

“So, how much is it to join?” Maddox asked, scratching at his orange-furred chin. The blue and red ravel standing in front of him smiled and flourished a glass jar in his powerful talons. Like Maddox, the ravel stood entirely nude – something that was fairly common in these parts of the City. Unlike Maddox, though, the affable bird monster’s nudity showed off a broad-shouldered and powerful physique.

Maddox, meanwhile, was almost the textbook definition of ‘scrawny’. The City had not been kind to him and, though he’d come to be something of a survivor, ‘easy living’ was an alien concept. The sign beside the ravel declaring that you could *make* gloam by joining in the show? That sounded far too much like a trap.

The ravel shook the jar a little, disturbing a half-dozen softly glowing, *vividly* pink slugs. Each one looked plump, disgustingly slimy, and had four little eyestalks that peered out through the container.

“Only fifty gloam,” the ravel said, giving an affable nod to the canine – and the two other outsiders standing beside him. The avian was missing his wings, perhaps as the result of some accident, and his fang-filled smile was perhaps a little *too* friendly, but Maddox wasn’t sure how the pink slugs known as ‘amorids’ could hurt you.

By all accounts, their slime was just an aphrodisiac. There were no screams coming from inside the gates, no yowls or wails of anguish – everybody that Maddox could see seemed to be very – *very* – thoroughly enjoying themselves.

“Plussss,” the ravel continued. “Stay long enough, and you’ll make more than that back! The fifty gloam’s just an up-front expense to cover... operating costssss.” He gestured extravagantly, showing off the jar of squirming slugs.

Besides Maddox, the pint-sized canine managed to peep up with a question of his own. His eyes had been locked on Maddox for most of the time they’d been queueing, as though he were desperate for some kind of guidance from somewhere.

“...Is this worth it?” he asked. “It seems maybe fun but also maybe kind of... intense.” It took the orange canine a moment or two to confirm that the question had been directed at *him*. Honestly, since when was *Maddox* an expert on Noddish life? The taller canine flopped one ear, then blew out a slow breath of thought.

Beyond the gate, a particularly loud moan caught both Maddox and the smaller canine’s attention. Maddox thought he was a corgi, but it was hard to be sure about *any* information from outside of Nodd.

“I dunno, little guy,” Maddox answered honestly. He looked down at him. “I ain’t ever tried amorids before. How about you? What do you think?”

Maddox directed his question in turn to the silent one of their little trio in the queue – a tall, slim-built horse. The equine snorted, chewing on what could have been some straw or an insect limb.

“Don’t much care,” he said. “If I don’t make some gloam soon, the Council’s going to come and ram an agitator up my rump. Or worse. If it can make me some gloam and doesn’t involve a damned stimulist, I’m interested.”

“No pain at all,” the ravel assured the trio, holding up his other talon. “Unless you’ve got some particularly *rrrefined* tastes and add it yourself.” He grinned toothily in that ravel way.

From beyond the gates came a loud, sloppy *squelch*, followed by an overwhelmed moan. Maddox glanced past the ravel and saw a green-furred creature vaguely like a canine throwing his head back as his cock fattened up urgently. He looked like he was in heaven, honestly. Maddox felt himself blushing, and felt his sheath stirring a little... Maybe this would be a fun time...

Cipher was clutching the blanket with both paws, bucking his hips to the sky. An amorid had curled around his knot to try and hold on to his throbbing, pulsing cock, while another one had wetly adhered itself to his engorged flesh directly.

Holy *fuck*, it felt *so good*! He couldn’t believe how intense everything felt! The hide blanket under him felt wonderful. The pillow rubbing against his green, blue-tinged fur was unreal. The cool air currents were toe-curling as they caressed his pawpads. And the feeling of the slugs slithering on and *inside* his body was *orgasmic*. They felt like tongues, but *more*.

Every moment felt like a mini-orgasm, and orgasm – *fuck*, orgasm was strong enough to utterly melt his mind. He was cumming and he couldn’t understand how he had *lived* without this feeling before. It felt uncomfortable to have two – three? *Four*? – slugs slithering and slopping their way down his cock and into his internal plumbing, but it turned him on so hard.

*Throb, throb...* His cock was jolting and jerking, but nothing was coming out. Cipher was too backed up! The fox-bunny hybrid’s tail kept thumping against the ground as the slugs kept slithering and sliding over his body, investigating his exposed form.

Another amorid squeezed its way under his sack, then began to push itself against his pucker. He whined, nearly crying from the pleasure as his cock *pulsed* so urgently, trying to force his backed-up cum out. Cipher tensed up as though trying to push, making several of the pink slugs in his tailhole *squelch* back towards the open air – but the mere act of tensing his muscles made him white out from bliss.

“AaaAaaa!” Cipher moaned to the air as his climaxing muscles spasmed and relaxed around the amorids, then tightened again. *They didn’t stop*. They just kept oozing into his body. The wet, squishing sounds echoed all around him, from other people in situations just like him – and from his own body. The amorid at his quivering, amorid slime-soaked rim *pushed* that little bit harder and began to squirm its way into his body.

*Oh, he wanted it. He wanted it so bad.*

Then it *schlepped* into him, and he squeezed his eyes shut as his knot bulged again and the hybrid began cumming all over again. *Fuck, had he even finished cumming? Was this just one long orgasm?* Cipher almost regretted apprenticing himself to the House of Vorn, if Vivirians got to play with *these* things...

Cipher felt something wriggle even deeper into his cock as the next one began to press its contortionist, gooey body against his urethra. His tongue hung out as the sensations begun to intensify. He felt – he felt like he needed to piss? Then he realised. One of the slugs deep in his groin was starting to *ooze* its way into his *bladder*. There wasn’t a thing he could do to stop it, either.

Behind closed eyelids, Cipher went cross-eyed as his body began to jolt and spasm. He couldn't tell if he was about to cum *more*, or wet himself. *He wasn't sure if he cared.*

"He certainly seems to be enjoying himself," Mia gasped, her paw coming to rest between Arlen's breasts. She blushed, feeling the slugs wriggling under her balls. There was one of the little critters slithering over her belly, too.

Everywhere they touched felt *warm* and tingly. Her long, dark hair cascaded between her horns as the antelope let out a slow, steadying breath. Her blueish dick was already sliding out of her sheath, starting to stand upright in the open air.

"Course," Arlen growled with a big, shark-like smile. The blue-skinned, aquatic chimera's broad, helpful claw supported Mia from behind, keeping her from falling flat. "e said he's a Vorn guy, yeah? Us Vornites *always* know how to have a good time." She gave the deer-like outsider a playful wink. "Mmf, speakin' of," she breathed.

"One found you, darling?" Mia asked.

"Mmmhm," Arlen said, sounding entirely relaxed. "Little guy's about to – ahh fuck," she said, biting her lip.

"...Inside?" Mia asked. She could feel two of the slugs of her own *pushing* against her pucker – the only reason they hadn't slipped in yet was them struggling to each be the first, and her own firm clenching. She was just enjoying the moment yet.

The more the amorids crawled and squirmed on her body, though, the harder it was to keep feeling that way... She knew that she would relax soon enough.

"Mmmhm," Arlen breathed out. "It's in, alright... Mercian's left tit, that feels *good*."

"I feel quite tingly," Mia said, swallowing and shifting her legs where she sat. She looked over and saw the green-furred male fruitlessly trying to cum again, his cock too plugged by amorids to actually get anything out. Then she looked to the right and saw a small, white-furred creature dazedly fucking a curious grey and pink creature some three times his size. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves a *lot*.

"Then *relax*, Mi," Arlen purred. "Let them *in*. Those tingles aren't goin' away, y'know?"

The shark-like chimera slowly, gradually *leaned* Mia back until her head was right beside one of the Vorn performer's large, blue-nippled breasts. She smiled down at the antelope, then made a smooch in her direction.

"Arlen, darling—" Mia started, feeling her dick harden all the more.

"*Relax*... Let 'em in. Trust me, you'll love it."

Mia gave a helpless smile at the aquatic woman, then breathed out. She let her eyes close, then relaxed her body.

*Push... push... push...*

She felt the amorids nudging at her, starting to spread her ring. Her cloven hooves splayed in the air, and she nodded her head.

*Push... push... squitch!*

Mia gasped as one of the amorids overtook the other and began to *squeeze* its body into her ass. Immediately, the warm, pleasurable tingles began to grow even *stronger*. It didn't help that at about that same time, another amorid began to slither and heave its gooey body along the bulk of her suddenly rapidly-swelling sheath.

"Oh my," Mia panted, feeling her cock surge to full hardness in three heartbeats. "*Arlen... I take it back, Queek can manage the Fortune just fine for a sleep, this feels incredible...*"

"That's it," the chimera groaned, flashing her biggest smile. "Feel it?"

It took Mia several ticks to respond – in which time a second slug began to *squelch* its way into her rump, and several more slithered and oozed their way onto her thighs.

"Yes," she groaned, her cock *pulsing* and spurting out a little dollop of precum, so much faster than normal.

"I'm gonna help you take this as far as you can, Mi," Arlen breathed, tensing up as another one of the little slugs squeezed its way into her cunt. She didn't resist. "Just *wait* 'til they start wriggling down your dick."

Mia couldn't help but crack a hazy, blush-bordered smile at that idea.

"I don't think... they'll fit down one like mine, Arlen, darling," the grey and blue impala panted, patting Arlen between her breasts. "I don't have much girth, like that one over there," she nodded, indicating the green-furred fox-bunny as he thrashed in place from another mind-numbing orgasm.

Arlen tightened her grip on Mia's back, then arched her brow.

"Oh, Mia, honey," she said. "They *definitely* will."

Mia felt her cock pulse as a slug began to slowly climb it.

From the side, Zen watched the deer-like outsider and the aquatic insider helping each other into things with an easy smile. The little brown rodent-like nurk licked his lips, his noduled, whiskered nose twitching as his own little symphony of squelches and *squitches* filled the air.

Oh yeah, this was *great*. From his vantage point, propped up against a mound of slightly slimy blankets, he could see the whole party as he bounced the slug-filled jar up and down on his dick.

His balls were a little too heavy for the amorids to get under them, but he didn't mind much – two were already halfway down his tapered, rock-hard cock, and a whole jarful more were probably about to follow. It was like a whole party in the jar as he fucked it. *How would his existing set of hitchhikers react to some amorids? It'd probably be hot.*

Zen pulled the jar off and it knocked half a dozen amorids off of his pulsing, stiff flesh. Then he *squashed* it back down and got to feel the slimy *flurry* of activity as the little gastropods began to slop over themselves to try and get to his urethra.

"Thassit," he slurred. "Come join the gang..." He curled his toes as he felt his tingly, amorid-soaked orgasm starting to build. They were rapidly becoming his favourite drug to cum on. He felt his balls starting to tighten, the writhing passengers already wriggling inside them growing excited at his impending orgasm, and he stuck his tongue out in pleasure. He could see some bug creature squashing a toy into her cunt while she helped a little scaled thing with one *hell* of a dick open one of the amorid jars. Zen's eyes rolled back as he imagined getting plowed by that cock.

Any cock, really. Heck, Zen was feeling horny enough to do the fucking, too. He laid his rodent-like ears back and spread his legs wide as orgasm suddenly hit like a drug-fuelled *wave*. His balls pulled tight and his prostate *thrummed*, an amorid wriggling close to it inside of his cock as his whole shaft began to bob and bounce in the jar.

To the nurk's credit, some cum actually *sputtered* out from his tip and doused the jar in gooey white. Nurks were pretty used to cumming while infested, as a race. Zen had a little colony of some enthusiastic little wrigglers in his balls already – he loved the way they made his sack feel *heavy*, and all it cost him was a little sanity. Who needed that, anyway?

"Fuuuhhck," Zen puffed as his cum erupted into the jar in wet, slimy waves. He could *feel* one of the amorids oozing back up and out of his tapered, slimy cock – it felt just as good going as it did coming. He could feel his thoughts practically *melting* under the influence of the pink slugs. It was *awesome*.

The only thing hotter was knowing that everyone around him was having their thoughts turn all horny and soupy just the same as him. Yeah, he was going to fuck a *lot* of people today. Maybe tomorrow. How long did amorid highs last? Zen wasn't sure, and didn't care too much, either. If he lost a few sleeps in a drug-fuelled orgy, that was just perfect. He wanted to see just how amorid drunk he could get.

Zen's body spasmed and jerked for what felt like several chimes as his infested balls churned in overtime to pump out load after load of nurk cum. By the time his high began to dip down again, he found that he was already feeling close again – and the jar was flooded with gooey white slime, pink and enthusiastic amorids, and a couple of floundering, flopping annelids of his own.

That made Zen grin. Oh yeah, he was definitely going to give a few extra hitchhikers to somebody here. He cast his dazed eyes around the courtyard, taking in the sights. A pair of ravel were fucking hard in the corner. A ravel was getting it on with some lehl-like outsider on the other side. Zen slumped, feeling his cock starting to twitch excitedly as he approached another orgasm... only for an amorid to catch purchase on his tip.

"Come on, little guy," he mumbled, biting his tongue as he felt that four-feeler head nuzzle against his urethra. The slug compressed its body a little, and then began to *force* its way into his cock. It ached a little, but *fuck* did he love it. Zen spread his legs a little like he was showing off to the courtyard, then curled his toes as the amorid began to *squirm* its body into his cumslit.

One slug landed on his chest with a *plop*. Zen sucked a sharp breath of sex-stained air, looking for the source. He grinned as he saw a little orange goblin-like creature waving a jar around enthusiastically. Zen lifted one paw and gave him a shaky thumbs up.

“Put ‘em to your dick,” the nurk called to the outsider – or maybe chimera? It was hard to tell. “You’re gonna love it.”

Zen leaned back, then casually resumed leisurely *humping* the jar, letting his gooey, oozing thoughts try to decide who he was going to fuck or be fucked by first.

Gobu grinned at the nurk as he gave him a thumbs up. The outsider nodded twice, then gave him one right back. The nurk was telling him to put some of the amorids to his dick, which was a great idea! But there were so many *other* great ideas, too!

Claude had sold him *two* jars of amorids. That meant Gobu could have fun, *and* help everyone else have even more fun, too. After all, what was better than some amorids?

*More* amorids, clearly! Claude had even let him buy the fullest jar, for just a little extra gloam! Gobu wasn’t sure how many more were in the ‘fullest’ – they all looked kind of the same, but that was fine. To the big-bellied but otherwise gaunt, beaked creature, this was an amazing opportunity.

Still, there was no sense in not *participating*, too, and Gobu was also extremely excited to find out what amorids actually *felt* like. So, with another beaming smile to the nurk, he took one of his jars and promptly upended it over his head. That was good enough, right?

The cascade of gooey, slug-filled slime that poured over his body was a shock. It felt *cold*! But not for long – after just a few ticks, the slimy, wriggling creatures on his skin began to feel warm... and then *hot*. Gobu wriggled in excitement.

The outsider quickly bent over and set the near-empty jar on the ground, before hefting up the fuller one.

“Ooh,” he started. “Ooh! City’s eyes, y’know that’s actually rather nice!” He wasn’t sure who he was saying it to, but Claude’s brother – the blue-feathered ravel beside him – gave him a knowing smirk over his shoulder. Gobu grinned earnestly back.

One of the slugs got to Gobu’s fingers, and the orange creature brought it to eye level. He peered at it, breathing harder. *Yeah, he was starting to feel really tingly.*

“Don’t worry, little guy!” Gobu whispered enthusiastically. “You’re going to do great! Let me help.” He tucked the jar under his arm, then lowered the amorid hitchhiking on his fingers down to his rump. He looked over at the brownish-furred nurk – but right then he was a little too busy cumming to pay Gobu any attention. Gobu grinned, then helped nudge the slug in against where it counted.

Only a moment later he felt the tingling, warming slime kiss his pucker, before the amorid oozed its gooey body onto his flesh and adhered there. How would it feel when it sank inside? Probably great! Everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time! But the question of *how* it would feel was still a mystery Gobu wanted answered!

And then the slug pushed its head against his muscles. Gobu relaxed a little, and it managed to squeeze its head inside, just like that. The outsider clenched, and it squished the slug a little. *Wow, it was weird!* But it didn’t seem to hurt the amorid, either. Its body undulated, compressing,

before *squishing* a little more of itself inside. Gobu gasped, then smiled in amazement. “Hey, you’re pretty good at that,” he panted as a couple more of the slugs oozed along his arms. He felt a wonderful tingling in his dick, and he grinned around the courtyard.

*Schllllrrrrtch...*

The slug *oozed* more of its body in through his rim, until at last he felt the tail end of the slug pulling itself inside. His sphincter squeezed closed behind it, and then there was an entire amorid inside Gobu. The warming, tingling feeling began to rapidly build in his lower belly. His flesh began to feel oddly sensitive, and he found himself just wanting to *touch* things. Especially himself!

A flash of heat spasmed through his body, and Gobu gasped. He shook his head a little, then saw the brown nurk grinning a snaggletoothed smile at him. Gobu nodded back, as if to say, *yes I’m feeling it now!* Then he looked around the courtyard. The nurk was definitely already having a *great* time.

But there was some lehlit-like lady reclining on a shark who was looking like she was only just getting into it! And some insectoid who looked like she hadn’t had *any* amorids yet, given the jar between her and a blue-scaled reptile had only just been opened.

As Gobu’s dick began to throb to life, he bounced from two-toed foot to two-toed foot. He hefted up his still-full jar. Yeah, he was going to make sure *everyone* had *lots* of new friends!

Maji held his dick by the base, giving it a slow, coy *wag* left and right. The blue kobold’s fat, glistening horsecock swayed in front of Salrith, bowing slightly under its own weight as he did. He was sprawled out on a blanket, back against a pillow, watching as the four-armed insectoid set down the now-open jar of slugs.

“Come on, Salrith! Maji is waiting,” he said, letting his dick bob towards them. “Salrith said Maji would be convinced to sell amorids in his shop after he tried them, but Maji thinks Salrith is more interested in riding that toy than starting.”

Salrith quivered, eight eyes lidding a little as they *sank* down on the plump, blue-purple toy they’d brought to the party. Maji’s cock was fat enough that he could suck himself off, if he wanted. Salrith couldn’t even reach their own cunt without significant effort – it meant that any time Salrith *knew* fun was inbound? They always tried to bring *something* to help out.

“Just... practising,” Salrith muttered, chelicerae twitching. Then they grinned, picking up two of the glowing, pinkish slugs. “You could stand to, too, Maji. You’re going to take *really* big things by the end of the night.”

Maji used his tail to prod Salrith’s stomach, then bobbed his cock again.

“Okay! But Maji thinks it’s more likely that Maji is going to use his dick a lot, and fuck Salrith silly.”

Salrith felt the soft waves of warmth begin to settle into their body as they held the amorids, making their cunt squeeze around the swell of the toy. The amorids tried to squirm between their graspers, but the four-armed outsider had no plans to let them take charge this early. Once they both had amorids inside them? Well... Salrith still hazily remembered the last time they had tried

amorids. The *trisks* of constant, relentless hedonism and sex. Salrith wondered how many others here knew the risks of letting more than one amorid into your body at a time and had some kind of countermeasure – and how many were, like Salrith, blithely ignoring them like an addict...

“Trust me, you’re going to be *begging* to ride a dick,” Salrith breathed.

“Salrith is not selling Maji on tryyying theese,” the kobold grinned. He didn’t stop Salrith, though.

“Here,” Salrith said. They slid off the toy, grunting as the plump tip slipped free of their cunt. A string of slime connected their folds to the bulbous tip. They glanced back at the jar, then huffed and kicked it over with one foot. As it tumbled to the ground, a *wave* of pinkish slime oozed out and onto the ground around Maji’s tail and Salrith’s knees. Then, with one grasper, they reached out and *eased* up Maji’s heavy sack.

Just one of his balls was nearly the size of Salrith’s skull – it was a little toe-curling. Salrith wasn’t sure if it was the result of magic, or if he was just *that* naturally gifted. Salrith gazed down at the kobold’s now-exposed pucker, then leaned down to kiss it.

Maji was treated to a soft, tender kiss right against his ring. Salrith’s jaws parted just a little, and they let their tongue slip out to lick his scaled pucker. Maji tensed up, making it squeeze and relax against Salrith’s wet muscle.

“Is that an amorid?” Maji asked. It took Salrith a moment to realise that he couldn’t see what Salrith was doing to his tailhole past his own hefty sack. They grinned privately, then rubbed their nose against his taint, only to let his balls sink back down – and rest over the top of their nostrils.

Immediately, Maji’s musk invaded Salrith’s senses. Oddly captivating, like some drug from Psilysium. It poured into Salrith’s thoughts a little like the amorid slime did, spurring Salrith on to more enthusiastic licking and snuffling at his rump.

On, and on, with the sound of sloppy, slithering squelches filling the air around them. Salrith made out with Maji’s ass as the kobold squirmed and measured his breathing, his hole growing looser with every wet, slimy pass of the insectoid’s tongue.

For Maji, it just felt good to lay there on plush pillows, propped up and watching the other participants starting to enthusiastically *fuck* each other around him. If Salrith’s words were to be believed, then he would be just as eagerly screwing any – or all – of the citizens here. He had a few excellent spells prepared in his ego bracer to make sure it was an *extra* fun event. But he couldn’t deny that the way that Salrith’s tongue – by now he had worked out that it was *definitely* their blue appendage – was slurping and treating his ass... he was *really* starting to want something in there.

Several of the amorids had crawled up and along his thighs, and over his belly. A couple were starting to curiously nuzzle against the swell of his cock. Maji could see Salrith’s tail swaying to and fro in what could only be excitement. He picked one of the slugs up, then felt it squirm unhappily through his fingers. It clearly wanted to be somewhere else.

The *slime*, though... pink, and cold, and yet *hot*. It made Maji’s body tingle, and his cock pulse and twitch. Salrith’s constant making out with his ass was contributing a *lot* to that, though. He had to curl his toes and let out a huff as he felt his flare engorge a little.



Maji was just about to say something more to Salrith when he felt their snout pull away from his rump, the chitinous creature breathing hard, all eight eyes a little dazed.

“Mother egg,” Salrith panted. “I’m already feeling it, just holding them...”

Maji grinned. He was feeling it, too.

“There’s some on Salrith’s ass,” Maji chimed in, helpfully. Salrith gave a shaky smile back, glancing back to see one of them squelching along their hip. Then... Salrith lowered a slug-filled grasper to Maji’s rump.

“Ready?” Salrith asked. Maji puffed out his chest.

“Maji is always ready!”

With a grin, Salrith pressed its head to Maji’s rim.

The slug *immediately* adhered its foot to Maji’s tail. He was a little shocked at how efficient it was as sticking its body where it needed to! It used that leverage to start pushing its four-feelered head against his tailhole, and in only moments was squelching its pink form inside his body. His instincts were to clench and push it out, but Maji didn’t listen to silly things like those.

With a little *sklrtch*... it sank into his body, beginning to flop and wriggle around just behind his sphincter. Its flailing was weird against his prostate, and made his cock jerk excitably.

Maji opened his mouth to say something – and then the *heat* hit.

Maji gasped a little, feeling his cock immediately stiffen to an almost *painful* hardness. He throbbed, then throbbed again, and his flare fattened up as he *shot* a glob of precum up and into the air – landing on his own belly.

“Ooh,” Maji groaned.

Salrith grinned, delighting in watching the kobold breathe like that.

“It’s just starting,” Salrith crooned. “You’re going to want to fuck and fuck until you pass out. Here...” The insectoid reached forward, then gently took hold of Maji’s plump, veined cock. Their grip around his medial ring made Maji’s eyes roll back, and he nearly came on the spot. His flare *doubled* in size, precum *drooling* from his blunt tip.

“*Salriiiiith*,” Maji gasped.

With a devilish smile, chelicerae twitching, Salrith began to pump the kobold’s cock. Maji’s eyes lolled and he fell back onto the pillow, spreading his legs. Helpfully, Salrith’s lower arms began guiding more amorids to his ass, eager to sink the little dragonoid deeper into the haze.

Maji’s vision was practically whiting over as Salrith jerked him off, and the kobold was breathing hard as he felt more gastropods crawling onto his ass. He hissed out, then forced himself to focus.

Salrith’s tail was wagging hard. Their gaze was focused on his rump and his jutting cock. Amorids were closing in towards their own tail, and one had – one had followed Salrith’s fluids and had perched itself *right* on their toy. The kobold grinned his own eager grin. *What a way to kick-start Salrith.*

With a snatch, Maji grabbed Salrith's D-ring – pierced through the end of their chitinous tail – on its next swing. Salrith gasped, letting go of his cock, and looked at him in surprise.

"Everyone's... getting real into it, Salrith," Maji said. He pulled on their tail, forcing their rump upwards a little to make them show off their soon-to-be tainted ass and cunt. "Salrith should show off her assets, s-so people know what they can use." He flashed a toothy smile. *The heat was settling in hard, now. Maji felt like he was going to cum, even if Salrith didn't keep stroking.*

Salrith's belly fluttered, and the insectoid wriggled a little in place.

"We should get your ass on display, too," Salrith chittered. Maji huffed excitedly, feeling his whole body growing sensitive and tingly in ways he could barely wrap his mind around. He felt *reds* and *pinks* and gooey, melty viridians throbbing through his whole body.

"Mmmhm!" he agreed, his voice unexpectedly shaky as his cock jolted and bounced in the air. "Maaaaybe Maji is open to getting fucked..."

"You're *definitely* into it," Salrith churred. Maji grinned toothily.

"If Salrith sits down on her toy, Maji will—Maji will admit it," he said, letting his eyes close and just enjoying the spreading *warmth* and *need*. Salrith huffed, themselves, then looked off to the side. With a little chitter, and stretching their tail where it was still held in Maji's grip – Salrith sat back.

*Something wet, cold, and plump was driven right into Salrith's pussy with a slimy squish.* The insectoid jolted and pulled off, but the amorid that had been perched – waiting – was already excitedly schlepping itself deeper into the outsider's passage, squirming its way towards Salrith's cervix.

Salrith gasped as waves of liquid lust began to *pour* through their body, all eight pupils dilating to rectangles. Their toes curled as their tail quivered and lifted even higher, the sounds and thick smell of sex suddenly *so much more important* to the outsider's mind.

"Mmmh... Salrith is gonna get *very* pregnant," Maji grinned, bouncing his flare against Salrith's snout. "And Maji is gonna ride that *big* ravel..." Then another amorid *squeezed* its body into the kobold's ass, and Maji fell onto his back and *came*.

Korynx watched as the kobold's insectoid partner sank down onto an amorid-tainted dildo, paused ... and then began to *urgently* bounce her hips up and down on it like there was nothing more important. The kobold's vision was locked in a twitchy, shaky expression of bliss as he came a *prodigal* amount over himself and the four-armed creature.

"*Kreh*," came the noise from the purple ravel, his beak trembling as he lay there. "Citygods in... their citadels... She looks to be in—utter *bliss*," the purple ravel groaned breathlessly, his toes curling. "I s—rah!—simply *need* to try... with a toy of—ooh—my own." And he *did*, more than he could express. He felt like he was burning up and he *needed* to cum. He felt like he *was* cumming, but it wasn't enough! Another amorid was beginning to wriggle its way onto the outer folds of his cunt. Korynx was normally male, and normally *not* a ravel – and normally, he couldn't even *imagine* saying out loud that he'd want a dildo to sink into his – *his* – cunt. But with a little Morphorian

magic, you could be a different species for a while. And something he had found out: being a different species was a little like a superpower.

It let you try out being a different you. Korynx the ravel was *bolder*. He wasn't afraid to say these things out loud. He wasn't afraid to admit that he wanted something absolutely *fat* to wedge right into himself and ride it until he saw *spots*. The amorid high was probably helping that part, though, a lot. *A lot*.

"If you- if you had a d-dildo," Sephtis gasped, pressing one of his palms to his actually *bloated* belly, "I would be using it so... so hard on you right now!"

The antlered outsider let out a choked noise of need, then lifted his hips with a groan. Korynx was amazed at how there were a good half a dozen amorids all trying to squish into Sephtis' cunt at the same time, stretching him out to an obscene degree. He was even more amazed that the same thing was happening to *him*.

"Careful, dear pet," Korynx shuddered, beak trembling as his legs spasmed. "Do not... do not forget to w-whom you speak, hmm?" He gave a grin – or as much of one as he could with a stiff beak – then felt another wave of *need* overwhelm his thoughts. He squeezed down around the amorids as his vision blurred.

He could see his own clit standing stiff as more and more of the slimy slugs *fought* their way deeper into his passage. It had started intense, but by now he felt like he was cumming every few ticks. His brain logically knew that he wasn't, but it *felt* so *good*. He was almost afraid of how it would feel when he came.

*No, he wasn't*, he thought. *He was utterly desperate to feel it*. And he could feel it getting closer with every new *squitch* and *squelch* – every amorid that inadvertently slithered its body against his overwhelmingly sensitive nub. Then there were the ones that had given up on trying to fit into his quivering mound and had instead gone lower. He could *feel* the slime warming and oozing around his tailhole, leaving him trembling. He could almost feel the amorids in his ass and his cunt grinding against each other through his inner walls.

"Oh, *fuck*," Sephtis moaned, laying back and wriggling his hips from side to side like he couldn't lay still if his life depended on it. "Sorry boss, just... this is... *fuck!*"

Korynx couldn't form the words to agree, but they both knew he did. Instead, he slid one of his own talons shakily down to feel his own belly. He felt so *sensitive* – *everywhere*. Just rubbing his slightly oily hide sent tingles up and down his spine. *Skl-sklortch!*

The amorid that had been investigating his vulva began to cram its head against his folds to join its brethren, and the ravel whimpered and fell back. He could almost *feel* the moving beneath his belly. *There were... so many inside him*. He felt like he was orgasming again – a full-body *wave* that nearly knocked him out. And the pleasure still kept *building*. The smell of sex was heavy in his nares, the aroma only turning him on more.

Korynx was used to having a dick, but *City's eyes*, if this was what it felt like to have a cunt then he wasn't sure he had the right equipment. *Higher... and higher...* He could feel it building. He could feel his body succumbing to the pink, flush *need* that wasn't easing up. He was going to cum, and he knew it wouldn't be enough. He knew *nothing* would be enough. He and Sephtis were going to get utterly reamed here in the courtyard, and he couldn't wait.

Sephtis spread his legs and bit his lip, feeling equally overwhelmed by the slugs bulging his pussy to its limit. He didn't remember *ever* feeling hornier. His heart was pounding in his chest, and his talons kept raking against the red rug he lay on. Some of them were starting to go for his ass, now. The *need* was so intense!

He felt like he could *scream*. The brewing, building, desperate flutter in his lower belly was only growing more urgent, and he knew that soon he was going to lose control.

"Can I—make it up to—" Sephtis began, before Korynx cut him off. The purple ravel clutched at the blanket and lifted his hips with a spasming *caw* noise, his tail quivering in place.

"Yes!" he gasped. "I brought us – brought us here to *indulge*, Sephtis, so..." He managed to lift his head enough to fix his hazy eyes on the antlered outsider. "...you are going to put that talented snout to *plenty* of use— *kreh!* – and—and—"

Sephtis got to watch as Korynx's face contorted into helpless bliss, and he collapsed to the ground in a squirming, writhing mess. More of the amorids were caressing and squishing into his body. Sephtis could feel them doing it to him, too. Stretching his cunt *wider* and *wider* with each squirmy, wriggling body that *crammed* itself into his passage. He was fighting hard not to gush all over the blanket right there in front of Korynx, but it was so—so—*hard!*

Especially when they kept flailing so *mercilessly* against his g-spot. City's eyes! How would they feel with a cock?

"S—ir we— we have *got* to—come back to one of these—*pleeeaaase*," Sephtis pleaded breathlessly. "But n-next time, can—can we bo-both come with dicks?"

But Korynx couldn't hear him. Sephtis heard Korynx's voice crack and howl out a noise that sounded almost *pained*, if Sephtis hadn't known better. His hips jerked and spasmed and his legs kicked in the air, and Sephtis propped himself up enough to see the purple ravel absolutely *gushing* over the base of his own tail. His talons shredded the blue blanket, and his tongue hung out as he utterly soaked the fabrics – and right before Sephtis' eyes, one of the particularly fat amorids managed to *schlp* itself all the way into Korynx's cunt and disappeared inside of him.

It was utterly *hot* to watch, and Sephtis' toes curled. The outsider bit his lip, then smiled hazily.

If the boss was giving in, why should Sephtis fight it? The antlered outsider lay back and *relaxed*, letting the amorids work their magic, slopping more and more of their little, wriggly bodies into his folds and into his ass. He felt orgasm hit him like a *wall* – and Sephtis really did scream.

The outsider's scream startled Meek enough to make the little, red-eyed outsider squeak. He stared at the antlered creature, an expression of utter mind-melting bliss plastered on that fanged, grey snout, imagining what it would feel like when he came.

With a wet, lewd *squitch*, he felt another one of the slugs squish itself into his pucker. It stretched Meek open so *wide*. He was small – way smaller than most of the people here, so it made the slugs have to work that much harder. But they did. And by now, they were so deep in his guts that he couldn't even tell where they were inside him. He could only feel a constant, slow, *squirming* sensation that made his dick feel like it was permanently on the edge.

Flylph squeezed around his dick again, and Meek gasped loudly. The grey and purple synx was trembling violently against Meek, his ass pressed flush to Meek's groin. The amorids seemed to be affecting him a lot. Meek could only imagine how it would feel, being fucked with a good dozen of the slugs slithering inside your ass. Even now, Meek could feel the occasional *nudge* of one of the slugs against his cock as he slowly humped in and out of the larger creature.

Meek logically knew he shouldn't want it to go further, but the amorids made him *need* it. He drilled and humped and *bucked* his twitching dick into Flylph, as if courting that little creature to try and fit itself inside.

With a shudder, Flylph slowly turned around, twisting his serpentine body in ways that Meek could only gawk at. His pucker clenched again, almost milking Meek's cock. The ferret-like outsider groaned, his nose twitching as he spurted a thick jet of precum right into Flylph's body. By now, Meek was practically *pissing* precum and he couldn't stop it. He didn't *want* to stop it. His balls tingled constantly and he didn't even have any amorids in there. *Yet...*

Flylph's snout pointed at Meek, his eyes unfocused. There was an amorid in the Synx's *nose*, Meek saw. He snorted it, making the plump, wriggly body *schlup* inwards a little bit. His whole body shuddered, and he twisted himself further, like something out of a horror story on Meek's ego bracer.

Meek didn't know much about synx biology, but he hoped that an amorid in the nose wasn't bad. *Wait... was that one in his ear?*

Meek groaned out as Flylph's snout pressed against his hip, rubbing the side of his face against the smaller outsider's fur. Meek knew he should feel a little bad to keep humping into Flylph, effectively smacking his face, but the feeling of his balls *plapping* against the synx's ass was far, *far* too irresistible to say no to. He *needed* it. His cock was pulsing hard and he couldn't tell if he was cumming or not – which meant that he *probably* wasn't. He wrapped one arm around Flylph's upturned tail for support, then gave the synx a shaky smile.

*Oh, he felt so... out of it.*

Meek curled his toes as he kept bucking and thrusting into the synx's ass, feeling himself building closer and closer to what *had* to be the edge. His whole body felt *electric*. He felt like he was losing his mind from the waves of constant, giddy pleasure – waves that only grew more intense as he felt the steady, slow, somehow *loving* wriggling in his guts. He—

*Schlp.*

Meek jolted as he felt Flylph's tongue suddenly lick at his ass. His red eyes widened and he twisted his head around to see what the synx was doing. He had to be flexible enough to rim *himself*!

Before Meek could really react, though, Flylph's tongue pressed against his pucker a little harder. It helped push another amorid deeper into the white-furred outsider, and Meek gasped, feeling orgasm suddenly start rushing towards him like a runaway carriage. He gripped Flylph's tail that much harder.

Flylph didn't stop, though. The normally composed synx seemed to be lost in a daze. His whole body still trembling, his tongue slipped out to lick over Meek's amorid-slime soaked ass again... and then again. And *again*.

Meek squeaked in shock and stood up on his tiptoes. His cock jerked – and then Flylph began to *thread* his tongue inside the outsider. His tongue was big enough to be more like a cock to the other outsider.

Too much. *Too much!* Meek pushed back against Flylph, desperate for *more* of that too much – then *humped* forwards to try and get away from it, the synx's squeezing rim like heated velvet around his shaft, then—

*Then—*

*Throb... throb... throb-throb!* Meek's cock began to pulse wildly, his balls pulling close. His prostate tightened and his jaw hung slack in shock as stars *burst* before his eyes. The squirming in his guts grew so much more intense, and he choked out a protracted, shrill and wild *squeak* as he went over the edge. He could hardly believe the noise was *coming* from him, except in that moment he didn't care at all.

Meek clung to Flylph for dear life as he *came* like a krudge, pumping out rope after rope of thick, heated cum right into the synx's ass. His eyes were glazed and unfocused, and he couldn't even *think* through the utter wall of bliss that was liquefying his mind. His tail stood on end as he shook, emptying his overcharged balls into his companion as the strongest orgasm he could remember having obliterated him.

Time lost all meaning. The City wasn't there. Flylph wasn't there. Even *Meek* wasn't there – there was nothing but *pleasure*, nothing but the waves of bliss that were occupying every iota of existence. Meek practically orgasmed his soul out in gelatinous pumps, riding Flylph's tongue. Not even Meek's own ego existed in that momentary eternity, marked only by the steady, rhythmic *sputtering* of cum.

...

But eventually it began to diminish a little. Or maybe Meek just began to adjust. He gasped a loud, urgent breath, as if only just remembering how to even do that – and then jolted as he felt Flylph's snout nuzzling his ass, tongue still licking.

Meek squeaked out a hoarse query.

Flylph answered it by pushing his snout even harder against Meek's rump. He wriggled and nudged his snout against the smaller creature and, then, to Meek's shock...

...his snout began to squeeze *into* Meek's ring.

A uniquely *enormous* stretching sensation began to spread Meek open. The white-furred creature gasped, eyes even wider than before, and he tried to pull off the synx's snout. He was *huge!* What was he thinking?!

But 'pulling off' only made him hump a little deeper into Flylph, who made a curious noise that Meek hoped meant 'enjoyment', and then pushed his snout *harder* inwards.

Fuelled by the amorphous slime flooding both of their systems, Meek felt his orgasm immediately start to swell again. His body was insisting that *Flylph would very much definitely not fit* – but Flylph seemed intent on seeing just how far he could push himself into Meek's ass.

Meek held on for dear life as his cock began jerking all over again inside him.

Oleander opened his beak in a silent gasp, his eyes lidded in pleasure. He looked down at Fain, panting in delight as two more of the little slugs slithered along his cock. They were such *intriguing* things.

"Enjoying yourself, hmm?" Fain asked, trying and failing to hide the pleased strain in his voice. He was riding the edge of yet another orgasm. His knot was utterly bloated inside Oleander's ass, stretching his insides to the point that they ached. Oleander's knotted tip was just as swollen, though – the voiceless ravel wasn't far from spurting all over Fain's feathered chest - again. His magnificent wattle and speckled plumage would look *wonderful* with another thick, whitish glazing. *Though perhaps that was the amorid influence talking...*

"Oh dear," Fain breathed, gripping Oleander's ankles with his talons. He sucked air through his nares and threw his head back. "I'm... I'm—" The spotted ravel gasped, then scrunched up his face as he shuddered. After several ticks of dancing on the edge, though, his whole body tense – he crawled back from the edge, his held breath bursting forth from him with a sigh. "No... not quite... These little things are more... —*kraa—!*" Fain broke off, his cock *spasming* inside Oleander as an amorid *writhed* against his prostate. He squeezed his companion's ankles so hard that it hurt. It was getting so hard to *tell* if he was cumming or not, with how orgasmic every little twitch felt. After a moment his shaky voice continued. "...more intoxicating than a night in the Snood," Fain managed.

Oleander felt it, too. Everything felt like it was swimming. His whole body was tingling and his feathers were standing on end. He could *feel* the slugs squirming around in the depths of his cock, playing merry havoc with his balls and his prostate from the inside. He'd already climaxed twice, and each time had been more intense than the last. The only reason he was holding any sanity at all was his personal experience – and even *that* felt like it was rapidly eroding under the influence of the slugs.

It was hard to want to do anything but keep *fucking*. He was in love with the idea of adding these creatures to his repertoire.

Neither of them were strangers to screwing in public, either. It was common enough at the Snood, though Oleander spent more of his time among the Amyrnum crowd these days. Neither of them were used to having little slugs involved as participants, though.

That said, they were *excellent* participants.

Oleander lifted his fan-tipped tail a little, then *sat* down hard on Fain's stiff, jutting cock. It sank into his depths and battered his prostate, upsetting the slugs that were oozing their way through that part of his plumbing. It made his cock *jolt* with enough intensity to make his tongue hang out.

"Ohh fuck," Fain slurred. "You have such an exquisite ass. Did you know that, Ollie? Mm... Ease up on the clenching, I want to last a little... a little longer." The speckled ravel spread Oleander's powerful legs as they lifted the larger ravel up, then eased him back down again, riding Fain's stiff, jutting cock with short, urgent humps. Oleander's was bigger than Fain's, but Fain was an expert in using his. Oleander felt so good that he could hardly imagine pulling off. Fain's was a near *perfect* cock – one worthy of Oleander's ass.

"I can *feel* them wiggling into me," Fain panted. He looked up, green eyes fixed on Oleander. With one talon, he reached up and nudged one of the amorids slithering along Oleander's knotted tip a little higher and closer to its goal. "Here, make sure to help the little guy in," he quivered.

Oleander's talon had been wrapped snug around his shaft the entire time. He couldn't help it. The urge to touch himself was too intense. He didn't bother stopping the amorid when it started to kiss and nuzzle against his already stretched urethra. He *welcomed* it when the slimy, pink gastropod began to push and force itself into his cumslit. They weren't traditionally beautiful creatures, but in Oleander's magenta eyes they were *pristine*.

It was a uniquely *odd* feeling. To have his urethra begin to stretch wide around something foreign ... and to not have his body cry out in pain. Some combination of the pink slime, and its ability to squish its plump body down into smaller shapes made it a purely *alien* sensation.

Oleander began furiously, urgently stroking his cock as the slug made its journey inside. He and Fain both *watched* in rapt attention as the gastropod oozed its way inwards, putting a bulge in Oleander's cumvein. They stared, transfixed in horny desperation as it put a bump that slipped deeper and deeper into his dick – until only the little, pink tail poked out of Oleander's urethra.

Then, with a little wriggle, that too disappeared inside his shaft. The bulge began to *descend* towards the white ravel's groin, faster with each fevered stroke Oleander gave his cock. Before long it would disappear past Oleander's sheath and begin migrating to its new home, somewhere inside him. There, it would join the others in spurring Oleander into a desperate *haze* of near-mindless fucking until he passed out.

Fain was feeling exactly the same, with a good dozen of the little invertebrates oozing over each other in his ass, and half that flopping and squirming around his balls. The notion of 'stopping' or 'pulling out' had long since faded from his mind. All he cared about was indulging as hard as he could. He was being so kind and generous, after all – giving Oleander what the other ravel clearly needed! They both were so well suited for screwing each other's brains out.

"Keep... keep going," Fain moaned, feeling Oleander's body clench and tighten around his dick. It was probably hard for the larger, white and teal ravel *not* to clench, given how big Fain was. Even if Oleander was bigger, Fain's cock was still enough to leave someone *gaping*. He gripped Oleander's ankles a little tighter, then began slowly humping up into the larger male, not wanting to leave Oleander with only the pleasure of his own talons for too long.

Oleander approved of this immensely, looking like he was in some new plane of pleasure as Fain's fat, bulbous tip rammed against his prostate. Fuck, he could *feel* the slugs in Oleander's ass. It was a bizarre feeling, but it added so much soft, velvety texture. *Or maybe that was just their drug-like slime acting as lubricant...*

Fain could feel it building again. His balls were starting to tighten – and that was a uniquely overwhelming sensation with little living bulges writhing inside his sack. His toes curled, and he swallowed hard, turning his head slightly.

A glowing, pinkish amorid wiggled its feelers at him from just a few iggs away. The ravel gave the avian equivalent of a grin, his eyes lidding and his beak trembling.

"Other way, little guy," he breathed. "Down... d... *City's eyes!*"

Fain lost track of his words as a powerful contraction *wracked* his muscles, and he felt a copious *gush* of precum pour up and into Oleander. The white ravel gave a voiceless groan and lifted



his ass up – before sitting all the way down in Fain’s lap with a *schluck*. His rump bumped Fain’s sheath and compressed his sack in just the right way, and the two ravels cried out.

Fain’s knot was absolutely *throbbing* deep inside Oleander, a hair’s breadth from peaking. The smaller ravel was clearly trying hard to prolong things, to hold back a little – but between Oleander’s urgent riding and the amorids, there was no way for Fain to resist.

Oleander shifted his ass greedily on Fain’s hips, beginning to *grind* himself back and forth, his magenta eyes lidded as they watched his companion for that blissful moment. That perfect, *beautiful* moment. *Schlk-schluck-plap...*

Fain gasped, his claws trembling as he held Oleander’s ankles. He knew what the white ravel was doing – what he was saying. Oleander might not have words, but his body said everything. ‘*Time to cum.*’

Fain wasn’t allowed a choice in the matter.

The speckled ravel’s eyes went wide, then crossed – and then Oleander felt it. He felt Fain’s knotted tip suddenly start to *balloon* and bloat inside him, and Fain let out a shrill *caw* of ecstatic triumph. His face twisted into excitement, pleasure, then overwhelmed shock as the feelings *swamped* him – and then his cock was *pulsing* desperately. Urgently, wildly spasming and thickening in Oleander’s ass.

Fain let go of his restraint and began humping like a wild beast, his hips making Oleander bounce upwards as he hammered his sheath against the other ravel’s ass. Little jets of fluid warmly flooded Oleander’s ass, filling him in tiny spurts – but they were nowhere near enough for the ravel’s proper orgasm. Only a moment later, the reason for that made itself *very* known.

With a gooey *squish*, an amorid was forced up and out of Fain’s cock and deep into Oleander’s guts, along with a true *flood* of the avian’s cum. Then came another – and then a *third*, the pink slugs being pushed out along with Fain’s cum and right into Oleander’s depths.

The white ravel was hit by a *wave* of renewed, warming, drug-like arousal, and his talon once again wildly pumped his own cock with reckless abandon. *Yes, perfect. Perfect, right there. Right- right—!*

Oleander’s cock began to *spray* white slime and a pair of fat, pink amorids over Fain’s chest and beak before the speckled ravel’s cock had gotten even halfway through orgasm.

In a slimy, sloppy daze, the two avians rutted each other senseless as the amorids continued working their magic over them...

Qwerty watched the two ravels rutting each other with deep, purpling *envy*. He saw the ecstatic bliss covering their faces as they both came and he wanted it *so bad*. He knew he shouldn’t. He wasn’t... he wasn’t *like* this, but—

*Skltch!*

Qwerty felt the *nest* of amorids in his womb writhe and squirm around, and he stopped thinking again.

He wasn't sure how long for. When they moved, everything stopped mattering but the *need*, the burning, aching need between his legs. His clit stood at attention and he *dripped* and everyone could see how needy he was and he *loved* it so bad he wanted to fuck and fuck and *fuck* he—

Qwerty gasped, then whined out loud, as if coming back to his body again.

"Please..." he panted. His tailfeathers trembled, and he pulled weakly on his restraints.

In front of the black and red bird, the blue ravel smirked and shook his head. Talons on his hips, he lifted one foot and placed it down on one of the support struts to the bondage rack that Qwerty had been strapped to as part of his Council punishment.

"Please what?" he asked. "Afraid I need a little more than that to go on, chosen one."

Qwerty stared at him, beak hanging open and breasts heaving as he breathed in shaky, haggard gasps. The words were so *hard* to focus on. So... impossible to put together in his head. The amorids made everything so *soupy* and *thick*.

*Thick...*

Qwerty's eyes trailed over to where the blue reptile was fitting his disproportionately enormous, equine cock down the insectoid creature's throat. He was holding her head while one of the other participants desperately fucked her, the reptile not letting her see who was flooding her. *Qwerty wanted that so much. He needed that.*

"Well? Or isn't there anything rrrremaining in that little head of yours?" the ravel asked, lifting his talon to gently knock on Qwerty's skull.

The avian outsider groaned, snapping slightly back to attention. *No... he didn't... didn't want to do this.* Qwerty wasn't depraved or shameless like this, he was modest, and- and- he even had joined the Cult of Quelsh, so he could... stay pure and... and...

*Squelch!*

Qwerty's eyes bulged as the ravel pressed his talon lightly on the avian's bulging, heavy belly. Suddenly, more of the amorids were squishing and plopping *out* of Qwerty's folds and falling haphazardly into one of the many empty jars below. They landed with sickening *splats*, then began wriggling over each other.

Qwerty nearly orgasmed from the feeling of them sliding out of his cunt. *Almost.* Almost, almost, *almost!* It was never *enough!* He *writhed*, straining against his bonds, his toes all curling hard as he tensed and relaxed in waves. It had felt like orgasming at first. He thought the punishment was all psychological, that the way it felt didn't hurt so it wasn't bad, but... After how long of this? *No, no no... No, it was so, so much. And it wasn't enough.*

Qwerty knew he didn't want to be fucked. That this was a punishment. He was a *good* bird, not depraved or – or... or *something*. But... but, but, but, *but*—he *wanted* it. He wanted it *so much*.

"PLeeEEASsse..." Qwerty gasped, beak trembling even more. How long had he been there now? His eyes drifted and fell on the purple ravel and the antlered outsider. One of them was sitting on the other's face, urgently being eaten out while another partygoer with a cock fucked their ass. Qwerty couldn't *help* but imagine himself there. *It didn't matter that they were strangers.*

“Oh, I think you’re having *lots* of fun being our little party ssssupply, chosen one!” the ravel said merrily, patting Qwerty’s stomach and sending the breeding amorids into a frenzy. “You sure you don’t want to cum yet, though? This is your thiiiird party without finishing, you know.” He clucked his tongue, his voice whistling slightly as he spoke. “If I were you, I’d be mad as an unfulfilled krudge by now. But, Council rules are rrrrules, eh?” He winked. “But you know what they say. One bird’s punishment is just a ravel’s business opportunity.”

Qwerty had no idea what he was saying. It was too many words, too quickly. Right then, all the avian could think about was how much he *needed* one of those fat, throbbing cocks *shoved* into his ass or his cunt or his beak or *anywhere* one could fit. He could feel slime *oozing* out of his cunt and down into the jars, and his tongue hung out in twisted, broken ecstasy. He needed more so much.

The ravel just chuckled, then stroked the back of his scaly talon up and down Qwerty’s bloated belly.

“Just a few words, I’ll make you cum the ressst of your brains out, chosen one,” he said. “Just say, ‘Please, Mister Rudoe, let me cum’ – I’ll fuck you harder than anybody here.” He paused for a few moments to see what Qwerty would do.

Qwerty knew he’d been asked something. Something about cumming. He knew that the ravel had asked *something* and he wanted an answer. But right then, another amorid *schlopped* out from his pussy and his bound legs spasmed in their restraints. He dumbly looked at the ravel. *He had such a big sheath, his cock would probably make Qwerty cum and cum and...*

Qwerty wasn’t a slut... was he? *He was trying so hard, but... It was... even harder to fight...*

“No?” the ravel asked. His eyes grinned, his toothy beak full of fangs, then pushed on Qwerty’s belly again. Another *gush* of pink slugs squelched out of his body and Qwerty *sang* loudly to the open air of the party. The ravel flicked one of Qwerty’s sensitive, engorged nipples with a claw, then shook his head.

“Can you believe this one?” he asked to the orange creature beside him. “Three whole ssssleeps and already can’t manage one little sentence. Outsiders, pff.” The ravel paused. “No offense,” he finished. “Though sssseems like you’re a little distracted, too.”

Qwerty’s head lolled on his neck, and he watched as the other ravel running the show looked over to the blue ravel. Not far from him, the shark-like chimera had eased the antlered outsider onto her hands and knees and was doing something to her that had her face contorted in ecstasy.

The avian’s vision blurred, and he squeezed his eyes shut as another *wave* of pleasure and unfulfilled contractions wracked his body. He whimpered at how badly he wanted to be in the middle of the party being *railed*, *fucked*, and utterly *ruined*. It wasn’t like him – he knew that. He hated it. *...But more and more, he was coming to love it.*

“Brom, three more for the party!” Claude called, turning to his brother.

The blue and red ravel smiled beatifically and waved the orange-furred canine, his smaller outsider companion, and the horse in through the gates. “You’ll have a *mind-blowing* time,” he assured them.

As Brom left their party supplier alone for a few ticks to bring the three required jars, careful not to actually *touch* the slime himself – at least, not *too* much – he shook his head at his brother.

“Thinking of closing the gatessss, Claude?” Brom asked as he handed the jars off to the newest entrants, who then began seeking out somewhat unobtrusive spots to join. They mostly all did that, the brothers had noticed – go somewhere separate where they could do it by themselves or with their friends. Occasionally one or two grouped up.

Then they got an amorid or ten in their system, and suddenly little things like “preferences” or “being strangers” or “standards” stopped mattering at all. If a party ended where two creatures *hadn’t* fucked, it was only by accident or because someone wound up pinned and used as the party bicycle.

Claude waited until the three newcomers were a little out of range, then scoffed at his brother.

“Are you mad?” he asked. “There’s so much more available sssspace,” he said, gesturing around the courtyard with a sweep of his muscled arm. “Do you know how much more *gloam* that makes?” He gave Brom a sceptical look, then shook his head.

Brom laughed. A beat passed, and then Claude laughed, too.

“Of course,” Brom said. “Besides, once the amorids get into you, you never make... sssensible decisions.”

“No, no you do not,” Claude said, looking out over the crowd. One of their guests was still *enthusiastically* trying to fit themselves into one of the smaller guests which, thanks to their little pink gloam makers, was serving only to make the white furball cum harder.

“Speaking of, I’m taking a jar home for some... personal rrrrecreation,” Brom said, hefting up one of the jars. “The City knows that bird’s got enough in them to spawn a dozen jars a day. I’ve never seen someone sssso well-suited to being an amorid hive.”

Claude paused, then crossed his arms. The stumpy remnants of his wings twitched in place as he fixed his brother with a look.

“Be careful. Don’t—”

“I know,” Brom interrupted. “I’m no fool. No more than one per hole, or they’ll start breeding, and I’ll be stuck in an endless rrrrut until someone hits me with a sssufficiently strong Cleanse spell.” He lifted a claw and tapped the side of his beak.

“Good,” Claude said. “If I catch you sssquandering our opportunity for good gloam, it won’t be my cock I fuck you with.” He elbowed his brother sharply.

Brom winced, then smirked as he rubbed the spot that Claude had ribbed him.

“Of course not. Now, for our *next* party...”

Beaks parted in that avian form of a grin at their steadily accumulating wealth, the two ravels leaned against a wall to watch the unfolding orgy and quietly scheme.