

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)
Part 11: First Night at Clara's

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Now, On To The Story

Clara shifted uncomfortably in her seat, as she slowly drove the icy roads toward town. Lewis sat in the passenger seat, and it was all the elephant could do to focus on the roads and not her new... partner? She wasn't really sure what to call the pig, yet. For now, she needed to take him to the porn shop in town, to straighten things out and make sure all involved were on the same page.

After what seemed like an eternity, her GPS told her to make one final turn and her destination came into view. She had considered having Lewis point at her turns instead, but her elephant-sized car meant that he couldn't see out the windows very easily.

Slowly parking, she and Lewis got out and very carefully walked from the icy parking lot to the door. There were no cars as far as she could see, which was for the best. Before leaving the party, she had put on an elegant black dress, though its classiness was somewhat marred by the large bulge in front. As for Lewis, his only clothing was what he had worn to the party, so his shirt was still covered in words that wouldn't be appreciated in polite company.

Reaching the door, Clara opened it and ushered Lewis inside, before stepping in herself. Behind the counter, a raccoon looked up from a book he was reading, and she saw his jaw drop as his eyes took in the couple.

"Oh, my apologies! I knew Lewis was coming back today, but I thought it would be Sally returning him."

"Oh, there's no need to apologize," Clara replied with a smile, "Actually, Lewis tells me that the arrangement you have here might be coming to an end?"

The raccoon lowered his gaze a bit. "Um, yeah. So there's this guy I want to date, and..."

"Say no more—He already explained it to me. Which brings me to the reason I'm here. You want to date and have a relationship, but you're not sure what will happen to your favorite cumdump here, right?"

The raccoon nodded, a bit shyly.

"Well, I could use someone like him, myself. He and I met at the party, one thing led to another, and, well..."

The raccoon's eyes lit up. Looking over at Lewis, he asked, "And this is what you want, too?"

Lewis nodded enthusiastically.

"That would be awesome! Here, though, let me give you my phone number quick, just in case anything comes up. He's a really great guy, and I just wanna

make sure he's okay, y'know?" The raccoon scribbled a phone number on the back of an old receipt for a buttplug.

Taking it and giving a smirk as she looked at the receipt, she asked, "So, does he have any things here we should pick up? I have plenty of room."

"Uh, not really no. Unless. . ." he turned to Lewis, "Do you want those two blankets or that pillow?"

Lewis shook his head.

"Then all he owns is what he's wearing right now," the raccoon said, "I'd ask for one last blowjob before you go, but he's, uh, coming over tonight and I don't wanna already be empty, you know?"

"Sure," Clara said with a laugh.

After a hug between Lewis and the raccoon and several promises to call if they needed anything, the two stepped back out into the ice and snow. They carefully made their way to the car, then started on the much longer trip to the elephant's home. Under normal circumstances, it would have been an hour's drive. Given the weather, she expected it would be more like two or three. Given that she didn't want to take her eyes off the road to read messages from the pig, she figured she would turn on music to try to take her mind off of how pent-up and in need of release she was.

Two agonizing hours later, they pulled into the driveway of her home. It was a large house, both to accommodate her own size and because she had done quite well for herself over the years. Looking over, she saw Lewis staring wide-eyed at what he could see through the car's high windows. She pulled slowly into the attached garage and shut the car off as the door slowly closed behind them. "Well," she said with a smile, "time to see your new home, little piggy." The two got out of the car and walked toward the door to the house.

Stepping inside, she led him through several rooms—the kitchen, dining room, living room, and others. Today would be a lot for him to take in at once, so she was sure he would need to be reminded a few times where everything was.

"Ma'am?"

She turned to see her housecleaner—a shark wearing a maid's outfit. She always came over once a week, and more if Clara needed the play room cleaned after use. "Ah, hello Nicole. I didn't think you would still be here tonight."

The shark gave a polite nod, "The play room was in quite a state and took a while to clean, which put me a bit behind." She looked over at Lewis, adding, "Ah, your companion for the evening?"

"Actually, he will be living here with me. He is mute and a bit of a—"

"Oh, my!" Clara turned to see her reading his shirt. During the long drive, she had completely forgotten about it.

The elephant laughed at the awkwardness of the situation. "I, uh, forgot about the shirt. We were actually just heading down to the play-room."

"O-of course," the shark said with a nod. Her normally gray-blue face was turning a lovely shade of red. "I will see you tomorrow then, ma'am?"

"No, no," the elephant said, "You told me you have plans for tomorrow. You can come over the day after."

“Thank you, ma’am!” Nicole replied with a smile. The shark girl gathered her things and left, leaving the pair now alone.

“You couldn’t take your eyes off her, could you?” she laughed.

Lewis shook his head.

“Did you see the ring on her finger? She’s married, and they’re in a closed relationship.” Seeing his crestfallen expression, she started leading him down the hall to a closed door. “Don’t worry, little piggy, you’ll have *plenty* of other opportunities, I assure you.”

She pushed open the heavy door, motioning Lewis inside. She watched his face light up as he passed through, seeming not to notice the thickness of the walls. This large room had been soundproofed as thoroughly as was practical. In the center was the largest bed that Clara had been able to find, covered with sheets, pillows, and a comforter. Beneath the blankets hid a waterproof layer. Around the rest of the room were various racks, restraints, and even a few fairly elaborate setups for roleplaying different scenes, and there was a convenient bathroom in one corner. “Allow me to introduce you to the play-room.”

As his eyes darted from one thing to the next, she could see his mind racing. Behind him, she quietly removed her dress and set it aside without her oblivious partner noticing. When he finally turned around, his jaw dropped at the sight of her fully-hard cock standing proudly in front of him. Recovering quickly, he started to take his own clothing off, casually tossing it aside until he was standing naked as well.

He pointed to the restroom and she gave a wordless nod. As he hurried away, she was interrupted by a ding from where she had set her things by the door. She debated ignoring it, but figured she should make sure Nicole didn’t need something.

It was a number she didn’t recognize. “Hey, want to get together tonight?”

Looking back, she didn’t see any conversation history. “I think you might have a wrong number.”

She waited a minute for a reply, then set the phone down assuming there wouldn’t be one. Then, it dinged again. Whoever it was, they weren’t a fast typist on the phone. “Damn, he must have given me a fake one. Sorry to waste your time!”

Rechecking the number, she saw that he was in the same area code. On a whim, she replied, “You know, depending on what you’re looking for. . .”

After a brief delay, a reply came through. “Bareback fucking, the raunchier the better.”

Just when she thought tonight couldn’t get more interesting. . . “I wouldn’t necessarily say no. So, male or female, dom or sub, etc.?”

There was a long pause. As she heard a flush from the restroom, another message popped up. “Male, bi, intelligent feral, very vocal hedonist” As Lewis stepped out of the bathroom, a picture popped up on her phone. It was a large and rather burly-looking feral doberman, smiling at the camera. Clara thought to herself that if he had that much facial expression control, that probably meant he was speech-capable, though he didn’t mention that.

“Hey piggy,” she asked, holding her phone up, “What do you think of him?” She saw his eyes light up, then saw him quickly reach into his discarded backpack for his whiteboard and marker.

“He came in the porn shop a lot,” Lewis wrote, “He’s another one who went to BioChange. Same horniness, only instead of pain and shame, it made him get off on nasty things. Like. . .” Clara could see him struggling to explain.

“Want him tonight?”

Lewis nodded frantically. With a chuckle, she pulled up a picture of Lewis she had taken during Sally’s party. “So,” she typed, “minus the tattoos and piercings, do you know this piggy?” She let out a surprised moan as she felt Lewis wrap his lips around the head of her cock.

It didn’t take too long before he replied—he must use speech-to-text. With speaking, intelligent ferals being a thing, that technology had advanced by leaps and bounds since World Change. “Went to see him tonight but he wasn’t there. A guy gave me your number and said someone there needed it bad. Those must be new?”

“Yeah. If you’re up for using him, here’s my address. Hit the doorbell and I’ll open the door for you.”

Almost immediately, her phone dinged with a short “Ten minutes—getting a ride.” He must live very close by, if he was getting picked up and arriving that quickly in this weather.

Turning to Lewis, she explained that the canine was on his way over and suggested they leave their stuff in the play-room, since they would be back before long. Popping her cock out of the pig’s mouth, she led him down a hallway to what appeared to be an entryway. Not far from the elephant-sized double-door was a large, comfortable-looking couch. She reclined on it, and Lewis took his place next to her.

Immediately, he wrapped his lips around her cock and began sucking her again. Sadly his throat wouldn’t be able to take her entire length and girth, but she was sure she would have plenty of opportunity to cum once their unexpected guest arrived. She could feel pig drool starting to run a down her shaft, but it was nothing this couch hadn’t seen before. What his small size kept him from doing, he made up for in eagerness.

Almost too soon, she heard the doorbell. Reaching next to the couch, she pressed a button and saw the dront doors slowly open. Sure enough, a very large doberman was standing there. She would guess he stood around four feet tall. As he walked in and wiped his paws on the rug, she could see that wasn’t the only thing large about him. His sheeth and balls seemed quite massive for his size, as well. “Hi there,” he said, “Looks like you two have already started.” The dog’s voice was deep and gruff.

Looking down, Clara said, “Since you two know eachother, why don’t you go ahead and greet your friend, little piggy?” Lewis pulled away, his lips covered in slobber, and turned to the dog who had walked over to the couch. Wrapping his arms around the canine’s shoulders, the pair went in for an intense kiss. After briefly making out, the dog pulled back and chuckled. “Your mouth tastes like cock, fuckpig. You’ve missed how mine tastes, though, haven’t you?”

“Why don’t we head back to the play-room?” Clara suggested, “There’s a lot more we can do there.” She led them to the play-room and dimmed the lights as their new companion took in the sights. Lewis patted him on the shoulder, then walked over to a padded mat on the floor. The pig knelt down and licked his lips. Quickly getting the idea, the newcomer walked over as Clara followed. The elephant took a seat on the floor to get a good view of what was about to happen.

Addressing her, the doberman said, “So I’m not sure if you’ve played with ferals before, but a lot who do tend to be very subby like this pig here.” Clara watched as his cock started to slowly peek out of its sheath. It certainly didn’t look like a typical dog’s. “A lot of people find it very humiliating being used by something much closer to an animal. Some ferals get offended by that, but I sort of embrace it. Not really much of a dom, but when in Rome. . .”

As it slid out further, she could hear sticky sounds coming from his sheath. She saw that his dick had stray hairs stuck to it, splotches of oily smegma, brownish streaks, and smudges that looked like at least three different colors of lipstick. Lewis didn’t touch it, but she watched as he ran his snout along its length, sniffing eagerly.

The dog gave her a smirk. “I’ve found the kinds of people into ferals tend to like it best if you don’t wash it. You see, since they tend to consider being used by an animal like me *so* degrading, it means they are usually into plenty of other filthy things.”

Clara nodded. She was happy that he seemed quite talkative, since she always found it weird when she needed to be, herself. She also did have a bit of a voyeuristic streak.

“So if he told you about me, did he mention the whole BioChange thing?” He didn’t address or even look at the pig beneath him, though he lifted one paw and gave a tap on the floor. Immediately, she saw Lewis dive in, forcing the filthy head of the dog’s cock into his throat.

Suddenly, realizing she had gotten distracted by the view, Clara replied, “Oh! He mentioned something about loving nasty things, but he didn’t have a chance to explain.”

“Well, just like this fuckhole here,” he explained over the gurgles and choking sounds coming from Lewis’s throat, “World Change had just happened, and I wanted some changes. At first, I really wanted working thumbs, because there weren’t a lot of things that worked for ferals in the beginning. Companies started making big strides when—ahhh—they started to figure out how to tap into the way everyone’s genes had been pretty much rewritten.”

As he talked, Clara’s eyes focused on Lewis. His eyes had rolled back as the cock was being pounded down his throat, and his hands were rubbing and squeezing his pierced nipples.

The doberman gave a chuckle as she looked back up at him. “Yeah, I’ve missed this throat. Well, by the time I found out about BioChange and the stuff they did, I had adjusted to not having thumbs. I had also started to learn that there was a certain type of person out there who absolutely loved inties like me. After that, I’ve never had any trouble getting laid. But I wanted

more.” She saw his head roll back and watched him slam hard into the pig before continuing.

“Most weren’t really into pleasuring me beyond taking my cock, so I started getting a bit more obsessed with it, myself. Like if people were just going to see me as a cock with four legs, then I might as well make it a unique one. One like this.” With one hard pull back, he yanked his cock out of Lewis’s mouth, giving her a good look at the entire thing.

It looked about seven or maybe eight inches long, but rather than being a typical dog dick, his was almost a mix of equine and canine features. It had the blunt head, coloration, and texture of a horse, but the base had a swollen dog knot. But the girth really grabbed her attention. The head looked almost three inches across, and the knot had grown to nearly four. She could also see Lewis’s throat-slime dripping from it onto the floor. Along with what looked like cum.

“Done already?” Clara asked, a bit disappointed.

“Oh, no. He must not have told you—I cum very quickly, but I don’t stop playing when I do. I can usually cum four or five times before I’m done.”

“That sounds perfect,” the elephant commented, looking back at his cock.

“The right—mmm...” Lewis had busied himself flicking his tongue across each of the dog’s nipples, “The right length to go balls-deep in any hole, and thick enough to break it once this knot finishes growing.” He stepped back from above Lewis and then went in for another kiss. Lewis let out a belch in the dog’s mouth from the cum that had been pumped down his throat, but she noticed the canine didn’t hesitate or pull away from the kiss.

Clara couldn’t help starting to stroke herself as she watched from beside the pair. She watched as Lewis shifted to reach under the doberman, cupping the dog’s balls in his hand and starting to gently rub and caress them. The dog let out a pleased groan, before finally breaking the kiss. He gave Clara a grin. “Enjoying the show?”

“Yeah,” she said with a nod, “Maybe we could team up on him a little later.”

“Maybe we could. Or maybe you and I could give this pig a show for a bit first.” The doberman winked over at her, “So how about you? What kinds of things are you into?”

“Well,” she said, standing and walking toward the bed in the middle of the room, “I’m a bit of a domme and a huge sadist, but I’m guessing those aren’t your thing.” She laid down in the bed, continuing, “I do have a very big thing for species-based worship.”

As the doberman jumped up into bed next to her, she saw his cock dribble a little onto the blankets. “So, how does one properly worship an elephant?”

With a playful chuckle, she replied, “Well, my piglet tells me you love ‘nasty things,’ so I’m pretty sure you can find ways to do it.”

She was surprised to feel a long, slow lick down the side of her trunk. “I think I can,” he replied with a wink. As he licked again, the sensation was strange, but not at all unpleasant. And she had to admit to herself that it definitely fit the bill for “elephant worship”. She relaxed back into the bed and let him continue. As he worked his way to the end, she could smell the cum on his breath.

This weekend, she had spent some time talking with Robert about his love of, to put it bluntly, 'well-used' partners. It was something that she shared, herself. But in her case, she loved taking someone like that and pushing them further. As the dog moved to her other side to start licking back at the base of her trunk, she wondered what kinds of things he had done before. As he reached the end of her trunk, she had to admit that the feeling of having her trunk licked had a certain appeal.

As he ran his tongue down her neck to one of her large breasts, she saw Lewis sitting on the bed behind the doberman, stroking his own cock as he watched. "Enjoying watching Mommy with someone else, little piggy?"

He eagerly nodded.

For a moment, she enjoyed the sensation of the dog's wet tongue swirling around her breast, with only the occasional moan of pleasure escaping her lips. He seemed to be trying to make it as wet as possible, leaving a trail of saliva everywhere his tongue went. Sometimes he would even pull away to spit on it, then use his tongue to spread it around.

As the dog moved forward over her body to reach her other breast, she felt the head of his cock bump against her already-soaked one. As he did, he lowered his head next to one of her ears and whispered, "I hope my sloppy gifts please you?"

She winked over at him, replying with a whisper of her own, "Drooling all over the altar, hmm? That *does* please me. I believe in rewarding good followers like you." Turning to Lewis, she said a bit louder, "Little piggy, why don't you start licking his balls like a good boy?"

Alot immediately, a small whimper escaped the doberman as he whispered, "T-Thank you." As he went to work on her other breast, she felt him hunch down slightly on the first one, pinning his cock between his own body and her drool-soaked boob. Every now and then, she felt him thrust weakly against it.

"Mmm, you love elephant boobs, don't you?" she whispered. She had to admit, the whispered conversation unheard by Lewis added a little extra thrill for her. When she would play with cuckold couples, one of her favorite parts was to have discussions with one partner completely unaware. The thought of doing it to her own piglet excited her even more.

The doberman was too busy covering her other one in saliva to reply, so instead he merely nodded. Clara decided to have a bit of fun herself. Reaching behind the dog and being careful not to bump Lewis on the snout, she started to rub a finger gently against his asshole.

Pulling away from her breast, the dog whispered, "Oh, uh, I didn't really get ready for that, if you, uh, know what I mean. I thought I'd just be topping the pig."

"Then why do I feel you grinding against my finger, hmm?"

"B-because I like taking it like a bitch even if it gets messy."

"Good boy," she whispered back. She pulled her finger away and held it out to Lewis behind the doberman, to see how her pig would react. Immediately, she felt his lips wrap around it and him beginning to gently suck it. She decided to push things a little further as the dog went back to her breast.

“Now piggy,” she told Lewis, “I want you to stare right at his hole. Picture how good it would feel wrapped around your cock. If that sounds good to you, then give that hole a nice, big lick.”

She heard the canine whimper as Lewis went to work. The eager pig didn’t stop at just one lick, but kept going. For his part, the dog was continuing to drool and slurp away at her breast.

As the dog pulled away, satisfied he was done with her second breast, he whispered, “I, uh, have to fa—” He was interrupted by a finger against his lips, as with her other hand she reached behind Lewis’s head to hold him in place.

She could feel the dog trying to hold it in for a moment, before his muscles relaxed and he let out a muffled fart into her piggy’s mouth. Lewis tried to pull back in reaction, but her hand prevented him from moving, leaving him no choice but to inhale it. He let out a cough and gagged a few times, but then he went back to licking.

“What a good boy,” she whispered to the dog, “And I think I even feel your cock dribbling in me cleavage.”

The canine nodded, whispering back, “I like just letting go and doing things that feel good.”

She gave a small nod back to Lewis, “I’m working on breaking him in. Maybe once you’re done giving your elephant a white, sticky tribute you would like to help with that?”

The dog eagerly nodded, whimpering, “I’m already close. . .”

“Alright, little piggy, I want you to eat Mommy’s friend’s ass until he cums.” She slowly released Lewis’s head.

The dog wasn’t kidding about being close. Several seconds later, she felt his cum blasting out between her large breasts. It quickly filled her cleavage and ran down beneath her breasts onto the bed. After a few more quick thrusts, the dog stood up to admire his handiwork.

As she looked down at her chest, covered in drool and with cum still running off of it, Clara thought about how thankful she was that both herself and Lewis were extremely easy to clean up. She did love the sensation of being covered like this, but she couldn’t imagine what it was like for, say, Marci or Ally to clean up after a messy session.

She slowly sat up and slid off to one side, pointing first to Lewis and then to the place she had been laying. Lewis crawled over and flopped onto his back, and Clara reached underneath the bed to pull out the retractable restraints. She moved around the bed, attaching the cuffs to each ankle and wrist and adjusting the lengths. Once she was satisfied, she knelt next to the pig and looked down at him.

“Now, I remember my little piglet saying he wanted Mommy to use him however she likes, whether he wants it or not. Last chance—do you want to back out?”

Lewis quickly shook his head.

Satisfied, she turned to the dog. “Well then, why don’t you get a comfortable seat on his face and we’ll get to know eachother a bit better.”

With a smile, the dog obliged. She saw him plant his butt over Lewis's mouth, shifting a bit to line up better, and then he looked up at her. "So, what's a nice lady like you doing in a place like this?" he said with a wink.

"Oh, you know, just getting to know my new piglet."

"So, did you two meet at the porn shop, or..." The doberman looked around the room, "With how well-equipped this place is, I'm guessing you've spent some time there."

Clara laughed, "We met at a party this weekend. Actually, we just got back from it tonight when I got your message. A friend of a friend put it on—pretty much a whole weekend of everyone-on-everyone playtime."

"That sounds awesome," the dog said, "Gotta say, he certainly knows how to suck dick. And he's definitely one that loves when I don't wash it."

"Is he now? I'll have to keep that in mind."

"What are you planning on doing with him? There's no way that will fit, right?"

"Actually, he takes it pretty well. I mean, I had to rip him open pretty good the first time or two, but his hole is nice and broken now."

She saw the doberman's eyes run up and down her dick, and he asked, "Think he could take mine? Usually it's only bigger partners who can. I'm quite popular with the horses," he chuckled.

"I don't see why we couldn't give it a try. You're definitely shorter than I am, but you do look a little thicker."

She saw Lewis squirm slightly under the doberman. Here she was, talking with this dog about fucking him without her piglet even being involved in the conversation. A drip of precum formed at the tip of her cock.

Reaching over beside the bed, she grabbed a large bottle of lube and went to work spreading it around her piglet's ruined hole. While she did love the stretched-out looseness of Ally's, it was the torn, scarred look of Lewis's that most excited her. She figured it was the difference between years of stretching versus having years of stretching all crammed into a single weekend. The canine was watching in fascination, clearly eager for what was coming.

"So, is he doing a good job back there?"

The doberman nodded, "Yeah—you definitely scored a good one. He's great at eating ass, but it's hard to talk him into doing it. I guess you're just more persuasive than I am." She saw him squirm slightly, "Hey, I need to let one out again. Should I just..."

Clara laughed, "You don't need to ask. Just let it out whenever you need." There was another muffled fart, and she could see Lewis writhing a bit underneath before calming back down. It would take some time getting him used to it. After her experience with Marci at the party, though, she could hardly wait.

The doberman was looking up at her with a crooked grin. "So the tattoos and stuff... Your doing?"

Clara shook her head, "No, and actually I didn't find out about them until afterward. It was a p—wait, I did promise not to say."

He glanced down at the writing covering the pig's body, "So if that was just done this weekend, I'm sure it's still gotta be sore."

“Oh, for sure. But he hasn’t complained.” Clara thought back to before World Change. Back then, a new tattoo needed to be wrapped to prevent infections or other issues. She was again thankful for the resilience that had come with the changes. Many still took those precautions, of course, but it was no longer nearly as important.

“Someone’s dripping,” a chuckle from the dog brought her back to the present. “You really weren’t kidding about being a sadist, were you? So, what’s the worst you’ve done to him, so far?”

“Oh! Um, we just met, so I haven’t had a chance to do much, really.”

He gave her a knowing smile. “Lemme guess. You love taking charge in the bedroom, you’re a sadist, but you’re so used to being shot down that you’re really shy talking about it?”

Clara nodded.

“Hey, I get it. Would it help if I told you something about myself first?”

“Sure.”

The doberman lifted himself off of the pig’s mouth, turning to face away from her. She could see his asshole, which had been licked spotless by Lewis, with his large balls hanging beneath. Looking down at the pig gasping for fresh air, he adjusted position, and without warning a small trickle of piss began pouring out into Lewis’s still-open mouth. Looking back at her over his shoulder, he explained, “I’m a huge exhibitionist, for starters.”

Clara watched as, without being told, Lewis started to gulp it down. It took the elephant a moment to realize her jaw had dropped, but then the canine stepped sideways off of him and said, “Alright, your turn.” With a chuckle, he added, “Not sure how well you know feral dogs, but we’re pretty good at only letting a little out. Just in case we wanted to do more later.”

The sudden surprise of this stranger using her piglet’s mouth as a urinal (to say nothing of her piglet swallowing it) had lowered her guard. On a whim, she climbed out from between Lewis’s legs, seeing his disappointed look as she left his needy hole un-stuffed, and laid down next to the dog. With a glance to make sure Lewis had a good view, she pulled the canine close and his lips met hers in a passionate kiss.

She was surprised to find she didn’t mind the feral’s breath as much as she had expected, and seeing her piglet’s expression out of the corner of her eye made her instantly forget the taste. She could feel the cum and spit drying on her breasts, and she found herself craving more. She had barely touched the pig since the newcomer had arrived, and she was sure that hadn’t escaped her piglet’s notice.

She broke the kiss briefly to turn to Lewis, nod toward the doberman, and simply say, “Lube his dick and my hole, little piggy. Mommy needs this.” As she went back in for another kiss, she whispered, “I *love* cuckolding.” As the two went back to making out, she could feel the dog occasionally squirm as Lewis covered his cock in lube.

A moment later, it was her turn. She felt the pig move to be behind her, and then she felt the cool sensation of the lube on her hole. It occurred to Clara that this was the first time Lewis had ever actually touched hers. She had been

a bit shy about taking things too far and scaring him away, but from what she had just seen, it seemed that wasn't anything she needed to worry about.

She noticed he seemed to be spending far too long to just be preparing her for the doberman, but as one of his hands cupped underneath her massive balls, she realized he was trying his best to pleasure her. Perhaps she had struck a bit of a nerve by making out with the canine right in front of him. For a moment, she felt a little guilty (she loved cuckolding, certainly, but she didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings *too* badly.)

But then, she thought back to the things he had told her about himself at the party. The constant cheating, never being able to hold back from anyone who was interested in him, and more replayed in her head. *Nah*, the elephant thought to herself, *I don't need to feel guilty about this. Besides, I practically gave him permission to do it now himself anyway.*

She could feel every ounce of reluctance as Lewis stopped and slid out from behind her. Breaking the kiss with the doberman, she slid forward onto all fours. As he moved to take his place behind her, Clara said a bit nervously, "Hey, uh, go a bit easy, alright? It's, uh, been a while for me."

One thing Clara hadn't been prepared for when getting her dick was that it would completely change how people viewed fucking her. While before, nobody seemed to bat an eye when she would say she needed a good fucking on her terms, as soon as she had a dick, it was a struggle as many seemed unable to understand the idea of someone wanting to be a power-bottom sometimes. Perhaps with these two, things could be different.

These two? She stopped herself. She had barely met this newcomer. Sure, she and Lewis had hit it off well right away, but this guy too? What was she thinking?!

As she felt the doberman's front paws on her back, she heard a gentle, "Just give the word, miss elephant—your servant is here for your pleasure."

These two.



"By the way," he said, staring at the large elephant ass in front of him, "I'm Jack—nice to meet you."

In reply, he heard a slightly muffled, "Clara." He didn't usually care, but sometimes it was nice to know the name of his partner. There seemed to be more to this elephant than just another hole to plow, and he found himself genuinely curious to know more about her.

It took a couple of tries to line up the blunt head of his cock with her hole, as the lube made it slip away. But finally, with a firm push, he felt the first inch pop inside. Despite her size, she felt tight around him—the elephant had definitely not done this in a while. She let out a low groan and shifted a bit, making herself comfortable.

"Are you ready, miss elephant?" While he was familiar with species play,

this was new to him. Though he would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy it. He often found that his partners wanted him to take charge, particularly those looking for the humiliation that tended to accompany being used by a feral. Pleasing her was a breath of fresh air, especially when contrasted with using the pig. Jack told himself he really should learn the pig's name sooner or later.

For now, a silent nod from Clara meant she was ready for him. Slowly he pushed into her, then pulled back out. Each time, he pushed a little deeper, feeling the elephant's hole stretching open around his cock.

Just as he was about to ask how she was doing, Clara groaned, "Push him into me, piglet. Make him knot Mommy while you eat his ass. . ."

With only the slightest hesitation, he felt a pair of hands firmly pushing him forward, his rigid cock reaching deeper into her with every inch the pig pushed. He heard Clara grunting and groaning as she took him. Deciding to tease the surprisingly shy woman a bit, Jack asked, "Miss elephant, may your servant shove his knot up your shithole?"

He felt her clench tightly around him, as she hissed out, "Yesss. . ." through clenched teeth. With that, he slammed hard into her, not waiting for the pig to push him further. He wanted this just as badly as she did.

"*Too much!*" Clara bellowed, but just as Jack was about to pull out, she reached back and grabbed his front paws to hold him in place. "N-no, stay in." She shifted around him, trying to get comfortable as his still-swelling knot was stretching her to her limits. At the same time, he felt hands from behind keeping him buried inside her, as he felt the pig's tongue begin slurping away at his own hole.

"I-I'm not gonna last long like this," Jack tried to warn them.

"T-then don't," he heard her reply. "Y-you like bottoming, r-right?"

"Yeah," Jack said, quickly realizing where this was going. "Want that pig buried in my filthy hole, miss elephant?"

"Yeah. . ." she moaned. Looking over his shoulder, he watched as the pig grabbed the lube. Thankfully, Jack had more practice than Clara did when it came to taking anal. The pig quickly slathered it all over his own cock, as well as Jack's hole. Not the most thorough job, but the pig was clearly eager to ram it in.

A moment after the bottle was capped and carelessly tossed aside, he felt the pointed tip of the pig's own canine cock against his hole. Jack shuddered as he laid down onto Clara's back, feeling his next load of cum pumping into her ass. She clearly felt it too, as she tried to push back against him. As he felt his rear legs being lifted up off the bed by the motion, he got ready to relax and enjoy the ride.

Stretching out as far forward as he could, he started talking in a low voice. "That's it, fuckpig—force my shit back up my tight, doggy ass. Fuck me deeper into her, so she gets every inch. Watch me *fill* her ass with cum. . ." Despite the words he was using, he was saying them for her. And every word seemed to drive her more crazy with need. Her grunts had turned to moans, which were now starting to turn into whimpers.

Despite his words being for her, though, Jack *was* getting plowed hard by the pig. The first few inches had slipped in easily, before the pig started encountering resistance in the dog's packed rectum. Still, the pig hadn't hesitated, and Jack supposed slamming his dick into dog shit was easier than inhaling canine flatulence.

"Does it please miss elephant, knowing her servant is taking it up his shithole like a bitch?" he continued in the same low voice, "Knowing he loves taking it to please his elephant? Even taking it from her lowly, disgusting fuckhole of a pig?"

She stopped for a moment, and Jack suddenly realized he had probably gotten carried away. But just as he was about to apologize, he felt her shudder and clench around him, followed by the wet sound of a load of elephant cum forcefully spraying down onto the bed. She jerked forward and back against him, with another spray each thrust.

After another moment of being motionless, she told the pig to go get something from the things near the door. While he was a bit sad at the empty feeling as the pig's cock slid out of him, Jack watched him go. He was about to climb down himself, but Clara shakily said, "N-no, st-stay in for now."

On unsteady hands and knees, she moved aside, revealing practically a lake of elephant cum on the bed. The pig walked back over, carrying what appeared to be a large, hollow plug with a tube sticking out from the base. "Lube it up, little piggy." she said, before quietly asking over her shoulder if Jack thought he could take it.

"It'll be a tight fit, but just lube it up and shove it in. I've had a fair amount of practice," he replied confidently. After a few moments, he felt the hollow tip of the plug against his asshole. He was already relaxed from taking the pig a minute ago, so it slid in relatively easily at first. The eager doberman did give a bit of a wince as the widest part worked its way in, but then he relaxed as he reached the narrower neck.

Looking over his shoulder, he was surprised to see the other end of the tube inside the pig's mouth. Sure, he knew the pig was okay with giving rimjobs, but this had to be a bit much, didn't it? He decided it must be okay with the two of them, though, so he relaxed and let it out.

A moment later, he realized he might have relaxed a bit too much, as he felt himself starting to dribble piss into the elephant's ass he was still buried in. He debated trying to stop, but it did feel good. . .

He saw Clara look up at him over her shoulder, giving him a wink. *Guess she figured out what was happening*, Jack thought to himself. With that, he let loose, emptying his bladder up the elephant's ass.

After he had pushed out as much as he could (into both of them), Clara lowered her shoulders onto the bed and told him to pull out of her. She then told the pig to pull the plug out of Jack and push it into her instead.

The plug came out a little more easily than it went in, but it was still a challenge as the thickest part stretched him wide as it popped out. Jack then stepped aside as the pig pushed the plug into her. She had raised her ass and lowered her shoulders to keep anything he had pumped into her from leaking

out before she was ready.

Once the plug was in (with about as much strain for her as there had been for him—Jack figured her size was offset by a lack of practice), he looked over at the tube. He had mostly filled it, but it hadn't fully made its way to the pig's mouth just yet.

"Lay in my cum, little piggy," she said, pointing to the puddle on the bed. It hadn't soaked in yet, and Jack assumed there was probably a waterproof layer underneath. Without hesitating, the pig laid down in the puddle of her rapidly cooling cum.

"So, uh, while you're emptying out into him, mind if I fuck your pig?"

"No, go right ahead. Don't be gentle either. I've been working on breaking his hole in."

As Jack positioned himself between the pig's legs, he saw the expression he was met with. It was a combination of fear, need, and unbridled lust. The pig reached down and spread his asscheeks, offering Jack a good view of the pig's hole.

Clara had mentioned that she was working on breaking him in, but Jack was definitely unprepared for the sight that greeted him. He was used to loose, gaping holes. Indeed, the thickness of his own cock meant he had seen many of them. But the pig's torn, scarred hole was a new experience. Since Jack seemed to be about as thick as she was, with only his knot being wider, he couldn't help asking.

"May I knot him, miss elephant?"

He heard her chuckle, as she rose up until she was kneeling vertically. As his cum and piss rapidly flowed out of her ass into the backed-up tube, she replied, "I actually order you to knot him, servant."

Stepping up onto the pig and lining his cock up with the pig's damaged hole, he nodded, "As you wish, miss." Clara turned and looked down at him as he slammed the first few inches into the pig, watching as the pig squirmed beneath him. He pulled out the tiniest bit as he braced his back legs, then slammed in again. He looked up at Clara with sudden realization. "Is it okay that I'm assfucking your little pig-bitch dry? Like I'm lubed from you, but he isn't."

Clara merely nodded, and so he continued jackhammering into the writhing pig. She slowly turned herself around, being careful not to accidentally lose the plug, until she was facing Jack. His drool and cum had fully dried on her breasts, leaving them with a slightly crinkly texture. Suddenly, he saw her smirk slightly. "Open wide," she said, "and watch the teeth."

Jack did as instructed, curious what was about to happen. He was surprised when she reached forward with her trunk and—

The pair looked down in surprise as they heard a loud gulp and choking sounds from below. The tube had come unclogged, and the contents had quickly flowed down to the pig's mouth. He was clearly struggling from the choking and gagging they were hearing. But Clara leaned down and softly encouraged him. "Good piggy. That's Mommy's good boy. A friend of Mommy's got her into this stuff, this weekend, and she can't wait to do more of it with you. Can you swallow for Mommy? Just one gulp at a time..."

Jack was somewhat taken aback at her change in demeanor. But between the sight in front of him and the tightness around his cock, he went back to trying to work himself deeper into the pig. Bit by bit, he watched as the mixed cum and waste in the tube slowly started to drain down into the pig.

She suddenly turned to Jack, asking, "Your knot doesn't seem to go down between, uh, you know. . . Does it stay like that until you're completely done?"

"Oh, yeah it does," he answered.

"Do you want to spend the whole night knotting him? Until you're all done? You can just lay on top of him in bed here, and you can share the bed when you're done."

"I'd like that. I guess you're probably all done?"

"Yeah. I mean, you can cum a bunch of times, and he can't cum at all. I can only go once, you know."

As he watched the last of the tube's contents empty into the pig, he saw tears streaming down their cheeks. With a gentle pat on the pig's head, she reached behind her and slowly eased the plug out. "Now, whenever you are ready to leave, just walk out this door and turn right. It'll take you back to the front door." She pulled the tube out of the pig's mouth, and he gasped for air.

She apologetically added, "I'll get you a big bowl of water. Sorry, but my house isn't really setup for ferals. I haven't had many as guests."

"No worries, and thanks! By the way, could you hold him still? He keeps sliding around on the bed, and I can't quite force my knot in."

"Oh, of course!" She wrapped her hands around the pig's shoulders, holding him in place. With one last, strong push (and a silent scream from the pig), Jack felt the pig's battered hole finally start to stretch around his knot. As he continued pushing, though, he felt the resistance suddenly give way as the pig clenched the blankets and arched his back.

"Um, is he okay?"

"Oh, you probably just tore something. He's a really fast healer, though, so don't worry about it."

"Alright. You sleep well, Clara!"

"You too, Jack. And you too, little piglet." Clara gathered her things and left to fill a bowl with water.



Lewis laid on the bed, the overwhelming pain of his hole being torn open gradually fading into the background and being replaced by pleasure, as it always had. Part of him wished he could see what it looked like after this weekend, just to see if the damage looked as bad as it felt. But another part of him didn't want to know.

"Now, little pig-bitch," came the familiar voice from above, "I have you to myself all night. Once Clara comes back with the water, anyway. So it sounds like you're living here now? Looks like a big step up from the porn shop. And

anyone with a whole play-room like this gets up to some crazy shit. So what's the deal? You stay here as her fucktoy and she gives you a place to stay?"

Lewis nodded with a smile. While seeing Clara and Jack behaving so tenderly together had made him feel a bit jealous, he knew that in the end, she still wanted him. And if Jack wanted him too? So much the better. He didn't mind the degradation of them doing things in front of him while he was ignored, since it seemed he would still get his turn afterward. But the pig had nowhere else to go if she ever got tired of him.

"You know, I almost envy you," Jack said, unaware of Lewis's thoughts about his own situation, "No job, no responsibilities, just taking whatever she wants to do to you. I could definitely get behind a life like that. Being a security guard means spending almost all my time watching cameras and checking badges. It pays the bills, but it's not the most exciting job. I did get to bite somebody the other day, though, so that was pretty cool."

When it came to talking, Jack tended to be the opposite of Lewis. Maybe it was because he didn't get to talk much during the day? Lewis had noticed he tended to bring out the talkative side in others, long before Clara. Many people needed to fill the silence, and Lewis loved to listen.

The door opened, and Clara walked in carrying a massive bowl. "Here," she said, setting it down on the bed next to them, "I'm not sure how easily you'll be able to pull out of him, so putting this on the bed here seems like the best option." She leaned in and gave Jack a kiss while Lewis watched from below. The pig could feel the doberman's cock twitch inside him as the pair's lips met, and by the time they parted he could feel it throbbing. With that and a, "Goodnight," to the pair, the elephant left the two alone again.

"You know, there aren't many out there who'll kiss a feral without it being a degradation thing. She's really a special one." Turning toward the water, Jack started to lap it up. After dumping multiple loads of cum (and Lewis had definitely tasted piss in the mixture he had swallowed), the canine was probably a bit dehydrated.

Lewis enjoyed the feeling of the dog's warm, soft fur against his body. Without thinking, he wrapped his arms around the dog, giving him a tight hug. Jack pulled away from the water bowl, bringing his head above Lewis's. As water dripped down onto his face, the dog gave him a smile. "Feeling a bit cuddly tonight, pig-bitch?" The dog sank down on top of him, letting the pig feel his weight. A moment later, Jack's lips parted and Lewis saw him coming in for a kiss.

Kissing a feral was always an interesting experience, Lewis thought as the dog's tongue slurped around the inside of his mouth. It often tended to be rather energetic, for one thing. For another, ferals didn't tend to have toothbrushes, and most didn't bother with mouthwash. Because of that, even many that loved playing with ferals still refused to kiss them. Lewis was definitely the opposite, as he sucked down a mouthful of dog-breath and his tongue twisted around Jack's. The flavor was a strong one, but the pig had no idea how to describe it. He had learned quickly to associate the flavor with getting fucked, though.

The pig unwrapped his arms from the dog, and reached down to the three

pairs of nipples underneath. As his finger found the top pair, he gave them a squeeze and he felt the canine shudder above him. The canine had to be close to his next orgasm. But at that moment, he felt a belch starting to rise up from his stomach. Considering what his last “meal” had been, he was curious how Jack would react. After all, the doberman didn’t seem to mind his breath so far.

His belch exploded into the dog’s mouth. But rather than pull away, he felt Jack’s tongue swirling around his mouth with renewed enthusiasm. At the same time, he felt a sudden wetness flooding his ass. It seemed Jack liked the taste of shit a whole lot more than Lewis did. The pig had gone along with it because it was Clara who wanted him to swallow it all. But he had tried scat once before, and it definitely wasn’t something he was into.

After Lewis felt the dog’s rock-hard cock stop cumming inside him, Jack broke their kiss. “Never could say no to a good shit-burp. By the way, I saw those tears before. You didn’t like swallowing my shit, did you pig-bitch?”

Lewis shook his head.

“Let me guess. You did it for her?”

The pig nodded.

Jack laughed above him. “I’ve never been much for BDSM, to be honest. Like as a feral, a lot of people want me to dom them. And I have to admit, I *do* look good with a leather cap. Really, though, I just tell them to do things that make me feel good. Did have a feral cow who wanted to sub for me. She was a masochist and mute, just like you. Loved having her udder scratched and bitten, and very into milking. Actually, you probably got a good taste of the inside of her shithole when you sucked my cock tonight. I still have her number, if you’re interested.”

Lewis hesitated for a moment. He probably should ask Clara, after all. But this cow lady sounded so eager. Besides, Clara had a job and stuff, so it’s not like she would be around all the time, and Lewis didn’t want to get lonely while she was away...

He nodded.

“Sounds fun—I’m sure she’d be up for it. Tell you what, I’ll text her when I get home tomorrow morning.”

Lewis gave him a guilty grin. Part of him said he was making a huge mistake, but that part always got shot down in the end. He would go for it and whatever happened, happened.

“Now, I think I’ve got one more load in me, and then let’s get some sleep pig-bitch.” The dog looked down at Lewis, and then the pig got another surprise. Jack’s tongue darted out and swiped across his snout, before working itself into one of his nostrils.

Lewis had been snout-fucked a couple of times before. Indeed, it was actually not an unusual kink when playing with pigs. He had even enjoyed Clara stretching it as she forced a finger into it. But this was the first time anyone had ever made out with his snout before. He opened his mouth in a silent moan, feeling the wet tongue slurping away inside. He also felt the dog’s cock starting

to throb inside him again. This was the kind of nastiness Lewis hadn't been sure how to explain to Clara earlier.

He felt the dog's tongue slide back out, with more than a little disappointment. But then, the dog opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around the pig's entire snout. Jack then began to suck on it. For a moment, Lewis wasn't sure what to do. Then, he opened his mouth and just let the air flow in, up, then out his nose. Was this dog really trying to suck out his snot?

That seemed to be the case, as Jack continued to suck on it. And even though he wasn't getting much of anything, Lewis felt the dog's hips thrusting slightly against him. A few seconds later, he felt more warmth flooding his insides as the cock inside him started to dump its last load for the night.

As he felt the spurts die down inside of him and felt the doberman's unique cock start to soften, he felt the dog's cum running down his asscrack to join the lake of drying elephant cum he was still lying in.

As the dog let his weight rest on Lewis in post-cum afterglow, Jack let out a chuckle. "Who knows, maybe that cow will be the one licking your shit stains off my cock, pig-bitch. Though if we're gonna fuck her, I'd better let you go first. If I'm the first one, then neither of you is gonna feel *anything* when it's your turn."

Lewis started to slowly grind against the dog's furry underside, enjoying the feeling on his cock and balls. Was it a terrible idea? Absolutely. Was it risking everything that had just come into his life? No doubt. Was there a pretty good chance he would be kicking himself the rest of his life for it? Undoubtedly.

But was he already thinking about what that cow's lips would feel like around his cock? Yes. Yes, he was.