie managed to barely stifle a moan—being within scent-range of the cow always left her aroused and wet. She connected the clasp on the collar, and then sat back to get Gloria's.

Gloria and Three traded places, and a moment later, Sally had attached the goat girl's collar as well. The two hooved ladies gave the collars a shake, chuckling as the bells clanked. Then Gloria started to slowly lift up her shirt, looking over Sally with an inquisitive, “Baa?”

“That's right, Eleven. Why don't you girls get those clothes off? You two have a big day ahead of you!” The two of them started to undress, the bells clanging as shirts were pulled up over them. Neither Gloria nor Three wore

a bra typically, so as they pulled the shirts up Sally got a good view of their breasts.

It was funny, Sally thought to herself as they continued undressing. Despite the contrast in the two ladies' endowments, she found each girl's chest equally attractive. Three looked like she could be an entire dairy herd all by herself, with her massive nipples practically begging the collie to wrap her hands around them. Meanwhile, Gloria's flat chest had the agile look of a playful goat, though her own large nipples still gave her a farm-animal look that drove Sally wild.

As two sets of clothes were tossed aside, she was greeted by the sight of the pair, with an excited "Baa!" and a sultry "Mmmooooo...".

"Well, first things first," Sally started, standing up next to the bed, "Milking time. Three, we'll start with you." Gloria hopped off the bed, getting down on all fours on the floor, while Three climbed up into the bed on all fours, crawling next to where Sally was standing.

The collie sat down on the edge of the bed and wrapped her hands around the cow's hanging nipples. They reached nearly down to the blankets, and the cow's breasts were covered with sweat as always, making them slippery. It was a strong, musky smell, and the collie's sensitive nose made it even more—

Feeling something on her leg, she looked down to see Gloria nibbling on the leg of her overalls. The goat girl wasn't using her teeth, but she clearly wanted to play up being a mischievous little goat. "Hey, quit it you!" Sally said with a laugh, pulling her leg away.

She then went back to "milking" Three. While neither of the girls was lactating, Sally thought it was fun as a roleplay element. It also did wonders for reinforcing the "dairy animal" aesthetic. As she always did, she had started out gently with the cow, gradually making the squeezes and pulls on the massive nipples more rough. Sally felt it was important to ease into things, for much the same reason a runner stretches before a marathon. Even the most submissive person can have a day where they're just not feeling it, and starting out gently meant there would be no hard feelings.

Three definitely seemed to be enjoying things. She let out another long, deep, "Mmmooooo..." the sound practically dripping with need. At that moment, she saw Gloria hop up onto the bed, sitting down on all fours behind the cow's ass.

"There you go, Eleven," Sally said, not taking her hands off of Three's breasts, "You can play with her all you like."

Three let out a loud bellow, as Gloria buried her face between the large cow's asscheeks. "Don't mind her, Three. She's just exploring, is all." The cow's arms started to shake a bit as the goat's eager tongue against her clit pushed her over the edge into her first orgasm. The cow's juices squirted powerfully back against the goat girl, splattering off of her and soaking into the blankets.

As it passed, Sally let go of her nipples and gave her a pat on the back. "There we go—all empty. Alright, Eleven, you're up!" Three rolled over onto her side, and Gloria eagerly took her place. As she wrapped her hands around the goat girl's naturally large nipples, she saw Three get up to get her water jug off the floor. One byproduct of the pheromone-filled sweat the cow was

constantly producing was that she was drinking water nearly all the time. It had taken a little getting used to, with their play sessions, and meant that restraints and bondage needed more planning. They had also added a new safeword besides their usual “yellow” and “red.” If the cow said “blue”, that meant that everything was fine, but she needed a big drink of water.

Gloria let out a happy bleat as Sally started slowly and gently, like she had with Three. One thing the collie had learned about Gloria was that the goat girl usually needed fairly little warm-up, but a whole lot of aftercare specifically if bondage or degradation was involved. She had brought along the goat girl’s “care-blanket”—an oversized, green throw-blanket that Sally had started wrapping Gloria up in after their sessions together. With the mildness of what she had in mind, she didn’t think it would be needed. Still, better to have and not need, than to need and not have.

The collie took a great deal of pride in taking care of the two of them, and some of her favorite times were the quiet aftercare moments. Gloria would be wrapped loosely in her care-blanket, laying in Sally’s arms as Sally reassured and comforted her submissive friend. Three, for her part, never really needed aftercare. But she met the cow’s needs for food, water, shelter, and companionship.

As her mind wandered, she had slowly built up the intensity with Gloria’s nipples, just as she had for Three. By now Gloria was letting out a loud bleat with every squeeze and pull. Deciding revenge was fair play, it was Three’s turn to climb into bed behind the goat girl. Leaning forward, she started to lick between the smaller woman’s asscheeks.



Three let out a soft moo as she started to rim her goat friend. It was funny, if anyone had asked her six months ago, she would have assured them that she had no intention of ever rimming anybody. But Gloria was different, she told herself, for a couple reasons.

The first was practical. Gloria no longer had any need to shit. So she was always guaranteed to be squeaky-clean down there. That meant that aside from a slight musky taste, there was nothing to it. It still didn’t do anything for her personally, but that led into the second reason.

It was Gloria. It was the goat who accepted even things she hadn’t yet told Sally (the cow reminded herself yet again that telling Sally about her vore kink was her new year’s resolution). It was the girl who always put Three’s pleasure before her own. It was the girl who was happy when Three *wasn’t* squeaky-clean. Hearing that girl cum meant the world to Three, and one of the best ways to do that was. . .

After a few wet slurps around Gloria’s asshole, Three pushed her tongue in deep. Not only was her smaller friend extra stretchy, but the goat had also gotten into hole stretching, herself. Between those, and the cow’s near-constant

salivating, her wet tongue slid in effortlessly. As she explored the inside of Gloria's asshole with her tongue, she closed her eyes and listened to the cute, happy bleats and moans her friend was making. She couldn't help letting out a happy moo, herself, as Gloria's ass suddenly clenched tightly around her big tongue. Her lips curled upward in a satisfied smile at having made her friend cum.

"Aww, you two get along so well," she heard Sally say, "Looks like you're empty too, though. Time for your brushing!" Sally grabbed the brush from the bedside table, adding, "We'll start with Eleven this time, since she's already up here."



Gloria had been surprised to discover that she loved being brushed. Or at least, she loved being brushed by others. It was boring running a brush through her own fur, gently working out any knots or snarls and struggling with the hard-to-reach spots. But as Sally started to run the brush slowly down her back, she couldn't help trembling slightly. Sally always started by running the brush slowly down along her spine, which made her muscles suddenly release any tension that might have built up in them. In other words, it tended to turn her to jelly.

The goat girl's eyes rolled back as she flopped forward onto her belly, with one last moan as she felt Three's sloppy tongue pull out as she fell. She landed with a dopey grin on her face as Sally started to expertly brush every inch of the goat girl's back. Somehow, the collie always made it feel so intimate. Maybe it was the whole petplay thing, though—the collie farmer taking care of her livestock. Gloria let out a moan at the thought.

"What a good girl," she heard Sally say softly, as if addressing a pet, "You're laying nice and still while I brush you. You're such a good goat, Eleven. . ." The praise just made Gloria melt that much deeper into the mattress.

Three must have been getting into it, too. She heard the cow's bell clanking as she felt the cow nuzzling against her butt. It felt a bit strange, but Gloria had to admit she loved the affection. As much as she loved being manhandled, picked up, and tossed around, being smothered in gentle affection was also amazing.

Sally moved on to running the brush down her legs, while not disturbing the cow nuzzling her rump. The collie had learned Gloria was ticklish behind her knees, so she always only brushed those very briefly before moving on. Gloria was always so satisfying to brush, since it was clear the goat girl enjoyed it so much.

The collie also gave her hooves a quick rub. She did have to admit to herself that she had a bit of a hoof fetish, which she thought was strange because feet did nothing for her. She figured it was probably the smoothness of them that appealed to her. Maybe sometime she would need to see if Gloria wanted hers polished. She knew it was something Three wasn't into.

After brushing the goat girl's arms, Sally finally moved to her hair. It was long and brown, flowing beautifully just past her shoulders. As Sally ran the brush through it in long, slow strokes, she heard Gloria moaning quietly on the bed.

"There we go—all done!" Sally said, and Gloria rose back up to all fours as the brush was pulled away. With a happy bleat and a quick tail-wag, she crawled away so that Three could take her place.

Despite the cow's much larger size, brushing always went much more quickly. While the bovine enjoyed being brushed from a roleplay standpoint, she didn't love the sensation nearly as much as Gloria. Still, Sally encouraged Three for being a good girl and sitting still for her brushing.

In the meantime, though, she saw her playful goat once again bury her face between the cow's asscheeks. Not content with merely nuzzling or resting her head on the cow, Gloria immediately went back to giving her a rimjob. Unlike the brushing, *that* was a sensation Three enjoyed greatly.

As Sally was brushing, she laughed, "Hey now, you two—no making a mess of each other just now, okay? I need this room later, and I'd rather it *not* be filthy."

There was an exaggeratedly disappointed, "Baaa..." from Gloria, and Three gave a grudging nod. Sally wasn't sure what she would be doing after her time with these two, but regardless she wasn't nearly as into the pair's more messy kinks. Compared to this pair, and especially after meeting Clara, Sally was definitely on the softer side when it came to play. As she finished brushing Three, the collie wondered if her bovine friend wished more of their kinks matched up.

"All done!" she said, and Three reached over for her water jug to take another large drink. Looking down at the bed, she could see the sweat where Three had just been lying. Whether extreme or not, though, the scent that reached her nose still made her even wetter.

"Now, it's too cold to let you two graze outside, but I brought you some nice veggies to snack on!" She pulled out a couple of carrots and several big leaves of lettuce. As Gloria crawled over to start eating the carrots from the collie's hand, Sally chuckled, "Can't have my goat eating old cans and stuff *all* the time." Turning to address Three, who was eating out of her other hand, she added, "And I know you had a big morning of grazing a bit ago, but I'm sure you wouldn't say no to a leafy snack."

Sally looked down at the two girls literally eating from her hands. She knew it could seem a bit silly sometimes, but she couldn't deny the wetness between her legs. Gloria in particular seemed to really get into the roleplay, whereas Three was mostly only into the harder stuff. Still, Sally appreciated the cow humoring her.

As each of them finished their snack, she gave them a pat on the head and ruffled their hair playfully. Gloria then flopped down on her side, and Three followed on the opposite side of the bed. The cow gave Sally a wink and patted the space between the two invitingly.

"Yeah, I guess after a hard day of farming, it'll be good to take a break,"

Sally chuckled, then laid down on her back between them. Three draped her arm over the collie, and she felt Gloria's hand slip between the front of her overalls and her naked body underneath. "Feeling playful, are we?" she asked, getting a moo and an enthusiastic bleat in reply.

"Alright, let me just get these off, then. . ." The collie undid the buttons on her overalls, releasing the suspenders before sliding them down and off. Picking them up, she tossed them gently to the floor before lying back down. "I guess you two can talk now," she chuckled.

"That was fun!" Gloria said, wrapping her arms around and giving the canine a hug. Sally supposed one side effect of the goat's changes were that feeding her could be considered foreplay. While she wasn't into the whole feed-erism thing herself, she knew it was something Three especially enjoyed, which is why the cow had suggested it when they were deciding what to do to the goat girl. Sally turned her head and gave Gloria a slow, passionate kiss.

Sally was fascinated by Gloria. She could do the filthiest things when she was with Three, but then she could give a kiss like they were just sitting down for a candlelit dinner. That contrast, and the ease with which she slipped back and forth between the two, was something that had endeared her to Sally.

About a month before, the goat girl had asked about the relationship Sally and Three had with each other. More specifically, she had asked if the pair was dating. Sally had never really thought about herself and Three as a couple. Three was in a unique situation and had an interest in rather extreme body modification, and Sally was new to the area and hadn't had a chance to make friends locally yet. The two met each other's needs perfectly.

As Sally pulled away from Gloria, she felt Three press up against her back, the cow's sweaty breasts squished slightly against her. Playtime with Three was always an intense experience, but she knew she could never match that intensity. It seemed her bovine friend had hit things off well with Clara, and she hoped that might make the cow happy.

*After all*, the collie thought to herself as she felt Three starting to rub and squeeze her breasts, *she doesn't need to hide anymore. Nobody would recognize her anymore, anyway.* She thought back to why Three had come to her in the first place. Three had made some pretty big mistakes in her life, and had dug herself a hole so deep that she could no longer see out of it.

The feeling of Gloria's lips on one of her nipples brought Sally back to the present, as the goat girl gently licked and kissed them. The collie was a bit surprised that Gloria wasn't sucking on them, but clearly she was in the mood for something gentle. From how Three was pushing a finger into her pussy, the cow clearly wasn't.

"You know, Three, I did bring a gift for you this weekend."

"Mmm, and what is it?"

"Well, you're gonna have to let go first, and I'll get it for you." Sally felt the cow's grip release and her finger slide out of her pussy. "Now, close your eyes. . ." Sally climbed out of bed and went to her duffel bag. She was looking forward to showing it to Three—it was quite heavy to carry around. She saw Gloria's eyes widen in shock, but Sally just gave her a wink. She set the massive



canine dildo down onto the chair that had been sitting at the desk in the corner, pointing upward, then pulled out a large bottle of lube to start covering it.

“So,” she asked as her hands worked, “Gloria, could you guide Three over? Remember, she’s not allowed to peek.” Gloria offered the cow her hand, then slowly guided her out of bed and over to where Sally was just finishing her preparations.



As Gloria stood with Three, she couldn’t take her eyes off of the toy. It was an icy blue color, fading toward white at the tip. But it wasn’t the color that held her interest. It was the sheer scale of it. Even considering the cow stood roughly four feet taller than her, she could barely imagine Three taking it. Her best guess was that the shaft was four inches across, and she couldn’t even begin to guess when it came to the knot.

“Okay,” she heard Sally instruct, “Now, line her up over it. I think you know which hole it’s going in.” As she helped to position her friend in front of the chair, she guided Three slowly downward until the bluntly-pointed tip was resting against the cow’s sloppy asshole. “Now, this chair is sturdy enough to take it, so don’t worry about that. When Gloria gives the word, I want to see you drop yourself down onto it.” Sally gave Three a playful pat on one of the cow’s massive asscheeks.

“Um, alright,” the goat girl said. She checked one last time to make sure Three was lined up correctly, then said, “Aaand... *drop!*” She watched as Three plummeted, with what had to be a foot of silicone dog-meat vanishing into the cow’s ass before the massive bovine landed on the knot. She saw Three wince, but just as she was about to ask if the large woman was okay, she saw Three lift back up before slamming down again. Gloria’s hands covered her mouth—Three had managed to go a couple of inches lower, and after stepping around to see behind the cow, she couldn’t believe what she saw.

Three’s ruined asshole was stretched around the knot, having taken nearly a third of it. Seeing the cow gritting her teeth, she knew it wasn’t going easily. She sure hoped—

“Hey,” Sally said quietly, wrapping her arm around the goat, “You’re shaking. Are you doing okay?”

“Just... kinda scary, you know?”

She felt the collie give her a gentle hug, in contrast with the cow brutally sodomizing herself in front of the shocked goat. “Three has done this many, many times before. You know I’m not really the rough type, sweetie. So instead, I give her the opportunity to be rough with herself.”

“*MOOO!!!*” Three bellowed, as she sank down further onto the toy. Gloria started to tremble a bit.

“Don’t worry, sweetie. I’m right here, and everything is going okay. There’s nothing to be scared of, I promise you.”

“It’s kinda... Seeing her hole stretching like that is really hot, but that’s gotta be hurting her, doesn’t it?”

She felt the collie stroke her cheek, as Sally’s other arm continued to embrace her, “It does hurt her. But she likes it that way. You know, she told me she was just as scared when she accidentally went a bit far with you when you two first met. Taking that toy hurt too, didn’t it?”

Thinking back, Gloria nodded. “I mean, it did hurt, yeah. But I kinda liked that it hurt? I know I’m not making any sense...” She watched the scene unfolding in front of her as the cow sank another couple of inches lower. Tears were streaming down the large bovine’s face, as Three let out a sound somewhere between agony and pleasure.

“You two are a lot alike, that way,” Sally softly explained, “but it’s a matter of degrees. She figures as long as whatever happens heals eventually, she’s happy. She would really be happy if we met a sadist to play with.” Gloria felt a kiss on her neck, then Sally asked, “Sounds like there was a foursome between you last night?”

“Y-yeah,” Gloria said, not taking her eyes off of the cow’s impossibly-stretched hole, “Her, me, Clara, and Marci. It was a lot of fun! It sounded like the two of them wanted to do a lot of the kinds of stuff Three and I do, but were nervous about trying it for the first ti—”

“*MMMoooooooo!!!*” Three bellowed loud enough to practically shake the walls, as the cow’s ass passed the thickest part of the knot and her asshole sucked it the rest of the way inside.

Gloria wrapped her arms tightly around the cow, to try to comfort her friend. Meanwhile, Sally gave Three a pat on the shoulder and simply said, “Like that, sweetie?” Three gave a shakey nod. Sally glanced at Gloria, then added, “Normally I know you and I always cuddle and things afterward. Do you want some time with Three instead, though?” Gloria nodded, still tightly clutching her bovine friend.

“Y-yeah, we can do that,” Three said, “Could... Could you two help me to the bed?”

The two smaller women helped Three as best they could, and after a monumental struggle the cow was lying on her back in the bed. As Sally put her overalls back on, she told Gloria, “I’m just going to the lobby for some coffee and a snack. If you need absolutely anything at all, just ping my phone and I’ll be right there.” The collie gave them each one final hug before stepping outside, leaving the cow and goat alone.

“Sorry about that,” Three said, her voice still shakey, “I didn’t mean to scare you. I guess you’ve never really seen me like that, have you?”

“N-no. Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?”

“Here, let me...” With a bit of position shifting and pulling, Three worked the comforter out from under herself. The large bovine climbed under it, holding it open for Gloria. The goat girl tucked herself in, all warm and cozy next to her friend, with her head resting on Three’s arm. “Okay, now let’s talk. Yeah, it hurt. A lot. But like, in a good way. I’ve seen some of the things you do, so you know what I’m talking about, yeah?”

“I think so. I guess it’s just kinda scary when you’re so big and it’s very, uh. . .”

“Rough? Maybe forceful?” the cow tried to help her find the words.

“Yeah, forceful. Like you’re slamming down hard enough that it would have absolutely crushed me, and you were stretching so wide!”

She felt Three wrap her arm around her back, rubbing just above her tail. “Shh, it’s okay. I’m juuust fine.”

“I was just kinda scared, because I was the one who told you to. . .you know. . .”

“All you told me to do was what I wanted to do anyway,” Three said. “And you know what? It feels really, really good in there. But what feels even better is sharing it with you.” Gloria felt Three plant a kiss on her forehead.

The two laid together in silence for a bit, with Gloria still trembling a bit against her friend. Three turned slightly to look at her, and asked, “Okay, it’s just you and me. Can I ask you something? I’ve, uh, kinda wanted to for a while now.”

“S-sure?” Gloria asked, a bit hesitant.

“Do you think you’d like to go somewhere with me? Like, together? Not as girlfriends or anything—you’ve got Robert. But like, I want to go to the beach next summer, but I don’t want to go alone, you know? And you just. . .” Gloria could feel the cow trying to think of the right words, before Three continued, “You just make me feel good about myself. Not just about my body, but about, well, myself.”

“I’d love to go,” Gloria said, giving Three a one-armed hug since the other one was beneath her.

“Thanks,” Three said. She then gave Gloria a wink and in a less serious tone, added, “You don’t mind being seen out with a cow who’s absolutely *destroyed* her shit-ring? because it’s never gonna be the same after this.” Gloria shuddered, then gave the cow a tight squeeze. “Sorry, I meant to lighten the mood. . .”

Gloria murmured something up against the side of the cow’s breast. “Sorry, what was that?” Three asked, putting a finger under her chin and lifting her gaze upward.

“I. . . Geez this feels really awful to say. . .”

“Nothing you say leaves this bed. You’re pretty much my best friend, at this point!”

Gloria took a few long, slow breaths to work up the courage, then squinted her eyes shut and blurted out, “The shudder was me cumming—oh god I’m sorry!”

Gloria wasn’t sure what to expect. Maybe for Three to be angry at her for enjoying the suffering. Maybe for her friend to think Gloria only saw her as some kind of freak. What she *didn’t* expect was for Three to roll onto her side, and for herself to suddenly be crushed against the cow in a tight hug.

“I-I don’t get it!” the goat girl continued, “I don’t want to see you hurt, but when you talk about your body like that, it just. . . does something to me, you

know? And like, I want to see your ass when you pull the toy out, and—" a couple of tears trickled down as she looked up into Three's eyes.

But instead of judgement or sadness, what she saw in those eyes were a mix of sympathy and arousal. "That's just it, though. You *get* me. Like knowing my body does 'something' to you? Well, that does something to me too. Knowing you also accept my body and would be okay going out in public with me? That makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. I mean, right now your head is squished between two huge, sweaty udders, and you haven't complained even once about the smell."

Gloria felt Three pull her up higher, so that they were face to face. "I was terrified—*terrified*—that my changes had gone waaay too far when I found out what you two had decided to do. Like it used to be that I could clean up nicely and think I could still go out and just be, y'know, normal. After that, there was just no way. But when I saw you loved my body even more after the changes, and were still happy to spend the night snuggling afterward..." Three gazed directly into her eyes, "You make me happy, Gloria."

"Aw, geez," Gloria replied awkwardly, "You're just so great for cuddling, you know? I mean, how could I *not* cuddle with such a nice, squishy cow?"

"Could, uh, could we do that now? I wanna cuddle you while this toy absolutely *ruins* me." Three gave Gloria a playful wink.

Gloria wiped away a tear and smiled at her friend, "I'd never say no to cow-cuddles!"

## Chapter 9

After lunchtime, there was a knock on Clara and Lewis's door. "Come in!" Clara said loudly. The winter storm had eased up, making it more easy to hear from outside again. The door opened, and Ally stepped in.

"Ah yes," she said, "You're here for some elephant worship, aren't you?" She was sitting on the side of the bed, with Lewis facing the door as he was impaled by the elephant's cock. Ally nodded and quickly stripped naked in front of the pair. The horse then walked forward, kneeling down in front of them.

"You may start by licking my balls, horse." Clara looked down at Lewis, feeling the pig's ass trying in vain to squeeze around her dick. "Don't mind my little piggy here. I'm still breaking in his hole, so he can properly serve elephants." She felt Ally's tongue start to bathe her massive balls. By elephant standards, she had roughly average endowments. Of course, the pig squirming on her lap would probably emphasise the "by elephant standards" part.

Ally seemed quite eager, as she looked down to see them on all fours, with their head disappearing below Lewis. She could tell the horse had missed her. "I see someone's trying to earn a ride on my cock, hmm?"

"Y-yeah," came the muffled voice from between her legs, "I've needed your cock again, miss elephant."

"Well, keep licking and maybe you'll earn that r—ohhh..." Her teasing faded into a throaty groan as she felt Ally's tongue reach past her balls and give her ass a single, slow lick. *Damn that mare*, she thought to herself, *She really got me addicted to rimjobs, didn't she?* Ally didn't give them often, but when they did they were quite good at them.

She wrapped her hands over the pig's shoulders and gave a firm push downward. Lewis struggled and squirmed, mouth open in a silent scream as she felt another inch of her disappear up his ass. And yet, his hands were still practically glued to his cock. She wondered briefly what it must be like for him, to always be horny but never able to cum. She supposed it made him much more obedient, though.

"So, horse, do you want to see me play with my little piggy today?"

"Yeah, I do," she heard the muffled voice again.

"Alright, why don't you get out from under me, then?" She saw as Ally moved back and then stood up. She wrapped her hands around the pig's chest,

and in one smooth motion lifted him off her cock with a wet sucking sound and tossed him onto the bed. He landed face-down, giving Ally an excellent view of the aftermath. "As you can see," she said, pointing to Lewis's ripped-apart asshole, "He is very eager, but a little pig just can't handle elephant cock like a horse can."

As Ally looked down, they saw the pig turn his head to look at the big, soft horsecock hanging down. The pig watched a thick drop of precum stretch slowly from Ally's cock to the floor.

"Poor piggy," she said, "He wants your cock so bad, but you can't actually get hard for him. Go ahead, piggy, show Ally here how much you love horse dick." Without hesitation, Lewis crawled to the edge of the bed and took Ally's cock in his hands, kissing and stroking the flaccid dick eagerly. "Do you envy them, naughty boy? Wishing you could be their size?" The pig nodded eagerly, and Ally let out a moan as his tongue ran across the horse's somewhat stretched pisshole.

"Let mommy show you what she and Ally have been doing lately..." The elephant reached down into her duffel bag, pulling out a string of five beads. "Now, watch closely you naughty boy," she said, covering them in lube from a bottle on the bedside table. She then took Ally's cock in her hand, the horse immediately standing motionless with their hands behind their back. She placed one of the beads against Ally's pisshole, then pushed the one-inch sphere inside.

As the pig stared openmouthed, Clara explained, "I've been stretching this horse's pisshole out. The first time I did this, I started with a tiny little sounding toy, only about a quarter inch thick. I know that sounds like a lot to a little piggy like you, but to a horse like Ally it's not too much." She pushed a second bead inside, pushing the first one deeper as Ally let out a pleased groan. Addressing the horse, she said, "Marci even loves licking out your pisshole, doesn't she?"

"S-she does," Ally said, their knees buckling slightly but still doing their best to stay motionless.

As she pushed the third bead in, she looked over at Lewis, an idea suddenly occurring to her. "Now, why don't you be a good boy for mommy," she said, "and run that cock under some cold water? You need to shrink that knot down."

Ally shuddered in anticipation. There was only one reason they could think of for Clara to be trying to shrink his knot. But as she pushed the fourth bead in, and then the fifth, Ally started to whimper and thrust uselessly. She reached down with her trunk, tickling the needy horse's cock to drive them even more crazy.

Finally, Lewis returned, his canine cock much smaller than before and half-sheathed. "There we are. Now..." With a firm, steady pull, she watched as one bead after another popped out of Ally's cock. "Alright, piggy, I want you to knot that hole."

Ally looked down as Lewis grabbed hold of their dick. They could see their pisshole still stretched and gaping a bit. The first time Clara had tried sounding with Ally, their girlfriend had been fascinated with their stretched urethra. The changes had been subtle at first. The stream not going quite as far when they pissed, for example, or their cumshots not feeling as forceful. The horse thought

back to lessons at school, about how widening a stream reduces the rate of flow. It was hard to deny the empirical evidence.

Clara quickly covered the pig's cock in lube, as well as squirting some into Ally's still-stretched pisshole and spreading it with a finger. He needed to be inside Ally before his knot started to swell again, or it would never fit. She then wiped her hands on the blankets and grabbed her phone. She wanted to get a little video of this, to surprise Marci.

With everything ready and Lewis's dick already fully extended from the sheath, he slammed it into Ally. The canine cock was slightly thicker than the beads, and the pig wasn't very good at taking things slowly. Ally let out a startled neigh as the pig gave a few short thrusts into them.

Ally let out a small whimper as they felt the excited pig's knot start to grow inside. It was painful, but Ally actually enjoyed stretchy-type pain to a degree. Though they thought it was probably less about the pain than it was just enjoying being stretched out. As they felt their pisshole being stretched further and further, the whimpering became more constant.

Clara quietly reminded them, "Remember horse, the usual safeword."

Ally nodded that they had heard, but said nothing beyond continuing to wordlessly whimper and whine. Lewis, meanwhile, was humping and thrusting at the horse's soft cock. To him, it was just another warm, lubed-up hole, though with the added bonus of being the first time he had ever done it this way.

Finally, the pig's knot had grown back to full size, and the horse was whimpering quite loudly. "Alright, piggy, that's enough. Why don't you pull out and start making out with that horse?" Lewis unceremoniously pulled his cock out, the knot escaping with an audible *pop*. Clara looked at Ally's gaping pisshole, making sure to also give the camera a good view before she stopped recording.

As Ally sat down onto the bed and she heard the two of them starting to kiss, she opened up a text chat with Marci. "Hey, mare. Guess what your lover's doing," she wrote, then sent the video. Turning her attention back to the pair, she said, "Now, Ally hasn't seen what I've done to your poor little hole. Why don't you show it off, while you turn around and lick the cock that did it to you?"

The pig turned around, eagerly slurping the taste of his own ass off of her cock. She didn't look down at him, being far more interested in the horse's reaction to the view.

Ally was staring in stunned silence, mouth hanging open. "I-is he okay?" the horse eventually managed to ask.

"He's okay," she calmly replied, before looking down to address Lewis, "Why don't you give those big piggy balls a slap, to show them how much you love pain?" A moment later, she felt Lewis's body shake as a loud slap rang out.

At that moment, her phone dinged. Looking over, she saw that it was Marci and checked the message. "I can't wait to stick my tongue in there!" With a laugh, she showed the message to Ally before picking Lewis up and tossing him onto the bed. She sat down next to him, motioning Ally over. "Now, keep your

hands on yourself, you dirty boy. Mommy wants to play with her horse for a while.”

As Ally climbed up into the bed, Clara wrapped her arms around the horse and pulled them close for a kiss, catching Lewis staring out of the corner of her eye. “You like this horse, piggy?” He nodded as she gave Ally another long, slow kiss, opening her mouth to let the pig see their tongues entwining before separating again. “Did they kiss you like that, too?” The pig nodded again, starting to pant slightly from arousal.

“You know, dirty boy,” she said, looking over at him, “all it would take is just a single command from me, and they would let you bury your cock in them. Isn’t that right, horse?”

“Y-yeah,” she heard Ally moan in reply.

“Of course, I could say nothing at all, and then none of that would happen,” She took a couple of fingers and caught a thick dribble of Ally’s pre, rubbing it onto Lewis’s balls, “Do you want to see what that hole looks like, dirty boy?”

Lewis nodded enthusiastically, hands not leaving his cock.

“Go ahead horse, sit down over his face,” she said, “And piggy, you can look and smell, but no touching.”

Clara watched as Ally got up and turned their ass toward the head of the bed, before straddling Lewis’s shoulders and lowering their ass over his face.

“See how much better that hole takes elephant cock?” she asked rhetorically, “No tearing, no bleeding, no crying. It’s big enough that my cock slides right in. Do you think your little doggie dick would even come close to satisfying that hole, naughty boy?” Looking down beneath Ally’s ass, she saw Lewis shaking his head, though the pig started thrusting slightly up off the bed.

She laughed, “The more you look, the more you want it, hmm?” Lewis nodded again. “Well, that’s a shame, isn’t it? Other way around, horse.”



As the horse flipped around in front of him so that they were looking down into his eyes, Lewis found himself wishing he could give anything to kiss those lips again.

“Now horse,” she heard Clara say beside him, “I would like you to line it up as well as you can, and spit right in my piggy’s snout. And piggy?” Lewis looked up at her attentively, “I want you to snort it.”

He saw Ally move forward above him, adjusting slightly here and there. Then, he saw a string of drool start to form from the horse’s lips. The pig did his best to lay perfectly still, until he felt the saliva inside his nostril. He closed his snout, like when swimming under water, and let it slowly fill up inside. As Ally had found the right position, the horse let more out, again and again, until that side was filled to the brim, before moving to the other side.

As he felt his other nostril filling, out of the corner of his eye he saw Clara reach down to stroke the horse’s cock. He still couldn’t believe how massive



it was, and he hoped to be able to enjoy it more later. For now, though, he wanted to be a good boy for the elephant.

“You know, I think I like how you two can’t cum normally,” she said, looking at the horse. Looking down at him, she added, “Or at all. For this gorgeous horse, it means I can make them wait as long as I like before I finally let them cum. And for you, it means I never need to bother at all.” As Ally pulled their head back, Clara said, “Go ahead, pig, you know what to do.”

Lewis took a deep breath through his mouth, and then started to snort down the saliva filling his snout. He felt it rush through his sinuses, then down until it tickled against the back of his throat. He tried to swallow, but about half of it ended up going down wrong, giving him a brief coughing fit.

She pointed down at the thick studs through the pig’s nipples, asking Ally if they liked pierced ones. Ally nodded, explaining to Clara that until they had their changes done that enlarged their nipples (among other things), theirs had actually been pierced with ones that were only a little thicker. They had also had a prince albert that matched them.

Lewis was staring at the horse’s nipples. Clara had noticed right away that he greatly appreciated massive breasts, but really anything hypersexualized excited him. After what getting his dog cock had done to him, he often felt like he had stepped past a point of no return, and not long afterward had begun to crave more. While others were worried about hurting their ability to have a normal life (even those who wanted to push the limits of sexual changes), that was exactly what Lewis wanted for himself. Looking back and forth at his elephant mommy’s cock and the horse’s oversized attributes, they were just scratching the surface, to him.

Clara slowly wrapped her trunk around Ally’s torso, rubbing one of his big nipples with the tip of it. As Ally let out a moan, Clara teased, “I think I know just what to do to you.” Letting go with her trunk, she slid down behind Ally. “I think it’s about time you had a cum-bath, naughty boy.” Ally suddenly let out a soft whimper and shuddered slightly. He couldn’t see what Clara was doing, but he had a good guess it involved the horse’s asshole.

“Mmm, like that horsey?” she asked, and Ally nodded as they lifted their flaccid cock in one hand, a large dallop of precum landing on the pig’s balls. The pig’s hands were wrapped around his canine cock, stroking it as he felt the pre run down them and onto the bed. More and more dribbled out, and Lewis felt as each drop hit someplace new.

He watched as Clara stopped and started to lube up her massive elephant cock. She took her place behind Ally and slowly pushed inside. The horse’s whimpering and moaning increased in pace, as the pig watched them pushing back gradually more forcefully against Clara. “That’s it, horse,” she loudly encouraged, “Cum all over him!” She gave one deep thrust, Ally let out a loud neigh, and suddenly Lewis was practically drowning in a firehose of cum.

As one blast after another hit the pig, he gasped for air and ran one hand all over himself, rubbing the sticky, slippery fluid to make sure he was completely covered in it. He could tell the horse was trying to cover him, too—each blast seemed to find a place he hadn’t gotten yet. He heard Ally grunt, groan, neigh,

and whimper as the horse's balls emptied all over his body.

After what felt like forever, the blasts became spurts, then dribbles, until the horse squeezed out a few final drops. By this point, Lewis had gone from spreading it over their body to scooping it up to drink it. He had never experienced anything like this before—the sensation of being covered in cum made the pig rock-hard.

"Looks like you made a mess of my pig," he heard Clara chuckle, "Not that he minds. Though it's a good thing nobody's gonna be using that bed anymore. I think you'd knock up another mare if she so much as *looked* at it." She leaned over and gave Ally a genuinely tender hug, and their lips met in a soft kiss.

"I'm gonna go clean up I think," Ally said, with a smile.

"Go right ahead—I'm not done yet, myself, so I'm gonna use my pig a bit more." She pointed over her shoulder at him, still lying in practically a lake of horse cum. As Ally stepped into the bathroom, she turned back to him.

Lewis smiled up at her in anticipation, but she held up a finger and glanced over toward the bathroom. He heard the horse's hooves step into the tub, then heard the faucet turned on. It sounded like a bath, rather than a shower, and Clara gave him a smile.

The elephant laid down next to Lewis, and he heard the saturated blankets and mattress squishing underneath her. "Now that we have some privacy for probably the last time. . ." He felt her running her finger around the torn rim of his ass, "Aww, look what mommy did to your poor little hole. Did you have a good weekend?" He nodded vigorously. "I've been thinking a lot, about you and me. Sounds like you don't really have much of a place to go, do you?" Lewis shook his head. "Do you want to do lots more stuff like this weekend, little piggy?" Another nod. A fart weakly escaped his hole, but the embarrassment of doing it while looking into her eyes just excited him.

She reached over beside the bed and grabbed his whiteboard. Lewis licked his hands clean as best he could, then took it from her. She must want to have a conversation.

"So, let's say we lived in a perfect world. What are you looking for with someone, dirty boy?"

He wrote and held up a question, "Anything at all?"

"Aaanything at all. Even if you think it'll never happen, I want to know."

Lewis hesitated, then started to write. He used smaller letters, to make sure it would all fit on the board at once. A few times, he paused to decide how to word something before continuing, but the elephant waited patiently for him. Finally, blushing a little, he turned it for her to read.



Clara began to read it aloud, "I want to be broken. Like I want to be damaged, reshaped, molded, in ways that mean I can never have a normal life again. I would love to be mommy's basement freak, that only her closest friends ever

get to see. The more weird or sick it is, the more I want her to change me to be her perfect fetish toy. I don't want to have a name anymore. Like that cow who's just called 'Three'? I would love that. I don't even care if I stay a pig or become something completely new."

After reading, she asked him, "Do you know what you're getting into? This is kinda just scratching the surface, for me."

Erasing the last message, he wrote a new one. "I don't, but I don't care. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, mommy!"

"I mean, you're literally asking to disappear. That means no more things like going out to dinner, or spending time with friends, or, well, anything."

He wrote another reply, "I know, but I don't really do those anyway. I live hidden in a porn shop already anyway, so I'm halfway there. And you actually *want* me, rather than just giving me a place to stay as a favor in exchange for free blowjobs."

"Free blowjobs, hmm?"

He nodded, writing out an explanation. "Oh yeah. The raccoon there lets me stay, but in exchange I've swallowed sooo many loads. Sometimes he would let friends borrow me or loan me out for money. Like, people enjoy using me, but nobody ever wanted to keep me before."

Clara loved what she was hearing, but she had to be sure he knew what he was getting into. Although she had a sadistic streak a mile wide, she always insisted that her partner consented and had at least some idea what to expect.

Lewis sat up closer to her, and she saw him write another message. "Mommy, your cock smells like it was buried deep up a horse's shithole. Can I clean it up for you?"

She gave a smile and nodded, and the pig eagerly dived in and started licking all over the head of her cock. As she looked down at Lewis, she started to think of the things she had in mind for him. For one thing, just as she had gotten a cock, she had a lovely idea of Lewis gaining a set of boobs. For another, she wasn't sure if she wanted him to remain a pig, or if he would be something else entirely. She did have a bit of a weakness for sheep, and after a conversation she's had with Sally earlier in the weekend, she knew such things were possible, if expensive.

"I know I sound like a broken record here, but you're really talking about a 'no way back' situation. Like once I start doing some of the things I have in mind for you, you won't even be able to go back to normal ten, twenty, or a hundred years down the line."

He wrote on the whiteboard, holding it up for her to read. "Let me try something, please." She nodded, and he erased to write a new message. As she waited, she suddenly noticed her hand had drifted to her own cock as she watched Lewis writing. Figuring there was no harm, she kept going.

Finally, he finished and showed it to her. "That's exactly what I want. Every single time I look in a mirror, I want a tiny voice in the back of my head crying about how badly I've ruined my whole life, drowned out by my throbbing cock from looking at what I've been turned into. I want my family to see. I want it all posted online with my whole, real name so if anyone looks me up, it's the

first thing they see. I want *you* to have full, complete control of me, because I know that I really have nowhere to go if you get tired of me.”

Her hand had sped up on her cock as she read, but she forced herself to pull away. “I’m . . . in a tough place right now.”

Lewis slid over and wrapped his arms around her, looking up at her with genuine concern.

“No, no, nothing like that. I . . . really, really think you and I are great for each other. I do. But I’m afraid.” She drew a shuddering breath, continuing, “I’m afraid it’s going to be too much for you, and that by the time you want out, it will be too late. And I’m afraid of doing that to you.” She looked down at her newly tattooed and pierced partner, “I mean, look at what’s already happened to you.”

She felt him let go of her to grab his whiteboard and start writing. Then, he held up his message. “I already don’t live a normal life, and I love it. And the stuff they’ve tattooed on me will already do a great job of keeping me from suddenly getting a wife or job. So *really* you’re just taking in a poor piggy after those mean dogs ruined any hope he ever had of a normal life.” There was a winking pig face drawn at the end, and she couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Okay, okay—you win. Besides, I’ve got a pretty big house to myself, and it does get lonely sometimes.” She heard the sound of the bathtub starting to drain, so she figured she would get a few small details sorted out before Ally returned. “So, do you have anyone you would need to tell first? Before you just kind of disappear?”

“Just my raccoon friend,” the reply read, “And, uh, he might want to visit sometimes, if that’s okay? But nobody else really contacts me anymore unless they want a fuck or a blowob or something.”

“I mean, if he visits, we’ll need to make sure he’s prepared for what he’s walking into.”

“Is money gonna be a problem?” the pig wrote, “I mean, I can’t really get a job like this, so . . .”

“Not in the least. I’ve done quite well for myself, over the years. I’ve been a business executive since before World Change, though I have shifted more into investing lately. Having a month off to get this,” she patted her cock, “really made me realize there are so many more things in life I want to experience.” She gave a chuckle, “Besides, having you here is a whole lot cheaper than hiring random prostitutes when I have enough free time to enjoy myself a bit. I’ve been training up my replacement. She’s great at the job, and the employees like dealing with her, too.”

Lewis wrote another reply, and she could see his cock throbbing. “I’d love to lick a whore’s lipstick off of you, mommy.”

“You may get to, you naughty boy,” she said, “Now, do you know if your raccoon friend is working today?”

“He is,” Lewis answered, “Tonight was his first night back, so I could be dropped off.”

“And do you think he will be okay with what is going to happen?”

The pig nodded, writing, "He's really into this one guy, and he wants to ask him out. He's told me before that if that ever happens, he'll stop using me but would keep me around until I found a place to stay. So this actually takes care of that whole situation for him."

"You actually love the idea of getting passed around like this, don't you piggy?"

He nodded vigorously.

As she heard Ally finish towelling off, she said with a smile, "Well, you'll be spending tonight at my place then, you dirty boy." She looked over at the clock, adding, "Actually, it's about time for us to get ready to go. Sounded like Sally wanted us all to meet up in the lobby before everyone leaves. Now, normally I would just say you could go covered in dried horse-jizz, but since you're going to be in my car after this, I'd rather you not make a mess of the passenger seat. Why don't you go ahead and take a shower?"

As Ally stepped out of the shower, they passed Lewis going in. "How are ya feeling?" Clara asked the horse.

"Sore, aching, and exhausted," they answered, "But I've had so much fun this weekend. We need to do this again sometime."

"Yeah. I know Marci's been having a lot of fun too. Not sure where she is at the moment, though." Clara had started to get dressed again. While she was a bit sad to be going home with blue balls, it just meant she would be ready to get her piggy used to his new life right away.

"Oh, she's over with Robert and Gloria. I'm not exactly sure what she had planned, but there was something she wanted to do with the two of them."

Ally laughed, "I'm sure I'll hear all about it later."

## Chapter 10

As the door closed behind Gloria, she was surprised to find room three did not contain the cow of the same name. Instead, she was greeted by Marci (which wasn't too surprising) and Robert (which was much more surprising). Robert was sitting off to one side of the bed, looking a bit awkward, but Marci looked much more eager.

"Hi!" the mare began, "So Robert and I were talking about his whole thing about how he loves feeding you, but that he worries about taking it too far and stuff. But then I had this great idea. Maybe I could feed you, and he could watch! After everything Three and Sally were telling me about you, this seemed like a perfect room to do it, and I think Three's hanging out with Sally right now."

"Hmm, okay," Gloria said, looking around at the filthy room, "But are you sure this might not be too far for *him*? I mean—"

"Actually, it's okay," Robert said, "Even though you two are going a whole lot further than I ever would, I want to be here for it. I guess it's two things. One, so I can get used to the idea that what I want to do to you isn't so bad. And two, because even if I'll never do what she will with you, I want to make sure you know I accept even the parts of you I don't share myself."

Gloria walked over and sat down next to her boyfriend, "Okay, and I want *you* to know that you never have to push yourself for me. I just want to help you be able to relax and enjoy something you and I both know you *are* into. Deal?"

"Deal."

Gloria's belly let out a loud groan, and she turned to Marci. "Is this why you asked me to skip lunch today?" the goat girl asked with a laugh. Marci nodded, and Gloria sat down on the bed that Three had been using for the weekend, sinking into the mattress that was still damp with the cow's sweat. "Well, you've got a very hungry goat girl sitting in a filthy room. What do you want to do to her, hmm?"

Marci climbed up on the bed on all fours, making sure her ass was facing Robert. "Well, first I want her to go ahead and give my asshole a good licking." As Gloria got onto her knees behind the mare, the larger woman clutched her belly with a wince of discomfort as a long, loud gurgle escaped it. "I ate most

of a pot of chili, a ton of baked beans, and while we were waiting I had two family-sized bags of greasy potato chips.”

Reaching around to rub Marci’s belly, Gloria asked, “Mmm, are you cooking up a yummy batch of horse diarrhea for me, for lunch?” There was another gurgle, and Marci blew a loud, wet-sounding fart in the goat girl’s face. Gloria gave Marci’s asshole a quick lick, giggling, “I guess it’s almost ready to serve! It sure smells like it, at least.” She then eagerly dug in and began slurping noisily away at the mare’s asshole.

The mare knew she didn’t have long before she wouldn’t be able to hold it anymore. Maybe the second bag of chips had been a bad idea. She lowered her body onto the bed, hoping gravity might buy her another minute or so. The shifting and sudden pressure on her bloated belly caused a longer, quieter blast of gas straight into Gloria’s mouth. Even she was surprised when the goat didn’t stop licking, instead taking the opportunity to dart her tongue inside for a moment before the horse’s hole clenched again.



Gloria was in utter bliss as she slurped away at the gassy mare. The second fart had been much more foul than the first, and she slipped her tongue inside to try to help the mare’s hole relax. Feeling something bump against her chin, she realized Marci had reached down to masturbate while the goat was eating her ass.

“Mmm, hey Robert,” she heard the mare’s muffled voice say, “I’m gonna shit in your girlfriend’s face now. It’s probably not all gonna go in her mouth, so—hnnng. . .”

Suddenly, Gloria felt the mare’s piss streaming out onto her chest, rapidly running down her belly and onto the bed. Simultaneously, the mare started to empty her bowels into the goat girl’s mouth. It was far too quick for Gloria to swallow, and without being able to have it forced down a tube in her throat, she pulled back to gulp down the first mouthful.

As she pulled back, the torrent of liquid filth blasted against her face, with Gloria closing her eyes just in time. She felt it hitting her face and chest, running down to join the piss flowing down her body. As soon as she had gulped down what was in her mouth, she leaned back in for another mouthful of the larger woman’s half-digested meal. The taste was absolutely revolting, with the different foods having mixed into a watery slurry that was now on its way down to Gloria’s stomach.

As she kept forcing herself to swallow as quickly as she could, she thought about how before her changes, this would have made even *her* gag. She was thankful for those changes, because the feelings of swallowing the bloated horse’s waste like this was incredible. It reminded her a lot of when she was serving as Three’s toilet, only this was more watery and less thick.

The flow briefly stopped, as she heard a gagging noise. For a moment she

thought it was Robert, but the sound was coming from in front of her. All of the shaking around and violently expelling the diarrhea must have triggered her partner to vomit. Gloria quickly slid to the side and dove forward, landing face-up with her head on the pillow Marci had just been resting on.

The startled mare started to pull away, but Gloria grabbed the horse's head and pulled her down against her own open mouth. As their lips locked, Marci retched one final time before vomit flooded the goat girl's mouth. As before, Gloria swallowed as quickly as she could, but there was just too much of it. The rest of the mare's puke ran down her cheeks where the pressure forced their lips apart, pooling on the pillow around her.

At that moment, Gloria's boddy trembled as she was reminded of another thing she loved about the changes. She started to cum, purely from swallowing filth from both ends of this big, gorgeous mare. If she had to pick just one, being able to cum from the sensations of eating, (especially disgusting things) was probably her favorite part of the changes.

Far too soon for her liking, the heaving stopped and the mare pulled away. Thick ribbons of vomit connected their lips, as the mare spat in Gloria's mouth to try to get some of the taste out of her own. Gloria held her mouth wide open as the mare spat again and again. When her mouth was finally full, Gloria closed it and swallowed with one massive gulp. She then felt the mare licking over her eyes, trying to clean her up to be able to open them again.

"Thanks," Gloria said, cautiously opening her eyes. The mare had sat up, kneeling with a mix of shame, pride, disgust, and lust on her face. Gloria decided two of those emotions needed more encouragement. Gloria climbed up onto the mare's lap, with a quick glance over her partner's shoulder to make sure Robert seemed okay. She then started to catch the strings of spit and vomit from the mare's lips and tongue, eagerly licking them up. "Mmm, you didn't tell me you made dessert too..."

"S-sorry, I—"

"You gave me a big tummyful of warm, fresh mare puke. Thanks for the yummy appetizer!" She gave the mare a smirk, seeing the lust and pride take over Marci's expression.

"So," she gave the horse a wink, "what's the main course?"

"Well, look at this room. It needs a good cleaning, and I only know one girl who can do it all." Gloria watched as Marci reached over and grabbed a handful of Three's waste off of the floor. "Alright, down it goes!"

Gloria gave Robert a wink, then opened her mouth wide as Marci pushed it into her mouth. She sat still until Marci's hand was clear, then started chewing it up. She had never had stale shit before, and it was much harder than she expected. She could have just swallowed and let her stretchy throat do the work, but she wanted to savor it. Especially since there was a *very* excited mare watching her chew it up. As more saliva mixed in, it slowly turned to a soft mush, which the goat girl quickly gulped down. She then opened her mouth for more.

One after another, Marci pushed handfuls of Three's dried shit into Gloria's mouth, and each one she eagerly chewed up and swallowed. It didn't escape



her notice that Marci's other hand had buried itself between the horse's legs as Marci was feeding her.

As for Robert, his expression was a mix of horror and arousal. She was sure the shiteating was the part horrifying him, but his eyes were focused on her belly. She had already started to feel it stretch to accommodate her large meal. Between handfuls, she said, "If you like, you can come over and rub my tummy. Only if you want to, though!"

The bull walked over, careful to avoid stepping in anything, until he was close to Gloria. As he started to reach toward her, her bloated belly gurgled loudly, and she let out a deep, rumbling belch. She couldn't help noticing her boyfriend's cock twitch as she did. "Sorry," she said with a wink, "Your little goat is just having a really, *really* big meal today."

He put his hand on her belly and began to rub, letting out a low groan as he did. Despite what he knew her stomach was filled with, the firmness and size of it was clearly having an effect on him. She was grateful that he hadn't been scared away, especially by Marci's unintended vomiting earlier. Thinking about how hard he was getting, maybe he liked to watch? She would need to ask him about that later.

Marci scooped up one last handful as Robert backed away, then looked over at the goat girl. "I, uh, I wanna try something," she said, before pushing the handful in her own mouth. Almost immediately, she started to gag.

Quickly jumping in, Gloria told her, "Remember to breathe, Marci. Focus on your breathing. Breathe in, count to two, breathe out. . ." The mare seemed to slowly calm down. But as Gloria watched, the mare wasn't swallowing. As Marci walked over toward her, though, she realized what was coming.

Marci lined her head up above Gloria's, as the goat girl opened up her mouth. She saw Marci glance over at Robert, then adjust to give him a better view. From several inches above the hungry goat, she slightly opened her lips at the very front of her mouth, and the dark brown mix of saliva and cow waste started to dribble down into Gloria's waiting mouth.

The mare closed her eyes and trembled slightly above her, and she realized Marci must be really enjoying this, herself. The horse's clean hand was tucked between her legs, and even Robert seemed to be enjoying the show.

Gloria was happily gulping down the filthy mixture, and wondered whether she had learned to enjoy the taste, or whether she had just conditioned herself to associate the strong flavors with pleasure. She often found herself getting aroused from the taste of her own burps, even if she had just eaten regular food, so she figured it had to at least partially be learning to enjoy the taste. She supposed she would need to try to eat it in a non-sexual situation sometime, to really know for sure. The goat girl gave an inward laugh at the thought of eating a plate of it with a knife and fork.

Sadly, eventually the flow from the mare's lips ended, with Marci bending down for the goat to lick the last of it from her lips. The mare started to look around the room, trying to figure out what to do next. She had figured Gloria would have struggled more from the sheer amount of everything, but the bloated goat girl didn't seem to be done yet. There had to be a limit somewhere, right?

Seeing her searching, Gloria asked, “Trying to figure out what’s left in here to feed me?”

“Y-yeah. Soory, I guess I thought this would take longer. . .”

“Hmm. . .” Gloria looked around the room herself, before her eyes settled on the bed she was sitting on. “Well, the sheet I’m sitting on looks like it’s covered in cow sweat, shit and piss, along with horse diarrhea, piss, and puke, riiight?”

“Oh! You want to eat a piece of it?” The mare looked hopeful.

“Nope!” Gloria answered with a wink.

“Aww,” the mare’s expression fell.

“I want to eat the whole thing!”

“W-wait,” the mare stammered, taken aback, “How can you—”

“Well, you saw how I can keep breathing while I’m swallowing, right? I can swallow a corner of it, and my throat will naturally keep swallowing until it’s managed to pull the whole thing in.”

“But isn’t it way too big? Like that’s not gonna fit down your throat!” The mare asked, worry in her eyes.

“I dunno. I mean, I’ve never done something this big before, so I’m not sure. How about this, though? If I get scared, I’ll start tapping on the bed, just like this.” Gloris started patting her hand rapidly on the bed, “If that happens, *slowly* start pulling it out, okay?”

“O-okay,” Marci said, still concerned.

“Hmm. . .” Gloria inspected the sheet, “I’m definitely gonna need something to wash it down with. And we’ve really gotta do something about that nice, hard bull over there. . .” Sure enough, at the talk of his girlfriend swallowing an entire sheet off of a bed, the bull was fully excited. “Got it!” Gloria snapped her fingers, “While I’m working on the sheet, you can suck him off without swallowing the last mouthful. Or actually, since you’re much bigger than I am, you might be able to hold his entire load in your mouth. Just slosh it around until I’m done, and then you can spit it in my mouth like you did before!”

“Alright,” Marci said, licking her lips and looking over at Robert. “Are, uh, are you okay with me doing that in front of your girlfriend?”

“Definitely,” the bull said with a nod.

“Do, uh, do you want me to wash my mouth out first?” The mare dug at the floor with a hoof, a little self-conscious.

“Last I checked, I couldn’t taste with my dick,” Robert chuckled, “And I’m sure we’ll be showering afterward anyway.”

“Oh!” Marci said, suddenly remembering, “Three told me the shower in this room can’t be used anymore. Something about the drain being clogged with, um, stuff. But room two is empty next door, so I was thinking maybe we could make sure the coast is clear and just duck over there quick to shower.”

“That works for me,” Robert said.

“You don’t, uh, feel awkward that your buddy’s foal is in here either, do you?” She gave her belly a gentle rub. She wasn’t showing too obviously yet, but it had visibly grown from her pregnancy.

“I mean, you just threw up in my girlfriend’s mouth. If I didn’t walk out after that, I can’t imagine how this would be a problem.”

“She’s just a shy horsie,” Gloria said, giving the mare’s butt a gentle pat. “Hey, wanna get that sheet started?” She moved from the bed to sit on the floor, next to where Robert was sitting on the other bed. “Just getting the best seat in the house quick.”

“Oh, right!” Marci walked over to the bed, taking the comforter and tossing it the rest of the way off the bed. She figured it was probably better if the goat’s body wasn’t fighting to pull it out from underneath. She then grabbed a clean corner next to the headboard and pulled it over. “So do I just...” she started to ask, looking back and forth between the corner of the sheet and Gloria’s open mouth.

“Um, the easiest way is probably to take a foot or two of the corner and twist it up into a rope. Once I get started, my throat will do the rest.”



Marci did as the goat girl suggested. She was still a bit nervous about all of this, but they *did* have a backup plan if things started to go wrong. Satisfied that she had twisted it tightly enough, she lowered the end down into Gloria’s gaping maw. The goat shivered a bit, probably because it was tickling her a bit on the way down, but finally Marci felt a small tug against her hand. Gloria motioned for a little more, and she fed more down. Gloria gave her a thumbs-up, and then pointed toward Robert.

Turning her attention to the bull, she saw that his eyes were focused on the sheet beginning to disappear into his girlfriend. She wondered how the two had met. Maybe it was through Sally, like herself and Ally? In any case, she knelt down. It was quite an experience, staring at the bull’s cock while hearing gulps, gurgles, and the occasional small belch of his girlfriend beside her. Pulling her hand from between her legs (she hadn’t even realized it had slipped down there again), she saw that he had turned to face her. She decided to make a show of licking the fingers clean that had just been buried inside of her. The bull licked his lips as he watched.

Finally, it was time. She leaned forward, her nose bumping against the bull’s cock. She actually hadn’t had much experience with blowjobs, since Ally was a much more anal-focused horse. It had been ages since she had given one, mostly due to her own shyness and never really putting herself out there. On the other hand, she *had* watched a great deal of porn on the subject. She started by running her tongue around the head of it. Robert tasted a bit different than Ally, she noticed. Maybe it was a species thing? Or maybe it was different soaps or something?

In either case, she continued licking as she cast a glance over at how Gloria was doing. The goat girl was continuing to swallow, with eyes closed and hands rubbing and massaging her belly. The mare was amazed at how much it had

stretched, with Gloria not seeming to be in pain. Robert glanced over too, and she tasted a drop of precum from his cock. It was quite a contrast to the rivers of pre her lover put out. Still, it had a sweet taste to it that contrasted nicely with the other flavors in her mouth.

She wasn't sure how long to keep focusing on the head, but she figured it was about time to go to the next step. She started to run her tongue in long strokes up and down the length of Robert's shaft. Everything she had done so far, she was used to doing for Ally, with the biggest difference happening later. She just couldn't take more than their head in her mouth, unlike this bull. Also, the hardness was a new experience compared to the heavy, squishy softness of Ally's. She would be hard-pressed to say which she preferred.

She started to recognize what tasted different about Robert—the bull tasted like he hadn't showered, which struck her as a bit odd. Maybe Gloria liked it that way? As she kept licking, she found she kinda liked it herself. Ally always tended to keep themselves thoroughly showered, but maybe sometime they could skip one?

Still a little unsure of what to do next, she figured she should give his balls a good licking, too. *I mean, I can smell them*, she thought to herself, *so it'd be a shame not to clean them up too, right?* She lowered her head, but before she started, the mare looked over to check on Gloria again.

She was going to have to ask Gloria if she was part snake, after this. The goat's throat were stretched to an absurd degree, as was her neck. The gulps had become muffled, and there were quite a few gurgles mixed in, coming both from her growing tummy and from her mouth. The goat girl had bent over forward, and Marci heard the recognizable sounds of an ass being fisted. She decided Gloria was clearly doing just fine, then put her tongue to work on the bull's large balls.

The flavor here was slightly different. It tasted slightly less like pheromones and more like sweat and musk. Here too, though, the mare found herself liking the taste. As she ran her tongue over Robert's sack, she thought back to what Sally had said, about this weekend being about expanding horizons. As a muffled belch escaped from the goat next to her, she laughed inwardly. She had certainly done that. It was hard to believe that just a couple short days ago, she had been nervous about even tasting another girl.

Bit by bit, she thoroughly slurped away at every inch of Robert's balls, before tucking her muzzle lower and starting to lick further back. His taint tasted even more musky, and the mare let out a small sigh as she licked. She realized she was fingering herself again, but didn't pull her hand away—she was having a great time licking him.

As she went to reach back further with her tongue, though, she heard the bull say from above, "Hey, um, I'm not too into the whole rimming thing. Kinda a full-top here." A bit disappointed that she couldn't give the bull's ass a taste, she pulled back. With nothing else left, it was time. She wrapped her lips around the bull's dick, starting to suck on it.

This was the part she was least sure of, so she figured she would just start trying things and see what worked. She started by sucking on the head, running

her tongue across it. The bull let out a groan and shuddered slightly, so it seemed like he was fairly sensitive there. But after a minute or so, all she could seem to manage was making him squirm a bit on the bed. It didn't seem like she was going to be able to get him to cum that way.

*Alright*, the mare thought to herself, *Let's try going a little deeper*. She pushed further forward, taking several more inches of the bull's cock in her mouth. It tickled the back of her throat slightly, but she kept sucking on it. Marci also tried swirling her tongue around it. This seemed a little bit less sensitive, since he didn't seem to be squirming like before, but he did seem to be enjoying it. Maybe she needed to go deeper?

She managed to take another inch or so, but she was afraid any further would set off her gag reflex. But no matter whether she tried to suck hard or gentle, it wasn't getting the same reaction. She started to get a bit frustrated with herself. What was she missing?! Maybe she needed to move more?

She started to pull her head back, all the way to the tip, then slowly push forward until she was taking as much as she could of him. Over and over she did it, and the bull seemed to be reacting much more to it now. The inexperienced mare wasn't sure whether she was doing it right, but he seemed to be enjoying it. Maybe if she kept this up long enough, she'd be able to get him to cum.

She heard some encouraging sounds from above, as the bull leaned back, and she hoped he was getting close. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy what she was doing, but she just wanted to know she was doing a good job of it.

Suddenly, she felt a tap on her shoulder. Turning, she saw Gloria pointing down at Robert's balls, then making a cupping motion with her hands. Maybe that would be enough to push the bull over the edge. Marci reached out and gently took them in her hands—she knew they were sensitive, and she didn't want to accidentally hurt the bull.

Almost immediately, she felt a shudder from Robert. It wasn't a shudder from him trying to pull away, so she took it as a good sign. She felt Robert slowly wrap his large hands around her head, treating her with the same gentleness she was treating him. He gave the tiniest few thrusts into her throat, as if he was trying to hold back.

At that moment, the warm, salty taste of his cum started to fill her mouth. She was thrilled, not just because she enjoyed the feeling and taste (which she did), but also because she had managed to successfully suck the bull off, all on her own. *Okay*, she thought, *maybe I had a bit of guidance from Gloria, but the only one who actually touched him was me!* Realizing just in time that her mouth was going to overflow if she didn't start swallowing, she began to gulp down the bull's cum as quickly as she could. The taste was fairly similar to Ally's, but not quite the same. She supposed that made sense, though.

As she continued swallowing, she heard a loud, final gulp from the goat girl sitting next to her. "Looks like she got you off, huh Robert?" Gloria said, giving her a wink as she glanced to the side without taking her mouth off of the bull's cock.

Bit by bit, the spurts into her mouth weakened as she started to collect the last of it in her mouth, until finally she ran her tongue across the head to get the

last couple of drops. Only then did she finally pull away from him. Before she could reply, Gloria practically threw herself at the startled mare, running her tongue over Marci's lips before the mare raised her head over Gloria's. Knowing what was coming, the goat girl eagerly opened her mouth once again. Marci opened her lips like before, letting a stream of Robert's cum drool out into the hungry goat's maw. When she had finally spit out the last of it, she lowered herself for a kiss. The mingled tastes of Marci's mouth and Robert's cum quickly started driving Gloria crazy, and the mare felt Gloria shudder in her arms.

Wrapping her arms around the goat, she quickly looked down. The goat girl's belly was bloated to an unbelievable degree, with everything she had swallowed this evening packed in tightly. Marci wasn't sure whether or not to point out that Gloria's mouth tasted like a mix of linen and vomit, but she figured she had until Gloria wasn't enthusiastically French-kissing her to make that decision.

"Looks like both of you had fun," Robert said with a laugh, as he flopped backward onto the bed. Marci had drained not only his balls, but his energy along with them. He gave an internal chuckle at how lucky Ally was. Suddenly, he looked over at the time. Sally had wanted everybody to meet up before going their separate ways. He pointed out that the trio probably had barely enough time for a shower before they needed to pack up and head back to the lobby.

When he finally found the strength to do so, Robert rolled out of the bed and went to see if the coast was clear to go to room two, and Gloria and Sally followed behind.

"By the way," Marci told Gloria with a giggle, "your mouth tastes like a mix of linen and vomit!"

## Chapter 11

Sally poured herself a mug of hot chocolate from the large pitchers that the innkeepers had set out. The collie was naked, along with every other guest in the hotel lobby. The innkeepers, ever the thoughtful hosts, had locked the doors on the off chance someone tried to check into a hotel in the middle of nowhere on a Sunday lunchtime.

Walking over to where the chairs had been pulled into a rough ring, she sat down. She could feel the group's eyes on her, but took a sip before addressing them. "Well," she began, "I'd like to thank everyone for coming to my holiday party. I had originally planned on it being a large group, but honestly the smaller group was even better than I had hoped. We had some familiar faces who had maybe never gotten to know each other, we had some new faces..." She turned to the two innkeepers with a wink, "And even a couple of surprise faces. Yeah, I know."

The two saint bernards looked back in mocking shock, "How *dare* you, madam?" the female asked, "We run a reputable establishment here!" Laughter briefly filled the room, before Sally gestured for a moment to continue.

"This party wouldn't have been the same without each and every one of you. I know that for some, this can be a difficult time of year. Some without families, and some whose family situation isn't the best. But for any of you who feel lonely this time of year, you are always welcome among friends!" She took another sip of her drink, then finished with, "I just wanted to say those few things. I didn't prepare a big speech or anything." Robert gave the first couple of big claps, then others joined in for a brief applause.

Gloria chimed in, "By the way, there are still snacks and leftovers and stuff, too! Trashcan's over here." The goat girl opened her mouth and pointed, with a laugh.

"She's got a point," the male innkeeper replied, "There's plenty of food here for everybody!"

Plates were filled, mugs were poured, and everyone struck up conversation. Even the two innkeepers eventually gave in, stripped off their clothes, and pulled up a pair of chairs next to each other to join the group.

Clara leaned over to the canine couple, pointing toward Lewis seated next to her. "So, I've been kinda getting the feeling this was you two's doing?"

“Oh! Uh, yeah.” The husband looked a bit sheepish, “But like, he had the sign right there, and he could ha—”

“Hey, I just wanted to say you did awesome work on him. Some of those tattoos are very hot, but not the kind of things I could just take him to a tattoo parlour to get, you know?”

“Um. . . Can we maybe forget who did that? Mostly I’m kinda trying to lead a nice, clean life as an innkeeper, but every now and then my old life slips out in a controlled, safe environment.”

“Buddy, as long as you didn’t sign him, your secret is safe,” Clara laughed. Turning to address Lewis, she said, “You like them too, don’t you?”

The pig nodded eagerly. He was extremely sore, and it had been a very hard weekend for him, but he felt strangely content. It also hadn’t escaped his notice that Clara always sat next to him during meals. Sometimes the elephant even answered for him, if she thought she knew what he would say. It felt strangely freeing to not always have to pull out his whiteboard and marker. She was always extremely rough with him, but deep down, Lewis thought she was a very nice lady.

For her part, Clara was very happy she had accepted Ally and Marci’s invitation this weekend. She was worried she would be out of place, even setting aside her kinks, but the group had been very welcoming. And also, as she glanced at Lewis out of the corner of her eye, she was glad to have met him. She found his silent, judgement-free presence comforting. And the knowledge that he was into the same kinds of things that she was put her even more at ease around him. People around her knew she wasn’t much of a talker in bed, but only Lewis now understood why that was.

The innkeepers held hands as they watched the gathering of friends. This wasn’t how either of them had expected their old motel to go out. But as strange as this “party” had been, they were happy to have hosted it. Besides, it was good to have one final weekend of visitors in the old place. When their friend Sally had first made the offer, they were quite hesitant about it. After all, whether or not it was going to be torn down, it was still where they had gotten their start. And while they were being careful to heed the advice to not look in room three, their guests had been polite, friendly, and were always full of compliments for their cooking.

The couple had dug quite deeply to afford their new place, but as everyone sat with their mugs of hot chocolate and cider, they knew they had made the right decision. The inn was where they were happy, and this one had taken them as far as it could. Now was the time for a new beginning. And as much as they were terrified about what the future might hold, deep down, they knew they were ready to face it.

Three looked up from her own mug. Sally, Gloria, and Ally had become her closest friends, and being surrounded by them and others filled the cow with a warm, cozy feeling. She just hoped the two saint bernards wouldn’t ask why the shower was hopelessly clogged, or what had happened in one of the beds. Or how some stains ended up on the ceiling, for that matter. This was the longest the bovine had been outside of her barn in a very long time, and she was glad



that it happened with friends.

“Hey,” Gloria said quietly, snapping Three back to the present. The goat was patting Three’s massive belly, which had started to gurgle a bit. “If you need the toilet, just let me know, okay?” Gloria gave a knowing wink, and Three gave her a smile. The cow hoped something like this could happen again sometime.

For her part, Gloria had really pushed her limits this weekend, and she had loved it. She was looking forward to being able to do more later, especially with Marci and Clara. Though with how close Clara and Lewis had gotten, she figured the two of them would probably be busy with each other for quite a long while.

Ally was kicked back in one of the chairs, head laying back. They were completely exhausted from the weekend, not to mention being more than a little sore. As fun as the party was, the horse felt ready to go home with Marci, take a shower, and sleep for a good week or two. Still, as they sat with their eyes closed, the conversations of everyone around the horse brought a warm smile to their face.

Beside Ally, her hand loosely clasping theirs, sat Marci, in much the same state. She was also thankful, yet again, that she had thought to pack a spare toothbrush and some extra mouthwash. While she had loved what she had done with Three, Gloria, and Clara, she was definitely glad to have the tastes of the weekend out of her mouth. Otherwise, she was just exhausted like her lover. She wasn’t looking forward to the drive home, mostly because it meant leaving this nice, comfy chair to go out into the cold. The snowstorm had passed, but it was still quite frigid outside.

As for Robert, he was deep in conversation with the two innkeepers about their new motel. It was about half an hour north of this one, closer to a meeting point of four major highways. It sounded like an excellent location to the bull. He glanced outside as a plow truck drove past, adding to the impressive snow curl at the end of the driveway. “Need a hand with the parking lot?” he asked. Like the others, he was tired (though not sore like most), but he felt he should offer.

“Oh, we hire someone to do that,” the female saint bernard replied, “We told him not to bother until Sunday afternoon, with the blizzard. Actually, he should be arriving pretty much any minute now. He won’t be coming in, though. He just does his thing and leaves.”

“So,” Sally said, looking over at Lewis, “am I giving you a lift, or is Clara?”

“I’ll take him, if that’s alright with you,” Clara said, “I know he was your guest this weekend, so I don’t want to step on any toes or anything.”

“Oh, not at all—go right ahead! You two really seemed to hit it off great, this weekend.” Sally gave them a warm smile to disguise the fact that she also wasn’t looking forward to the drive home, and wouldn’t say no to skipping a stop along the way.

For a moment, everyone’s conversation paused at once and the room was briefly silent. Then, Gloria said, “You know everybody? This has been a great year. I mean, I went from, well, a not so great home life, to being out on my

own. I've met so many awesome people here! Like I've been invited to parties, or to hang out with people. That is a whole new experience for me. I just feel like I'm surrounded by people who care about me, and—" The goat girl got a little choked up, but regained her composure fairly quickly, "And that really means a lot to me."

There was a collective "aww. . .", with Robert adding, "Hey, it's the holidays. Nobody should be alone at a time like this!" Gloria nodded, getting out of her chair and stepping over to give her boyfriend a hug.

"Thanks to meeting you," she replied to the bull, burying her face in his chest, "I don't have to be. . ."

There was a brief flash of a set of headlights through a curtained window, and the male saint bernard peeked outside. "Looks like the plow's here. We should have everyone shoveled out in about 20 minutes or so."

His wife looked over, "I suppose that means our guests will be leaving soon, but I hope you all enjoyed your stay!"

"We absolutely did," Sally said, "You both have been wonderful hosts, the food was fantastic—"

"Even the second time around!" Gloria interrupted, with a wide grin.

With a laugh, Sally continued, "Right, that. Anyway, you two have really gone above and beyond here, and on behalf of all of us, I'd like to say thanks."

"Anytime!" the husband said, "Though, uh, maybe don't trash our *new* motel, please."

With an exaggerated eyeroll, Three replied, "*Fine*, I guess we can let that one stay nice, if we have to. . ."

Finally, the parking lot was cleared, and the plow truck drove off. Reluctantly, one by one, Sally saw her guests saying their goodbyes, getting dressed, and making sure they had gathered their things (including more than one frantic search through the different rooms of the motel searching for items that had been misplaced throughout the weekend).

In the end, it was just Sally and the canine innkeepers, as Three went to the restroom and was getting dressed. "Well," she said, turning to them, "I'd say this weekend was a big success. Hopefully we didn't traumatize the two of you, too badly?"

They gave a laugh, and the wife replied, "Nah, we were more afraid of scaring people with what we did with Lewis! We might have gotten a little carried away. . ."

"Honestly, I think he liked it," Sally said, glancing toward the front door. "He didn't seem upset or anything, when I saw him the rest of the weekend."

"That's good," she said.

"We wanted to apologize," her husband added, "but we weren't really sure how, you know?"

"I can pass that along to him for you," she said. The collie had gotten Clara's phone number before the new couple had left, so she could have the elephant relay the message. As she heard the restroom door open, she said, "For now, I guess I'd better get out there and head home before I'm too tired for the drive."

Sally told Three to wait a bit for the car to start warming up, then headed out the door. The winter storm had given way to bitter cold and subzero temperatures, and her car was covered in layers of snow and frozen rain. After coming back inside to grab a spare ice scraper from the innkeepers, she was able to eventually open the door. Despite her winter fur coat and a warm jacket, she was still shivering by the time she sat down and turned the key. Thankfully, her car started right up, and she turned the defroster on full-blast. She quickly grabbed her own sweeper/scraper from inside the car and started to try to clear her car off, but it was just too cold. She tossed hers back in, shut the door, and decided to let the car clear itself.

Coming back in, Sally's teeth were chattering as she returned the borrowed scraper. Seeing the collie's discomfort, Three wrapped her big arms around Sally, helping to warm up the frozen canine. They stayed and talked for a few more minutes with the innkeepers, until they figured the car had warmed up enough to head out.



Gloria shivered as she tried to warm herself back up. Marci's truck hadn't wanted to start, and after looking at it for a bit, the mare and Robert had narrowed it down to the battery. After several minutes of being an extra pair of hands, the half-frozen goat had literally cheered when the old, rusty truck finally roared to life. Looking over at Robert, he didn't seem to be doing any better.

His old car was great in the winter, he had explained, except for one detail. The engine took forever to warm up. By the time they were a few miles away, the air coming out of the vents finally felt warm and toasty.

Once Gloria was confident she could talk without chattering teeth, she said, "I hope they get home okay!"

"Yeah," Robert said, "It sounds like Marci's had that truck for a while, and it's had batteries suddenly go bad like that before. I wonder if there's some kind of other problem going on, there."

"Maybe, yeah." For a while, they sat in silence. As they came to a stop sign at the edge of town, Gloria turned to Robert. "So, did you have a good weekend?"

"I did!" the bull said, shifting in his seat as he finally was starting to warm up, "It was just kind of a fun weekend to do whatever with whoever. I, uh, got to try a lot of things I never really thought I would, you know?" Suddenly a bit shy, Robert asked, "Um, how about you?"

"I had a great weekend," she replied, "I loved having a chance to do a bunch of stuff. And I even got to introduce someone new to some of the stuff I'm into!" She laid her hand on his thigh, "And I got to share some experiences with my bull that I'm really happy we could have together."

"Yeah, that was, uh, wow..." Robert sounded a bit flustered.

“Did. . . Did you like it? The one I’m sure you’re thinking about, I mean?”

“With you and Marci?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, I’ll be honest. It was a whole lot to take in, at first. No, uh, no pun intended,” he started, “But after having some time to think about it? There’s absolutely no way I’d do what she did with you myself, but I kinda liked watching it, you know?”

Gloria smiled over at him, “That makes me sooo happy to hear it. The whole time, I was a bit worried I was going too far but you were just too shocked to leave.”

The bull laughed, “Nah, I wasn’t. Too shocked to leave, I mean. I was definitely shocked, though.” He paused for a moment, then added, “By the way, I had some time alone with Ally, and we got to talking about what you and I were talking about before. About something poly.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, it sounds like he’s definitely into it, but we figured it might be best to wait until we’ve all had a chance to calm down and talk through it with clear heads.”

“That makes sense. Right now, I just kinda want to lay down in my bed and sleep for a good three or four days. I’m really glad it’s winter break. . .” Suddenly, Gloria’s phone dinged. “Oh, I’d better get that, just in case someone forgot something or Marci’s truck died.” She opened up the message, “Okay, let’s see what—” She suddenly froze.

“What is it?” Robert asked, “Is everything okay?”

Gloria started to read aloud. “Your father and I want to get the family together for dinner. We’re eating at noon next Saturday. Your siblings are each bringing someone, so if you’ve got someone you want to bring, I guess that’s okay.”

“Your mom?”

“. . . Yeah. . .” No further explanation was given. Nor was any needed.

“Well,” the bull said, “my lunchtime next Saturday just freed up.”

“Y-you don’t have t—”

Robert pulled over, then turned to face her. “Listen, you’ve told me about growing up there. I’m *not* gonna sit here while you go through that alone.”

“T-thanks,” she said, then dove as far toward him as her seatbelt would allow, wrapping her arms around him in a tight embrace. After she let go, she looked down at her phone as Robert pulled back onto the road. “Okay Gloria,” she softly said to herself, “You’ve got this.”

She began to type her reply. Her hands were trembling not from fear, but from a newfound determination. “I’ll be there, along with my boyfriend. He’s a bull, so we’ll need vegetarian food for two.”

After proofreading it, she laid her left hand on her boyfriend’s thigh and gave a firm squeeze. Followed by the most satisfying “Send” the goat girl had ever pressed.