

BBQ: The Boar's Beefy Quest



Prologue

BBQ: Boar's Beefy Quest began as a chapter of Oscar's Oral Odyssey before growing into its own thing. As a result, it is long enough to be enjoyed on its own, but there are lingering aspects of continuity that will confuse readers coming without the context of the silly, porn-logic things that happened in Oscar's Oral Odyssey.

To provide a brief and concise recap: today's very non-canonical story began with Oscar hooking up with Robert, who then introduces him to Themba. They have a threesome, with Themba being the dominant while both Oscar and Robert submit to him. It's revealed that Oscar has on-going body image issues as a result of his "junk" not being quite human. He mostly sticks to providing oral sex, always with his underwear on — one could say he is becoming the throat GOAT.

Oscar proceeds to suck off a good chunk of the game's cast, and with each instance he picks up a taste for degradation. Eventually he finds a glory hole and things go from there.

Today's story progresses this trend while shifting the focus to Khenbish. Each chapter will be kinkier than the next, and you can expect everyone to act out-of-character to a great extent. You'll also find dom/sub dynamics, lots of oral sex, wrestling as foreplay, some thigh fucking and anal sex, recordings of sexual encounters, characters becoming more dominant or submissive over time, role reversal, degradation and men going silly over their mpreg kink.

There are six chapters with sex scenes, plus a seventh that acts as an epilogue and conclusion to whatever this thing has become.

Now, speaking with a little more self-respect, this story, much like Oscar's Oral Odyssey, was an experiment in the escalation of sexual acts that is common in erotica. Each chapter pushes things a little further, a little more out-of-character, a little dumber. The ending is the best.

Have fun.

A few months after learning the joy of sucking cock and bringing men to the throes of pleasure, Oscar stumbled on a glory hole tucked away in a ground floor restroom, about a minute's walk from the lounge. The bedrooms nearby were not in use, due to noise complaints, and anyone needing to take a piss would just use the lounge's instead.

The only people coming that way were these in the know. In fact, Oscar only came to know of its existence when Robert informed him of it.

"I've used it a few times," the demon said. They were both kneeling before Themba, Oscar sucking the grootslang off while Rob polished their dom's leathery ballsack. "If you don't mind waiting a bit, you'll see some action for sure. It's good for when sir is busy."

Themba's grip on Oscar's head tightened, pulling him to take it all, to rub his snout on the grootslang's sweaty pubes. His fat load fired off straight down the minotaur's throat. Oscar breathed in that scent, barely holding back a moan, and made the quiet decision to become a glory hole slut.

Later that day Oscar locked himself in the stall, already breathless and straining in his pants. The mere act of kneeling in front of the hole and lining up his eager mouth left him whimpering. It dawned on him that, even with the hole's anonymity, anyone who caught a peek of his dark fur or felt the cold of his wet snout might connect the dots that he was the one sucking them off, but that only added to the excitement.

They'd be whispering about it when he passed by them in the hallways, about how his tongue felt or how well he could take their dicks without choking. How he drank up all the cum they had to give, no drop wasted. Thirsty cocksucker, he is.

Twenty minutes later, the front of Oscar's pants were drenched in his own excitement and his eyes were hazy, fixed on the still empty hole. He hadn't even touched himself. And when the

door to the restroom opened, then the stall's, and his first human dick slipped in, Oscar knew this was his new favorite place.

Longer than average with big, bulging veins on the left side of the shaft. Hit the back of his throat and made him squirm. Fucked with the urgency and desperate need of a man constrained by a 15 minute break. His load was not as big as Oscar wanted, not as bountiful as he had become used to, but boy was it thick.

Then came a chode, thicker and shorter, with a tight foreskin he proceeded to worship, stretching it gently with each swirl of his tongue, until the fucker started thrusting. The minotaur just pushed his snout flat against the partition and let himself be used like a good hole.

Next up: musky and cut, with pendulous fucking balls. He was lazy and let Oscar do all the work — not that he minded — and had a sharp tongue with a thick accent the minotaur couldn't place. Not that it mattered; Oscar's tail thrashed as that man moaned out every name that helped him get off.

After that they all mixed together. On the smaller side, but with impressive stamina, spilling enough precum to rival a mythical.

Big dick with a massive head, almost plugging Oscar's throat.

Bulging urethra, thick underside, pushing his tongue down and giving him a cramp to push through.

The list went on and on. And with each cock Oscar got greedier, needier. He'd grind his clothed crotch against the floor, edging himself, knowing that he'd lose his own stamina as soon as he fired his shot. As long as he kept himself pent up he would remain thirsty for more cock. He'd still be the next day. Nothing could change that, not even when he heard a set of clopping hooves walking on the bathroom's tiled floor.

He recognised that sound; it was Khenbish. Oscar considered him a friend and a kindred spirit as one of the few young mythicals in the hotel. But that was outside, under the light of day. In the restroom, Khenbish was a sliver of man seen through that circular hole; his jeans, his

black uniform shirt. The boar milled about, pretending he didn't see the glory hole, and undid his belt to pretend he had a need to piss. Then came the long stretch as he remained with his pants down, cock out, looking at the pink of Oscar's willing tongue visible through the hole.

It crossed Oscar's mind that the boar might be a virgin — and wasn't that exciting? Would he be shy and let Oscar take control, or would he reveal a hidden dominant side? How long would it take for him to cum? It could be a short blowjob, if the boar was sensitive. But, mainly, Oscar wanted to guzzle his load before anyone else. Drink it all. No drop wasted.

When Khenbish finally repositioned and approached his stiffening cock to the glory hole, Oscar put his hands to the good things that lay before him; he opened wider and let the boar lay it on his tongue. That chode, finely foreskinned, followed by a truly heavy and overfilled pair of balls.

It was at that point that Oscar lost control of himself, when Khenbish's balls grazed his chin. He sealed his lips around that dick, twisted his tongue around the shaft, and plunged to get a good whiff of the boar's crotch scent.

Fuck, it was good. It was like huffing one's own underwear. Khenbish had good hygiene but he was physically active and brimming with testosterone. His body could not go an hour without leaving a faint, masculine scent, which now Oscar huffed like a delicacy. And the way his cock laid heavy on his tongue, how each lap of the underside coaxed out another drop of pearly pre — it was heaven.

Khenbish's hands shot out to hold on to the top of the partition. Every dozen breaths or so he'd lose control and let out a desperate porcine snort. This was better than he expected, much more intense than he ever could have imagined. And, at the back of his mind, he could tell that this was no human mouth — and there were only a few mythicals in the hotel whose muzzle could feel like this.

Meanwhile, Oscar stifled a moo. He could barely control himself. Without thinking he reached down to rub himself through his dripping wet underwear. He'd cum along with

Khenbish, he thought, but corrected himself. Not along, but afterwards. After the boar came, after guzzling down all he had to give, after pulling back from the hole, he'd pant and jerk himself off, and spew his load on the restroom floor.

Khenbish announced his orgasm with a whine and a watery spurt shooting down Oscar's throat. The minotaur thought he was ready, was certain of it, but he was wrong. Nothing could have prepared him for Khenbish's physiology and for the revelation that an orgasm, for him, was not a moment but a period.

"St-stay put, I..."

He kept cumming, spurt after spurt after spurt. Oscar swallowed it all, not in an instinctive act of bitch heat but, soon, methodical cocksucking. For the next half hour he stayed put, eyes wide open and looking up to Khenbish's fingers peeking from the top of the partition, swallowing a new string of cum every ten seconds or so. And throughout it all, Oscar's hand hovered over his crotch, touching himself but never going overboard.

Khenbish at last dried up and pulled back. The boar stood there catching his breath, looking down at the hole with the dark bovine nose and pinkish tongue still visible, chin covered in pre and cum. And he saw then the subtle movements, that hurried stroking, as Oscar rubbed himself. Still kneeled and with the sound of ruffling cloth, whining and at times moaning, so needy it almost seemed panicked, until those sounds broke down into crumbled words, incoherent babbling and the dripping of string after string of cum, filtered through underwear, and falling on the restroom floor.

Khenbish looked down to that hole. To the minotaur's mouth. Registering, at the back of his mind, the submission in bringing himself to completion after thirty minutes of drinking his cum. He felt strong.

II

"wanna hang out?"

Khenbish's message came two days later at 11:30PM. Oscar, who was supposed to be asleep, sneaked out before he even typed his reply.

"what do you wanna do?"

Oscar saw that Khenbish was typing, and stopped, started and stopped again three more times. It had been precisely three minutes when the answer arrived:

"stuff"

Oscar had no such shyness.

"where?"

"my room?"

Khenbish kept his room tidy, with a few mementos from his home and pictures of his family on the shelves and bedside table. Everything was clean, all in its proper place. It was Khenbish, after all, and that tidiness fit him well, but there was something different that night. Beyond, of course, the obvious: the boar had to have known who gave him that blowjob.

Perhaps it was in the lack of ceremony. The boar was still as shy as ever but after a few minutes watching television in silence he spoke up, stammering, about something Oscar could not understand. It was not flirting, and it seemed he did not know how to do it. But there was something missing.

Fear, perhaps. There was no need for ceremony and no place for fear, because Khenbish knew — not that Oscar had sucked him off, but exactly what kind of slut he was.

In the end, what sealed the deal was Khenbish groping himself, a quiet but unmistakable gesture. Without thinking Oscar licked his lips, then looked up at Khenbish's eyes. The boar's

hand lingered on his crotch, while his gaze was fixed on the bull. A shiver climbed up the minotaur's spine. He laid his hand on Khenbish's crotch. A minute later he was kneeling on the floor worshipping his dick and snorting his crotch scent. This time, after Oscar guided the boar's hands to his horn, Khenbish set the pace. The boar kept him on his dick, cumming with just a little more growl than a whimper this time. Oscar drank every drop, until his orgasm subsided.

Later, while Oscar gathered his breath, Khenbish fantasised about their next time.

"It'd be nice if... if you could, you know, maybe taste my balls? Lick them?"

"Yes," Oscar answered between ragged breaths.

"And we could make this into a, uh, a regular thing? Once or twice per week?"

"Yes."

"We could wrestle, too, you know. Get the blood pumpin'..."

Oscar nodded. He'd agree to almost anything — that was the point, in his head. He got off to it.

"And, uh, maybe I could suck you —"

"No."

That was the limit. Disappointing as it was for the boar, who had his own list of fantasies of tasting dick and getting fucked, it did not bother him for long. What was afforded was enticing enough, and seeing that cock-drunk face between his legs did give him confidence. Khenbish got to it.

On a lazy Sunday afternoon, after a week of gathering the courage and burying his embarrassment one blowjob at a time, Khenbish managed to say what was on his mind.

"How about we try wrestling today? You said you'd be into it..."

Oscar's heart skipped a beat. Agreeing to it had been a thrill, and more than once he had fantasised about that moment of submitting himself to the boar's will. But the reality was intimidating — even if only for the second it took for his libido to catch up. He felt his cheeks warming up, followed by a dull want in his loins.

"Sure," Oscar said while undressing to his boxer briefs and tank top.

They pushed Khenbish's bed and furniture to the corner of the room. Oscar used a pair of erasers as horn caps, while Khenbish — now wearing his traditional wrestling gear — used corks for his tusks.

Once the room was prepared, they began with a warm-up. Khenbish, with years of experience in wrestling competitions but none with a match as sensual as this, tested out the bull's strength and willingness to fight. Oscar was heavy and underneath his padding there was a very respectable, if not fearsome, amount of muscle. He even noticed a level of muscle memory, the automatic response to the most basic tricks, that clued him to the fact that Oscar must have roughhoused with his siblings a lot — but, aside from those deepseated reactions, his partner's mind was not there.

In fact, with every feign, push and pull the bull let himself be handled by the boar, with a wet spot already forming on his boxers. He had the cloudy eyes, the shy gait, the burning loins of a man lost to his own passions. All he could think of was the picture of himself being thrown around and manhandled, being smothered by the boar before being well and roughly used.

Distracted as he was, once the match truly began Oscar was caught off guard with the boar deftly pulling him by the shoulders and tripping him up. He was down on the ground before he even knew what was happening, and a second later the boar was on top of him — not with a proper hold, but with a playful holding of his arms up so he could get closer and whisper in his ear.

"C'mon, you can do better than this!"

Oscar felt the boar's crotch rubbing against his. He could not hold back a whimper, nor a sensual rolling of his hips. But the boar was not satisfied yet, and wouldn't move on to the next stage until he was. He helped Oscar get up and the two, again, locked together.

"You never fought with your brothers?"

"Sometimes." More than he could count, but he did not want to go into any details.

"Then you know how to do it — gimme your all!"

Harder said than done when his mind was in it for the sex, but for the second match the boar went easy on him, and pulled back every time Oscar seemed half-hearted, so that Oscar had the time to resituate himself. Little by little his muscle memory awakened further and he tried to trip up the boar, who had enough sportsmanship to pretend that he almost fell for it.

But playtime had to come to an end, and Khenbish chose to do it with a loose headlock — not at all a standard move for his variety of wrestling, but the Internet had taught him many wonderful things. He held Oscar in that position with the sweat of his pit dripping on the back of the bull's head.

It was at that moment that it clicked on Oscar's mind: the sheer excitement from the physical exertion, their mingled sweat and scent, the galloping heartbeats, all of it mixing with the sense of vulnerability from being in this compromising position. His body felt on fire and, for the first time, he truly struggled against Khenbish's hold — only to find an indescribable *rush* in realizing he was well and truly immobilized. Yet he kept on struggling, and as his energy waned he noticed Khenbish's undergarments swelling, and eventually dripping, with his growing excitement.

The boar held him there until the bull got all the fight out of his system. All that was left was a moan in equal parts pathetic and wistful. Only then he let go of Oscar, whose face was plastered with a twitchy, dumb smile.

"You win..."

"Not yet. Again."

But what hope did he have of winning now when he was all tired out? Indeed, Khenbish made no attempt to hide that the following matches were him toying with the bull. They all ended with the bull immobilized, either on the ground or in a precarious standing position, each one more humiliating or complicated than the next.

With their hearts racing and all resistance grappled out of the bull, Khenbish locked him down with a half Nelson — the boar was laying on his back on the floor with the bull, also on his back, on top of him. There he was able to immobilize both his arms and legs — and, as the bull struggled, they both realized that each movement only served to rub the minotaur's lower back on the boar's straining erection. There was no escape, and Oscar could envision the boar taking his reward — thrusting and claiming and ravaging his rear, filling him up with that prodigious deluge of cum he always provided so effortlessly, fucking him again and again until he was satisfied for the day. For that fantasy, which lasted but a moment despite the gargantuan length it took in the minotaur's mind, it didn't even matter that in reality he did not want to bottom. Reality be damned; fantasy was king.

Breathless and needy, Oscar's resistance was reduced to a useless squirming, and in that overexerted if not delirious state he blurted out.

"Breed me..."

They both froze. Khenbish's erection lurched and left a stain of pre on the minotaur's fur.

"Really? You want that?" His voice shook. With a newfound thrill, or well-trodden bashfulness, Oscar couldn't tell.

Another wild lurch. The minotaur realized what he had said — and his mind was split between desire and his own apprehensions.

"I mean... Uh..."

Khenbish, despite his excitement almost at its peak, could read the hesitation, and with the prodigious social tact of an eldest brother familiar with diffusing tensions, he concocted the kindest exit:

"You'll have to try harder if you want me to b-breed you. Besides..." in a fluid movement he transitioned the half nelson into a headlock, with the bull's snout rubbing his drenched underwear. "You promised me a blowjob."

Just like that, all the pretense of wrestling was over and Oscar was back in his comfort zone. His nose was pushed against that wet pouch of man musk and precum, pulsing with every needy heartbeat, as the bull himself had been reduced to a powerless sex toy. With one hand Khenbish pushed the bull's head down to root around his crotch, while the other pulled his underwear down to reveal his victorious erection, drenched and glistening with precum.

They were both desperate and no words were necessary. Oscar put his hands to the good things that laid before him. He dove in and took that delicious cock in his mouth, making sure to lick and swallow all the salty pre his victor had gifted him. Khenbish pushed the bull down to crash his chin against his balls — and when he allowed the bull to pull back and breathe, he found an indescribable pleasure from seeing how messy his front had become with that alone.

This blowjob was different. He was sucking off the man who had thoroughly brought him low, whose strength and skill was so overpowering he handled the bull more like a toy than a person. To the victor the spoils. And so it was his right to hold firm on the bull's horns and pump his head up and down.

"Gonna breed you..."

Oscar would have agreed if he could speak, or nodded if he could move his neck. All he could do was hum and vibrate his throat — which was to the boar yet another pleasurable service to his cock. And in that rush, desire came out unrestrained.

"Bareback..."

Oscar, with half-lidded eyes, looked up to that fucker claiming his mouth. There was no objection in his gaze, no resistance. Just more of that needy hum, yet louder and unrestrained. And that pushed Khenbish past a point of no return — not physical, but mental — and Khenbish let loose a delighted snarl from his raw throat. His grip tightened on the bull's horns and his thrusts sacrificed speed for sheer impact.

"Gonna fuck you, Oscar —" he said while pulling the bull's head down, while each push back to the tip became a long silence. "Gonna breed you —" his heavy balls slapped the

minotaur's chin. "Knock you up!" he ground the bull's snout on his pubes. "Gonna make you — into my — fucking sow!"

Oscar's legs, squeezed tight over and rubbing his erection, had been shaking all along, with an added jerk or twitch accompanying every thrust. With that world-shaking thrust, with the first pump of porcine cum flooding his mouth and overflowing from his nose, with the desperate effort to swallow as much as his victor would give, his legs tensed and locked while pushing his dick and balls back.

"Don't waste... a drop!"

Between the bull's whimpers, and the gurgling from his stomach and throat trying to handle the excess being pumped, neither the boar nor the bull himself noticed his cock twitching and shooting out two, three, maybe four streaks of cum through the fabric. His seed hit the floor where it grew cold and watery, becoming undistinguishable from the boar's more abundant, and more virile, emissions.

After it was all done, while the boar laid flat on the ground and Oscar sat up to massage his belly, only then did he notice those three and a half forgotten streaks of watery seed. Without thinking, as if still locked in the depths of sexual need, he swiped them with a finger and did with it as his winner had commanded.

III

Things changed after their first post-wrestling fuck and their chemistry was never the same. Maybe Pandora's box was cracked open when Khenbish became aware of his desire to subdue and breed the bull, maybe it was Oscar's own unexpected excitement at being grappled, tossed around, and immobilized, or maybe it was the selfless dedication to the boar's cock. Or, maybe, it was the full realization that the bull was game for just about anything that did not involve his own dick and ass.

With each day that followed, Khenbish became more willing to explore the carefree pleasure of having an eager sub who'd drain his balls wherever he wanted without demanding anything in return. After a long day of work on his feet, before heading off to his room for the night, he messaged the bull and had him in the glory hole in less than ten minutes. And, once that went well, why not before his shift too? It started with a quickie in Khenbish's room — Oscar coming in, crawling on top of the bed and pressing his nose against the boar's bush, then swirling his tongue around the foreskin.

It went from there. One pent up morning when Oscar wasn't up early enough to crawl on the boar's bed before his shift started led to the first of many blowjobs on the back of the pantry. There they found a corner that provided them some protection, and it became their hookup spot.

Khenbish had always been the responsible oldest son, the self-sacrificing brother, the ever-giving and selfless heart of any group. Even in his sexual fantasies he had dreamed of kneeling before an older man and servicing him, or perhaps bending over his truck's bed and having his hole fucked under the moonlight. But with Oscar, this eager cocksucker who did not want his junk to be seen, let alone touched, for the first time in his life Khenbish was able to think entirely with his dick and for his own pleasure. Every stolen glance at a handsome man, exciting thoughts about his coworkers or even a boring moment was an excuse to call the slut to choke on his shaft. The control intoxicated him.

So did the confidence boost from seeing how much the bull enjoyed being treated like this. That was, in fact, the cornerstone that allowed his impulses and desires to burn wild. And the fact he did not have to worry about the minotaur's pleasure made it too convenient, too easy to let it burn stronger. Even if the pantry was in use they could meet at the glory hole — just stick his dick in, cum his nuts out, zip up and get back to work. What a new concept that was for the boar, getting something good for himself and not having to worry about giving it back. Hell, the bull clearly enjoyed it, so in a way the boar had the green light to be selfish.

So why stop there? From that point it was a process of exploration. All the loads dumped down the bull's throat left him yearning for a way to claim a measure of ownership over him, and after a busy day when their schedules could not line up, he found an idea for it. Later that night, he informed the bull that he'd be recording it.

"So put up a good show for the camera," Khenbish said as he started the recording.

Oscar squirmed. He was on his knees, in full view of the camera. It did not escape him that the boar hadn't *asked* for permission to record; he simply informed a fact, his desire, and the bull barely contained a shameless moo at the thought of it.

"Well? Say it."

The minotaur stared at the camera lens, breathless.

"Please, lemme have your dick." The minotaur was breathless, with his underwear tented and stained with pre. "I need ya grabbin' my horns and fuckin' my mouth, I wanna drink yer cum so dang bad..."

"Good, but," the boar tapped his dick on the bridge of the bull's snout, "who owns you?"

Half the damn hotel, Oscar thought, but he knew better than to break the fantasy.

"You own me. I'm yer cocksucker."

The hour long movie ended with an extended shot of the boar painting the bull's face white. That sent a thrill through the both of them; for the boar it was the excitement of claiming another,

for the bull it was about seeing his own reflection in the camera lens — every ten or so seconds another spurt of pearly cum landing on his fur and seeping into it.

It didn't stop there. Recording their time together was a thrill, but holding the phone or adjusting its position throughout it all was distracting. Without thinking much about it, Khenbish ordered one —wait, why not two? — small cameras. They were placed on the corners of his bedroom, where they enjoyed a broad angle of view and clear line of sight to capture all the action.

They weren't hidden, but it did not cross the boar's mind that the bull ought to be informed about them. He had, after all, already told him that he'd be recording "it" — which, to him, meant all of their fuck sessions going forward. Besides, the idea excited him during their last time, didn't it?

And so Khenbish started amassing a growing archive of their wrestling sessions and all that followed. Though the fights weren't very exciting, with Khenbish's victory being a foregone conclusion, there was something enrapturing about seeing their fucking from these different and removed angle. They were so small in that big hotel room, moreso with the cameras' slight fisheye distortion, but Oscar was smaller and more often than not his whimpers, moans, and expletives were somehow smothered or choked out by the boar. Moreover, with each recording Khenbish found himself putting together a longer sequence of fucks, all of them recorded from these repetitive angles and ending with his drawn-out orgasm.

One night he set aside the time to splice the best moments together. Rubbing the bull's face on his pits and crotch, the struggles to break free from his holds, the gradual breaking down of his will until he begged for boar cock... Then the cocksucking from multiple angles, across multiple days, strung one after another, sometimes interspersed with brief glimpses of the boar's orgasms.

The last scene included one of the few times Oscar's orgasm was caught on camera. Just little spurts in comparison to the boar's gift, made evident when Khenbish pulled out and painted his face white.

"Clean this mess," the little Khenbish on the screen said.

"Yessir," responded the breathless little cocksucker. The screen faded to black minutes later as he polished the boar's balls.

He sent it to Oscar with no explanation. When the bull opened the file — he was in the middle of work — he froze. At the back of his mind he knew what his reaction ought to be, but that was a distant voice. As the sounds of his own throat being used echoed along with the boar's dirty talk, he could only think that this was another point of no return. This is what he had become, this tiny slut on his screen degrading himself in a quickly-devolving fuckfest.

He whimpered and thought of what would happen if it leaked, if every person in the hotel saw him like this, if they all knew what he'd submit to — and, in that moment, he yearned for it.

Oscar took a break to suck Khenbish off.

But the boar wanted more still. Oscar's service brought a measure of satisfaction, sure, but it only provided temporary relief from his needs, not fulfillment. He had to keep pushing things further, searching for the thrill.

Months into their affair, Khenbish and Oscar had gotten in synch with each other. That night the bull let himself be used like a fleshlight — leaving the flow of the blowjob entirely to the boar. He'd suck as deep and as fast as he was told to, he'd breathe when pushed back, and he'd swallow every drop that fell on his mouth.

After dumping his load and getting a good look at the bull's face, dazed and licking cum from his lips, Khenbish pulled out his phone.

"That's a nice look. Lemme get a picture ... Need a good one for you on my contacts list."

Oscar shivered at the idea. He hadn't cum yet, and that was his cue to rub one out through his underwear.

"Yeah," Oscar moaned, "please, be sure t'show me later, sir."

"Hmm..." Khenbish snapped a dozen. "Those are nice, but I think..."

They didn't hit the spot. There was something missing. Seeing his well fucked face was nice, but cum is indistinct. It could be anyone's. And the bull looked too in control, too collected. Khenbish wanted something more unique.

"Oh, how about this... Look at the camera and keep going."

Khenbish's dick. It had gone soft, the foreskin had covered the glans in its entirety, but a drop of cum still hung from the tip. That's what Oscar saw, closer and closer, until it was laying on the bridge of his nose, almost covering his field of view. Every lungful of air came pregnant with the boar's scent, of his crotch musk after a day stifled in his pants, of his fresh sweat from the fucking, of his watery but unmistakeable load still lingering on the bull's lips.

Khenbish aimed the camera down. The bull, perhaps without noticing, had leaned his head ever so slightly to grab a better whiff of his scent. His jaw hung lower, tongue lolling out, face covered in strings of clear and white running down to drip from his chin. The minotaur's hand quickened, he moo'd in uncontrolled pleasure.

Khenbish's cock hardened again. Oscar got to see the upclose spectacle of the boar's grower, little by little, obscuring his vision entirely. He heard the camera's clicks and imagined himself, well used and humiliated for the boar's pleasure. For his every whim. Every time they saw each other in the hallway the boar ought to think first of the bull as his sex toy. Every time they were in company with others, Khenbish had to make an effort to not let on that Oscar was his bitch.

The world went dark. Oscar felt another fresh drop of cum, or perhaps renewed pre, being pumped out from the boar's dick, dripping onto his face. The boar grabbed the root of his dick and tapped the bull's face.

"Now this will make a good picture for you... Maybe I should spread it around. Or you should, to every man you suck off at the gloryhole."

Oscar's hand, rubbing his dick through his underwear, picked up the pace. He had lost count of how many dicks he had sucked there, and that only made it more exciting. How long before his phone would be blowing up non-stop with men eager to pump a load down his throat?

"Yes..." he moaned.

"You should let me fuck your ass, y'know... Actually breed you." Another dick slap to the bull's face. "But then I'd see your dick, huh? At least you should let me fuck your thighs or something, your slut mouth isn't enough."

Oscar saw himself bent over, ass up but still with his underwear on, with the boar thrusting his dick between his legs. Those grunts right by his ear picking up the pace until coating his thighs in cum.

"Yes... Like yer fuckin' me..."

Like his fantasy when they first wrestled; vigorously fucked by the boar who had claimed him in a fair fight. His hole well used and leaking all that cum — it was enough to make him shiver.

"God, you're such a bitch," Khenbish laughed. "You'll kneel for any cock but you barely touch your own. Why do you even have a dick if you never use it?"

Oscar whimpered, and something went off in his head. A fat drop of pre leaked from his dick, and before he knew it a shockwave began pumping, almost rhythmically, in his body.

"Why do you even have balls? Just imagine how longer you could go sucking dick if your cock didn't get in the way."

Oscar let out a guttural groan. What composure he might have regained was gone; his mouth hung open, lips curled up in shameless pleasure, face painted in Khenbish's seed and, most of all, his hand rubbing the front of his boxer briefs almost in a panic.

"That's alright, slut, I have all the cock you'll ever need right here."

Khenbish's camera clicked, capturing that moment — when the first rope of cum shot through the minotaur's soaked underwear, with his eyes obscured by the boar's hard prick, but with every other part of his face lost in that shameful pleasure.

With a victorious smirk, Khenbish renamed the contact from Oscar to Cocksucker.

IV

There was no more need for ceremony or disguise. Khenbish got to fuck the "Cocksucker" whenever and wherever he wanted, and the degrading name was no longer a matter of roleplay. Whenever they were alone, or even when any third party was barely out of ear shot, Khenbish made sure to call him by his new name and spoke openly of what he expected of him in their next meeting.

The minotaur was always hard when that happened.

Still, there was an unresolved tension, one they did not speak of but which made itself felt in the nervous silences. The minotaur could tell with an almost telepathic precision when that thought was on the boar's mind. And, when Khenbish came strutting in with a new smirk, he knew something was up, but he couldn't decode it. The answer came a week later when Khenbish invited him to his bedroom to give him a gift.

Khenbish had that toothy grin, shamelessly exposing his ivory tusks. He had a jockstrap in his hand.

"Go to the bathroom and put it on."

He had seen this type of underwear before. Robert had a wide variety of pairs, of all sorts of colors and varying degrees of skimpiness. He had thought about getting a few for himself but it felt like crossing yet another limit. He knew it was another point of no return, and his dick already strained in response.

Putting it on was no issue, but walking out with his butt exposed made his cheeks burn. Though his dick strained against the coarse fabric, each step out was a challenge. He did not feel ready to get fucked, not even only on his thighs, despite how hot the idea had seemed in the heat of the moment.

When he got out he was prepared to object and disappoint Khenbish, but instead he found the boar still dressed and laying on his bed, distracted with his phone. And when he saw the

bull, out came a series of compliments both chaste and profane, but mainly on the modest side. His voice had the friendliness and warmth from before their relationship became sexual. What had become bullying returned to ribbing.

The one gesture that truly stepped out towards sex was a hug from behind, in which the boar ground his crotch against the bull's exposed rump. He leaned in and whispered:

"If you want we can try it — a week from now. Until then, I just want my cocksucker to wear these jocks." The way he said it now, all of a sudden, had none of his snarl, and sounded friendly and affectionate.

On one hand, Oscar felt relief. On the other, he knew, deep down, that Khenbish understood him perfectly, that this challenge alone was fated to convince him, that by the end of the week he'd be willing, ready and compliant — because every waking moment became a reminder of the fantasy that had captured him in the his greatest throes of need.

For that week he refused all other hookups, with the exception of once for Themba, and Khenbish refrained from calling him. As trivial as it may have seemed in comparison to his long list of lovers, he felt unequipped to explain this change to his wardrobe, and he *wanted* to experience Khenbish's challenge in its full and unspoken difficulty. The two pleasures he allowed himself were Khenbish's videos and servicing the grootslang — he could not deny the man. But in both instances he refrained from touching himself or finding relief. While watching the video his mouth watered, and when he heard his own pleas to "get knocked up" he grinded his ass into his seat.

When the day came, all resistance had been sapped out of him and he presented himself to Khenbish. On all fours, with his legs and arms shaking in anticipation, tail hiked up and to the left, with an excitement bordering on the feverish.

"I knew that'd do the trick," Khenbish said. The cocksucker bit his lip and nodded.

"Please, please, knock me up!"

Khenbish snorted. His cock twitched and spat not a drop, but a streak of precum. He knew, of course, the bull's hole was off limits, but he did not need to call attention to that.

"Finally ready to graduate to breeding sow," another spurt. "God, I'm gonna fill you up again and again..." A string of drool slipped from his mouth to his chin, and then to the bedcovers. "You're gonna have boar spunk coming out of both ends, you'll be smelling like me, and — fuck, fuck!"

There was no room for too much foreplay, lest they lose control. The boar cracked open his bottle of lube and coated his cock and the bull's thighs. It was desperate, and neither of them had any time to waste, so Khenbish put his hands to the good things that laid before him. He gripped the bull's hips and thrust, and for a moment Oscar was so convinced he would be knocked up, he expected that first push to hurt. But it didn't, of course, and then came a realization:

"Close your legs, cocksucker. Make yourself tight for your owner," spat out the boar.

"Yessir!" And that conscious effort, the need to maintain his legs closed as Khenbish's cock fucked his thighs and brushed against the pouch of his jock, made him delirious. Every thrust was a stimulus which, even minute as far as his body was concerned, felt like an explosion in the recesses of his mind. He was getting fucked — wild, bareback, an unstoppable barrage that'd end with him bred and owned.

Such a passion could not last long, however. The minotaur came first, though neither noticed it, and a few minutes later so did the boar. Oscar begged him not to pull out and tightened his legs.

"Tight pussy..." the boar huffed. "Take every last drop," he said while his cock pumped its load on the bedsheets.

But it didn't end there. It couldn't. For the first time in their affair, they went for a marathon of brief fucks instead of a single drawn-out one.

"Can't wait for these tits to swell with milk," Khenbish said, just a few minutes later, while the bull was on his back on the bed with both his legs raised.

"Yer gonna milk me?" with his voice so feverish, the question sounded like begging.

"Before our piglets are born, to make sure they'll have enough to nurse... Now tighten for me, tighten — fuck!"

That load fell on the bull's belly, chest and chin.

After that, things went out of control. For a minute the minotaur allowed the boar to eat his ass, "to know how it feels", which was followed by Khenbish experimentally fucking the bull's armpits and launching a load on his face. An attempt was made to lift the bull up, full nelson style, and fuck his thighs like that, but Khenbish had to concede the lack of sufficient stamina. After that, in a moment of inspiration, Khenbish tried to fuck the bull's chest.

The final load of the night, however, had to be saved for the implicit promise Khenbish had given earlier; to finish the night with Oscar leaking cum from both ends. Exhausted and at their limits, with Khenbish laying flat on his back on the bed, Oscar mustered what energy he had and used every trick he knew to push him past the finish line.

Khenbish's last orgasm was announced with a series of porcine squeals. The cocksucker felt his balls contracting — even after all this ordeal they were still fuller than any pair he had ever seen — and prepared to drink it all.

When the cocksucker finally pulled out, he could not hold back a desperate and needy moo, throaty and low from the task he had just concluded. Only then, with his head resting on the boar's crotch and with cum leaking from his mouth, did he reach inside his own jockstrap to finish himself off.

"Ahh... Ahh... Hurf... Moo..."

Khenbish petted his cum-drenched head.

"C'mon, sow. Finger your pussy. You know I knocked you up."

It really looked like that, with him slipping a hand in his pouch to jerk himself off. And, for a moment, the cocksucker believed it was true; he was a pregnant sow fingering himself for his owner, leaking cum from both ends, well and truly claimed.

His cock fired off, shooting half a dozen strings through the fabric, most of them landing on the boar's calf and hooves.

"Good Cocksucker," Khenbish whispered. Looking down at this bitch, well fucked and satisfied, he felt invincible — but still unsatisfied.

V

It did not end there. Fucking the bull's thighs was not enough. Khenbish kept experimenting, going so far as getting a few friends together at the pool at 2AM to give the bull something to suck, but that wasn't it either.

The big revelation came one lazy Saturday when Khenbish told the minotaur to come over. He arrived disheveled, more than usual at least, and as soon as he stepped into the room it was filled with a scent the boar knew from a distance; Themba's. His scent was all over the minotaur, not least in his breath, and that told Khenbish all he needed to know. This wasn't just some anonymous glory hole blow job; Oscar had been servicing the grootslang thoroughly.

That day, while gripping Oscar's horns and fucking his mouth, Khenbish thought of what the grootslang must be packing, his pendulous balls, the mouth-watering proportions of his dick, his cloying musk, the salt of his sweat, the strength of his gut and thighs. Oscar's expert oral skills had pushed and inspired him to take a dominant position, but that couldn't erase his needs and desires.

The next day, Sunday, Khenbish struck. While Oscar slobbered on his knob, he sent a message to the grootslang via his phone. It began with the picture of Khenbish's dick overshadowing Oscar's face, and followed with the half hour long video of the boar cumming down the bull's throat.

"I learned you've been fucking my cocksucker," he wrote, giddy with excitement. "I think we should settle this matter like men. You and I, a wrestling match."

Themba was not impressed. It was not the first time he had gotten such silly challenges, but usually they had the angry insecurity of weak men vying for scraps. This time there was something else, and along with it an invitation the grootslang could not refuse.

Oscar watched from the sidelines as it started and ended. On one side there was Khenbish, wearing his traditional wrestling garb, and on the other was Themba, shirtless and wearing only a pair of yellowed rugby shorts.

Khenbish entered the contest with ferocity to maintain his claim on his cocksucker. It ended in seconds when Themba grabbed the boar by the neck with his trunk and mashed his snarling face in his steaming armpit. Khenbish's resistance lasted precisely the length of his first, surprised lungful of air — and what followed was him going almost limp on the grootslang's grasp.

Themba's grip on the boar's head tightened. He ground Khenbish's snout against his armpit, covering every inch of the sweat-slick surface. Themba's eyes wandered around the room, if not with indifference then surely with annoyance, until they met with Oscar's. There they stayed until, at last, a sharp porcine snort cut through the room, followed by a series of quick huffs. Khenbish shuddered, his hanging hands curled into fists, and he fired his load through his wrestling gear.

His watery cum drizzled down, raining on the floor in a messy spray that lasted for minutes due to his characteristic porcine orgasm — all throughout it Khenbish remained limp in the grootslang's grasp, his little huffs and big snorts cutting through the sound of his orgasm.

Themba looked down to the sow rooting at his armpit, and for a moment he thought of gloating or, at least, saying the obvious. "Now you know who's the real man here", or maybe "that ought to teach you not to get any stupid ideas to challenge me". But his victory over the boar had been so monumental, so clear, that saying anything at all seemed beneath him.

But things could not end like this. As much as an annoyance and waste of time this might have been — the boar could have just approached the grootslang like a normal person and asked to suck his dick — it had left Themba with a growing problem between his legs. It was only right the boar should take responsibility for it.

He pulled the boar's face out from his armpit and gave it a good look. A bridge of drool remained between the corner of his lips and the grootslang's pit, his snout dripping with sweat... And breathless, dazed and twitching, the boar looked like he was in heaven.

Themba pulled his ratty short's waistband down, allowing his half-erect dick to spring out, then repositioned his new conquest. Khenbish did not protest to being put in a kneeling position before the grootslang, though in truth he was still consumed by his on-going orgasm still raining a trickle of cum down to the floor.

But when Themba pulled his head towards his dick, towards that shining pearl of pre-cum at the tip of his glans, Khenbish had the presence of mind to open his mouth — and he still whined when the hand gripping his head guided him past it and towards the bush of thick, wiry pubes beyond it.

Themba pulled the boar's snout into his bush, and this time he did not have to wait for the first snort to cut the silence in the room. He rooted around on his own, digging for this new and stronger scent that left his nostrils almost burning and eyes tearing up. The grootslang's sweat seemed to coat and linger his airways, so that even the little fresh air he got before being pulled was stained by the scent, and his pubes had that same effect multiplied by ten.

Themba, meanwhile, focused on the pig's expression; eyes halfway rolled up, mouth hung open and drooling, corners of his lips curled into an uncontrolled smile. His entire face covered with a sheen of grootslang sweat.

Themba's hand guided the sow. From the center of his bush, right above the grootslang's cock, he was pushed down to the root of his manhood and then to the sides, where he even sneaked a lick of fresh sweat. But he was pushed further down to the valley between balls and cock — and if the scent had been strong before, it had not prepared him for this new area.

By then Khenbish's orgasm had ended. A measure of refractory clarity had returned to him, and for a few seconds he was able to reflect on how far this had gone. He was even able to look

off to the side, to Oscar watching it all unfold with his underwear tented — the minotaur no doubt wished he was the one in Khenbish's place.

Khenbish looked up to Themba, knowing that there was something irreversible in what was happening. Being so thoroughly humiliated, used like a literal sweat rag and so unequivocally enjoying himself. Cumming just from the grootslang's overpowering stench. There was no going back from this; he had learned something about himself that could not be unlearned.

And as those thoughts ran through his mind, he felt Themba's hand guiding him to his next destination; the damp area behind the grootslang's balls. Khenbish looked up to Themba again, with his half-lidded eyes, and pushed himself deeper, faster, beyond Themba's grip.

He had to get on all fours to do it. Had to crane his neck up to reach his target. But when he did, when he got a good, harsh snort in — he froze. Shuddered. His hips jerked on their own, his legs tightened over his still-covered cock.

A moan escaped his throat along with his first exhale, and upon the second snort he lost control — a dry orgasm ripped through him along with a squeal. His hips pistoned forward, humping the air, and his tail shot up almost as if his ass begged to be filled.

Themba smiled and closed his legs around the boar's head, locking him there. He had made it as a pig; on four legs, pushing and rooting with his snout to gather every bit of scent he could get.

But Themba wanted his entertainment. He motioned Oscar to approach and ordered him to worship the grootslang's cock. The two put their hands to the good things that lay before them: for ten minutes the minotaur slobbered over that so-familiar cock while Khenbish rooted around and behind Themba's balls, whimpering, shuddering, moaning and humping the air.

When the boar started shaking, reaching the limits of how long he could stay in that position, Themba pushed him off. He got his first lungful of air in what felt like ages, but his gaze was already fixed on Themba's dick — wanting, needing more. And he was about to get it.

"Help him up," Themba said. "I want him kneeling."

Oscar complied. Khenbish was almost jelly, but he had just enough energy and presence of mind left to hold the position and look up to his owner. For the first time since the match started, Themba spoke to him.

"Time you learn your place. My cocksucker will be the one guiding you to take my dick — holding your head, pushing you down, pulling you back. You just follow his orders and be a good hole."

At last, Khenbish thought. At last, at last, at last. Before Oscar could even grab the back of his head and push it in he had already opened his mouth, craned it up, tongue shooting out to gather that precious pearl of pre-cum. As soon as the first drop fell on the surface of his tongue, pure reflex kicked in and made him close his mouth to savor it — overpowering his taste buds, burning and imprinting itself on his nose, almost impossible to swallow... But, as if compelled, Khenbish opened his mouth again and, pushed by Oscar, licked the tip to gather a string of that precious liquid.

Now it was only bitter and salty — it made his mouth water. Though its taste was unlike any he had ever experienced, he could only compare it now to a dessert that compelled him to take one spoonful after another without pause, regardless of his appetite.

The sight of the boar experiencing the taste of grootslang for the first time — his fine porcine nose capturing every note of his virility — was an entertaining one, but Themba was impatient. "Go on," he said, and Oscar pushed the boar forward. Without issue he took that girthy cockhead, gladly letting another streak of pre coat his tongue, but he could not hold back a whine when the bull pulled him back.

For the second thrust, he was made, or allowed, to linger. He felt the underside of Themba's mighty cock bulging out to deliver another gush of pre — his tail raised as soon as it fell on his tongue — and his nose brushed against his wiry pubes. Then the weight on the back of his head increased and, inch by inch, he was made to grind his nose on Themba's crotch.

"This is where your head belongs," Themba tapped his forehead. "Right here, and away from those stupid ideas about being the biggest fucker around."

Khenbish's cock lurched. He was only barely able to hold back a nod. It was that hesitation that convinced the grootslang to take the next step.

"Fuck him on my dick as hard as he fuck your mouth, cow."

Khenbish shuddered. He thought back to the times he skullfucked Oscar, barely giving him time to breathe. All those hot-blooded fucks after they wrestled together, when the bull always lost. All the times he came so hard his cum shot out of Oscar's nostrils.

The corners of his lips curled into a smile, and the fuck began in earnest.

Oscar may have been a submissive slut, but quickly Khenbish realized that was by choice. The bull could dish out as hard as he could take it, and in fact his dick strained at the sight of — with each push and pull — getting the boar acquainted with this new position in life — grinding his nose on Themba's bush — seeing him snort and huff, and the rush in his gaze as his most embarrassing desires flared —

crashing his chin against the elephant's balls — making it clear who was the most virile of the two —

pistoning his head in and out — taught the physical exertion of giving yourself as a toy to a bigger man whose sack hung lower, whose strength and will were unquestionable, whose mere scent was enough to reduce him to a needy sow —

pushing, finally, his head down to deepthroat it — Khenbish came to love that monster snaking down his throat, pushing his tongue down, blocking his airway, reducing all of his being to service and submission.

The underside of Themba's cock bulged. The pig knew what was coming, but nothing could have prepared him for it. Not for the volume flooding his mouth, the pressure shooting to the back of his throat, least of all the taste. It was like Themba's scent had been made liquid and

concentrated a thousand times. And it would not leave easy; it would be weeks before the smells started fading. Weeks of having that scent clinging to his airways.

Weeks of smelling like Themba from the inside out.

Things would never be the same again.

Just like that, Khenbish got what he was looking for. A minute later he was kneeling beside Oscar, each one slobbering one side of Themba's dick, learning humility. The grootslang aimed his phone and captured it all: the moment the boar with hazy eyes offered his mouth for another round, his accidental kiss with Oscar as they vied for a pearly drop of pre leaking out of his urethra and, of course, his broad dick resting on the pig's snout. That one became Khenbish's picture on the grootslang's contact list.

VI

It affected Khenbish with every breath, and there was nothing he could do about it. No amount of showering nor any kind of soap had been able to wash off the scent that had seeped into his fur, down to his skin, and even inside him. When Themba had come inside his mouth — and the boar could still remember his tongue curling to coax more of it to flow down the grootslang's urethra — it had hit the back of his mouth and overflowed to his nose.

If the smell of Themba's sweat had been overpowering, that of his cum imprinted on the boar's nostrils was mind-numbing. Khenbish tried focusing on anything else — housekeeping, his job, exercise, his hobbies — but as soon as he entered any state of focus, he would become inescapably aware of Themba's scent assaulting his senses. He'd again be on his knees with his blunt nose rubbing against the grootslang's pubes, or feeling the man's hand guiding him to huff every inch of his armpits. Ten minutes would pass by in a flash as Khenbish would just stay there, with his cock hard and leaking in his underwear while food burned on the stove

But it was not a normal type of excitement. Back in the privacy of his room he would lay on his bed and try to find relief. He'd rewatch the compilation he had made of his and Oscar's fucks, but the spark was gone; now he could not revel in control of Oscar, and only thought of taking his position. It provided him with no relief. He'd close his eyes and fantasize his most reliable scenarios, but in a cruel twist it could not push him any closer to the edge. His cock was hard but his body refused to reach orgasm, leading to increasingly franticked stroking as release forever eluded him.

"Please..." he moaned, thrusting his hips up, fucking both of his hands as a makeshift fleshlight. His crotch was wet with his own pre-cum, every thrust sent out a squelch. He loosened his grip and nothing, he tightened it and nothing. He could not cum, and as soon as he stopped thrusting his erection would die.

He could almost catch it, that sense of release, when he thought back to Themba's scent. How his dick felt in his mouth. But even that was fragile. And after the first few days he knew why: the tension in his body, the thing demanding attention, was not his dick. The closest he came to release was one night when, trying out new positions, he raised his ass up and felt a twitch on his lower back. Again when he raised his tail and imagined Themba behind him, his heavy footsteps growing louder, his wet dick hitting the boar's cheeks and rubbing against his hole, the pressure as he made his entry —

Khenbish almost came. Almost. Even then release eluded him, but that convinced him of what he knew was his desire. He should do what he had been fantasising about all week. With his ass still up he picked up his phone and messaged Themba. Just a simple "hi", hoping for an answer of any kind but already finding a thrill in the possibilities. He craved the way the grootslang handled and guided him, opening the little locked boxes where he had stashed his desires. He wanted more of that. To be perceived and laid bare.

Khenbish kept looking at the screen for about ten minutes, until a new checkmark appeared on his message. It had been seen, it had been read, and for a moment Themba's status changed to "online". But nothing came of it; a minute later the grootslang was back offline.

It did not dissuade the boar, however. He expected as such; he had been an unruly brat before, undisciplined. He was way over his head challenging the grootslang the way he did — even if doing so was so thrilling and he got exactly what he wanted. Regardless, Khenbish knew he had to put in the work to make things enticing, to be a slut of Oscar's calibre. With shaking fingers he typed "I was thinking about you", then deleted it. Too basic, he thought.

"Are you busy?" Deleted. Too opaque.

"Wanna do something?" Deleted. Too bland.

On the back of his mind Khenbish knew what he had to do, what he wanted to do. There was one thing that would convey to the grootslang what effect their time together had on the boar. A thing to acknowledge who was the boss.

Khenbish moved his chair around, so that it would face the bed. He used a few books to make a stand of sorts and keep his phone in place. Then all it took was setting the timer and a few tries before he got it; a picture of his ass, firm but meaty and round, raised and taking up nearly the entire frame, tail draping to the side like an open curtain, his balls hanging down and dick barely peeking out between his legs. He could barely peek his bristles — his head had been lowered, a moan was escaping his throat as he smelled his own sheets.

He sent it. No words were needed. Khenbish stayed there in that exact position, his room half-lit to keep that sultry mood, with his face illuminated by his phone's light. A pearl of pre leaked from the tip of his dick and onto his bedsheets. While waiting for an answer his mind wandered, and his gaze went back up to his own picture. He was able to give it a good look and, for the first time in his life, he was able to notice and appreciate how wide his ass looked. How firm, round, and strong. How his bristly fur emphasized the shape, and seemed to point one's view deeper. It was a fuckable ass — he'd fuck his own ass, if given the chance, if he wasn't in this mood.

His heart skipped a beat when he returned to the chat with Themba, for at the top it read that the grootslang was recording a video. Khenbish froze for the minute it was recorded in, and for the minute it took to be uploaded. He whined while his phone struggled to download the file, and he moaned when the first frame materialized showing Oscar's face, covered in cum and yet taking in Themba's girth.

The video played. The bull's mouth glided on the grootslang's dick, head angling subtly up and down to get it to slide down his throat. He did not choke, did not struggle, and the recording captured Themba's contented sigh. Oscar looked up to the grootslang, to the camera.

Themba pulled his hips back, extracting his drool-covered cock from Oscar's throat, and slapped it on top of the bridge of his nose. The bull remained still, well trained and always ready to obey even orders that were not said out loud.

"So, you've stopped pretending, huh. No more bravado. You want to be like him?"

He guided his cock back in and started fucking the bull's mouth in earnest.

"You have thirty minutes to clean yourself. Come up to my room if you're ready to become my bitch."

Khenbish leapt out of his bed and, recalling the many wonderful things the Internet had taught him, prepared himself for the night's ordeal.

He arrived just in time to see Oscar leaving Themba's room. He looked disheveled and smelled of ball sweat, and there was a dumb smile plastered on his face. It only widened as the two bottoms saw each other, despite the shy atmosphere that ensued.

"Hey..." Oscar said.

Khenbish did not know how to respond. He once felt strong and powerful in relation to Oscar, but now he was privy to his deeply submissive side. How could he go back from that?

But the bull knew how. He stepped closer and gave the boar a kiss — the first proper one the two had ever shared. "You're gonna have fun," he said. "Let's do something together one of these days, the three of us." He walked off.

After a minute to process what happened, Khenbish walked into the grootslang's room. Themba sat on his reclining chair, smoking a cigar. He was naked and his dick still had a slight sheen from Oscar's recent ministrations — Khenbish knew, of course, that the bull did not leave a mess. No doubt the last moments he was in this room were spent kneeled in front of his sir, dragging his tongue on these elephant balls so no leftovers of their rendezvous would remain.

While Khenbish recklessly looked at Themba's equipment, the grootslang looked him up and down. He caught on to the boar's fixed stare and flaring nostrils, as well as the small damp spot on his crotch.

"I've seen how you treat my bitch."

Without even needing to be asked, Khenbish stripped to his jockstrap. The only answer he could muster to Themba's gruff statement, through the fog of embarrassment, was a soft apologetic whine.

"Let me show you how it's done."

It all happened too fast for Khenbish in his lust-addled state. Without warning, ceremony or sportsmanship, the grootslang had him in a chokehold. It took the boar a second to even start squirming, and that only came after a jolt of electricity fired off to his cock.

"I've been wrestling for longer than you've been alive, piglet," he tightened his grip on the boar's neck. "And I have much to teach you."

He let go, but before Khenbish could get a breath of air the grootslang followed it with a professional-grade headlock. There was no room for escape or squirming, let alone for the sexual playfulness with which he had led his matches with the bull.

"You think you are a big dom top because you can push a bitch around?"

The adrenaline kicked in. Khenbish tried to fight back, and for about a minute he was able to resist the grootslang's sheer strength. But he was tripped up after a misstep and, after that point, the boar could no longer register the sequence of events. His world flipped upside down more times than he was laid flat on the ground, but even those brief moments of being grounded were followed by byzantine immobilizations he had only ever heard of. At some point of the process the boar's fight died down, and after that he could only squirm, moan and strain in his jock. The grootslang really knew what he was doing, Khenbish thought. Something in his porcine brain was on fire.

After fifteen minutes of humiliation, the grootslang put him in a headlock between his legs, but this time it was different. Themba made sure to position the boar facing his crotch and held him there.

Khenbish looked up — and the grootslang nodded. It was time.

Themba's thighs clenched, and slowly compressed around Khenbish's head. With no more struggle, there was no need of force, only the lazy confidence of true power pressing the boar into his bush. Bold, earthy, wild, athletic, heavy, rich. He inhaled. He inhaled again.

"Your little playing around as a dom has gone for too long. I've seen how bashful you get when a bigger man passes you in the gym, how your tail swishes around. You were always just jealous of the position you had my slut in, weren't you?"

If he could speak, only another embarrassed whimper would emerge; as it stood, he just kept inhaling Themba's pubes, comforted by the massive compression pillows of his thighs, even as his words made his cheeks burn.

"What do you want?" Themba loosened the grip of his legs, and pulled Khenbish's snout to look up at him.

"I wanna be your bitch." As soon as he said it, he could no longer maintain eye contact.

Themba laughed, a deep and cavernous rumble that shook the boar to his core and made him squirm. "You want to be just like the cow, then?"

This was it, he realized. His very own point of no return, much like the dozen he had thrown at the minotaur. The moment when one's embarrassing desires are irreversibly pulled out of their dark crevices and made into permanent elements of his world.

"No..." He shuddered, and tried to gather himself, among the heavy scent and heavier presence. Part of him regretted not electing to call Oscar "cow", but a bigger part of him made sure to add that perhaps that just proves Themba's superiority at domination. He struggled to look back up, knowing he would melt and be unable to put words together while meeting Themba's confident gaze. "No, sir, I want more. I don't want to just suck you off, I want — I want you to breed me."

Themba laughed harder, and moved thick calloused fingers to massage Khenbish's cheek and fiddle with his porcine ear. "Oh. You do know what you're getting into, don't you? You know what a grootslang is capable of?"

There was something in the grootslang's gaze that made the boar's breath hitch. Perhaps it was the indication that he was about to bite more than he could chew — and the comparison, at the back of his mind, that such a thing never stopped Oscar. Maybe it was Themba's girth and

the challenge he anticipated, and the excitement at making himself so needy for cock. Or, perhaps, it was the confusion at the back of his mind. Themba had to be referring to his manhood and its size, right?

"Yeah, and I want it. Breed me, please, sir." He tried to stop saying sir, tried to say anything else, but it just came out unbidden. "I'm a virgin, sir, but I'm tough, I promise."

Themba grew quiet. His thighs, still framing Khenbish's head, tightened.

"Your ass is cherry?"

The boar nodded. His smile bordered on the feverish. His cock lurched at the thought of losing his virginity to a man of Themba's caliber.

"And you want grootslang spunk for your first time?"

Again he nodded, hoping for some kind of exciting reaction, but all he got in return was a clinical gaze going up and down his body, measuring his size and robustness, followed by a shifting of the grootslang's legs to reassess his weight.

At last he grabbed the boar's head and stared him in the eyes, searching for doubt and finding only that growing, desperate excitement.

"I suppose you have what it takes. You've been hardy enough."

Themba let go of the boar and walked to his drawer. He pulled out a bottle of lube and a condom. Meanwhile Khenbish laid on his back on the edge of the bed, positioning his hole to be plundered.

"Are you sure you want to be bred?"

"Yessir!" Every opportunity to call him "sir" sent a shock up his spine and made his fur stand on end.

"Guess I underestimated you..."

The condom was thrown to the floor and his pole was lubed. The boar tightened his legs as he saw that meaty pole swinging up and down with each approaching step, but his heart skipped a beat as the grootslang picked him up from the bed.

Khenbish was suspended with his back to Themba — the grootslang's throbbing dick rubbing against hairy back. The elephant's thick arms slipped behind his knees, and his hands met behind the boar's neck.

"A nelson hold — that's a fitting way to lose your cherry, isn't it?" the grootslang whispered in his ear. "Did you loosen up before coming here?"

Words failed the boar. He nodded, he needed, he was desperate. He had never felt as vulnerable and excited in his life.

Thoughts came out unrestrained. "I've been waiting for this for so long..." Khenbish said as the tip of Themba's cock rubbed against his hole. The thoughts were myriad and constant, but verbalizing was tensing him up. "Waiting to be bred, and..." It pressed and tensed his entrance, spreading a dull ache until the grootslang grabbed his own discarded underwear and pressed it to the boar's snout.

A surprised whine, a shy huff, a harsh snort — and the head slid in without hesitation.

"Now that's a good cunt," the grootslang growled. "You want daddy to breed you? Loosen up like a good sow and sink onto my dick..."

Khenbish closed his eyes and took another snort of Themba's underwear — but the sinking part was entirely up to the grootslang, who put pressure on the back of the boar's neck to push him down to take inch after inch of cock.

"You'll need to take all of me to deserve my seed..."

It was a slow process, with each pained whine making the grootslang stop to give him a moment to adjust, to give a reassuring rub of his trunk down the boar's back, but Khenbish truly was a hardy one. He could take it, and throughout the entire ordeal his cock was chubbed up inside his jock.

Once or twice Khenbish felt up his own manhood, but each attempt was followed by a self-reprimanding thought: his cock was so much smaller than Themba's. Even in this department he was beat, and he couldn't stop himself from taking pleasure in knowing he'd earn the seed of such a virile man with a cock that deserved all his attention.

"Playtime's over..."

All thoughts ceased. Halfway down Themba's mast, the grootslang deemed him loose and relaxed enough. He increased the downwards pressure and the boar slid down.

"Take me —"

The boar squealed, a fevered smile plastered on his snout.

"— to the balls!"

The boar could not think of anything but the pipe up his rear. His legs twitched and his breathing cut the silence with snorts and huffs. All he could say was what his deep fantasies commanded:

"Knock me up, daddy."

Themba's trunk wrapped around the boar's neck and the grootslang started thrusting. "Can't wait to see your tits swelling with milk..."

"Yes..."

Khenbish's hands abandoned his own hard-on and leapt to the elephant's trunk, to hold on to that overwhelming man and his enthralling body.

"Your belly round and heavy... Be a good brood-sow for daddy, boy..."

"Yessir!"

That's what he had wanted all along. Everytime he fucked Oscar's thighs, everytime he thought of impregnating him, this is what he really wanted. And now he could only look forward to being claimed by his sir again and again, dreaming every time of —

"Fuck," Themba's thrusting picked up and his breathing went out of control. "Never thought you'd be the real deal, Khenbish. And a virgin to break in too..." He breathed the boar's scent, committing it to memory. "Sluts always give up when they learn about it..."

It took Khenbish a minute to process what the grootslang said, and even then he was only able to say a breathless "What?"

"What Oscar told you — he told you, right?" He hilted inside the boar's hole, almost but not quite cumming, then pulled back to keep thrusting. "What grootslangs can do... Fuck, a virgin cunt like yours, I'm not letting you go..."

Khenbish froze. Somehow it dawned on him — somehow he could tell it before the grootslang even said it.

Themba's grin could be heard without even looking. "Sluts like pretending, but when I tell them that grootslangs can do it — that we can impregnate *anyone*..."

The shockwave ripped through the boar, but he only felt its effects after a delay. He felt every one of his muscles tensing, then wave after wave of *excitement* building up on his rear and back, roiling and crashing against each other until finding some overwhelming harmony.

"Please," his hands tightened on the grootslang's trunk, "cum inside."

A drizzle came out from the boar's cock, still trapped inside his jockstrap. Not a streak powerfully firing, eitherfreely or shooting through fabric, but an irregular dripping as the grootslang's cock squeezed his prostate and interrupted the flow with each thrust. Each spurt was its own orgasm...

"Daddy, please! Knock me up!"

And so was each desperate confession escaping from his throat and each tightening of his hole against the grootslang's cock.

Themba grunted and hilted once, twice, and — Khenbish cried out in pleasure as his cock spurted a fat string of cum — on the third thrust he staked his claim over the boar's future with a deep shuddering groan that filled Khenbish with pride.

Themba's underwear fell from the boar's face, revealing his smile from ear to ear. His chin covered in drool and his entire face smelled of grootslang crotch. His hands rested on his belly, bloated once from the cock speared in him and twice from the load being deposited.

All stood still in that room, none of the two daring to move an inch, except for Khenbish's involuntary twitching of his hooves as each spurt of cum further heightened his feeling of being overwhelmed. Gone flaccid, but still dribbling out aftershocks of his porcine orgasm with every involuntary squeeze of that stiff hog stretching him open.

Themba breathed heavily, leaning his gut against Khenbish's back as he, too, finished emptying.

"Don't pull out," he said, just as his dick drizzled out yet another wasted string of cum. "Please, sir..."

Themba chuckled, and wrapped his arms more firmly around Khenbish. His wide-set hands rubbed Khenbish's belly, and his wandering trunk flicked at his nipples. "You're a good boy, you know that Khenbish?"

"S-sir?"

"Takes a good hardy man to take my seed. And a special kind of sub to appreciate getting bred that much." Khenbish was not sure how to take the sudden affectionate tone— and even less sure how to take the kiss Themba gave his ear.

"What are you? —"

"Take the compliment." He ground his hips, half-hard cock still lodged in the boar, against Khenbish's. "That's an order."

Another weak shuddering dribble into his jockstrap. "Yessir!"

After a few more minutes of Themba groping at Khenbish as he softened— and Khenbish shuddering out his boar orgasm— Themba asked: "Would you mind if I showed the cow the video of all this?"

"Y... You recorded this?"

"Yeah, but you must have been concentrating too hard on my cock impaling you to notice when I mentioned it." He laughed, squeezing Khenbish's belly a little harder. "But that's all right, that's what a slut like you should be concentrating on."

The boar tried to be offended, but a strange sort of pride bloomed in him to hear that compliment: he was a good enough slut to give himself totally to Themba's cock. Maybe he should show that off...

VII

And so came to pass that Khenbish joined Themba's ever-expanding harem of men acting suspiciously out of their usual character. Mathematicians plotted this trend into graphs and reached the conclusion that, in no more than three years, all breedable and willing men on the Labyrinth and Earth would submit to him.

But, one day, the figurative and literal bigger fish came into the small pond. He was a mythical of colossal proportions in all departments. His balls sagged very low and were comparable to some variety of large fruit — a melon, or perhaps a *watermelon* if we are feeling adventurous — and his cock had a curve almost engineered to teach men about the power of prostate play. Its girth was outright legendary, but his foreplay skills were on point, in such a way that he could slip inside even the tightest bottom. And, of course, his armpits smelled quite ripe, in that particular way wherein you'd string together your three favorite sexual adjectives together to describe it.

Themba himself submitted to this specimen, and his entire harem was phagocytosed as a result.

Now, you may ask, who was this bigger fish? Perhaps he was, literally, a colossus rising from the depths of the ocean. Perhaps he was of a species of mythical previously believed to be extinct. Or, who knows, dear reader: perhaps, all along, the biggest homosexual of them all was you.

EPILOGUE

IT WAS IN THE REIGN OF THE GOOD MASTER
THAT THE AFORESAID HOMOSEXUALS LIVED AND FUCKED;
DOM OR SUB, TOP OR BOTTOM, HUMAN OR MYTHICAL,
THEY ARE ALL EQUAL NOW.