

Gloria the Goat (And Friends!)
Part 15: Trying Something New

DaveTheFoxMage

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Now, On To The Story

Gloria took a sip of her tea, looking at the mare lost in thought across the table. “Don’t worry, I know it’s kind of a ‘big’ question.”

Glancing around the room, Marci replied, “I dunno. Like... I have a whole lot of new needs, you know? And Ally’s trying their absolute damndest, but it’s really obvious they’re going way beyond their comfort zone. I just... I don’t know what to do. I feel like no matter what I do, I’m going to hurt them.”

“I wouldn’t worry quite so much.”

“You wouldn’t?”

“Nah. Have you seen the eyes Ally and Robert give eachother? I’m sure you’ve gotten a surprise taste of bull cum when eating Ally’s ass more than once.”

Marci gave a sheepish nod. “Y-yeah, I guess you’re right. But even if that happened... what then?”

“Worried you wouldn’t be able to find someone into what you’re into?”

“Yeah. I mean, before Clara did... that... she was perfect. I think I need someone like that more than ever, now.”

“A very dominant personality, you mean?”

“Y-yeah.”

“Well, what ab—”

“Hello there, ladies,” interrupted a familiar collie, “I seem to have accidentally made a pair of salads. And if I don’t give them to the two of you, I would just have to throw them away. It would just be such a waste, you know?”

Gloria looked over with a grin, “Well, we wouldn’t want to make you waste anything. Thanks a lot!” Sally set the two plates down on the table before walking away. As much as Gloria was sure Sally wanted to join the conversation, she sadly had other tables to wait on.

“Anyway,” Gloria continued her earlier thought, “is part of it that you are looking for someone controlling, to keep you safe when you get carried away?”

Marci looked down at the table, replying with a quiet, “Yeah...”

“Hey, that’s a big need of yours,” the goat girl said, “It’s nothing you need to be ashamed of.”

“Well, except that I kinda *want* them to take advantage of me when I’m like that, too. Sorry, I’m just a stupid—”

“No,” Gloria interrupted, reaching out and taking one of the mare’s hands in hers, “You’re not stupid. You’re my awesome friend! So what if you have

some unusual needs? Remember, *I'm* the one who helped *you* actually try some of your fantasies. So I can promise you're not alone in what you're looking for."

"Okay, so let's assume you're right. Where would I even look for someone like that?"

"Tell you what. There's a club I like to go to fairly often. They've got the usual music and dancing, but they have a place where you can volunteer to be a toilet or an in-the-wall set of anonymous holes for an hour. Maybe that would be up your—something you're interested in?"

"You'd be there too?"

"I mean, tonight I'd be there more for dancing, myself, but depending on who's there, I might know one or two there that I'd point out to you." As she took a bite of her salad, she added, "But if you're not ready for that, there's no pressure whatsoever, okay?"

"I . . . I think I'd like that."



"Hey again, Gloria. Who's your friend?" The ram bouncer looked from the goat girl over to the mare standing next to her.

"Oh, she wants to try the toilet service for an hour."

"No problem. Alright miss, let me just see your ID quick. . ." Marci handed hers to the ram, who looked it over before handing it back. "Alright, you'll want to take the door to your left then. There's an alpaca there who will get you all setup. You going too, Gloria?"

"Nah, just gonna do my usual people-watching. And I know you have to tell me anyway, but I can't go in the bar area for another year and a half or so." She gave him a wink.

As the two talked, Marci opened the door he had pointed to and stepped inside. There was just a long, dimly-lit hallway, leading around a corner ahead. She wasn't sure what she expected when her friend had suggested this for tonight, but she continued until the hallway rounded a corner.

"Why hello there." Marci found herself facing an alpaca woman sitting in a chair. The alpaca's fur had been trimmed in a way that emphasized her breasts, and her clothing seemed to be more straps than actual fabric. The woman smirked, "Haven't seen you around here before. First time, cutie?"

"Oh! Y-yeah it is. Uh, I'm here to. . . uh"

"Uh-oh, got us a shy one it seems. We'll make it easy: fuckhole or toilet?"

"T-toilet."

"Okay, since it's your first time, we generally only recommend a one hour session. If that works for you, then let's get you setup, cutie."

Behind the alpaca were three closely-spaced doors, and the alpaca opened one of the side ones. It was a cramped, tiny crawlspace, with what looked like the underside of a large funnel in the ceiling. Underneath was a surprisingly comfortable looking bench. Hanging next to it on either side were a pair of

cards, with the knobs on the bottom labeled “STOP” in blocky letters. What mostly surprised Marci was that everything was absolutely spotless. *They must do a very thorough job of cleaning these rooms*, Marci thought to herself, *Because there’s no way they don’t get messy sometimes.*

After giving her a moment to take in the sight, the alpaca began to explain, “Now, these rooms are directly underneath the restroom stalls. You get to be stall number one tonight. Have you ever been upstairs before?”

“N-no, I haven’t.”

“Okay, so upstairs there are actually four stalls. You’re the first one here tonight, so stalls two and three will have “Out of Service” signs on them. Stall four is a conventional toilet, for people who prefer that or if we don’t have any living toilets at the moment. Now, would you rather do this clothed or naked? Most prefer naked.”

“Um, I’d like to be naked, if that’s okay.”

“Of course! That’s why I gave it as an option,” the alpaca chuckled, “Why don’t you strip, then?”

“Could. . . um. . .”

“Could I look away?”

“Oh, no! Could you, uh, tell me to do it? You, uh, you can be mean about it too. I-if you want to!”

The alpaca gave her a wink. “Now, I’m given a lot of flexibility on how to handle the toilets and fuckholes that get sent down here. Anything in particular you have in mind?”

“I, uh, I really like the degradation. Meanness is also okay, but it’s the embarrassment that really, um. . .”

The alpaca laughed, “Alright, I get what you mean. Well then, plumbing, let’s get you naked. Never seen a sewer pipe wearing jeans before, and it’s not like anyone’s going to see you down here anyway.” Her voice was neither harsh nor cruel, but more matter-of-fact. Marci could easily picture the alpaca saying this to dozens or hundreds of toilets who had served here before.

Marci felt the blood rush to her cheeks as she began to undress. She wasn’t sure what to expect, and th—

“Nursing bra, huh? You’ve squeezed out a foal or two then. Good, that means you’ve served your purpose. Now you’re down here where you belong.”

Marci froze, her body completely rigid.

“Too far?”

“N-no, just cumming my fucking brains out,” the horse gasped, her knees weak. The alpaca reached out an arm to steady the mare. Her grip was firm, yet gentle.

Marci was guided to lie down on the bench, and the alpaca glanced down at the mare’s soaked panties. “Definitely a wet one,” the alpaca said, half to herself but loud enough that Marci knew she was intended to hear. “You’re ready then?”

“Yeah!” As she felt the bench slowly rising and the bottom of the funnel coming closer, she added, “So, um, are you able to, uh, do stuff to me while I’m in here?”

“Am I able to? Yes. Would I? Only if the toilet wanted it. Will I do it to you?” The alpaca leaned in close as Marci’s lips parted for the funnel, “Nobody normally comes down here at the beginning of the night, so unless someone comes down in the next...” The alpaca checked the time, “seven minutes, then you’re the only toilet I’ve got for the first hour.”

After checking to make sure Marci could easily breathe and explaining tips to avoid choking, the alpaca left the room, the door closing with a surprisingly intimidating clank.

So, the mare thought to herself, I guess I have a few minutes. The bench was surprisingly soft and comfortable, with her body angled slightly upward to help with swallowing. She was used to her mouth being used as a toilet, but it had always been with the other person right there. *Guess I’ve never been used as a piece of the plumbing before, even with Clara.* Marci shuddered as a wave of excitement washed over her. She tried to tell herself it was purely from the thought of what was about to happen, rather than thinking about Clara.

It was no use. No matter how she tried, she couldn’t get that damned elephant out of her head. Maybe it was the effect of whatever chemicals had been used on her. Or maybe it was that Clara knew exactly the right buttons to push. Or th—

The sound of a stall door opening above her brought Marci back to the present. She heard the muffled sound of a pair of pants being unzipped, followed almost immediately by piss hitting the wall of the funnel. As it started to pour into her mouth, a masculine voice said, “Ahh, been holding it for an hour, just for you.”

The taste on her tongue was intensely bitter, suggesting that whoever they were, they hadn’t been drinking much water. *Maybe they’ve been on a long road trip,* Marci thought to herself as she took the first gulp. She gave another shudder as the realization hit that she only knew the voice of whoever used her, along with whatever she could tell from the flavor of their piss.

They didn’t say anything more, just pissing in silence. Marci was surprised to find that excited her even more. *Don’t acknowledge me,* she thought to herself, *I’m just a part of the plumbing, nothing more.* Sadly, the flow eventually stopped, and soon she heard the sound of the zipper being pulled up and the stall door opening.

For some reason, Marci couldn’t help feel strange hearing that sound not followed by the sound of a flushing toilet. The loud gurgle from her stomach would have to do.

Now to wait for the next person. I guess I don’t really know how long that will be, do I? As she laid in silence, her mind started to wander. *You know, it’s really not so bad, being like this. I mean, I haven’t gotten arrested for indecent exposure or done anything I regret yet, and it’s been two weeks. Maybe... maybe I don’t really mind what she did? I mean, I had always wanted to stay factory-spec, but it wasn’t really a big deal, was it? Besides, I love the stuff Ally’s had done to herself. And I mean, it’s kind of nudging me toward a lifestyle I had fantasized about for a very, very long time. So what’s the harm?*

Above her, she heard the stall door open again. No zipper this time, but

she heard the creak of someone sitting down on the seat. “Where is he?” came a voice from above. This one was feminine, but deep and husky. She heard a rustling up above, as more piss began to splash down the funnel and into her mouth. She thought she could make out the tapping sound of a phone keyboard—either someone who hadn’t turned that off, or a clawed or hooved finger typing.

Marci’s eyes rolled back as her orgasm hit. The person using her wasn’t even thinking about her. To whoever it was sitting just above, it might as well have been a normal toilet. They weren’t even getting off from the thought of using her, but were trying to find out where someone was who was supposed to be meeting them here. Her hands were working furiously between her legs.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the door open, and the alpaca quietly walked in, bringing her chair from outside. Sitting down on it, she leaned in close and began to whisper to the mare. “I see you’re getting used to being part of the plumbing pretty quickly. Perhaps you—”

The alpaca paused as a *plop* echoed from the funnel, and a moment later a small lump rolled down into Marci’s mouth. The funnel had been positioned so that she could pull her head slightly back to chew, which she did. More quickly began to pile up, and Marci closed her eyes with a quiet moan. Her fingers gave her clit a hard squeeze, and she shuddered slightly on the bench as she took her first gulp.

A hand started to rub her belly, followed by more whispering in her ear. “You know, you make an excellent sewer. Here you are, eagerly chewing up and swallowing every bit that comes out of their ass.” As if emphasizing her words, a loud, wet fart resonated in the funnel, accompanied by a feminine groan. The mare continued to eagerly chew and swallow.

There was a small *ding* from the other room, and the alpaca whispered, “Looks like I need to go, cutie. You have fun, though, and I’ll be back when your time is up.” With that, the alpaca left as quietly as she had entered. Meanwhile, she heard the sound of toilet paper being used above, followed by the crumpled wad dropping into her mouth to be dutifully chewed and swallowed. After a few more times, she heard them stand up and leave the stall. She was, once again, alone.

Marci’s mind began to wander again. *I wonder whose shit I’m churning up right now. Maybe she’ll still be here when I’m done. We wouldn’t even recognize each other.* She shuddered at the thought. *I wish everyone could see me like this. Like, everybody. Family, friends, boss, Clara. . .* She caught the last one as she thought it, but didn’t scold herself. *I can’t decide whether I love eating her shit more or Three’s. Three’s is more sloppy and nasty, but Clara is so much more of a *domme* about it.*

If only there was someone who had the dominance and the nastiness all in one. She grinned around the funnel as a thought struck. *You know, doing this is probably the best way to find someone like that. Of course, I still wouldn’t know who they were, though. . .*

The restroom door opened again, though this time it sounded like more like three people. Two definitely had hooves which made the *clip, clop* or a horse,

rather than the *thunk* of something like a goat or a cow, but she wasn't sure about the other one.

She heard a tenor voice ask, "Seems like we're both striking out tonight, huh?"

A deep, rough voice replied, "The night is young, and we just got here. Plenty of time left."

Whoever the third one was, they were silent.

The stall door opened, and she heard the non-horse step inside. There was the sound of pants being unzipped, followed by piss unceremoniously splashing down into her mouth. The mare eagerly began to gulp it down, mixing with everything she had swallowed previously.

The flow stopped pretty quickly and they zipped back up, but Marci's mind was already on the horses. Unlike the previous ones who had used her, she could at least narrow them down more. She heard the one with the deep voice tell the others, "I'll be out after I absolutely *ruin* this toilet."

"Alright, I'll see if I can find us a couple chicks out there." The restroom door opened, and then there were just the two horses. She heard the two pairs of hooves walk into the stall, thinking the pair must be very comfortable with each other. She finally heard the stall door close and firmly lock. From above, she heard an exhausted sigh, and for a very long moment, the only sound was slow breathing. Perhaps they were getting annoyed by the other one, and just wanted an excuse for some time alone?

What came next surprised her, though. Rather than hearing them sit down on the toilet or unzip a pair of jeans, she felt hot breath entering her mouth, followed by a loud snort. Marci suddenly felt a large glob of snot hit the back of her throat. As her eyes rolled back, Marci reached up with her tongue to lick the rim of the funnel, trying to make it as seductive as she could for the pair.

"Heh, you like that? My buddy always comes out here for the fuckholes and invited me along tonight. Said he could definitely get me laid here. He... doesn't know the stuff I'm looking for. The kinds of things that would give you a bit of a tummyache, I'm sure." It was strange that she only ever heard one horse speaking. Maybe the other was just shy?

Marci cursed the funnel in her mouth, preventing her from replying. But she had an idea. Her time had to be almost up down here, so she hoped the pair wouldn't be leaving in a hurry. *And that they're either just friends or are open to a third...*

A moment later, she heard heavy, hooved steps, followed by a stream of piss that sounded like a firehose against the funnel. The stream quickly shifted until it was directly landing in her mouth, rapidly beginning to fill it. Again, it seemed strange that it was only one stream. Perhaps the other was just a silent spectator? In either case, she was definitely thinking about the one who was speaking.

The needy mare began to gulp it down, not even realizing she had pulled her hands away from her pussy. It still burned with need, but somehow touching herself while drinking from him felt wrong. *What is coming over me? I don't*

even know this guy besides a few words and a snot-covered tissue! . . . Maybe it's thinking about what he could be like. What he could be into.

Just as the flow was dying down, she heard a soft *ding* from the next room. The alpaca had been right, there must not have been a big crowd at the start of the night. *Good, that will make this easier.*

"Guess I'd better go see where he went off to," she heard him tell his companion, "Not sure how to tell him that a toilet is much more my type."

The door to her room opened, and the alpaca quietly walked in. Marci saw her pull a lever, as she softly explained, "Time to mark this stall as out of order—the sewer needs some time to process her meal. Anyone up there now?"

Marci shook her head as much as the funnel allowed, hearing the bathroom door swing closed as the horses walked out.

"So, did you like your first time?" The alpaca started to turn the handcrank, and the funnel was slowly pulled from her mouth.

"It was amazing," Marci replied, her voice lowered to match the alpaca's, "Hard to believe it's already been an hour, y'know?"

She laughed, "A lot of first-timers say the same thing. It's much more eventful if you come after this place has filled up. Here, let me help you to your hooves." The alpaca steadied Marci as she awkwardly got up from the bench. While the mare got dressed, the alpaca started to wipe down the bench itself in preparation for its next occupant. "Now, I assume you want to go into the club itself. There's a mouthwash station out there first, though."

"Do I, uh. . ."

"You don't have to, no," the alpaca gave her a knowing wink, "Follow me to the door, then."

Marci was led out of the tiny room and to a door. "Here you go. Just go up the stairs and through the door. It's not labelled, so unless someone's been down here themselves, you'll be just like anyone else who just walked in."

"Thanks!" Marci said, stepping through the door. Sure enough, there was a stairway leading upward. As she ascended the stairs, the mare thought about how nice this place seemed. Even these dimly lit back-ways were clean and well-kept, and from what she had seen of the staff so far, they seemed fun and kind.

She stepped through the door, finding herself in a darker corner of the club. She started to look around, taking it all in. As she had heard referenced, there was a door not far from her corner labelled "Free-Use Fuckholes," a dance floor with several people on it (including Gloria, dancing around with a big smile on her face), a bar off to one side with a shirtless bartender, and a large lounge area. The crowd was certainly beginning to grow.

As Marci made her way toward the dance floor, she saw Gloria step to the side and start talking with a feral clydesdale. As she approached, she heard the stallion tell Gloria in a very familiar voice, "Oh, he's over in the fuckhole room. I've got time."

"Perfect," the goat girl said, before turning and seeing Marci. "Hi Marci! This is Tim. I was hoping he'd be here today so I could introduce the two of you."

Oh! Of course—that's why I thought there were two horses in the restroom!
 “Hi there, Tim. I, uh, I think we might have met a few minutes ago.”

He gave her a knowing grin, “Your friend here said to check out the facilities, and that stall number one in particular was quite luxurious. She definitely wasn't kidding!” He shifted, a little awkwardly, “Hey, so I'm not much of a dancer. Two left hooves, and all of that. But mind if I buy you a drink?”

“Oh, that would be great. Thanks!” Gloria gave her a quick wink and flashed a thumbs-up, before the two made their way to the bar area. The goat girl wasn't old enough yet to go to that part of the club, leaving the pair to themselves.

As they walked up to the bar, they stopped for a tiger who checked their IDs. As many ferals did, Tim wore a lanyard that served as his wallet. “Third pocket,” he said politely, and the tiger pulled out his ID to check it. He then tucked it back in, as Marci handed hers over.

“You two are all set. Enjoy your evening!” the tiger said, allowing them through.

Tim walked up to the bar, careful to not bump into any of the other patrons, and Marci leaned against the bar next to him.

A shirtless German shepherd looked up at them. “Hey there, what can I get each of you?”

Tim nodded toward Marci, “Whatever she would like, and a big-pint of your coffee stout.”

“I'll just go with a margarita. On the rocks, please,” she said.

“Rail tequila or . . .”

“Uh . . .” Marci looked over at the person buying the drink.

“Use the good stuff,” Tim said, nodding toward a bottle on one of the shelves behind the bar.

As the bartender stepped away, Marci said, “So, I see a couch that's open over there. Want to take our drinks over there?”

“Sure, if you don't mind carrying mine.”

“It's no trouble at all!”

A few moments later, the bartender returned, setting down Marci's margarita and a half-gallon tankard of dark beer with a large straw. As Tim paid, Marci took their drinks over to the empty couch and set them on the table beside it.

“Thanks,” the stallion said as he walked over. Looking at the couch, he said, “You know, it might be a tight squeeze if we both try to use it.”

“You say that like it's a bad thing,” she replied with a wink.

Chuckling, he carefully positioned himself next to the couch, then awkwardly flopped onto his side. Marci sat down next to him. It was a bit of a tight fit, but not too bad.

“So, uh, I guess I hadn't expected tonight to get this far,” Tim said.

Marci turned and opened her mouth to reply, when a surprise belch slipped out. Horrified, the mare covered her mouth. “Oh my god, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to—”

She was interrupted by him bumping his nose against her cheek. “You, uh, don’t need to apologize. That was, uh, really hot actually.”

“Y-you mean it?” She looked back at him, hands still over her mouth, “You’re not just saying that to be polite, are you?”

He shook his head. “When you’re the kind of guy who looks for love in a bathroom stall, it’d be kinda silly if it *wasn’t* a turn-on, wouldn’t it?”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” she said, starting to relax a little. “So, uh, you said you’re looking for love. What, uh, what are you looking for?”

“Well, you may not know it when I’m out and about, but behind closed doors, I’m a bit of a dom. A lot of people don’t think ferals can do that, with the lack of hands and all, but it’s really more about your personality.” He paused for a moment, looking at her expectantly. “I’m kinda surprised you’re not questioning that.”

“I . . . uh . . . watch a lot of feral-on-anthro stuff. And, um, I like it best when the feral is, uh, in charge,” she stammered.

“That’s awesome,” he replied. “Sorry, I wouldn’t normally lead with that, but given the way we met and that me being a dom is a big hurdle for people, I figured it would be best to make sure we’re on the same page there. But speaking of pages, I’m a gamer and a writer. Working on my second novel, actually! Gloria tells me you work as a body-change tester?”

“Yeah. H-hey, so, um, you started with the thing you figured would be a problem for me. Can . . . can I start with something that may be a problem for you?”

“Of course.”

“Okay, this is kinda hard, but I’m just gonna keep talking and hope the right words come out. I was recently drugged by somebody, with something that’s permanent. And now if I am degraded or embarrassed it really turns me on, but it also means the part of my brain that tells me something is a bad idea completely shuts down. Like I get super-obedient but also want more and more. And part of me really loves the idea of fucking up my entire life that way and being completely owned by somebody, but I also have friends I want to keep seeing, and I don’t want to scare them, but I really want to go crazy-far, and . . . and . . .”

Tim waited patiently for her to finish, and when she trailed off he asked, “May I nuzzle your shoulder? You sound like you need it, but I don’t want to without asking first.

Marci nodded, and a moment later she felt the warmth of the stallion against her. His deep voice softly said, “I know saying that probably took a lot out of you. It almost sounds like you need a chaperone almost as much as a partner?”

“Y-yeah. B-but, I kind of *want* them to take advantage of it.”

“You know, it isn’t an all-or-nothing thing, right? Like if you’re just talking, with no play happening at the time, you can talk rationally about what would be too far and what wouldn’t be, right?”

“I can, yeah.”

“Then it’s just a matter of talking about that stuff before playing, right? So even if in the heat of the moment you start begging for more, things don’t go

past what was talked about beforehand.”

“So... it’s not scaring you away?”

“Uh, do you want the truthful-and-polite answer, or the just-truthful answer?”

“J-just-truthful.”

“Talking about a kind of relationship like that has me starting to slide out of my sheath already,” he chuckled.

Completely taken by surprise, Marci let out a laugh.

“Sorry, I can get a bit vulgar about things,” he explained, “Even in public, though I try not to push it *too* far.” He paused a moment, “So, what do you do for hobbies, yourself?”

“Well, I play a few video games, and I, uh, look at, um, a lot of... stuff?” About halfway through saying it, she had realized that her porn addiction probably wasn’t the kind of thing to bring up to a stranger.

The stallion gave her a mischievous grin. “Bit of a nymphomaniac?”

“Yeah, even before, well, yeah.”

“So how about you? What are you looking for?”

“To be honest... I’m not really sure. Like I have an idea what a perfect relationship would look like for me, but... I just feel like what I want is too crazy for anyone else to want it, you know?”

“Well, so far there have been two things you were worried I’d hate. And both of them I’ve actually loved. If you wanted to go for three, I think you’ve got pretty good odds.”

Marci took a slow, deep breath. “I want a relationship where I do a lot of serving. Like, it might sound stupid, but I felt a tiny thrill carrying your drink for you. I would love to do a lot of that kind of thing. I guess what I really want is...”

Tim gave her another nuzzle. She could tell he was doing it to comfort her, not to rush her.

“Like to me, a perfect relationship is a mix of things like dropping grapes into my partner’s mouth like I’m serving some Old World emperor or something, followed by very, very extreme stuff. Being a toilet, whippings, being always available for use day-or-night, piercings, going out on a leash in public, um... worse...”

“Don’t worry, you don’t have to tell me any more than you want.”

Marci had to admit, the stallion nuzzling her was starting to excite her. She whispered in his ear, “So, what’s—”

“Aw, dude what the fuck?” A dog walked up to the two of them, his eyes entirely on Marci. “I step away to use a fuckhole, and you land yourself this fine chick?”

Tim silently mouthed, “Sorry,” to her, then said aloud, “I’ve just been talking to this nice lady. This is Ted.”

The canine laughed, “I’m gonna grab me a beer. Don’t stretch her out before I get back!”

As he walked off, Tim said, “So... I hired him to do dictation for me, so I could write faster. He does okay at it, but then wants to hang out afterward.

His lack of self-awareness is, uh, certainly something.”

Marci giggled, “Quick, stretch me out before he gets back!”

He turned to her, eyes widening slightly.

“It was a joke. Mostly. Like, eighty percent a joke. Okay, maybe like. . . sixty-three percent a joke.” She ran a hand down his neck as he rubbed against her. “Twenty-eight percent joking, and that’s my final offer!”

Ted returned with a beer, pulling up a chair at the table. “There we go. By the way, that goat lady over there?” He nodded toward the dance floor, “Total icebox.”

“Have you ever considered that your approach may need some work?”

“I mean, I like the ladies to know what they’re getting with me. They just don’t know a good thing when they see one.” He turned back to Marci, “So, you and Tim, then?”

“W-well,” Marci said, hesitantly, “I-I don’t know. So far we’ve just been talking, y’know?”

Ted turned to Tim, “Dude, friend-zoned already? That sucks, man. Tell you what, nobody here seems interested. Though I might have a shot with one of the fuckholes. Took a marker and wrote my number on her ass, so I’ll see if she gives me a call. You want a piece of her too?”

Tim shook his head, “If she calls you, she’s all yours, buddy.”

“Wanna blow this place? I know another one we can check out. I cleaned out the bed of the truck, so I can give you a lift.”

“Nah, I think I want to finish my beer and talk.”

“Dude, friend-zoned. But if you want to waste your time, go right ahead.”

“See you for more writing tomorrow at five?”

“Sounds good, see you there!” The dog walked off with his half-empty drink. Marci wasn’t sure when he had time to take a sip, since he seemed to be constantly talking.

“I’m really sorry about him,” Tim said with a wince, “I wish I could say he’s not usually like that.”

“Uh, I think I can promise you it’ll be easier to keep me out of trouble than it is to keep him out of it, for what it’s worth?” Marci chuckled.

“Yeah. It’s a good thing he decided you weren’t interested. Otherwise he’d have been trying for a threesome.”

“While I do love those. . . not with him. I love strangers, even with a risk of it being someone like that, but I don’t want to go in *knowing* it’s someone like that.”

“I totally get it.”

“So, it sounds like you didn’t ride here with him. Live nearby?”

“Yeah, a house just a few blocks away. How about you?”

“I’m about twenty minutes out of town.”

The two sat in silence. *C’mon Marci. Say something! Think! Something funny, or teasing, or something! Anything! Wait, that’ll work!*

“You know, when you were in the restroom, you said some of the stuff you’re into would give me a tummyache.” She gave him a crooked grin, “If I had one

of those, I probably couldn't drive home until morning. I'd be stuck at your house all *night*."

He winked at her, "I mean, I couldn't *possibly* send you home until you were ready to make the drive. But we should tell your friend. I think Gloria would be worried sick herself if she didn't know where you were."

"Could, uh, could you explain it to her?"

"A bit shy about it?"

"N-no, but I kinda like the idea of you telling her you're taking me with you. Oh, but let me say one thing to her first."

"Alright. I need to let Tom know I'm going back to my place quick, since I think I see him still waiting for me. Going to try to convince him I'm going home alone. Then I'll meet up with you and Gloria."

"Sounds good! Here, let me take these back to the bar," Marci pointed to the now-empty glasses on the table.

"Perfect, thanks."

Marci dropped the glasses off, then went back out to the dance floor to get Gloria's attention. As the goat stepped off to one side, Marci said, "Okay, could you say the thing, please?"

With a quick glance to either side, Gloria said in a firm voice, "Marci! Think about what you're doing right now." It wasn't scolding or chastising, they both knew. But it was a very effective way they had found to snap her out of it if someone had pushed all of the right buttons for the mare.

"Thanks. I just want to make sure you know I legitimately want what Tim will be coming over to say in a minute or two."

"So, sounds like you two hit it off well? I saw that his asshole friend was over there for a bit."

"We did, and yeah. He thinks I shot Tim down."

"Probably for the best," the goat girl replied, "Oh, speaking of Tim..."

"Hey," the stallion said as he walked up. He turned to Marci, "So, did you say what you wanted to say?"

Marci nodded.

Turning to Gloria, the clydesdale explained, "I'm gonna take her back to my place. Shenanigans will almost certainly ensue. Probably quite filthy ones."

"Sounds good—you two have fun! And, uh," she turned to Tim, "Take good care of her. She may be a really nasty cinnamon roll when she's in the right mood, but she's still a cinnamon roll."

"Don't worry, I will," he said with a nod.



The suspension of Marci's truck let out a metallic groan as the clydesdale stepped down from the bed. Not only was he a draft horse, but he had quite a large belly. And underneath... Marci stopped herself from looking. There would be plenty of time for that once they were inside.

Tim tapped the passcode with his hoof, followed by the button to open the door, and the two of them stepped inside. Marci had never been inside a feral's house before, so she wasn't quite sure what to expect. In the living room, there was a large sofa, as well as the largest beanbag chair Marci had ever seen. Tim lowered himself onto the beanbag, and Marci sat down on the couch.

"So, what kinds of things would you like to have happen tonight?" The stallion's voice was neutral, clearly not trying to tease or excite her while asking the question.

"Oh! Um, I'd like to go as far as scat. Actually, any kind of contact anywhere on each other is fine by me. Let's put the line at 'filthy, but not painful' tonight, if that works for you."

"Okay, so filth is good, but no pain. How about degradation? And I am going to say for tonight, nothing that is going to have any sort of lasting effect on you."

"Degradation is awesome, and nothing that lasts probably makes sense."

"Very good. Are you ready, then?"

Marci nodded eagerly, and Tim stood from the beanbag. "Very good. Now, follow me."

Marci followed the stallion to what looked like his bedroom, based on the decor and furnishings. Though he stepped up onto something she didn't see in a typical bedroom. It was a raised, padded bench that was sized for a very large feral. Tim positioned himself over it, then let his weight rest on it.

"It makes things like height differences easier," he explained, "The switch on the wall raises and lowers it." He looked over his shoulder, lifting his tail to one side.

"Now remember. Whether top or bottom, I'm the one in charge. Now, look at my hole."

"Yes, Daddy." Her hands quickly went to her mouth. "S-sorry! It just slipped out!"

"Shh..." He looked back and gave her a warm smile. "You can call me that, if you like. I won't ask, and I won't judge. To tell the truth, I kinda like it."

"O-okay, Daddy."

"So, like what you see babygirl?"

"Uh-huh..." He was clearly not an anal virgin. While not as stretched-out as Ally, it had definitely seen some use. She leaned forward and gave the massive horse's hole a sniff. "Mmm, you smell nice..."

"Seems like you have a thing for asses, don't you?"

"Mmm, yes Daddy."

"So let me guess. First time with a feral, and you're not sure what to do?"

"Umm, yeah."

"Well, Daddy loves having his ass played with. Not just rimmed, but he loves fucking, toys, and he's even had it fisted a few times. It's just hard to do much of that with the lack of hands." He chuckled, "Probably not what you were expecting?"

Marci reached out with her tongue and traced the tip around the stallion's hole. The flavor wasn't quite as strong as she expected, considering he wouldn't be able to use toilet paper. She knew quite a few ferals had a bidet installed for that, though. "I didn't know what to expect. Guess you'll have to teach me, Daddy."

"Don't worry, babygirl. I'll teach you *all* about pleasing me. Now here, why don't you raise the bench a bit, so you can see what's underneath?"

Marci pressed a button on the wall, and the bench slowly started to lift up. As it lifted a couple of feet, Marci looked over to see a large pair of balls hanging down, along with a very thick stallion cock that was just beginning to unsheathe.

Marci reached over and gave his balls a stroke. "Mmm, I hope Daddy wants to empty these into me tonight."

"Mmm, do you?"

Stepping in front of the raised stallion, she pulled her shirt up and over her head, tossing it aside to reveal her cup-less nursing bra. "Uh-huh... Wanna know one of my kinks, Daddy?"

He nodded down at her.

"I wanna be bred, over and over, as often as I can." She rubbed her hands on her belly as she gave him a wink, "I wanna be nothing but a foal factory, toilet, and nameless *object* for you to use however you like."

The clydesdale let out a chuckle. "From what Gloria was saying about you, I figured there had to be more to it than just some daddy/daughter play." She saw his cock sliding further out of the sheath.

As she reached down to start taking off her pants, she said, "If you're thirsty, I have plenty of fresh mare milk for you. Straight from the tap!"

"You've had a foal before, then?"

"Yup! I figure there are plenty of people out there who want to adopt. So if I can drain your balls, make happy families, and cum my brains out at the same time? Seems like a win all around!" She kicked her pants and panties off to the side, then quickly unhooked the bra and slipped it off before tossing it aside as well.

"Heh, seems like just being a nameless womb turns you on more than anything daddy/daughter."

The mare nodded, a bit sheepishly. "A womb, breasts, and whatever other parts please you."

"Well, right now I would love to feel those hands on me. It's been a while since I've been touched."

The mare stepped underneath the raised stallion. As her hands reached back for his balls, she gave his cock a sniff. "Mmm, smells like this hasn't been washed in a while."

"It hasn't," he replied. Marci licked her lips. There had been no apology, no shame, no embarrassment. Either he had guessed she was into the nastier side of fucking beyond toilet play, or he simply didn't care. She assumed the former, but would have been equally happy either way.

“Mmm, part of me wants to lick every inch of it until it’s all clean. . .” She heard a groan from above, “But part of me wants to have every filthy inch of this forced into me. So next time it also smells like dried mare pussy.” She massaged his sheath, her other hand continuing to work on his balls. “Or maybe you’d rather stretch and train my ass until it’s juuust loose enough to take you, then buttfuck me until you’ve destroyed it the rest of the way. After all, you’re such a *big* stallion. . .” she ran her tongue slowly around the head of his cock, “And I’m such a small mare for you. . .”

A large drop of precum formed, and Marci licked it up with the tip of her tongue. “Mmm, you like that, huh?”

“Yeah,” came the reply from above, “I love dirty talk, but most aren’t into it. Also, never had a chance to assfuck a girl before, so you kinda hit on one of my fantasies. They take one look at it and nope-out.”

“Hey, their loss. How about guys?”

“Once or twice, but pretty much the same thing.”

“Mmm, now that’s one of *my* fantasies. I just can’t keep from touching myself watching two guys fucking. I’m, uh, a bit of a voyeur.”

He laughed, “A voyeur, huh? So a guy like me, who has never once worn a pair of pants, pushes your buttons, huh?”

“Uh-huh. . .” Marci dragged her tongue along the full length of his shaft, picking up a small glob of filth. She then swirled it around inside her mouth, letting it dissolve and enjoying the strong, nasty flavor.

“I wonder what everyone would say if I swished my tail, and my asshole was covered with lipstick prints that matched the color you were wearing.”

Marci let out a whimper. She loved humiliation, but the thought of anyone being able to easily put two and two together when seeing them. . . “Might as well just command me to make out with your hole right then and there.”

“And what would you do if I did?”

Marci took the head of his equine dick in her mouth for a moment, just to suck on the first few inches before pulling it out with a wet *pop*. “I’d lean in and start right away. After all, I’m nothing but a foal factory. If the whole world knows it, then that’s just what I deserve. Anything I do to serve you, I’d be happy to do with an audience.” She felt her mind starting to slip, then decided to push herself over the edge. “You could even wreck my body so I can’t hide that I’m an owned foal factory even if I wanted to.”

He let out a groan, “I know an awful lot of things I would do with a mare like that.” Marci began to suck and slurp on the head of his cock again, as he continued, “Maybe I would ruin you a little further between each foal. The more you. . .” He paused for a moment, the pleasure causing him to briefly lose composure before continuing, “The more foals you have, the more of a foal factory you get turned into.”

“Mmm, I love the sound of that,” Marci replied, “I, uh, wrote a story once. It’s about a mare that has more and more awful things happen to her. I still cum a lot reading it.”

“You know, I’d love to read it sometime.”

“I dunno. I mean, it’s really bad. I’m not much of a writer, and a lot of awful stuff happens in it...” Marci shifted position a bit, starting to run her tongue over his balls. “Mmm, nice and sweaty...” Pausing a moment, the mare asked, “Is it okay if I say things like that?”

“You can. I had a partner once who got me into things like musk worship. It wasn’t a BDSM thing for him. He just loved the tastes and smells. He actually convinced me to try fisting, just so he could lick his hands clean afterward. Since then, I gradually found that even in a more dominant role, I still love that sorta thing. Haven’t been able to find that again, though.”

Giving his balls a kiss, Marci asked, “So, what are you trying to find? Like, what you want most?”

He thought for a moment, then replied, “Well, I want someone who’s into a very musky stallion. Ideally they should be submissive whether they are topping or bottoming. Male, female, or somewhere in between doesn’t matter to me. And in a perfect world, they would love the idea of being changed and molded.”

Moving around to behind him, she started to trace her finger around his puffy hole. A lot of people called equine buttocks “donuts”, which had always made Marci giggle. “You know, there’s a cow I like to play with. Both of her holes are absolutely gaping. Would you want yours that way, if you were with a girl who wanted nothing more than to bury her entire snout in it?”

“Mmm, you know? I would like that.”

She gave a long, slow lick around the rim of his hole before continuing, “And would you want to change that girl’s whole body, until the only thing she’s still good for is pleasuring you?” She wanted to fully slip into her aroused, fully obedient state, but the conversation and slow pacing meant that she was staying almost painfully on the edge.

“Heh, you want to hear the worst of it, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh...” she moaned, planting a kiss directly on the stallion’s asshole.

“Hoping to hear the things I’ve only ever fantasized about?”

“Please...”

“Well, for starters, I would make that girl’s tongue longer and thicker, even if it made talking or eating hard for her.”

“Mmm, so she could slide it nice and deep for you?” She gave his hole another lick.

“Exactly. She would also salivate a whole lot more, and have no teeth.”

Marci whimpered, “So you could use her throat like a nice, sloppy pussy.”

“Good girl, you’re catching on.”

Marci moaned, closing her eyes and nuzzling against his asscheek, “A foal factory who could please you that much with her mouth wouldn’t even need limbs. She could just lie on a bench, tongue and holes available while her womb carries your next foal...” Suddenly realizing what she was saying, she stammered, “W-wait! I d-didn’t mean—”

“Shh...” His voice was gentle, “Why don’t you go back to licking?”

She went back to it. *Wow, I was sure I just blew it. I need to not get carried away. Maybe if I keep slurping away at his butthole, I won’t put my hoof in my mouth ag—*

Her thoughts were interrupted by a fart blasting into her open mouth. “Hold out your hands,” came his voice from above her, “I want you to catch your meal, so I can watch you enjoy it.”

She obediently held out her hands, cupping them beneath his spit-soaked hole. Despite being used as a toilet a fair number of times by now, she had never had it anywhere but directly inside her mouth, even if it was through a tube or funnel.

She saw him starting to strain and push. “Probably won’t be much,” he said through gritted teeth, “Used the normal restroom before I went to the club, since I didn’t know I’d meet you there.”

Marci watched as the stallion’s hole began to open, which was a sight she never got with how she usually did this sort of thing. Normally she would have her mouth pressed up against their hole, blocking the view.

She saw a large, greenish brown lump emerge, falling down into her hands. It was rather firm, and was soon joined by a second, and then a third before Tim stopped straining.

Marci stepped around him, as he lowered himself to the ground. Standing in front of the massive feral, she held his waste up to her face, taking a slow, deep smell. “Mmm, it smells really strong. I can’t wait to taste it.” She gave him a teasing wink, “Have a lot of girls done this for you?”

“To tell the truth, no. There was the one guy, and that’s about it. I, uh, only fairly recently got into this stuff. That guy I talked about needed to move for work about three months ago.”

“So if you don’t mind me asking. . .” she replied, picking up one of the lumps of his shit and giving it an experimental lick, “Are you a one-mare stallion? Or are you into poly stuff?” The taste wasn’t as strong as she had expected. Then again, she supposed she was more used to tasting it than to smelling it.

“I’m honestly not sure?” Tim thought for a moment, not taking his eyes off of Marci, “Like I’ve never had more than one partner at a time before, but I do fantasize about it sometimes. How about you?”

“I’ve been owned alongside someone else before, and I absolutely loved it. It really just reinforces the objectification, for me.” She popped the lump of shit into her mouth and began to chew. *You know, I think he might like it better if I. . .* The mare started to open her mouth as she chewed on it, her moans mixing with the wet smacks from her lips.

“You seem to really be into that side of things,” he said, a little mischievously, “The objectification, I mean. Any idea how far you want to go, down the road?”

The mare nodded vigorously, trying to finish chewing so she could swallow before answering. Finally, she replied, “Armless, legless, nobody remembering my name anymore, just taking me out when they want to use me or for feeding time. Like I want to go so far that people who know me don’t even recognize me if they see me. Everything about me changed to match my owner’s desires.” She was almost surprised hearing her own voice saying all of it. After all, just a short time ago, she had wanted to stay completely original.

As the stallion chuckled, she popped the next piece of his waste into her mouth. “You know, with time and planning, it’s amazing what you can arrange. Of course, there’s the difference between fantasy and experiencing it for real. But there is plenty of time to sort that out, if you stick around.”

Marci nodded, swallowing the second piece with a gulp. As she lifted up the third piece, she gave him a smile, “Maybe some variety would please you?” She stepped a bit closer, then tilted her head back and held his waste (now quite cool) above her mouth. Then, she dropped it in. Having saved the smallest one for last, she didn’t chew this time. Instead, it disappeared with a single, loud gulp.

“You’re such a good girl,” he said, “It will almost be a shame ruining you.” Marci shivered at the thought, a dozen fantasies rushing through her mind.

As Tim stepped off of the lowered bench, Marci asked, “U-um, I kinda need a restroom, myself.”

“No problem, follow me.” She followed him to a door, which she thought strange as many ferals didn’t have those. He pressed an actuator with his nose, and it opened up to the outside.

“O-oh! I, uh. . .”

“The yard is fenced in, and it is the middle of the night.”

Well, I guess that’s okay. It could be kinda fun, actually. And then I can go back in and we can, uh. . . “Y-you’re waiting out here?” He was standing next to her, having followed her outside before the door closed behind them.

“Never done this in front of an audience? I know you got wet from me shitting in your hand, you know. Is it strange to you that I would like to see, too? Now, why don’t you get on your hands and knees?” Marci did as she was told, facing away from him. “Very good,” he said, and she heard him kneel down behind her. “Now, let it out.”

Marci tried to piss, but nothing was happening. She loved humiliation, but this was completely different than she had ever done before. And the longer nothing happened, the more anxious she got.

“There, there,” came his deep voice from behind her, “It can be hard if you have never done it before. The first time I pissed in someone’s face, it was a real struggle.” Changing the subject, he asked, “Looks like you haven’t had much anal use?”

“N-no. Mostly my pussy and mouth, actually. I’ve, uh, only been with people who were big enough that I was scared to, uh, you know. . .”

“To let them assfuck you?”

Marci let out a shudder. “I love how matter-of-fact you are about all this stuff.”

“Well, part of liking the idea of being a nasty horse is the dirty talk, right?”

The distracted mare suddenly felt the overwhelming need to relieve her bladder, and without thinking about what she was doing, she let it go. She had to admit, after the initial hurdle, the thought of doing this outside definitely excited her. The thought of being watched also turned her on, and she hoped that over time it would get easier to start.

“What a good girl,” the stallion said from behind her.

“I . . . ahh . . . hope you like the show!”

“I do,” he replied, looking away only long enough to give her ass a quick nuzzle.

✱

“So I’m not sure if this was something you were just fantasizing about, or if it’s actually something you want to do. You’re really into pregnancy stuff, right?”

Marci nodded, “Yeah?” She was sitting on the living room couch, while he rested on the large bean-bag on the floor.

“I, uh, I know you’re not going to want to hear this. But the stuff they gave you is the same stuff a friend of mine took, back when it first came out. Back before they had found out a lot of the side-effects of it. They, uh, don’t recommend that you reproduce after taking it. The stuff kinda . . .”

Tim kept talking, but Marci felt like she had just been hit by a truck. She had never even considered that possibility. The modern stuff didn’t effect a person in the same way. Any sperm or eggs kept the original sequence. Gloria could get knocked up a dozen times, and each one would be a perfectly normal goat. Was that opportunity gone forever for her? The room started to go blurry . . .

“Hey,” she heard the deep voice of the stallion, “Come back to me, Marci.” She gradually became aware of a warm feeling against her. As her eyes slowly opened, she saw Tim’s legs splayed out in front of her. Shaking her head, she realized she was lying on top of him.

“Wh . . . what happened?”

“I think you fainted for a moment, there.” Marci tried to get up, and he calmly said, “Wait, take your time. Don’t need you losing your balance.”

“You . . . caught me?”

“I mean, I couldn’t just let you fall. This floor’s pretty hard, you know.”

She very slowly started to slide herself off of him, “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“Nah, I’d be a pretty crappy draft horse if I wasn’t at least a little sturdy.” She saw him wink at her, though she did catch a tiny wince in his eyes. Easing herself off of him, she sat on the floor, pulling up her legs and wrapping her arms around them.”

“I just . . .”

“I’m so sorry. I thought you might have already guessed that. Otherwise I’d have broken the news more slowly to you.”

“But it’s just . . . I always wanted that.”

The stallion thought for a moment, then replied, “Well, I do know they’ve been doing a lot of research, to try to figure out ways of undoing a lot of that stuff. I haven’t really kept up with it, though.”

Only half-hearing him, Marci murmured, “It’s like, that was a lot of what I wanted, you know? What am I supposed to do now?” She looked over at him,

“I probably can’t even do stuff with you now, can I? Not safely, anyway.”

“Okay, let’s take small steps here,” he replied, “Can you take a deep breath for me? Just a slow one, and then slowly let it back out.” She did, seeing concern in his eyes as he watched her. “Very good. Now, I would like you to think about *all* the other things you are into. All the other things you would want. You don’t have to say them—just think them.”

But I—no, he’s right. Well, there’s the body mod stuff, I guess. And the toilet play. I suppose I do have a bit of an exhibitionist streak, too. I guess there’s the whole humiliation thing that started this whole mess... Marci nodded for him to go on.

“So, are there a whole lot of things you can still do?”

“Yeah, but... I can’t risk you knocking me up.”

“This isn’t about me. This is about *you*. If you end up happy with someone else, that’s perfectly okay. If this is nothing more than a one-night stand and we stay friends after, I’d still call it an excellent night.”

Suddenly, a thought crossed Marci’s mind that made her breath catch. *Okay, that’s way too weird. And it puts him in a really awkward place. But on the other hand, I guess he did say he was into things along those lines...*

“You look like you have an idea.”

“I, uh, I do. But—”

The two were interrupted by a chirp sound. “Oh, sorry it’s just a text message.”

“Actually, that might be Gloria. She had mentioned wanting to check up on me.” Marci highly doubted it was actually Gloria and didn’t even know if she had his number. But it would buy her time to think. The stallion stood and walked over to a small wall terminal and pressed a button with his nose.

A moment later, he walked back. “Nah, that was just the guy from earlier. Sounds like he struck out tonight. Anyway, you had an idea you were starting to tell me about?”

“Well, uh, I was talking about body modification stuff earlier, right?”

“You were, yes.”

“Well,” the naked mare leaned back on the floor, spreading her legs as her arms propped up her torso, “What if you could have anything you wanted between my legs? A dick? Something weird? Nothing at all? I, well, one of my friends has had her whole digestive system switched around. Like, what if I said you could do even stuff as crazy as that?”

“I’d ask if you were serious, but between how nervous you started out and how wet you’re already getting by the end, it sounds like you are.”

Marci nodded.

“Now, you do know we just met, right?”

“I know we seem to be into the same kinds of stuff, and want to take them just as far. I know you haven’t had much luck finding someone...” She pushed herself forward, wrapping her arms around his neck and putting her lips to his ear, “I know you *deserve* to have a living toilet like me, and I know that as much as you want to absolutely *ruin* me, you still seem to genuinely care about me.”

She felt movement, and was suddenly surprised to feel his lips press against hers. She was even more surprised when, instead of quickly pulling away, she felt his tongue slide into her mouth. She wrapped her own tongue around his, the two swirling together. The mare felt a belch rising up, and didn't even try to hold it in.

As the stallion pushed his lips harder against hers in response, Marci let out a whimper. *Yeah, definitely more than a one-night stand...*