

Oscar's Oral Odyssey

Part 3: Hydra

Themba knew what he wanted. Painting his bitch's face was only foreplay to what always was a long trial of endurance. As far as the grootslang was concerned, a good fuck involved spending the whole day in, fucking six or even seven times throughout. By the end of the day his musk would have seeped into the so-called bitch's fur and skin to such an extent that it would only come off after a week.

And he wasn't even in full must. Oscar could only imagine what it'd be like when he was at the height of his excitement. The thought alone made him leak.

Sadly, he couldn't always have a go with Themba or Robert, busy as they were. They all had jobs to do, after all, and their time off didn't always align. But whenever the chance offered itself he did all he could to take it.

This, however, became an issue. Oscar became used to it all, and soon he became sloppy. He no longer noticed his own scent, marked both with Robert's and Themba's. And, although he cleaned himself well enough for human standards, a more sensitive sense of smell could pick it up.

His shamelessness. His need. That burning desire. Growing only stronger the more pent up and frustrated he became at his dwindling opportunities to enjoy this new pastime.

One day it became too much. He had sucked Themba off during lunch and gotten himself covered in spit, pre and cum, but the minotaur didn't reach his own orgasm. And he surely didn't want to jerk off, so he went to the lounge to try and socialize, maybe find a human willing to give

him a chance. The prospect of laying with a human was more intimidating than he liked to admit, but in his need he was willing to try.

It did not go well. He made a few friends, but none that were anywhere close to being interested in him. In truth, most were straight or did not catch his hints.

Defeated he sat by the bar, beside a towering hydra taking up two seats. They had three heads; a yellow, a light blue and a deep pink one. Unlike the other patrons, they were very willing to give him attention. Perhaps too much. Their nostrils flared with each breath of air.

The yellow and blue heads started a conversation, going nowhere in particular. The pink one in the middle kept quiet and very focused.

Maybe he noticed the drop of pre seeping through Oscar's pants, or the provocative way his tank always seemed to hitch up his belly, his jacket hugging his thick, padded chest. Maybe it was Oscar's smell — all his escapades left a lingering scent of sex and submission. Or maybe it was how Oscar's eyes drifted to the hydra's crotch.

Either way, they answered in kind. They laid a single hand over their expanding crotch, and minutes later Oscar's own sense of smell caught the scent of the hydra's arousal. It was difficult to describe, except that it tickled something deep and primal in the minotaur's brain. He tried to keep himself together, but that involved not leaving his spot, which in turn only made things worse as he caught more of that musk.

It was too much. He needed release and now. He got up and walked off to the gym — close enough, and at this time it would be empty. Its restroom for sure would be deserted.

He locked himself in the handicapped stall and sat on the toilet. For a moment he wondered what it'd be like to have a glory hole there, what mouth-watering cocks he'd see and enjoy. That fantasy would guide him nicely. He unbuttoned his pants —

And the door to the restroom opened, followed by a thundering set of footsteps.

The hydra followed the scent. There was no doubt in his mind. He knocked on the door to the stall.

"Open."

Oscar kept quiet, cold sweat dripping down his back.

"I know what you want. Open."

He did. No hesitation. In came that beast, his musk becoming only more intense in the closed environment.

Things were simple. The hydra knew what they wanted. They grabbed the minotaur's head — his hand so large he could encompass it all — and pulled him into his crotch.

"Ah!" whimpered Oscar.

The hydra unbuttoned their pants, then pulled down their jockstrap to reveal a slit, dick already peeking out, and balls hanging heavy, full, almost bursting. They used Oscar's face as rag, rubbing that pretty snout and tongue all over his swaying orbs, before introducing the minotaur's mouth to the tip of his manhood.

He wasn't even fully hard and it was already about as big Themba's. Oscar didn't want to waste any time and dove in.

Black tasted and smelled like heaven. And with them guiding Oscar's head up and down, all the minotaur needed to do was enjoy the moment. He didn't even feel like jerking off his own dick — no, this experience was already too good on its own.

But a few minutes in it started to hurt, both for Oscar and Black. The minotaur's mouth cramped while the hydra's dick was only getting thicker, with no space left in Oscar's mouth. He was forced to pull out but the hydra gave him no time to recover by forcing him to suckle on the tip of his cockhead.

"Like a calf," thought Oscar. He let out a moo, shameless and drawn out.

Now he could appreciate how frequent the spurts of precum really were, and what they tasted like. The hydra tasted entirely unlike Themba and Robert; there was an almost chemical smell to it, albeit not an unpleasant one. It was a scent that seemed to tickle something at the back of his head.

Oscar lost his sense of time, so intense and long was the hydra's stamina. He truly was an object for their enjoyment, and he was happy with this state of affairs — of being like a sexual plaything, concerned only with the mechanical execution of sucking in and out, twisting his tongue, swallowing the excess pre, breathing between thrusts and holding his breath when that monster was hilted into his mouth. When Black's grip tightened over his head he almost regretted that it had to end. That change in rhythm jolted him back to reality, to the impending end, away from that tranquil sexual trance.

"You'll smell like us now," said the middle head.

He moaned again and prepared himself — but nothing could have prepared him for the blast of cum filling his mouth and overflowing from his nose. He tried to swallow, and indeed he managed most of it, but Black's stream of cum didn't end. Oscar tried to pull out but the hydra was in heaven, holding him down with an iron grip.

He didn't despair, however. Themba had fucked his mouth nicely too, and he hadn't lost his cool then. Sir had taught how to suck cock the right way. Oscar let himself return to the zone and focused on swallowing as much of that cum as he could. By then he had discovered a new reflex, that his swallowing could lock onto the rhythm of a man's spurts — and he felt pride in knowing that even this part of him could be repurposed into its own pleasure.

He enjoyed it. He loved it. Even when Black pulled out, painted his face and clothes, and plugged his mouth back. Even when he made sure the cum seeped into the minotaur's fur.

"I fucking love this," he thought. He still hadn't cum.