

(Start of Sleth's Intro Section)

"Thank you, gentleman."

With a last polite wave of goodbye I closed my apartment's door behind the pair of nice looking stags that were here to do their service. And what a service it was! I rushed back to my living room to appreciate the newly installed device. The quick-portal system.

Now, I already had the device before. I mean, anyone can have the tech-thingy that opens two small of those little devilish wormholes to play around with, but what I was staring was what made the system actually worth something: a global network hook. It was only through that that it was possible to, instead of opening a little useless portal from the bedroom to the fridge, I could open one side right here and the other... well, any fucking where! It's worth mentioning that, unfortunately, these little portals are only as wide as... hmmm... my head? For safety purposes, they say. One can't really do more than stick their hand out into it. The whole point of the system is mainly so one can have instant deliveries ranging all the way from Station 2 to Station 9, but, well, that's not to say there weren't *other* ways to use it with different network softwares, of course.

I brought my phone up, brushed off the small holographic add that showed up, and started typing immediately, excited to share the good news. The system would cost a pretty penny in its monthly fee, but it'd be worth it, I hoped.

"Guys came to install the system today, just left! You wanna hang out tonight and tell me what this is all about?"

Sent. I went out to my couch to lie down, tired of staring at the lifeless machine. While I waited, I opened up the my phone's gallery for what must have been the hundredth time this week and, just like every other single time, my ears twitched and I blushed immediately.

The first pic in the list was always the same one. There I was, Kyle, the grey wolf with shaggy fur and the lean, slightly toned build I was kind of proud of... bent over myself, sucking my own dick. I had that glazed look in my eyes. God, I was so drunk. I barely remembered doing that, but seeing it made me grunt with arousal. I swiped towards the next picture and my felt my ears lowering themselves yet a little more.

Now, there HE was. Ted. He was kneeling right next to bent-over-me, one hand shoving my hips down. I could see in my own expression that I wasn't appreciating deep-throating my own junk. And yet, he was there, smirking in the kind of selfie despite my predicament at his side, taking the picture with my own phone. Ted was a stallion. A big one. A big, hunky one. I have to admit that I had always had kind of a thing for horses, so when I met Ted in the... well, let's just say it was a club of very dubious purposes, both him and I knew he had me hooked.

That had been eight weeks ago. Before Ted, I honestly considered myself a decent, normal wolf, you know? I have a promising job, I hit the gym a few times a week, I like to rock climb on the weekends (as primitive as it sounds). Hell, I even considered myself more of a top than a bottom when it came to sex. In those eight weeks, however, I hadn't topped once. I hadn't been with anyone other than Ted, even though we're not dating. Hell, if I asked him if we're dating he'd probably laugh at my face. He's definitely not the type, and yet he has this special way of getting what he wants. The way he talks, the way he acts, it's just... fuck, just thinking about made me start to get hard. He was the one who talked me into getting the portal network. Said he had one and it was the best thing he'd ever gotten. I didn't think I'd have much use for it myself, so I said no at first, but, well, he sure knew how to be convincing.

I shuddered, feeling the vibrations that meant he had answered my small text. I blushed at the same time. The small vibration didn't come from the phone in my hand, as one might expect. No, it came from the chastity cage I was wearing over my straining dick. Fucking bluetooth connection. Ted had said it was a fun setting, but I was already starting to get tired of it. He had bought the cage just for me, he had said. It would be fun, he had said. That was two weeks ago, though, and I still hadn't managed to get him to unlock me. It was driving me fucking crazy. I was pretty damn confident that, with the good news I had given him, he was gonna let me free at night. Oh yeah, definitely. He didn't even have to come over, he just needed to open the app on his phone and give the command and the cage would open. I was planning on asking him that if he said no to my polite invitation, but as soon as I opened the reply, I saw that it wouldn't be necessary.

"Awesome. I'm coming over right now. Look at how excited I am to see you"

I blushed. I opened the attached image to see Ted with one hand holding the front of his pants down so that the incredibly obscene bulge of his hard-on was seen through his boxer briefs, but the shocking thing was that the bastard was doing that out in the open! He was in a street somewhere, I could see people coming and going behind him on either side of him in the picture. Fuck. I felt the cage tightening, texted back a "Kay" and took a deep breath. I had already done a great many things with him on these eight weeks, things I'm not particularly proud of, but he still managed to surprise me on every turn.

(End of Sleth's Intro Section)

=====

(Start of Blackstone's Middle Section)

It was my day off so I busied myself tidying up around the apartment while I waited. Ted wouldn't notice nor care but it was something to do to keep my mind off the two weeks worth of unspent cum that made my balls throb. As I scrubbed and swept I tried to decide how I might approach the issue with the horse I thought back on the last time I tried to sweet talk him into unlocking the cage and blushed.

Apparently having his not-quite-boyfriend awkwardly ask for permission to get off was a huge turn on for Ted because minutes later he guiding me into an empty public restroom. When he pulled me into the stall furthest from the door it didn't take much foresight to realize that the well hung stallion planned to fuck me right then and there. Even knowing what Ted thought of 'downers' and of people who didn't 'go with the flow', getting my hole pummeled and creamed at an outdoor shopping center was too much.

But as usual the horse was a step ahead of me. From his pocket he produced the same ring-gag he used on me when he made me go down on him in the darkened movie theater. I opened my mouth to protest but the handsome equine used his superior strength to jam the short, padded tube between my teeth before locking the crisscrossing straps around my head. Annoyed, nervous, and very horny I tried to speak my mind despite the gag but my words came out in an incomprehensible mush.

With one arm behind my back, Ted pushed two fingers through the gag and rubbed the surface of my tongue saying, "Shhhh, Kyle. Don't worry, I've done this a few times before. As long as you're quiet, no one will call the cops. Besides, you need to take responsibility for this." The stallion ground his growing pants' bulge up against my stomach as he continued, "You got my gears going with all this talk of bloated jizz-filled balls and straining wolf cocks. Turn that pretty ass of yours around for me and I'll try and make this a fast one."

I gave in to Ted's pushy charm, like I always do. Frustratingly, while I was perfectly quiet the idiot horse grunted up a storm as he plowed my increasingly less tight hole. I have no idea if he was even aware of how noisy he was being and my pulse raced as my hands braced against the cold tiled wall. With my gagged muzzle I had no way of letting him know he was being too rowdy. Instead, with my member twitching uselessly in its chastity cage, I settled for praying that Ted would cum soon. God he is so thick. Plus, he likes to go deep which made my breath catch and my fingers clench against the tile.

Three other people came in while the reckless stud drilled me so good that I pushed back against his thrusts as my eyes went unfocused. One was loudly talking on their phone even as they unleashed what sounded like a mighty stream into the urinal. The next was an elderly couple in the middle of an argument, both men grouching that it had been the other's fault that they'd forgotten to pick up that week's medication. My heart pounded during the times when someone came in and I barely dared to breathe until after they departed. Unlike Ted, who didn't seem to notice. He just kept right on seesawing his rigid length into me, back and forth in a rhythm I'd already become familiar with.

When it was all done, the stupid horse had a dreamy smile on his face and I was even more sexually frustrated than before. That and, I had to cram tissues between my cheeks just to get home without leaking his load down my pants. He asked me if I had fun and I exactly wasn't lying when I told him that I did. But having some fun didn't make it a less tense situation or make me less desperate for relief.

However, I didn't want to end our evening on a fight so I let it slide. That and, if I brought up my 'bloated balls' and 'straining cock' again, in his current mood Ted was liable to just bend me over a public park bench on our way to the car. With my luck we'd get caught and the city would throw the book at me. It's a hard thing to argue that you're an upstanding citizen when you're found gagged, chastised, getting deep-dicked in the park. I got the impression that the horse came from money so he'd probably be fine while I'd be thoroughly boned.

Yet when it came to Ted, getting fucked in the park was a borderline tame idea. In the two months we'd been hooking up I'd done everything from blow him as he drove us down the highway to giving a smirking bar owner a handjob just to settle some months old tab of the stallion's. Worse yet, the doberman hadn't even been the actual bar owner. He was just some guy who'd make a bet that the horse wouldn't be able to convince me to jerk a stranger off. It was a bet the canine had been happy to lose and somehow I was the only one to come out a loser in the whole affair.

Then there were Ted's best friends, Bobby and Trent. Bobby was a young buck, barely old enough to drink and Trent was a zebra who looked like he'd walked straight off the cover of a men's fitness magazine. Embarrassingly, I'd been introduced to them while tied to a pool table as Ted fed crisco covered billiard balls under my tail. Acting as though this were no big deal, they insisted on making small talk with me as the stallion worked tirelessly to get a fourth ball to join the other three he'd already shoved up my resisting chute.

The bar had already closed but a small group of men had been given the heads-up to stick around for the evening's entertainment. Unbeknownst to me at the time, the last drink Ted had served me included a crushed-up dose of viagra. The half dozen men gathered around the pool table got a good laugh at my stiffy that was rock hard and bobbing despite my pleading that they were taking things too far.

But the zebra and buck just kept chatting with me as if watching a stallion use a pool cue to stuff another greased ball between my buttocks was the most normal thing in the world. Drinking their beer, they steered the conversation to cover everything from my opinion on the weather to what my typical workout routine looked like. I can't decide if they were trying to help me out by keeping me distracted from my aching backside or if they thought listening to my flustered responses was hot. Maybe both. The three other men ( a bear, a bull, and a kangaroo ), let their eyes wander over me with a hungry look that I'd seen on Ted a few times just prior to him tugging out his meat in a public place.

The mood in the room took a turn when one of the guys, the bull, tossed out a critique of erection, calling it "cute, but too small" for his tastes. All of a sudden it became open season to discuss my privates with every man in the room sharing his thoughts on my drug-fueled hard-on. The 'kinder' commentary focused around how it was just the right size for a 'bitch like me'. The less generous assessments called my member unimpressive, nothing special, and even 'kind of

pathetic.' Ted's friends only made things worse by seeming to struggle to come up with something nice to say about my cock. I'd of preferred for them to stay silent rather than offering cold comfort like recalling that they'd heard that some people prefer smaller cocks.

Mortified at the treatment, I was ready to stand up for myself. That is to say, until pants and underwear starting falling to the ground. That's what was left of my pride blew away like dust in the wind. All six of the fuckers were hung like porn stars. My internalized shame must have been written all over my face because the guys broke out into a round of laughter as they clinked their bottles against one another's in cheers. All except Ted who was still focused on my hole with a single mindedness that frightened me a little. With good reason as it turned out, because the stallion appeared to be deciding whether there was room enough left for lucky number five.

Already feeling both stuffed and humiliated, I begged him not to. His frowning face made it clear he didn't like my quitters attitude but the stallion begrudgingly agreed that maybe five was one too many "for now". I asked him if we could please go home and Ted gave me his usual reassuring smile and squeezed my bound foot comfortingly saying, "Not until after the toast."

I didn't have a clue what that meant but I was able to start making educated guesses when empty double-tall shot glasses were handed out. Then I was instructed to "watch close" as the half dozen men, Ted included, stroked themselves off with one hand while the other held one of the recently cleaned glasses.

Though this all looked like bad news for me, I won't deny that watching those big dick'd men confidently stroke themselves was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen in my life. And I could tell that not only didn't they mind me watching them, they were getting off on it. The bear especially welcomed my eyes onto him, winking at me as he angled his body to give me the best view possible. Each of them intuitively understood that they were gorgeous men in their prime so of course a guy like me would get off on the show each was putting on just for me.

Being the youngest, Bobby was the first to pop and when he did I had a front row seat for seeing the grunting buck's balls pull up before he spewed a mighty load directly into the transparent shot glass. Soon after the room filled with an answering chorus of grunts, cursing, and heavy breathing. Jizz pumped and flowed through deliberately aimed piss slits as my length flexed in envy. I pulled at the bonds keeping me tied spread against the table as I indulged the fantasy that somehow my profound need might grant me the herculean strength to pull free.

When the six men pulled in closer around me it was fairly obvious how this toasting ceremony was going to conclude. Trent cut off my objections before I could even speak up for myself, producing custom funnel from under the table and shoving its hollow cock-mold spigot into my mouth. As Ted's friends made sure I couldn't make a fuss by shaking the funnel around by holding my head steady, the half naked stallion held up his nearly overfull glass over his head

and said, “To good friends and good times! To never letting a bitch come between us... except for when they’re nice and tied up!”

The men laughed and called out a chorus of “Salut!”. But rather than downing the contents of their glasses themselves as tradition dictates, in one motion all all six shot glasses were held aloft over the wide brim of the funnel before being tipped sideways. Time slowed down as wide-eyed I gaped in distressed incredulity as all those fresh loads cascaded down, striking the inside of the funnel before blending together at the lowest point near the center.

I bucked and fought against the ropes and tried to turn my head. But the horse’s amigos were ready for this and, glasses discarded, the lot of them held me firm by the head, neck, and shoulders. A moment later my mouth exploded in the indescribable musk of all those alpha male loads pouring onto my tongue and down my throat at the same time.

With no choice but to swallow my throat gulped down the steady stream, the hidden inner tube purposely narrow to turn this into a drawn out affair. With plenty of warm semen pooled and ready to be ingested, the satisfied men used their spare hands to rub my body while giving what they must have sounded to them like words of encouragement.

“Just keep swallowing. You’re doing great.”

“Wow, you’re still hard! What a cum-guzzling rockstar.”

“Looks like I’m not the only one who’d been saving up, but nothing you can’t handle, right?”

“Holy fuck, he’s really doing it! Oh man, did no one remember to take pictures?”

“You ever want it straight from the tap, you just let me know.”

“You’re making us real proud, Kyle. That’s it, just let your cocksucker instincts guide you.”

“Where did you find this guy? Way better than last year’s.”

“See how his eyes glaze over like that? Ted sure can pick ‘em.”

“Almost time to watch you push out those pool balls, yeah?”

“Hey Bobby, rub here on his stomach and you can practically feel them.”

The whole situation seemed surreal as they talked down to me like I was some sort of pampered slut. They acted like I’d signed up for this rather it being something pushed upon me. Then again, maybe in a sense I had. Back at the club where we’d met, Ted had told me straight up that he was “sexually adventurous” and “big into experimentation”. His friends probably

figured that if I'd continued to put up with him after this many weeks, I must get off on this treatment.

But it's one thing to suck off a guy in a nearly deserted movie theater and another thing entirely to be funnel-fed six guys' ball juice all at once. Even if the guys in question were sexy hunks... massively endowed... all their attention on me. With combined semen sliding down onto the back of my tongue at a constant steady rate, I moaned as the stallion took my member in his strong grip.

Seeing he'd gotten my attention Ted said, "Almost forgot... we got one more load to add to the mix. You guys want to help me out?"

I stopped fighting back as all those hands rubbed gently but unrelentingly at my crotch. No one spoke for the next few minutes as I gulped their salty cum while the six men stood over me, their encouraging hands driving me crazy. Everyone got in on the action as my dick was stroked, sack tugged, premium rubbed, piss slit pinched, balls pressed, and knot squeezed. With the last of their minutes-old load dripping down into my stomach, I gave up a decidedly unmasculine moan as the seventh and final glass was filled with my own cream, Ted careful to catch the full output in the shot glass.

It was hands-down the most powerful climax of my life but regardless of how pleasurable the act of jizzing was, coming down off that peak forced me to acknowledge how degrading this situation truly was. Yet the viagra made sure I stayed stiff as Ted shook the last droplets of cum into the glass before raising it up and offering the last toast of the night.

"Three cheers to Kyle! You're one-of-a-kind wolf, and we're all blessed that you put up with our shit. You really are something special. That is to say, special to me. Fuck it, I'm no good at the sappy stuff. Let's hear it for Kyle!"

The hunky horse sounded completely sincere and my heart swelled at hearing those words. Though I admit, I wasn't given a lot of time to live in the moment before the room broke in loud cheering and the half full shot glass containing my own spunk was upturned over the funnel. With all the other cumshots already down the hatch, I had to fight back a queasy feeling when I realized that the warm liquid I was tasting was one hundred percent my own load being fed back to me.

The other men in the room seemed to be getting off on this in a big way as all of them, including Ted, were openly masturbating. Wanting to be considering, Bobby jerked me off too but this only made me holler into the funnel's cock-mold as the buck stroked my far too sensitive shaft. Once more pulling at my bonds, I was unable to make him stop as the party rolled on late into the night before I was eventually cut loose.

The night came and went but Ted's words stayed with me. I alternated between walking on sunshine at his loving speech to feeling like a complete slut for letting the stallion and his friends turn me into a glorified sex toy for the night's entertainment. Which is to say, I wasn't really up for standing my ground when two days later Ted produced the chastity device. He told me it'd be fun and "right up my alley" which I expressed initial hesitation.

And he'd been right. For the first week, at least. But I was entering the third week of what was turning out to be long term orgasm denial and 'fun' was giving way to 'unbelievably frustrating'. When it was getting to be too much I told the horse that I felt like I was starting to mentally crack up. The jerk just laughed at me and said, "Yeah, some people get them to breakdown their lover's willpower. But you're tough, you'll be alright."

Seeing that he wasn't getting the message, I reiterated that I really, really needed him to take off the cage. I couldn't keep going like this. As expected, this only seemed to rev his motor and as the stallion made me describe how in detail how bad it was as he pushed my hand down the front of his shorts. Feeling his hot erection growing proud against my fingers I told him I was being serious.

"So am I," he insisted as he got me take his veined pole in hand. "Just stroke me off a little while you tell me about it. Don't hold back -- I want to hear all about it. Tell me again about how your sack feels full."

As it happened, I only got part way through my bitch-fest before Ted unzipped, pulling my head down into his lap. I try to complain that this proved he wasn't taking me seriously but with my muzzle suddenly filled with horse flesh all I could do was gargle discontentedly as he sighed with pleasure.

"Hey hey, don't fuss. I heard you, okay? And I happen to know you're into this so let's get some light suction action going, yeah? Don't get modest on me all of a sudden."

Ted was an asshole but that didn't make him any less correct on this point. His cock was supremely suckable and I typically enjoyed going down on him nearly as much as he enjoyed having his dick sucked. The fact that I was royally pissed while doing it only seemed to turned him on more. Not that he was wholly oblivious that he was playing with fire. As if making an effort to keep me from blowing up at him after he'd force-fed me his load, the equine showered me in praise complimenting everything from my technique to how cute I looked with my face stuffed.

He had the most annoying habit of saying just the thing to disarm my anger. This time around it was when he casually threw out, "Man, I'm so lucky I found you. I knew you'd be perfect for me back when you sucked yourself off just because I asked."



'Asked' might have been a bit of an exaggeration considering he'd only gotten me in that position by betting me that I could lick my own cock. If I hadn't of been wasted on booze he'd of never gotten me to go along with it. I don't remember much of the night but I recall the cheeky fucker telling me that since I'd gone that far I might as well "go the distance." The stallion had used his impressive strength to fold me down until I was deep throating myself before grabbing my phone and snapping some selfies. That's actually how I got Ted's number. I vaguely recall him inviting me to call him some time at the number he'd texted the pictures to.

The stallion used my muzzle like a beloved fleshlight as his breathing deepened and his vocabulary got cruder. Despite his obvious need he was taking his time, holding back. Likely to give me an opportunity to cool off. If that was his ploy, it worked. Ten minutes into the blowjob and I was actively engaged, using my hands to play with his smooth, hairless balls and to paw at the base of his cock. We both knew I wouldn't be getting off and yet I was unable to resist the need to give him the most pleasurable climax I could.

He was very pleased with my performance and made no effort to hide it. The most of obvious sign was the unannounced surge of cum gushing over my tongue as Ted made a long, controlled sigh like a gentleman settling into an easy chair. As usual, the horse came buckets and that combined with his near obsession of seeing me drink his musky spew meant that despite Ted's relaxed body language his hands held me in a vice like grip as he watched me with mischievous eyes.

I was only allowed to pull back after the deluge had tapered off. Then the stallion had me wipe off his moist pole, getting a not so secret thrill out of watching me pat his softening cock with sheets of extra durable paper towels. Then in a playful voice he asked me if I wanted to cum too.

Wiping off the last of his splooge and my spit from his wilted spire I observed, "I thought you said you didn't have the key on you."

I tried to stand up but the goof just pulled me back to the ground before straddling my head, his kneeled form draping his hefty but satisfied bullocks over my face.

"Come on... lick 'em, Kyle. Don't make me beg."

I took his tender sack between my gleaming wolf teeth and gently bit down. He stiffened a little but otherwise stayed utterly composed, running his fingers nimbly through my head fur.

That's when the horse pitched me on the quick-portal system, somehow managing to imply but not confirm that my lewd quest for an orgasm was somehow tied to having the portal installed. I tried to get some additional details out of the stud but I was literally ball gagged. And never one to be accused of being too subtle, Ted flat out told me that he didn't think he'd be able to track

down the key before the quick-portal system was delivered. Needless to say, when I eventually caved I purchased the speediest delivery option available.

You probably think me naive, but I really would never have guessed that risk-taker types used the quick-portal for sex. I mean, just think about it. Someone has to be putting ~something~ through the threshold of the portal. And the system needs constant, unbroken power to keep up the connection. And we live in a world where brownouts and blown fuses are a thing. You do the math. Yep, there's some pretty terrible "worst case" scenarios you can read about.

Which is probably why Ted made sure that I had multiple weeks worth of up lust built up before tugging down my pants and marching me over to the wall mounted device. He'd only been in the house a few minutes and he'd already installed some underground homebrewed application he'd gotten from someone who'd gotten it from someone else.

Did I fight back? Of course I fucking did. Me, stick my junk through a wormhole which the most minor of power fluctuations (on either side!) would cause to go dead? But Ted thought ahead and had lovingly bound my arms behind my back in a secure leather brace before dropping that particular bomb. Stunned, I couldn't react before he'd fitted the cock-gag deep into my muzzle.

With my arms bound and my pants bunched up around my ankles, I was completely helpless as the stallion frog-marched me over to what I could only think of a sophisticated cock guillotine. A firm grip around my testicles kept me on the straight and narrow as Ted casually explained that my needy wolfhood was going to go on a little journey.

The address already keyed in, the quick-portal booted up and seconds later the inner iris came to life. The surface of the hole looked like a vertical pool of subdued light, as if it somehow constructed out of light beams that couldn't quite escape the physicality of the portal's field. In other words, it looked like something that made no sense and I wanted zero part of it. But non-participation wasn't in the horse's game plan and whistling a merry tune, his muscular form stood directly behind me pushing me forward by degrees.

At this point I was very nearly squealing into the rubber cock gag, simultaneously hopeful and fearful that one of my neighbors might hear something and bang on my door, demanding entrance and thus saving me. But instead what happened was one of Ted's extra large hands closed firmly around my throat, cutting off my yelps along with most of my air supply.

"None of that now, boy. After all that money I paid, I'd hate for you to miss your appointment. Easy does it now, just slide right on in. Gooooood wolf"

I pushed back against the equines sturdy body with everything I had but it didn't gain me an inch. Rather, I lost ground in a hurry. And what a head trip it was when my plastic covered member slipped past the membrane of light and out of sight. I expected it to feel like my limp

bits were passing through something, like water. Instead all I felt was the sudden chill of the other side's atmosphere. Wherever my cock was, it was noticeably chillier there.

Ted wasted no time in producing a set of interconnect bondage-play belts that he used to tether my body flush against the device, my hips compressed tightly as he roped me in place before fastening down the spare belt length. Then he let out a whooping sigh of relief and actually laughed, patting my back as I tried to yell at him to release me.

"Fuck, I'm so glad that went as smooth as it did. I've been worried all week you'd slip out of my grip and run screaming out of the apartment, pantless. Guess I was worried for nothing, huh? You know, for a fit looking dude you really could use some more strength training."

I tried to glare daggers at him to hide my mounting fear but the angles didn't work out with him positioned more or less directly behind me. All I could think about were those dusty cobwebs I'd spotted weeks back in my fuse box and how only a few cents of copper and plastic were all that stood between me and a cockless existence.

Despite my acute concern for my dire situation, I had the presence of mind to test the straps fastening me in place. They didn't budge an inch, nor did the leather arm grips. This was looking profoundly bad for me and things only got worse when I felt an unseen hand unabashedly grip my sack. My whole body went stiff as fight or flight instincts prepared me to make some form of last ditched effort to defend myself. But all I could do was stand there as what felt like a latex gloved hand familiarized itself with my low hangers.

The circumstances behind me weren't much better as I heard Ted open the door for his best friends Bobby and Trent, the buck giving an approving whistle when he saw my tied-up form.

"Fuckin' A," the buck commended. "So you're really going through with this, huh? I'm guessing based on the ropes our cute wolf buddy didn't take the news well?"

I still had no idea what was going on and trying to demand answers only made me fellate the black rubber cock stuffed into my mouth. They were standing behind me now and though I couldn't get a good look at them, I heard the unmistakable sounds of belts being undone and clothing being stripped and tossed aside. My ear twitched in intense unease.

In reply the stallion said, "Nah, I decided it'd be easier if I had just had the procedure done and then explained to our boy here the new way of things. Kyle is in the dark at the moment but I suspect he's figured out that the men touching his privates aren't there to give him a handjob."

The hulk of a zebra snorted and stated, "It's gonna take a couple hours or so. We're free to use his boy-pussy in the meantime, yes?"

I'm sure someone answered Trent but I lost the ability to focus on the conversation as a second pair of hands tugged at my chastity cage while the first pair continued to massage and weight my balls. From there, things progressed terrifyingly fast on both sides of the portal. Somewhere many miles away the chastity device was removed from long denied member as what seemed like intensely vibrating shears glided over my sack, removing their natural protection of fur.

Meanwhile the zebra pressed up against me from behind, wrapping his arms loosely around my waist and humping his rapidly swelling cock against my backside between my cheeks. As I started breathing in short, shallow gulps of air Trent slowly humped his very warm shaft against me in an unrushed rhythm.

"That's it boy... easy now," Trent murmured. I could feel his broad chest rumble as he spoke as it pressed against me from behind. "Your little boy parts were already owned property. This is just us making it official. Understand?"

That's when I pissed out of fear, my bladder soundlessly unloading on the other side of the void. Trent and the other two men had no idea but the unseen owners of the portal-side hands must have been annoyed because only seconds after my spew tapered off a lubed catheter tube was roughly fed through my piss slit and down my urethra. As the timing worked out, just as my dick was being invaded by plastic tubing my other hole was receiving similar treatment as Trent pressed his equine cockhead forward against my puckered hole.

I had no real resistance to leverage and in short order I grunted as I was penetrated front and back. The zebra's pole was girthier than Ted's and while getting fucked by the horse on a regular basis had made this sort of buggery possible it certainly didn't make it smooth or easy. Nor did he take his time, instead grunting into my ear that it was time for him to 'own my ass'. Bound in place, all I could manage was to feebly shake my head 'no!' as clearly as I could. A nonverbal cue that Trent ignored as he stuffed me full of black zebra cock. Both cock and ass burned as my flesh was unreasonably stretched. Shit, fuck, dammit! It felt like they were cramming a garden hose down my shaft.

As I shook my head I caught a glimpse of Ted and Bobby on the couch. The two of them were watching us as they idly stroked their respective rods, apparently waiting patiently for their turn. To my eye the buck seemed just as interested in getting an eyeful of the stallion, though he made the effort to try and hide his keen interest. I didn't have time to ponder this much as Trent brutally slammed his hips forward, driving several more inches up my overfull hole.

Impressed by the show the horse called out, "Give it to him good, cuz! Bet you didn't know he used to call himself a top."

The zebra pulled out a little only to push in deeper still. Once he'd gotten me to groan loud enough to satisfy him Trent answered, "That so? And how is that going to work after the surgeons get through with his tiny pecker?"

My blood ran colder than a winter river. Surgeons? As in, surgery? My resistance peaked as I thrashed in place. Nobody seemed to notice as the conversation continued while the zebra fucked me, each stroke penetrating deeper than the last. At the same time, the portal-side hands had returned to smear some cold gel all over my limp package.

“Don’t scare the wolf,” Ted chided yet I could hear in his voice that he was smiling. “His weenie isn’t getting cut off. Though the blackmarket doctors offered.”

Bobby laughed at this as he glided his palm over his erection. “Maybe his dick isn’t getting removed but that doesn’t mean it’ll be doing him good either. I mean, fuck, he won’t even be able to--”

Cutting off the buck Ted interrupted with, “Don’t give away the surprise, goof.” Then addressing me he said, “And don’t let them rattle you, sweetie. All the good doctors are doing is making it so you don’t have to wear the chastity cage anymore. When you think about it, they’re doing you a favor.”

That wasn’t comforting in the slightest but Trent went and made things a thousand times worse by whispering quietly enough that only I could hear, “They about to break your cock, pretty thing. If it makes you feel better, this fine ass of yours is gonna stay nice and fuckable.”

I was sweating now, both from the fear as well as the strain of coping with the massive pole rearranging my insides. The zebra was working up a sweat too for a different reason and my nose picked up the scent of his musk as he rutted me. I was still trying to process this horrifying news when I felt a dull prick stab the base of my shaft. It was only when the sensation repeated itself again and again in different location that I realized that the surgeons must be injecting my cock and balls with anesthetic. I squealed into the gag as I felt Trent’s sack brush against my ass.

Annoyed at getting talked over the buck said, “You counting on him not suing you? Your family has more than enough money to be worth going after.”

The horse didn’t sound the least bit concerned when he responded, “Only reason you’re so concerned about my money is because you don’t have any of your own, broke ass. But no, I’m not worried. You don’t bite the hand of the man who’s got your balls in a vice grip. And from now on, our boy’s grapes are just a button press away from permanently dying on the vine. Besides, he likes me putting him in his place. Gets off on it, don’tcha boy?”

I heard the demeaning words but found it nearly impossible to mentally engage in the one-sided conversation as an intense tingling swept over my crotch. Then the pins-and-needles sensation faded away leaving a feeling of nothingness in its place. A form of shock came over me as I realized that whatever happened from this point on, I wouldn’t feel it. Furthermore, I had no

hope of stopping the surgeons from modifying my masculinity as they saw fit. Or in this case, as the stallion saw fit. Meanwhile my backside remained unaffected and ached in protest at the zebra's treatment. So, fucking, thick.

The zebra reached up and slapped me softly a couple times on the face telling me, "Stay with us, Kyle. No zoning out. You may not be a real man after today, but you can at least act like it."

I sagged against Trent in surrender. There was nothing I could do and they all knew it. I had no idea what was happening to my manhood but it sounded permanent. And given Ted's words I supposed I'd count myself lucky if I was even capable of cumming anymore after this.

Feeling my body relax against his the zebra thrust into me seductively slow as he said, "That's it wolf... just like that. Give in and we'll treat you real nice. Loyalty is rewarded. You probably won't be doing a lot of cumming from now on but we have plenty of other ways to make you feel good. And don't worry, we'll teach you all the ways you'll be making us feel good too." Trent punctuated those last words by pushing in deep enough to make me grunt into the dildo gag making all there laugh.

Almost too casually, Bobby took that opportunity to reach over and give the stallion a hand with his stroking. The stallion looked downright shocked but moved his own hand away reflexively. The handsome buck took over the handjob like it was the most natural thing in the world, but even as distracted as I was by my own circumstances I could tell he was stressed, possibly fearing rejection.

Ted recovered quickly and leaned back, stretching his arms over the back of the couch.

"Well shit... that feels real nice. Yeah... Fuck yeah. Keep that up," encouraged the horse.

I wasn't sure what was going on but the zebra filled me in by whispering, "Bobby's had a thing for my cousin for years. Guess he finally worked up the courage to make a move. Good for him. Now, squeeze down against me. Time to fill you up, cutie."

Warmth flooded my rear only slip down my legs as the zebra wrapped up by plowing me with bruising force. I can't deny that Trent fucks like a champ and his grunting, sweaty conclusion had the added benefit of helping take my mind off the portal that I was strapped against. I recalled that ebony shaft of his pumping out its load into the shot glass and knew that this time his jizz once more found a home in me, once more without my permission. I'd of been more pissed if he wasn't such a devastatingly gorgeous gym-stud.

As Trent bred me, the buck and horse explored a new direction in their relationship. Already their fingertips were brushing against each others' thighs as Bobby single-fisted his friend's throbbing meat. The two ignored me as I struggled to catch my breath, legs shaking as Trent withdrew his spent, mostly hard member.

He sighed in pleasure and then proceeded to clean his soggy pole with my ass fur as he told me, "You ever get tired of playing third wheel with Ted, you give me a call. I got a basement I'd love to install you in for two or three kink-filled years. No pressure, but give it some thought. Your own personal zebra-god, controlling every aspect of your life. I'll teach you a whole new way to pray, yeah?"

(End of Blackstone's Middle Section)

=====

(Start of Sleth's Ending Section)

Despite Trent's incredibly cocky and for the most part completely unreasonable proposal, my attention was back at Ted and Bobby on the couch. It left me quite stunned, actually, for while still jacking Ted's cock off, the buck had been bold enough to lean forward over the horse, making their lips meet and fuck, Ted responded! Bobby climbed on Ted's leg to lean against him, his arm movement showing he hadn't slowed down on the 'friendly' masturbating, but they were fucking making out. Kissing!

I should probably explain why that was such a big deal for me, since one would probably expect engaging in friendly co-fucking of wolves and jacking each other off to be one or more steps above kissing already. I remember the first time I tried the kiss move on Ted a few weeks ago, after I thought things between us might have started becoming a little more serious considering how many times we had been 'together' already, if you know what I mean. On that first time, he soundly refused me by turning his snout away and pushing me back, but he just said that I had 'cock breath', which seemed reasonable enough considering I had just swallowed his load.

That much is sort of okay, but the second time I tried it being careful enough to do it doing the foreplay rather than the post game, he soundly refused it again, saying that kissing was just 'too mushy' and he'd rather have my lips kissing other parts of him. I happened to like kissing, but fine, I thought, he doesn't. Everyone compromises in relationships. And yet, there I was, standing there with my cock through a portal for god knew what terrible reason and Ted making out with Bobby as if *they* has been the ones who'd been together for weeks. Hell, I hadn't even known Ted was gonna bring his fucking friends when I invited him over!

Trent was the only one who noticed how angry the display was making me, the big zebra's hands coming around me, going through my chest. Part of me thought he might fuck me again and I knew he would if he hadn't done it ten freaking minutes ago. If I didn't have his cum leaking down the back of my thighs.

"See that? All the more reason to choose stripes over plain brown." Trent was actually chuckling while he whispered in my ear, which was a pretty shitty move from him, but I won't lie. I was actually considering doing it. Going with him, if anything, just to shove it on Ted's face, but I had a distinct feeling that even if I did go to some hardcore kinky basement, Trent would let Ted

have quite a few gos at me anyways. If I had my whole head around me to think, of course I'd consider the first reason not to ever go alone with Trent to be because something like that was leaps and bounds over my line of kinky, too.

None of that mattered anyways. Ted's distinct grunting and moaning took a turn I shamefully knew very well. He pulled away from the kissing so he could moan, his hands sprawled back over the back of the couch clenched down into fists.

I was right. Even with Bobby blocking my view of Ted's cock, I could see the white rope of seed flying upwards, going as far as to reach my wall behind the couch. The buck kept Ted's cock angled, letting me hear the cum landing on the leather of my couch while Ted just sighed with pleasure much like he always did with me. The horse finally let himself relax with a sigh when his orgasm was done.

The only hint of pleasure I got from all of it was seeing how eager Bobby was to get his part of the deal, continuing to stroke his cock and leaning forward against Ted just to have a hand pushing him back so that the horse could stand up. Seeing the buck's pleasure ignored much like mine often was gave me a tiny bit of solace in all of that.

"That was fucking great. I'm thinking about grabbing a bite, sex makes me hungry," Ted announced. Sex did make him hungry. Trent was cool with it, Bobby just followed along and soon all three of them were dressed up again, even if the buck's pants still had kind of a tent. It was Ted who came to softly caress my fur, going as far as giving my muzzle a 'loving' nuzzle, which I soundly retreated from. I struggled against his bindings, threw muffled curses at him and gave him a stare. He picked up on that, I'm sure, but it didn't make a difference. "C'mon, Kyle, we'll be right back. I'm taking your keys, alright? It'll be done soon, I know it."

Ted had the guts to speak as if nothing had happened, like he always did, but I wasn't gonna fall for it this time. I kept struggling until I heard my front door closing and even a little more after there was nothing but silence around me, but I knew I wasn't going anywhere. I was stuck standing there with my junk through a portal.

They left me like that for *two* hours. For two whole hours I stood there, doing nothing but worry about what the hell was going on on the other side of the portal. My legs were starting to ache and I could feel Trent's cum drying against my fur behind me. Dry cum was a bitch to clean off fur. Nevertheless, that was the least of my worries. At least during those two hours I had time to reevaluate all of my relationship with Ted. In fact, I had time to craft a whole speech that would soundly tell him how much of a fucking jerk he was, point out every single crappy thing he had done to me over the last few weeks and, most importantly, today and end it by telling him to fuck the hell off my life right after he undid whatever the hell they were doing to my precious manhood over at the other side. Oh, he would hear all of it.



It was well into the second hour when my ears twitched, hearing the keys turning back in my front door. Ted, Trent and Bobby barged in, laughing, and Ted was the first to 'greet' me, opening his arms with a big goofy smile and coming to hug my bound form. His breath smelled like beer, I noticed, but though he did look a little tipsy, I could tell he wasn't plain drunk. It took a truck of beer to get Ted drunk anyways.

"Kyle, Kyle, Kyle, I missed you! Guess what? Everything's done! I just got the text on the way back here!"

The stallion announced it as if I had been fucking cured of cancer, but all it did was make my heart beat fast all over again. The whole time I was staring him down with daggers in my eyes, but he was either oblivious to it or simply ignoring it. The horse undid the straps keeping me pinned tight against the portal machine and as soon as he did, I didn't need his help to pull back from it. What I saw down below freaked me out way more than I thought it would, though. Actually, it was more about what I didn't see.

My crotch was, to put it in simple terms, smooth. All I could see was my fur, which was there as if I never had had a sheath and balls to begin with. As if I was some sort of doll with a flat, smooth crotch made just for show. My mind failed to process as I stared down at it, mostly because for the last fifteen minutes or so I had already begun feeling my cock and balls tingling as if returning from their state of numbness and I could still feel it. I could feel as if something was touching my cock, enveloping it, and I could feel a tiny pressure over the side of my balls, but there was absolutely nothing there!

"Nice!" Ted whistled in appreciation, bringing his hand down to touch my smooth crotch and I only got more confused when I realized I couldn't feel that touch in particular. I looked up at him pretty much panicking.

"He looks like he's just about to pass out," Trent noted from behind the stallion, laughing.

"Think he already misses his manhood," Bobby added also with a chuckle. He was the one who brought Ted's bag to the stallion still passing his hand over my smooth crotch, who in turn took it from him without even looking. Ted's eyes were set down on me.

"Don't worry, wolfy. I wouldn't want to be with a guy who's only half a guy. We just did what Trent said, made the whole thing easier. It'll all be a lot of fun, you'll see!" Even while Ted spoke, I just stared at him with my widened eyes. FUN?! Even I have to admit I was freaking losing it at that moment. I bit down on the cock-shaped gag taking over my muzzle and shook it. At the very least I wanted to speak. Ted turned away to pull something out of his bag, however, and that's when I felt it. I felt more touch to my sheath and it made me look down once more, and then I saw it.

"Isn't it awesome?" Ted's question was barely heard by my ears. I stared at his hand, where he held a in its palm a round, metal disc of which my sheath and balls erupted from through the faint glow of what I recognized to be a portal. They were right there and my god, it was weird to look at it, lying horizontally right over his hand. He brought his finger to poke at my nuts and though I could still feel them tingling with remnants of numbness, I could feel the touch utterly and completely. Part of me was relieved that my precious genitals were still there, intact, but at the same time... well, I was nervous just to shove my cock through the bigger portal in my home and now my whole package was stuck through a smaller one in my crotch somehow? It didn't have to be said that the whole array of concerns I had regarding that act came back rushing to me. Ted could tell, too, but still he just chuckled.

"I knew you'd still freak out even after you saw it. Don't worry, don't worry. This is state of the art technology! Expensive as hell! These little devils have a million fail-safe mechanisms. This pretty much can only go wrong if I want it too."

I admit that that was some consolation, but it was still not nearly enough of it. My heart was still racing, my mind still trying to process all of it. Ted started playing with my balls, tugging on my sheath over his hand as if it was some sort of toy and, surprisingly for me, despite the situation I felt my length starting to harden, that hint of arousal sparking through me. Consequence of weeks of chastity, I suppose. I hadn't been able to feel the light breeze over my free length for quite a while, feel it harden and growing without metal to keep it down painfully. No matter how fucked up it was to watch him play with my growing cock just like that, it was still kind of arousing.

It went on and on, his fingers going through my growing length right in front of my eyes. I could smell my own musk, stronger than I was used to since it was right in front of my nose, even bound as I was. It didn't take much for my ears to fold back and for him to have me groaning. I couldn't help it. I still gave Ted a glare every now and then, struggled a little to signal that I wanted out and even tried in vain to talk with that cock gag stuck in my muzzle, but I was utterly hopeless. When my member was finally fully hard, the small bulb that would make my starting to get visible inside my furry sheath, he stopped, leaving it pulsing in the air right there.

"Isn't it just amazing? Oh, babe, this is gonna be great, I promise you!"

Trent snickered behind me. I saw he had grabbed a beer from my fridge and was sipping it. Bobby was still sitting on my couch at the side, arms crossed not looking that happy anymore. At least, he wasn't until Ted gave him a look.

"Bobby here has offered to let me take his ass, like a slut," Trent said, giving the buck a wink. Bobby himself looked embarrassed enough, though all he did was blurt back a "shut up".

"You know I can't resist a tight ass, right Kyle? Oh, you know better than anyone! But I have an idea. Let's do it together, babe! You ease him for me, I seal the deal. Pro teamwork! How about that?"

I didn't have an answer for Ted's little idea. I barely understood what he meant by it at all, so I just stared at him. It was all I could do anyways. The horse, however, seemed damn proud of it. He gave my hard length a small peck and he didn't wait nor gave me any detailed information about it before getting up and moving back to the couch. Bobby didn't seem to be in a much better place than me. He looked between me and the horse and I suspected that I wasn't supposed to be in his plans on that regard. It still bothered me to no end that Ted even wanted to fuck someone else right here, in front of me. I mean, as I said before, we were not boyfriends and knowing Ted I didn't have much in terms of expectations of us being exclusive to each other (even though I was with him), but still, right in front of me? That's a little too much.

Ted was over Bobby in a second. The stallion's hands caressed the buck's chest and even I could see the small tent in his pants that hadn't been satisfied before throbbing. A few words of whispering and the buck was already opening his belt, pulling his pants down and removing them altogether, though he did keep his shirt on. Bobby proceeded to get on all fours over my couch, his hard, considerably sized length fully hard and even already dripping down on my couch. Ted's hand went straight to his rump, grabbing it and squeezing. It was an erotic sight, sure, but it still made me growl, bound as I was. It looked like Bobby wasn't quite the top guy Ted and Trent were, after all.

My anger regarding the situation as a whole was causing my erection to flag. It wasn't as hard as before after Ted had set it down on my coffee table, but as soon as the stallion took hold of it again with a firm grip, I felt it return to its previous state in a matter of seconds. Ted handled it like it was some sort of dildo, just holding it sideways while he opened his own pants and positioned himself behind Bobby, enough to let his own hardening length touch the buck's ass. The horse's stamina for sex never ceased to amaze me. He didn't go straight to the point, however. Instead, he took my cock all the way to the buck's snout, placing it in front of him.

"C'mon, Bobby, give it some slurping to lube it up," Ted said with fun on his voice. Bobby didn't share that excitement, looking back at him and even at me while he hesitated.

"What? But Ted, I thought you we-"

"I will fuck you, but I said we'd do it together! Don't ruin the fun, Bobby, just do it! I've seen you slurp up a hundred cocks before!"

Even Trent chuckled at that, though Bobby seemed just uncomfortable. He did as he was told, and the moment his tongue came over my length, I felt my legs grow weak. It was still very, very weird to watch it happening from afar and feeling the touch as if I was sitting right there in front of him. His tongue dragged itself up from the base of my red, pulsing, tapered cock all the way

to the tip and I couldn't help but pant through my gag. Again and again it repeated itself, with Ted turning my cock around so he could coat its underside with saliva as well. My knot appeared and pushed my sheath back in record time. Even angry as I was, it was hard to resist a tongue working over my cock. Sadly, it didn't last very long. As soon as my member was shining with a coat of drool, Ted pulled it away, praising an embarrassed Bobby in the process. It was the first time I'd seen the buck looking so vulnerable.

"Nice and wet! Now, Kyle, will you do the honors?" Ted's question was directed at me, though bound there I just stared back at him. It turns out that my own feedback wasn't needed. Without much ceremony, the horse, with my cock in his hand, moved it to press the tip right against Bobby's entrance, which gave in to it right away. The buck grunted softly, but even gagged as I was my moan was louder than his. I felt the warmth of his tailhole enveloping my cock, inch after inch, and though I saw Bobby closing his eyes and biting his lip, he took my whole length like a champ. It kept going until only the bigger bulb of my canine knot was outside.

My breath was heavy. After weeks of nothing, feeling Bobby's ass clenching down on my length was almost too much. To make both of us moan, Ted decided to twist my member inside the buck, which brought laughter from both him and Trent, who was watching it with his own hand on his crotch as if his cum wasn't *still* dripping from my own tailhole. Soon after that, Ted pulled my cock out, only to shove it in again, then out, then in, promptly fucking Bobby with it, albeit slowly. It was doing wonders for the buck, who had a steady flow of precum staining my leather couch. Bobby was down to his elbows, face twisting in pleasure as my length did a number on him. I myself could barely stand. I gasped through my gag every time I felt my cock going in, the stimulation high and wide. My cock pulsed, precum coating Bobby's insides and my knot grew even larger. I went as far as moving my hips in some sort of reflexive instinct because, my god, at that moment I'd give the world to shove my knot into Bobby and finish the deal.

It took but minutes for me to feel close enough, so close that a small squeeze to my knot would get me what I wanted, I knew, but I was still gonna cum soon even without that. I had to. It was too much! As abruptly as it had started, however, everything stopped. I was left panting, Ted finally pulling my cock completely out of the buck and apparently enjoying watching how it pulsed and throbbed in the air, still letting out a small drop of precum to run down the length.

"Oh, c'mon Kyle, didn't you use to top? And yet it only takes like five minutes for you to be ready to blow your load?"

Jerk. It had been at least ten minutes! And I had been in chastity for weeks!! I would say that if I could, but despite those facts, Ted still managed to embarrass me over it.

"Thanks for softening him up, I'll take it from here," Ted announced, aligning his own now fully hardened and considerably bigger length to Bobby's tailhole and again giving the buck no respite before shoving it in again. This time Bobby's reaction was louder. Ted's length wasn't easy to take, I knew well, and though it was fun to watch Bobby groaning for him to slow down a

little bit, I still felt frustrated. I was so close to cumming! That wasn't my main concern considering my date was going as far as fucking someone else right in front of me, but at that moment, aroused as I was, it took a considerably high priority in my mind.

Ted was back to gripping my cock roughly with one hand while the other was placed over Bobby's hips to support himself as he pushed it all the way in until he was reached the hilt. By then, Bobby was a panting mess, probably having bitten a little more than he could chew with Ted, but if his dripping cock was any indication, he was still happy about the whole thing. Some of that happiness faded away instantly when, once again, Ted reached forward to place my throbbing length right in front of Bobby.

"Be a good sport and suck on Kyle there while I finish the job? Wolfie's been through a lot, he deserves a reward," Ted said, using that nice, friendly tone of his. I'll admit that I very much appreciated the act with the prospect of a blowjob, at that moment, looking heavenly. Bobby didn't seem happy about it. I even caught the small glare he gave me, but his muzzle went down on my length anyways, so I didn't stop to ponder over it. From my bound position, I moaned. It came out as almost nothing through the gag, but Ted seemed very satisfied to see me trembling and struggling to pant through the warmth that enveloped my length, and then he went back to fucking.

It was the weirdest thing. I could detect in Bobby's rasping breath over my length every deeper thrust the stallion gave the buck, who was obviously struggling to keep up the blowjob while taking in the whole of Ted's cock. The blowjob was sloppy at best, slow and deliberate, which frustrated me a little considering how eager I was for it, but it was enough to stimulate it. Oh, it definitely was. My precum was meeting Bobby's tongue, I knew, and it didn't take long for me to feel myself drawing close to the edge again. I saw Bobby glancing at me, catching the signs, and that's when a muffled whimper came from me. I felt the buck's teeth in my cock. It wasn't a bite, it wasn't really painful, it was just his teeth pressing at my sensitive skin hard enough to be uncomfortable. He dragged his teeth back and forth, turning the thing in an uncomfortable, toothy blowjob.

I gasped. My eyes went wide looking at him and my hips moved in a reflex to pull back from him, though of course I couldn't. He kept his light nipping on, sometimes pressing harder, sometimes just threatening to and the short pangs of pain mixed with the pleasure were enough to forcefully drag me away from my orgasm again, despite the blowjob. Ted wasn't seeing any of that. The horse was too busy fucking Bobby hard, which I could also feel through his mouth. A few more muffled whimpers came from me, begging the buck to stop, but he wasn't looking at me anymore. The fucker was just smiling. Through the fucking, he went back and forth between blowjob and teeth, toying with me while Ted displayed a remarkable amount of stamina again, part of it just to put me to shame after his previous comment, I was pretty sure.

Bobby's own hand went down to his own cock so he could jerk off while Ted hammered him. As the stallion grew rougher and rougher, less and less attention was given to my blowjob. Even as

a sort of bystander, I could still tell when Ted was getting close to cumming. I could see him huffing and panting, saw how his grip over the buck's hips tightened, how he leaned forward. Hell, I could almost feel his breath over my own neck, and then, finally, that same small grunt of pleasure he always let out when he reaches the peak. The intensity of his orgasm was not for me to appreciate. This time all I could do was watch as small dribbles of his cum came out of the buck's tailhole even with his cock still lodged inside. The only thing I felt through it all was Bobby's breath over my cock because he was too busy jerking off wildly and then shooting his load right over my couch with absolutely no regard for it. From the whole bunch of things I felt watching the display helplessly, I can safely say that the biggest of them all was the very feeling my proud and reasonable self would never admit to be there: jealousy.

After the deal was done, Ted pulled out, giving me yet another lewd display of letting his cum run down the back of Bobby's legs. The buck had my throbbing, fully hard length by his side, out of his muzzle now as he simply laid there, revelling in his own afterglow.

"If I knew you were so tight and eager before, Bobby, I'd done this ages ago," Ted said, standing up and giving the exhausted buck's rump a few pats. I watched him approaching me with the same cocky smile he always had and part of my anger towards the whole thing returned. This has just been just about the worst 'date' of my entire life. Ted's hands came to caress the fur around my neck, all loving as if he hadn't just fucked someone else in front of me. "How's it going, Kyle?" He asked, oblivious to everything. I gave him a deathly glare and let out a muffled growl, which, for him, seemed like it was the very first hint that he had done something wrong.

"What's wrong? You didn't enjoy your little reward?" It was only when he asked that that Ted looked to see my hard length still lying there on the couch. He went there to pick it up. "Fuck, Bobby, you couldn't even make a pent up wolf cum. You're a terrible bottom, man."

Ted's little comment is what made Bobby move again, sitting up. The buck looked almost hurt by it, but I couldn't see more because a huge stallion got in my way. As much I hated to admit it, just having his fingers around my cock was enough to keep it pulsing. It had been too long, and whose fault was that as well? I squirmed in my bindings and let out a few muffled complaints signaling that I wanted out. All my muscles were fucking sore. He didn't move to undo the straps keeping me up and standing, but he did undo the goddamned gag around the back of my head, allowing me to finally, *finally* spit the large rubber cock out and stretch my aching jaw a little. Fuck, that felt good. It took me a few seconds, with Ted coming closer, until I was finally ready to say my piece. I had been running the monologue on my mind for the last few hours and I had every intention to make sure he would listen to every word of it.

"I can't beli-" I started, but it was all I managed to say. Ted's muzzle came to mine to shut me up with a kiss. As he pressed his into mine, I retreated and resisted at first in what was almost some sort of reflex, but bound as I was I didn't have anywhere to go. He insisted, pushing his tongue into my maw and in a matter of seconds, my ears sprawled back, my eyes closed, and I

just let it happen. Even in kissing Ted was dominant. His tongue dictated the rhythm, the pace. Though mine intertwined with his the whole time, the whole action happened inside my own muzzle. I felt my heart beating faster, I felt my muzzle get hot and maybe most of all, I felt my cock hardening all over again. Ted felt it too, for he let his grip on it tighten just a little bit to acknowledge it. The kissing and making out lasted for... God, I can't say, it felt like an hour to me, until finally Ted pulled out, slowly. I was panting when he did, but the bastard didn't even seem bothered by it. He had a distinct smile on his face. Smug, but also kind, in his own way. Fuck, he was so hot. Why did he have to be so hot?

"I... I..." I stammered. I found that the whole text I had in my head had evaporated. Gone. I looked up at him, ears still down, and I didn't really know what I wanted to say anymore. As he often did, Ted took things in his own hands by hugging me. The bastard hugged me. I'm pretty sure that the only time I had ever felt him hug me was from behind when he was holding me tighter to fuck me better.

"It's okay, Kyle. Fuck, you're so cool. You took the whole thing like a champ. I'm so, so lucky to have found you, wolfie."

I nodded. I fucking nodded, it was the only thing I could think about doing right there. I knew I should still be angry, but my stupid tail was wagging behind me, out of my control for his praising.

"I really like you, you know that? No one's never lasted more than three weeks with me and you and I are still here, going strong. That says something, you know? You're the best. My wolfie." Ted's hand caressing my back felt pleasant. All I could smell was him and, though I could pick up the hints of musk because he had just had sex, I just loved his scent so much. It was so masculine, so hot. "I think you definitely deserve a reward for all of this."

I was still at loss when it came to words. I looked at Trent, who was still sipping at my beer leaning against the doorway and rolling his eyes, probably to how mushy things had gotten. Bobby, on the other hand, was sitting on the couch watching the whole thing intently. He gave me a small glare when our eyes met, but I'll admit it that it felt good. If he was really jealous, fuck him. Winning Ted over him felt good.

Ted brought my cock up. It was still weird to look at my own red length, so close to my muzzle. To smell my own musk so casually, to watch him run his fingers over my aching erection. He stroked it a few times, slowly and erotically, and kept going until I could no longer hold off the soft moan that had been growing on my throat.

"I want you to show Bobby how a real pro gives a blowjob. Can you do that? You'll get to cum, too. It's what you wanted, right?"

At first, I didn't quite understand what he meant. I knew Ted had high stamina, but I couldn't really believe he was up for a blowjob to cum for the third time in such a short period of time. I stared at him confused for a few seconds until he held my cock sideways and touched my own tip to my lips. It was only then that it dawned on me.

"Wha? I'm supposed t-"

Ted wasn't interested in my questions, as always. The moment I started talking, the jerk pushed my cock into my maw, which I had to open in a hurry to avoid my own teeth from scraping myself. If I hadn't been trained out of my gag reflex long ago, I would have definitely have gagged when I felt the tip of my own length hit the back of my throat. It was a real myriad of feelings I went through. On one side, I felt a little embarrassed by how I heard Trent chuckling at it, a little angry at Ted for rushing into that. On the other hand, the warmth of my muzzle, the slickness of my tongue over my length felt wonderful. As you very well know, I wasn't new to sucking my own length, but doing so without my back hurting from all the stretching felt different, to say the least.

After the initial push, Ted kept my cock inside for a few moments, giving me time to adjust to the length and recover from the sudden pleasure. I still gave him a glare, but the bastard's hand came to tug at my knot, which was still outside just by my lips and I couldn't help but moan. It felt so great, I needed that so badly. It was at that point that I knew that he had won this one as well.

Reluctantly, I started suckling on my own cock. I have to admit that I *am* pretty good at sucking cock and I was able to put all that experience to work with myself. I let my tongue swirl around my length, suckled on the tip, and even went as far as to bob my head as much as I could. I managed to block out Trent and Bobby watching me and Ted just kept spurring me on with words.

"Yeah, wolfie, suck that dick."

"Fuck, you're so good at it. I wish you were down on my cock instead."

"Nobody does it better than you, puppy."

The encouragement kept coming, Ted's hand helping by squeezing down on my knot, by massaging my balls that were almost touching my chin. I think I should be proud to say that it took but a few short minutes for me to squirm in my bonds, feeling myself approaching the edge. I half expected Ted to be a jerk and deny me, but this time it didn't happen. If anything, the stallion squeezed my knot harder, finally pushing me into my own climax.

It felt amazing. After weeks of chastity for a guy who used to jerk off at least once a day, it was like the most wonderful thing ever. Of course, Ted WAS still a jerk for the fact that he just



pressed my cock harder against my muzzle, forcing me to cum straight into my throat so that I had little choice but to swallow my own spunk, but I didn't even mind. I could just tremble as the pleasure washed over me for those few blissful seconds until, finally, Ted slowly withdrew my length from my muzzle. The last weak spurts of cum met my lips on the way out.

The stallion set my spent cock down and hugged me again. He started undoing the belts behind me as he did, but I was happy to just slouch against him. I couldn't remember coming so hard in a long time. Even when I was finally free, I chose to hug him before I even stretched my sore muscles.

"You're so hot, Kyle. So fucking hot. That was one of the hottest things I've ever seen. Seeing you empty those full little jewels of you into your own muzzle like that. Fuck, you're making me horny again, babe."

I could tell that Ted was speaking the truth, for I could feel his cock hardening a little against my own waist. He pulled away, though, and I took the opportunity to support myself against the stupid portal machine. The thing that started all of it.

"Fuck... that was... that was too much," I said. I really needed some water. Ted's hand came to my chin, however, pointing it up towards his so that he could kiss me again. I went along with it right away the second time, my tail wagging behind me like an idiot. I knew I should still be mad. I had a lot of things to say, but how could I when his tongue was pressing against mine in such a sweet way? He finally pulled away and took hold of my softening, spent cock that was slowly retreating back to my sheath.

"I'm gonna go. It's getting late. If I didn't have these fuckers around I'd totally spend the night," Ted said, which brought a sneer from Trent on the side.

"Uhh.. alright, I guess," I just replied, still a little stunned. To my surprise, Ted brought my cock up to his own snout and gave it a little kiss.

"I'm gonna take this with me, alright? You cool with that? It's gonna be a lot of fun, Kyle, I promise you. You'll see." Ted seemed excited about the prospect, but a lot of red flags flared up in my head. I still hated that my junk was stuck going through some portal, I wanted it undone, and now Ted wanted to keep it? Even with his finger slowly rubbing my balls, my ears went down.

"Oh no. I don't know. That sounds like a little too much. Can't we just have them undo this? I really, really don't think this'll work."

"Oh, come on Kyle, please? Do it for me? Just for a week, I promise! Just a few days, then if you don't like it, we'll stop, okay? It'll be tons of fun, trust me!"

I bit my lip and looked away. Trent was already gathering his things and Bobby was getting dressed properly, the latter still glaring at me in a way he'd never done before. Ted was happy to take my silence as an agreement, however, moving in to give me a tight hug.

"Thanks, Kyle! You won't regret it, really!"

I thought about stopping him, but I do have to admit that I could feel that tingle of arousal over the thought of what Ted meant by that. In the end, I just stood there, though I did wince when the stallion threw my junk into his backpack a little too carelessly before, with some loud goodbyes, the three of them left, leaving me to slouch down on my cum-covered couch with a sigh. I could still feel my junk bouncing around in his backpack, probably as he walked. My leg twitched when I felt something sharp touching the left side of my nuts, probably a pen, and my ears went straight down. I realized I had made a mistake. I looked at my phone over the table, thought about texting Ted to call the whole thing off, but at the same time, I felt my length hardening again. It was fucking great to be able to do that after weeks in chastity and while I hated to admit to being so perverted, the whole situation did turn me on. A little. I hated the thought of Ted opening his backpack at home and finding my cock fully hard, though. The smug smirk that would be over his face.

As I sat there, however, my mind kept wandering, going over all of the things Ted could do having my most precious asset in his hands. Before long, my ears were pinned down against my head.