

“Ah... nothing seems to be going right lately...” The white wolf in red-and-black tight-fitting suit irritably rubbed his furrowed brow, trying to ease his anxiety a little.

These past few days had been filled with one misfortune after another. Although they had captured Bigjaw, they hadn’t been able to extract any useful information from that stubborn, tough crocodile—who was quite... masculine.

“What? What am I thinking?!” Alexander shook his head in frustration. Known as the “unstoppable” superhero, Alexander had truly run into a tough obstacle this time.

“Sir, are you alright?” A hand gently rested on Alexander’s strong yet slightly tense shoulder. Instinctively, he shook it off and turned to see a brawny golden retriever in yellow-and-blue tight-fitting suit.

“Leo... sorry, I didn’t realize it was you.” Alexander sounded somewhat apologetic. He had been overly tense lately, but the thought of the hypnotized victims filled him with unease.

“It’s alright, sir. You’ve been working hard lately. Maybe you should go to a bar for a drink, just to relax!” The golden

retriever grinned, flashing the white wolf a cheerful smile, though the latter only frowned slightly.

“Oh no, oh no, I said something wrong again!!!” Leo thought, panicking as he watched his superior’s reaction. “Ah... ah, I was just joking, don’t take it seriously. Oh, I’ve already organized today’s work list. I’ll head out for night patrol now. You should... uh... take a rest!” After saying this, Leo saluted Alexander and hurried away.

“Sigh, this kid... but maybe I’ve been too stern with him usually... Hah, a bar... when was the last time I went to a place like that?” As the city’s strongest superhero, his daily workload left him with little time to himself. Moreover, such “leisure activities” didn’t quite fit the image of a hero. But he had indeed been too wound up lately. Relaxing a bit might actually improve his efficiency. Besides, Leo had kindly taken on tonight’s patrol duties.

“Alright! Just this once!” As if resolving himself, Alexander slapped his thighs and stood up from the couch. “I’ll go change first.”

In the police station’s locker room, the exhausted superhero

finally had a chance to change out of his “work uniform.” To facilitate movement and better utilize their abilities, superhero uniforms were often form-fitting. The rubber-like material of the suit clung perfectly to the hero’s muscles, offering excellent flexibility and breathability.

“It almost feels like wearing nothing at all.” Alexander blushed slightly, though he didn’t notice that as this thought crossed his mind, his sizable lower half twitched slightly. With a determined effort, he pulled off the tight suit.

He stood naked in front of the locker room mirror, his body bearing the marks of time. The scars on his waist and abdomen testified to the hero’s honors. His firm six-pack abs were like sculpted art, and his thick chest sagged slightly, with a perfect balance of muscle and fat. His orange-red nipples were nearly the size of coins. Although the suit was breathable, a full day’s work had left him drenched in sweat. A glistening bead of sweat hung provocatively from one of his large nipples.

Alexander struck a few narcissistic poses in the mirror. A perfect physique always brought joy to both body and mind. He stretched his tense body slightly, then used his fingers to wipe away the sweat from his nipple.

“Ah~” An intense wave of pleasure instantly coursed through his body. He never imagined he could let out such a lewd moan—just from wiping sweat off his nipple.

“How could I...” Alexander was stunned, but the overwhelming pleasure kept his hands moving. “Ah~ ah~”

“Thud!” A nearby water cup suddenly fell to the floor, jolting Alexander awake and stopping his indecent self-stimulation. “Damn, how could I...” He felt somewhat ashamed, looking down at his half-erect member, from which a sticky, glistening precum had already emerged. “Calm down, Alexander, calm down. Under no circumstances should anyone see this.”

Ten minutes later, finally composed, Alexander changed into loose casual clothes. Although they were meant to be relaxed-fit, his massive muscles stretched the fabric taut. His prominent nipples created two suggestive bumps under the thin white T-shirt. Though Alexander didn't pay it much mind, his appearance—the prominent nipples, the bulge in his pants from his erection—made him look like some unsatisfied, lustful slut!

After a final check of the police station's security, he stepped

into the nearly empty streets.

The city's nightlife was usually vibrant, but the Bigjaw case had left everyone on edge, making the nights much quieter.

Alexander wandered the streets searching for a bar that was still open. Finally, after half an hour of diligent searching, he spotted a flickering pink-and-purple sign in a rather remote alley.

"BJ Bar," Alexander glanced at the sign, indifferent, and pushed the door open.

The bar was small, likely accommodating no more than ten people—exactly what Alexander wanted. A tiny bar where he could simply enjoy a drink without enduring a noisy environment. Perfect!

Inside, there was only a wild boar bartender and a goat server. The combination of one stout and one lean struck Alexander as somewhat comical, but he didn't dwell on it. He just wanted a drink to forget his troubles.

"Hello, I'd like to order.." Before Alexander could finish, the

portly boar bartender eagerly approached him.

“Good evening, sir. Thank you for patronizing our small establishment so late!”

“Ah...” Alexander was momentarily speechless.

“You look exhausted. How about I fix you a special drink from our menu?”

“It’s fine, just a regular—”

“Ah ah, this one’s on the house. Consider it a thank-you for the feast for my eyes?” The wild boar winked at Alexander.

“Feast for the...” Realizing what the boar meant, Alexander’s face flushed crimson. He distinctly felt his lower half twitch upward and immediately crossed his legs to avoid embarrassment.

In his daze, the bartender and server disappeared into the back kitchen. “What kind of drink requires two people to make?”

Alexander was curious, but his overwhelming fatigue kept him from overthinking it. He began surveying the bar—dim purple lighting, faint music playing, and the air filled with a subtle musky scent that further clouded his already hazy mind.

Alexander began to zone out.

“Tap tap.” He heard a light knocking on the counter. “Here you go, sir, your special drink!” The boar handed Alexander a glass of thick, slightly yellowish milky liquid.

“What is this?!” Alexander stared in disbelief at the liquid before him. The milky fluid had a faint yellow tint, and the strong musky, masculine odor made him instinctively frown. He glared at the smirking wild boar and goat, his rising anger making him slam his hand on the counter.

“What’s wrong, Mr. Alexander? Isn’t this your favorite masculine juice?” The boar spoke first, then spat into the glass.

“Bastard, what did you—” Alexander glared furiously at the boar, but before he could react, the goat had slipped behind him and reached around to fondle Alexander’s large nipples. “Hah~” In an instant, Alexander’s anger-tensed body relaxed,

slumping into the goat's embrace as he let out a series of moans. "Serve the master, submit to the master, obey the master..." Purple ripples appeared in Alexander's eyes, his tongue lolling out as he repeatedly chanted the hypnotic phrases.

"That's right—serve, submit, obey. All for Master Bigjaw!" The boar and goat cheered in unison, their eyes also shimmering with purple ripples as they smirked at the dazed, obedient greatest and mightiest superhero.

The goat skillfully kneaded Alexander's impressive chest. Through the rough fabric, Alexander's nipples were rubbed until they stood erect, transparent precum dampening the white T-shirt and leaving two lewd wet patches. His unsatisfied lower half was already fully erect, trembling incessantly, drawing everyone's attention. "Hah~ ah~ serve... submit... obey..." His mouth hung open as he repeated Bigjaw's creed.

"Here, Mr. Alexander, it's time to taste the special drink we prepared for you!" The boar approached with the glass, grinning mischievously as he swayed the cup of pungent liquid under Alexander's nose. The hero's eyes fixated on the glass, his tongue out, straining toward it each time the boar teasingly

pulled it just out of reach. "Do you want it?"

"Want... want it..."

"What? Sorry, I didn't quite hear you."

"I want it!"

"Want what?"

"I want the thick masculine juice from Mr. Boar and Mr. Goat!"
Alexander screamed hysterically.

The wild boar nodded in satisfaction. He gripped Alexander's elongated snout with one hand and slowly poured the white liquid into the white wolf's mouth with the other.

Perhaps the liquid was too thick to drip easily, or maybe Alexander was too impatient. He thirstily tilted his head back, stretching out his thick yet agile tongue to lick the glass clean inside and out.

"Wow, Mr. Alexander, you're quite eager. Do you want more?"

"Want more..."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, but it's time for us to close for today. Perhaps you could come back tomorrow? Well then, it's time for you to wake up now."

The boar snapped his fingers in front of Alexander, who instantly snapped back to awareness. He looked at the boar in confusion, then at the empty glass in front of him, but he couldn't recall anything. It felt as though he had just experienced a wonderfully pleasant dream, yet he couldn't remember a single detail.

"It seems you quite enjoyed our special drink. My apologies, but we must close for the night. If you'd like to try it again, feel free to come back tomorrow evening?" The wild boar gave Alexander a playful wink and began cleaning the counter.

"Ah, alright. Thank you for the special drink. I'll be back," Alexander said, still somewhat dazed as he walked out of the bar. He couldn't remember what he had drunk or how it tasted.

Yet, deep down, he felt that something within him had been satisfied.

Perhaps he really could make a habit of coming here.