

Day In The Life Of A Slutty Doe Pussy

Beep beep beep.

Troy awoke to the sound of his alarm clock beeping quietly next to him.

'Weird,' Troy thought. *'I swear my alarm is usually louder than that.'* Well, it didn't really matter, since it woke him up anyway. Troy peeled his eyes open, or at least, it felt like he did. It wasn't more so opening his eyes, as it was his vision just gradually coming into focus, but he was so tired he didn't really notice.

Another odd thing was his room. Normally, he'd find himself looking at the ceiling, but for some reason, he could only see the end of the bed. *'What the hell happened last night?'* he thought. He tried moving his arms, reaching out for the alarm clock that was still quietly blaring. But he couldn't. Strange. It felt as though his arms were asleep. He tried moving them, but they just wouldn't listen. *'Guess I must be more tired than I thought,'* he mused in his own mind. He tried moving his legs, but felt those were numb too. With now a slight panic tugging at his mind, he tried moving his legs again. After that failed, he tried moving, well, anything! Nothing worked.

'Okay, what the fuck?!' Troy thought, now panicking. His heart would be beating rapidly, if he still had one, although he wouldn't notice that for quite some time. He tried to squirm, to struggle, to move even an inch, until finally his body must've given in and he began to move!

His vision now slanted slightly as his body readjusted itself. This wasn't where he wanted to go...His body was moving, but it wasn't of his own free will! The alarm going on in the background wasn't helping the fear he felt as he tried to even get any sense of his limbs, to no avail. He tried calling out for help, but he couldn't even do that! Another thought entered his mind. Of course, this must be some kind of sleep paralysis! He's just dreaming!

Putting some rationality behind it, Troy felt a little better about his situation. It was okay, because any minute now he'd wake up in his own bed, free to move however he pleased. Of course, that never happened, which is why Troy was caught off guard when he started to move again! As Troy saw the room move around him, he heard his alarm shut off. Someone must be in his room! Maybe they could help!

As Troy started to get a bit hopeful, he saw a thick pair of legs slide into his view from both his sides, covered in delicate brown fur with white splotches here and there, their toes gently curling. *'What the?'* Troy thought, now even more confused, as he heard mumbling. It was loud, loud enough that it sounded like it was coming from inside his own head! *'Who...who's there?'* he asked, to no response, as his vision turned again. This time his entire body moved, now the soft white mattress filling his vision.

"What a beautiful morning~" he heard a feminine voice speak softly. Again, the voice sounded close, almost too close. The woman was practically shouting at him.

'Hey, who's there?!' Troy asked again. *'Can you help me? Where am I?'* As Troy waited for some kind of response, the woman close to him could be heard yawning, then letting out a small moan. Whoever she was, her voice sounded softer than the mattress, and totally cute! Troy would've liked to see the face behind the voice, but his current condition wouldn't exactly allow that to happen.

After hearing a bit of sheet-shuffling, Troy saw something else, he saw...a hand? It was also small and delicate, covered in the same brown-hued fur the legs were, but it was coming closer, eerily close. *'Hey, wait a minute!'* Troy said, or tried to say, but could only speak mentally.

'Personal spa-heeeeeeyyy~'

Troy gasped as his vision was completely filled with the enormous hand, as two of the fingers actually touched him! He felt his being get molested, touched, groped, and it felt...good? God, why did it feel so good? Troy felt his inner being get tugged on. His vision went blurry as his thoughts escaped him.

'Haaaa...what is...happening?' he asked through moans. He couldn't help himself from moaning. The pleasure, it was getting to him. He couldn't take much more, he was getting closer to his climax. A thousand questions flooded his mind. Who was this woman? How did he get here? Where *was* here? But just as quickly as those questions were asked, they flew out of his mind as the hand latched onto him, its digits reaching inside him now! This gave Troy a feeling unlike anything else, having something in his person! The fingers tasted oddly sweet.

'Hhhaaaa fuck~' he moaned, his entire body aching. *'Don't...don't stop...please.'* He now actively begged for more, never wanting this feeling to end, before the two digits removed itself from his person, only to go back in! This sent a terrible blissful feeling through him, as the fingers thrust themselves into what felt like his entire body. The walls of his being folded around them easily, eagerly latching on to them, begging for more. He didn't know how this was happening, and frankly he didn't care. It felt so good, he was confident he was about to cum any minute! But with no dick, how would he even cum?

He could taste something else now, something kinda salty, lingering at the back of his throat. Although he couldn't speak, he felt as though his mouth was drooling, yet he didn't care to even try to close it. Not when it felt so fucking good! The salty taste grew stronger as Troy began hearing something else. He could hear panting, from the same voice of the woman from before. Somehow, she must be doing this to him! He'd thank her right now if he could.

The panting was loud, practically right next to his ear, which only turned Troy on even more. Their moans mixed together in a sweet harmony, fusing together into a lustful song. Troy didn't need to breathe, his moans and panting were in sync with the woman, like they shared each other's air, each other's body, each other's soul.

Fuck, this was it. Troy didn't know how, but his body was on the verge of climax. He had to release this pent up pressure inside of him as the fingers still worked their magic. *'Fuck, I'm-I'm gonna-'* Troy's thoughts were cut off as his entire body convulsed. His being and very form shook under the sheer strength of his release. He twitched and moaned, practically howling from

the climax. It was like his entire body was coming, he didn't know from what angle or what part, because it felt like every part, it surrounded him. He clung onto the fingers inside him for dear life, like they were his best friend that he never wanted to let go of, as he felt them get covered in sticky fluids, fluids that were most likely coming from him!

As his walls twitched around the fingers, the woman's moans only highlighted his own, their voices in harmony as they climaxed together. Her juices squirted out, and although Troy couldn't see it, it completely soaked her mattress, some of it even flying onto the floor from the sheer force. He knew nothing about the woman. Yet in this moment, he felt as though he had known her forever, like they were born for each other. His body quaked and quivered, his form still shaking, only after a few seconds, it finally shook less. He was finally able to let go of the fingers, bringer of this confusing joy, as he felt his body gently unclench them from his grasp. They slid out of his form with ease thanks to what he assumed was his own cum. It certainly tasted like cum in the back of his throat.

As her fingers were removed, Troy saw his vision come back into focus. It went from complete darkness to light blurriness back to having his full vision back. Funnily enough, he didn't feel his eyes close. He didn't know how he could see at all, but he certainly didn't have to worry about blinking, it was like his 'eyes' closed for him when something obscured his vision.

Troy's panting eventually died down, as did the woman's, although their panting was in sync because the woman was actually breathing for him, although he couldn't really smell anything. He didn't even need oxygen anymore. What Troy thought was love for the woman, slowly but

surely melted into confusion. With his mind intact again, he was back to wondering where he was. And more importantly, what the hell was that?! *'What happened?'* Troy asked mentally, his voice groggy like he just woke up from a long nap. Although he was given no answers, he was treated to the woman's soft alluring voice speaking again.

"Now that I'm ready for the day..." she muttered, as she left the bed and stood up. Troy was again caught off guard as his vision changed. He could now see the woman's legs again, as well as the hardwood floor she walked on. He caught a brief glimpse of the mattress, which was covered with a wet stain, presumably from him. Or, was it from the woman? He wasn't exactly sure anymore.

His body shook as he rocked in rhythm with the woman's footsteps as he felt her walk through her house, hearing a coffee machine whirring, then hearing her open the fridge, then hearing her chow down on breakfast, all of it sounding like it was right next to his ears. *'All this moving around,'* he thought. *'I think I'm gonna be sick.'* It was true, Troy felt something of a pit in his stomach, although it felt strangely empty. He was hungry too, although not for food. It was hard to explain, just as everything else in his day so far was.

Finally, as he begged for this awful ride to be over, the woman finished her breakfast, and began moving again. From Troy's perspective, she walked from hardwood floor to carpet. He could hear her humming a soothing tune as she opened some kind of drawer. She removed something and closed the drawer.

“Whoopsie,” the woman spoke as Troy heard an object fall to the floor with a soft *thud* behind the girl. His vision changed as she presumably turned around and bent over to pick it up, only what Troy saw was horrifying.

He was facing a mirror, an actual mirror! Only it wasn't a comforting sight. He got a clear view of where he was, of *what* he was. A bright pink pussy was in front of him, clear as day. Not his body, or the one he was used to, but a pussy! Pink, squishy, with beige labia surrounding it, a bit of fem-cum on the side of the woman's thighs. *'Is that...me?!?!'* Troy, thought, fear in his mental voice. *'Nonono, this isn't happening, this can't be real!'*

But it certainly felt real. As the woman bent over, Troy could also make out the woman picking up her brush. She was covered head-to-toe in the same caramel-coated fur with white splotches. She had gorgeous hazelnut-colored eyes, curly brown hair that reached to her shoulders that looked like a pain to brush. Her nose was also a tiny black dot in the middle of her face. All things considered, the doe woman was quite cute, downright fucking adorable! Definitely Troy's type. That is, if he wasn't this girl's pussy!

'This isn't...hey, lady, you gotta let me go, please!' Troy pleaded with the woman, shouting mentally as loud as he could. But with no voice box, his cries fell on deaf ears. The doe picked up her brush and went back to the mirror, giving Troy more sight of the floor once again as she went about her day, her humming now feeling like a form of torture, forced to listen to the incessant tune as he begged for mercy. But no one would hear him. *'There has to be a way out of this,'* he thought to himself, as he heard the doe now getting herself dressed. *'I cannot just be*

some...pussy! Wake up, wake up, wake up god dammit! But quite the opposite happened, as the doe slipped on her bright pink panties, once again obscuring Troy's vision, leaving him in complete darkness, alone with nothing but his own thoughts, and the terrible humming of his captor. He dreaded what the day would bring.

“Ah, geez,” the doe groaned. Her voice sounded even more muffled thanks to the panties covering Troy's entirety. He expected her to put on pants too, but it seemed like the doe thought panties were enough. “That coffee's already getting to me. Better use the bathroom before I go.”

'Use the what?!' Troy thought. The doe hummed as she walked toward her bathroom, Troy's body constantly rubbing on between her fat thighs. *'Wait, wait, wait!'* Troy pleaded. This was a dream, right? Cumming was one thing, but...he didn't even think about...peeing! But he could already feel it. Somewhere, deep in the far reaches of his body, of his soul, he could feel a new sensation. One that was aching to be released. If she had to pee, then so did he now.

It felt like his bladder was slowly filling, but his bladder was the size of his stomach. It was almost like he wanted to throw up, but part of him knew what would happen if he did. God, this couldn't be real. Troy heard a door open. *'Oh God.'* He heard the lid to the toilet get lifted up with a gentle *clink*. *'Please, God no...'* His vision changed. Finally, the darkness of the doe's panties was removed, but to reveal a more frightening sight. Water, surrounded on all sides by a glistening, blindingly-white wall. Troy could feel something building up inside him, and it wasn't just the fear of what was about to come. He prayed to go back, to be poked and prodded again. God, anything was better than this!

Just as Troy tasted the slightest hint of salt in the back of his throat, he...clenched? That's right! If he really was a pussy, then he should have *some* control over his pussy body. Feeling the urge to pee, to let all the buildup release, he fought back, against his captor's wishes. '*Nuh uh,*' he thought defiantly. '*This is not happening!*'

"Hm," the doe woman chimed. "Must be bladder shy this morning. Welp, guess I'll be here for a while."

'*Oh, come on!*' Troy thought. Then, the doe girl started humming to herself. Her voice reverberated right inside of Troy's head, her soothing tune putting him slightly at ease. He had to give his all into holding it in and yet... '*Stop with that...stupid song,*' he thought sluggishly. '*It's kinda soothing, though...*' He snapped back to reality, remembering just what would happen if he let his guard down. But as the seconds ticked by, it became worse. The feeling, it was building up more. '*Can't do it. Won't do it! Please don't make me do it...*' he pleaded mentally, as he could feel something coming, the taste in his throat only growing stronger. God, why did he still have his taste?!

The doe girl impatiently readjusted her seating, which made Troy's body quiver, catching him off guard. '*Shit.*'

That was all Troy said before the piss escaped his lips, shooting out in a gentle stream. It tingled his insides as it dribbled down, the taste of salt now much stronger than before, like if he ate

1000 tiny little salt packets at once. ‘Hoooooh’ he wallowed, unable to stop the stream.

‘F-fuck...so much....c-can’t h-hold it an-nymooooore...!’

It felt gross. It felt fucking humiliating. He could feel what he thought was his face burning up. God, what he must fucking look like right now. It felt so relieving to let go, to feel himself empty out, the warm piss dribble out of his body. But it was so disgusting, so horrible. But it felt *so* relieving! The taste wasn’t bad, just salty, slightly bitter. Definitely not something he would ever get used to, it wasn’t nearly as good as when he was cumming.

His vision blurred as his ‘eyes’ were covered in a somewhat clear-ish liquid. To Troy, it looked as though he was opening his eyes underwater. He wished he could close them right about now. It wasn’t painful, just somewhat blissful, to relieve himself of pressure, to feel the heat escape from his body, though his face still felt warm. He hoped that as a pussy, it wasn’t possible to blush, but if it was, he definitely was right now. But even as the stream died down, along with his silent cries, he couldn’t help but feel overwhelming shame. He was almost glad he was a pussy, because if someone saw him right now they at least wouldn’t know it was him. He *cannot* do this again, never again. Finally, the piss stopped, the few remaining droplets making a silent echo as they splashed into the toilet below. The doe stopped humming now, thank god. The humming only added to the humiliation, this was nothing to her, but to Troy, it was literal hell. That must be it. Troy died, and went to the deepest part of Hell. That’s the only explanation Troy could fathom at this point.

The doe girl grabbed a small piece of toilet paper, and held it to her crotch. *'Now what?'* was all Troy could muster before he could feel his body be tugged again. The soft 2-ply paper rubbed across his entire body, sending a lustful tingle throughout him, his face (or pussy) getting slightly warmer again. Weirdly enough, the salty taste in his mouth went away, if only slightly. *'Oh t-thank god!'* he thought. *'P-please, do it again. Make this terrible taste go away!'* And the doe woman did just that, giving another thorough wipe to his quivering form, the taste in his mouth leaving his form, only leaving a small hint of it there. He would still never be able to get used to it, not in a million years. Yet the relief he got from letting go, from being cleaned... It sickened him how he got the tiniest bit of joy out of it. God, it was horrible!

He could hear the flushing of the toilet, watching the woman's...well, *his* piss go down the drain, still not fully believing that it could've come from him. *'Maybe it wasn't that bad,'* he thought. That was his brain (or whatever remained of its brain)'s way of coping with his reality. Like how after women give birth, their brain blocks out the memory of the ordeal, because it was so traumatizing. So, god forbid if the woman had to go more, Troy would have to go through this all over again. The taste, the feeling, the humiliation, the uncomfortable warmth. And he really would never get used to it...

The doe woman walked down the street, still humming that persistent tune to herself all the while, slowly driving Troy mad. He was along for the entire ride, and the day couldn't have gone slower. He couldn't see a single thing that was happening, but he could sure as hell hear it. When the doe wasn't humming, she was flirting with practically everyone that walked by.

“Hey, hot stuff,” he heard her say in her seductive tone. “You and I have to hook up at some point~” Troy just hoped she would never act upon any of those words. He dreaded the idea of being used, especially since no one even knew what happened to him. Hell, *he* didn’t even know what happened to him! As the doe girl kept up her gentle pace, Troy eventually got used to the queasy feeling of constantly moving, of having her thick thighs rubbing up against him 24/7. That is, until she accidentally stumbled into another guy.

“Oof. Excuse...me?” The doe girl said, her voice trailing off as she looked up at probably the hottest piece of meat she had ever seen! The black scaled drake just looked at the woman, peering down on her as he gave a warm smile.

“Well, hello there~” the dragon said in a deep and lustful voice. His black scales all along his back were a great contrast to his dark blue scales that covered his front, and part of his face. His eyes were much softer looking, more of an ocean blue that you could get easily lost in. And god was he hot as hell! Thighs, quads, biceps, if it was a muscle, it was totally ripped on this guy. His claws looked sharper than the shadow horns that protruded from the top of his head. His black wings expanded just a tad from behind him as he let out a small stretch. Unbeknownst to Troy, he also didn’t have the shame that the doe had, as he was completely nude.

His massive cock and low-hanging fruit quickly got the attention of the doe woman, making her blush near instantly. Troy blushed too, although he didn’t know why. It felt like his entire body was getting hotter. Was he getting turned on? He couldn’t even see anything!

“See something you like?” The dragon asked, his member twitching as he eyed the doe girl. He towered over her, and his dick was so massive, it looked like the doe woman might break if she tried putting that cock inside her. Just the thought made her wet.

‘Great, now I’m fucking drooling,’ Troy complained, still confused as to what was happening. God, he wished he could see what was happening. His body was getting hotter, which made him worry that the doe girl was planning something.

“Uhhh...Oh, right, um, sorry for bumping into you, sir,” the doe girl apologized.

“Please, I wish you had bumped into me sooner,” the dragon responded, giving a sly smirk that made the girl’s face somehow get redder. “But please, ‘sir’ is too formal. My friends call me Trevor.”

“I-I’m, uh...S-Sarah! Yeah, that’s right, my name’s Sarah,” the doe responded, finding it increasingly harder to think of anything but that massive cock that Trevor was packing. Well, at least Troy finally knew the name of his captor, if anything. The dragon followed Sarah’s gaze and couldn’t help but let out a small chuckle.

“Yknow, there I was enjoying this nice, beautiful day,” Trevor said. He was leaning on a street lamp with his arms crossed, but now he moved to get closer to Sarah, making her whimper just a bit. God, he was so huge, he could just...have his way with her, and she wouldn’t be able to do anything. Just the thought turned her on. “And then you went and bumped into me.” His tone

indicated a bit of malicious intent behind his words, making Sarah let out an audible gulp. “Don’t worry though, I know how you can repay me.”

Trevor swooped behind Sarah, shoving her against the street lamp. She let out an audible gasp, taken aback by the hunk. Troy was caught off too. He was used to his body moving against his own will, but that was pretty abrupt, and based on their conversation, he was very afraid he already knew where this was going. Although Sarah was surprised, she certainly wouldn’t get in Trevor’s way as he felt up her entire body with his palm, making her let out an audible moan, which turned Troy on a bit more.

Trevor groped Sarah’s breasts, making her moan more. He used his sharp talons to completely cut her bra off, squeezing her pink nipples. ‘*W-What is- hoooooh...going on up there?*’ Troy thought, as he drooled heavily. He didn’t want to feel horny, but he didn’t really have a say in the matter. At least Sarah was into it, but he was *completely* helpless.

Trevor stroked and squeezed her breasts, more, which made Troy even wetter, perfect for easy entry. Trevor caressed a claw down Sarah's back, making her spine tingle. His hand stopped just shy of her bright pink panties, and without further delay, he tore them off without a second thought.

The light was practically blinding for Troy. After spending about two hours in complete darkness, the harsh rays of the sun were practically stabbing his pupils. Or, whatever felt like his pupils. Ahead of him he could see Trevor, looking down at him. He didn't know if it was just the

drake himself, or if it was because Troy was so small now, but holy shit was that guy massive! Trevor looked down at Troy with a lustful gaze, like an animal savoring its meal. Troy looked down further to see Trevor's massive black cock! No, it wasn't black, more like...purple, but it was so dark it was basically black, a perfect in-between from the black and blue scales of the drake. It hung low and twitched ever so slightly, and as Trevor and Troy locked 'eyes' Troy could see Trevor's member begin to rise in anticipation.

'*Oh no,*' Troy protested to deaf ears. '*Oh nonononono, nuh uh, no way, no how, no siree!*' Troy tried moving any part of his body in protest, which just ended up making his pussified body twitch.

"Excited to see me, huh?" Trevor asked, grasping his member in one hand, stroking it lightly as a little bit of precum flowed from the tip. He could barely even hold the thing in one hand! "Good response."

Troy looked around desperately. '*Can nobody see what's happening?*' he thought frantically. '*These people are crazy!*' As he looked around, his hope for a rescue only diminished. Behind Trevor he could see a beach, bustling with people, anthros of all kinds. But all of them were fucking! Just completely going to town on each other. Eating each other out, doing it missionary, doggy style, any position, and pose, and type of sex there was, it was being had by a couple, and some orgies too, of course.

Troy could barely make out another two people. But they didn't look like they were together. A hot fox guy in blue gym shorts and a sexy blond frog woman were talking to each other, and they looked like they were giving introductions, that is until the fox guy took off his shorts, taking out his rock hard fleshy member. The frog woman happily knelt down and licked it clean with her very flexible tongue, as the fox guy just stood there, watching the other people on the beach.

'Of course everyone's a slut here,' Troy thought sarcastically. *'Just my fucking luck.'* Troy probably would've broken down crying if he was able to, but the only thing he was able to muster was a bit of precum from his pussy-body. Troy was hoping that if this was going to happen, that Trevor at the very least would take it easy on such a petite doe. That was a bit too much to ask for, as the dragon didn't hold back one bit.

Trevor took his burly scaly palms and grasped them around Sarah's throat as his hips bucked forward, his ridged and barbed cock plunging deep inside her pussy, and Troy's body respectively, only stopping from his massive knot. Troy's body shook as the cock hit his very core. Words escaped him as he adjusted to this newfound sensation, the feeling of being filled, of practically being broken! *'C-c...can't...f-fit...'* Troy mustered those words in a whimper, but it was so quiet that even if he could speak, it's likely they wouldn't have heard him. Taking that cock was effort enough, nevermind actually thinking.

Troy twitched, along with Trevor's cock. He could feel it. It pulsed with life, twitching, throbbing inside his center. His body ached with a dull pain, before changing to something greater. *Much* greater. The bumps on the cock slid along his insides, rubbing their meat together

ever so slightly, sending a pleasurable tingle through Troy's core. He could feel the tapered tip push against something, what must've been the cervix of the pussy, or the deepest part of his body. Troy couldn't even imagine how much cum he could hold. Not that he was imagining that, of course! That'd mean he was a pussy, and this was clearly some kind of mistake!

Trevor pulled out about a centimeter before thrusting forward again, the tip of his cock easily hitting Troy and Sarah's cervix. Troy moaned mentally. Sarah tried to moan, but found it hard with air quickly escaping her lungs due to Trevor's grasp.

"God, you're tighter than a virgin," Trevor remarked with a whisper in Sarah's ear. She let out a small huff of air before attempting to reply.

"Ssssooo...d-d-deep~" was all she could muster, both from the lack of air, and from the large cock that also made it hard to think herself.

"That's right slut," Trevor said with a snarl. "Just let me do all the work." With that he pulled out about half of his length, causing Troy to suddenly gasp as if a literal weight had been lifted off his shoulders, before the drake plunged his shaft deep again.

'*Fffuuuck*,' Troy moaned, barely able to even form words. His body automatically produced fem-cum which allowed the cock to slide back in with ease, the fem-cum mixing with the precum the cock was producing. It all tasted so salty, but like a good salty. It was unlike anything

Troy tasted before, but he couldn't get enough of it. Before he knew it, he was craving more. He flexed his body, his folds eagerly squeezing the cock for all it was worth.

Trevor pulled out again, giving Troy a bit of time to breathe, but he knew what was coming. Part of him actually wanted it at this point. It was so wrong, but how could he fight when he was literally made for this? Trevor thrust again, this time Troy happily greeted his juicy phallus with his tightening grip, almost like he practically didn't want the cock to leave again. '*T-too m-much~*' he moaned. He didn't care anymore. It was so wrong, so weird, so gross. But it felt so *right!*

The ridged cock began a smoother motion, causing Sarah to let out a few tiny moans with each hump from the hunk behind her.

Plap plap plap.

Her tiny tail wagged eagerly, her pussy twitching and grasping onto the cock for dear life. She didn't want it to end. She could feel her cervix being slammed again and again and again and again. And Troy definitely felt it, it was like his entire body was made up of his g-spot. Fingers could never reach the places this meaty cock could!

Trevor penetrated the pussy over and over, each slam against the doe's pussy producing a wet *squelch*. "F-fuck," Sarah moaned, as Trevor was so into it he stopped gripping onto her throat so hard. "More...fuck me more, so deeeep~" Trevor happily obliged, ramming with all his might,

making Troy squeeze on harder. His entire body was gripping with all his might. He hated when the cock pulled out, but oh did he love it when it slammed into his very soul.

‘Haaaa~ *Harder, faster, rougher;*’ he thought. Normally he would be thanking God that no one could hear him, but now he was practically shouting mentally as he didn’t care if the entire world heard him. ‘*I’m a slut, I’m a fucking slut!*’

Squelch. Throb. Twitch. Plap. Plap.

‘*Fuck, I’m worse than a slut, I’m a slut’s pussy~ Slutty pussy, slutty pussy, slutty pussyyyy~*’ Troy couldn’t get enough of the man meat. Whatever thoughts he could muster pushed everything that wasn’t dick out of his head, probably to make more room for the cock to fit inside. Each thrust made him shake, physically and mentally. He panted in tandem with Sarah, their voices once again harmonious as the two celebrated getting railed with this rigid member, the grooves along the side feeling oh so heavenly on their insides. Troy was less than the cock-craving slut, and somehow that turned him on even more in that moment. He was a pussy, that’s all he was, all he needed to be. He couldn’t imagine living any other way.

The salty flavor was driving him even more mad. He just wished he could see the cock plunging into him, but that was rendered impossible since it was obscuring his vision, leaving him in a dark void-like bliss. At points he wondered if he was actually dead, because this was so heavenly, this could never be Hell. Only one thing would make it *perfect*.

“I...I think I’m in love with your tight little cunt,” Trevor said in between pants. Sweat dripped down his body, some of it mixing with the other sticky fluids in between his and Sarah’s bodies.

“You’re such a...a fucking slut! Only good...for being a...a cumdump.”

“Haaaah, oh god,” Sarah hollered. She was so loud, a few of the people on the beach actually stopped *their* fucking to witness Trevor and Sarah. “I’m a filthy little cumdump. God, fill me with you fucking seed. I...I need it!”

“You got it...fucking whore!” Trevor said with one last mighty thrust. He smacked the doe’s ass, leaving a light pinkish mark on her tush, causing her to moan as his cock gifted her pussy with her awaited prize. Troy gasped mentally as he felt the cock twitching more. God, he knew what was coming. What was literally cumming.

‘*C-cum,*’ he moaned. ‘*Fucking fill me, p-please, f-fill meeee~*’ Words escaped Troy again as his mind, along with his insides, turned all white. The dragon’s seed spilled forth, gushing straight into Troy’s cervix, filling his womb with haste. Sarah moaned in ecstasy as Trevor let out several powerful grunts, gripping on Sarah’s ass and neck simultaneously. Troy couldn’t even think as he felt his entire form get filled, like he was finally complete. Each fold, crevice, tiny orifice filled to the brim with heavenly gooey spunk. Trevor’s balls twitched as his tank emptied its entirety into Sarah, which was surprisingly a lot considering he already got around quite a bit.

Before either Sarah or Troy knew it, their cunt filled up entirely, seed spilled out of both of them and onto the hard pavement, and part of Trevor’s bare feet, although he didn’t really care. There

was a beach nearby to wash his feet anyway. This was the best pussy he ever had, so he wasn't complaining. His giant knot stuffed itself inside Sarah, making her moan again as more cum spilled onto the ground. Tears filled the corners of her eyes from the overwhelming pleasure. She might've actually came at some point during the filling, but it was hard to tell when it all felt this incredible.

Troy... wasn't really there anymore, not entirely. What remained was more of a zen-like state of mind, just his being floating in pure bliss for an undetermined amount of time. He hoped it would never end, and it practically didn't. His sense of time was all screwed up, seconds of pure cock-filled perfect felt like hours, maybe even days to him. To it. Such a good pussy it was.

It would be quite a while before Trevor's knot would let go of Sarah, so the two just stood there in each other's arms, panting lightly as they let the bliss wash over them. A few people were actually clapping in the background, giving their support of the ongoing action. Men and women alike looked envious at how girthy and meaty that cock was. What they wouldn't give to have a cock like that inside them. Although Trevor and Sarah would only be stuck like that for a short while, about a half hour or so, for the three of the individuals, it felt like they had all the time in the world to wait in pure happiness.

It took a while for Troy to come out of his zen-like state of mind. Specifically, it took a while for all the cum in Sarah's pussy to dribble into her panties.

'Ugh, my head,' Troy groaned mentally. *'Hang on, I don't have a head.'* He saw complete darkness as he remembered where exactly he was. His entire body felt sore from the rough fucking both he and Sarah received. Part of him wished he woke up from this nightmare, but another part of him was almost glad he was still in this position. He couldn't deny the pleasure he got from the fucking, but just the idea of admitting that made him tremble from embarrassment. He wasn't a pussy, but damn it sure felt great!

As Troy collected his thoughts, his body was rubbed against a hard, flat surface, making him ache from the soreness, but there was also a slight hint of gratification. Whatever touched him gave him pleasure, whether he wanted it to or not.

'Where am I now?' he thought as Sarah readjusted herself in her seat. She sat on a dull-red leather stool. A long counter sat in front of her. It was covered with various bottles and empty glasses. The man behind the counter, a coy-looking jackrabbit in a dapper suit, tended to the other patrons in the room. Taking a look at Sarah, his emerald eyes locked with hers, and he smiled warmly.

“So, what is a nice-looking gal like you doing in a place like this?” the brown rabbit asked in a flirtatious tone, using his elbows to support him as he leaned on the counter.

“Heh, just need something to wet my whistle,” Sarah replied. “My throat's a bit dry from all the panting I've been doing.” Her tone reciprocated the flirtatious atmosphere in the room.

'*Shit,*' Troy thought to himself. 'We must be in some kind of bar or something. And this girl is **still** flirting!' The bartender looked to the other patrons in the room, before looking back at Sarah. He adjusted his teal pince-nez glasses that were held by his tiny nose, as he cocked an eyebrow in Sarah's direction.

"So, I take it that was you I heard out there?" he asked.

"Oh, were we that loud?" Sarah replied in a playful tone.

"Hun, the entire county could hear your moanin'," the bartender said. "And I must say, I never heard no one havin' as much fun as you were out there."

"Well, what can I say?" Sarah replied, straightening her posture slightly. "His dick was, uh, pretty damn big." Sarah cleared her throat as she tapped the counter with a finger. "So...about that drink?" The rabbit let out a soft chuckle as he turned around to face the wall of distinct alcoholic beverages behind him.

"I'll whip you up somethin' nice," he said. Troy didn't know what was worse. The now-empty feeling he had without cock in him, or their constant yammering. He didn't want to crave cock of course, but it felt like a part of him was gone without it, like a puzzle missing just *one* piece.

Whilst the rabbit was busy making a concoction behind the counter, Sarah piped up.

"I never did catch your name, y'know," she said seductively.

“Jack,” the bartender replied. He spun around to face Sarah as he pulled up a small glass. He elegantly poured the drink into the glass, filling it to the absolute top. “But my friends just call me Daddy~” He gave a sly wink which made Sarah get a little bit flustered. She downed the drink near instantly, already feeling it go to her head.

“Woof,” she said, holding a hand to her forehead. “That’s pretty strong. I’ll take another.”

“Careful,” Jack replied, filling the glass again without taking his eyes off the doe. “Don’t wanna get too drunk now.”

Sarah eagerly gulped down the next glass, wiping her mouth clean of any leftover substance with her hand.

“What do I owe you for it?” she asked.

“For you darlin’,” Jack replied, taking the glass away to clean it. “Absolutely nothin’.”

“Oh, c’mon,” Sarah replied, sulking as she crossed her arms along the counter. “There must be *some* way I could repay you.”

“Well...” Jack replied with a sly smile.

'You're kidding me,' Troy thought. He had watched enough porn to know where this was going, and he didn't like it one bit! *'God, you are **not** gonna make me go through this again!'* He barked harsh insults and curses at Sarah, although she could hear absolutely none of it as she leaned ever so closer to Jack's face.

Jack didn't waste anymore time as he placed the glass he held down behind the counter. He leaned in closer to Sarah until their lips connected, their tongues intertwining. Jack's scent, taste, his touch, all of it mingled together to make Sarah aroused once more, her libido rising just thinking about the things the two of them could get up to. Troy also groaned mentally, imagining the things he might have to go through. He both dreaded it, and kind of looked forward to it. And he hated that part of him was looking forward to it. He could feel the heat level rising in his very core, bringing the sign of what was soon to come.

After the two separated their mouths, Jack hopped over the counter, forcing Sarah to back into a nearby empty table. Jack eagerly stepped in front of her, giving her another gentle kiss before grabbing her by the waist.

"What are you- Woah!" Sarah shouted as she was hoisted onto the table with relative ease.

"Gonna need a place to relax, make yourself comfortable," the rabbit replied in a sensual tone.

Sarah giggled lightly as Jack took hold of her pink, slightly soaked and sticky panties. He pulled them off with ease, taking a good long look at Sarah's plump luscious lips. For Troy, he was

literally staring Jack in the face, after his vision once again readjusted to the sudden change in lighting.

'H-hey, let's talk about this, yeah?' he mentally pleaded, to no avail. He now knew that sex was inevitable, but was still caught off guard when Jack suddenly stuck out his tongue, inching closer to his face. *'Wait wait wait, I'm not a fan of kisses!'*

Troy's body quivered in pleasure as the rabbit's long tongue slid itself over all of his grooves.

'Haaaaah- nooooooo~' he moaned, his body twitching wildly, in a futile attempt to try and drag the tongue inside of his own body. When Jack's tongue hit his clit, it toyed with it a bit, making Troy go crazy. He hadn't had his clit touched before, and the feeling alone made it nigh impossible to think straight. Quite literally, as this wasn't exactly straight anymore.

Sarah simultaneously moaned in ecstasy, fighting the urge to let her legs clamp down around Jack's neck and lock him there. She placed her hand on his head, urging him to lap up her juices more. Each poke and flick of her clit with his tongue made Troy cry with reluctant defiance, and made Sarah moan in pure joy.

'Gah- s-stop tha-'

Poke. Squelch.

'Hoooooh god~'

Flick. Twitch, twitch.

'Sssst-t-toooooop~'

Jack finally ceased his relentless assault on Troy's senses, lifting his tongue off of Sarah's pussy. Saliva mixed with precum formed a small bridge connecting the two. Jack pulled away, wiping his mouth, yet savoring the flavor of Sarah. Troy still twitched slightly, his body swirling with several different emotions, all of them utterly overwhelming.

"There we go, all clean now, we are," Jack stated triumphantly. Sarah laid there on the table, still panting slightly.

"God, will you stick it in me now, or what?" she said, impatience filling her voice.

"Eager, eh?" Jack chuckled to himself as he stood up. He pulled his trousers down, exposing his pink fleshy cock. The sight was horrifying for Troy. Or maybe it was more of a concoction of lust and horror. Jack gladly put his tip up against Troy's body, giving him a brief moment of pleasure.

'Haaaah~' he moaned, his body twitching once more, precum flowing out like a broken fountain that wouldn't turn off. *'It's gonna go in me again. God, it's happening again!'* With that, Jack inserted his member into Sarah's folds, making all three of them let out their own small moan.

Jack's cock twitched eagerly inside of Sarah's cunt, making Troy feel like he had his own personal vibrator inside of him. Once again his thoughts escaped him as he eagerly grasped at the cock in an attempt to suck everything out of it.

Unlike before, however, Jack immediately went to town in plowing Sarah's field.

Plap, plap, plap, plap, plap, plap, plap.

Each thrust was in rapid succession, not giving Troy or Sarah any time to think. Jack was huffing repeatedly to keep up with his own pace, sweat dripping down his forehead.

"Oh, fuck meeeee," Sarah moaned, taken back by the sudden jackhammering her twat was receiving. Troy thought eerily similar thoughts, even if there weren't many.

'Fuck so good, fill me more, need more,' he thought barely coherently even within his own mind. He could think of nothing. Well, almost nothing, except the tasty, juicy cock that filled his being. It wasn't nearly as powerful as the one before it, but it barely gave him time to gather his thoughts in-between each thrust. He wanted it more, he wanted it so badly, more than he ever wanted anything. Whenever he was filled, any shame, humiliation, embarrassment he felt flew out the window as he was given a new purpose. A better purpose.

Sticky pre-cum from both Jack and Sarah went scattering in all directions from the friction of the two going at it, although Jack was doing a lot of the heavy lifting, with Sarah barely able to

move her own body from the pleasure she was feeling. Onlookers couldn't help but stare at the two in awe of their passion. The bartender certainly never treated any of them like that!

Jack's cock twitched and throbbed, which could only mean one thing. Troy couldn't find the words to express his joy. This was it! The best part at long last.

'Yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, ' he thought, grasping harder on the pink meat. 'Cum, cum, gimme cum, want, need, fill me, pour it all, gimmeeeee~' As Jack's cock throbbed and ached, his thrusting slowed, but faster than Sarah expected. He finally came to a complete stop, before pulling out completely, leaving Sarah and Troy both very confused.

'Cock!?' Troy thought as if his very soul was removed. 'Cock gone! Where cock! Come back! F-fill me! I need it!' Troy was still in his pussy-like state of mind as Jack lowered his cock a bit. Sarah was about to voice her own confusion before Jack quickly shut her up by sticking his cock somewhere else. Her ass!

He shoved his cock deep in her pucker without saying a word, making Sarah let out a very confused and aroused howl. Jack then went to town again, pounding away, each thrust seeming to get faster than the last. Troy was still very confused as his cock-craving mind and rational side began mixing together with the sudden lack of penis.

'F-fuck, w-where...' Troy thought, a strange feeling rubbing against the side of him. *'Where is the c-cock...why do I want it so bad? It's...not fair~'* The cock was still there, he could feel it. A

duller rubbing against the side of his entire body. Still pleasurable, but barely able to even be felt. But the feeling just wasn't enough.

Troy started fantasizing. Cocks, juicy, meaty, rigid dicks, all penetrating him, his fluids leaking everywhere from the pleasure. The girth, the size, the speed, the length, the heat, the cum, all of it just for him. Yes, he could feel it now. He could imagine it, he could practically taste the salt stinging the back of his throat, the pain and pleasure mixing into one beautiful thing. God, just the idea was so good, he was gonna...he was gonna-

Jack came, hot thick ropes inside of Sarah's donut.

"Cumming~" Sarah moaned as she felt the liquid oozing inside her, striking her G-spot at its core. Jack's thrusting finally ceased as his cocked spurred its gooey insides into Sarah. Fuck, the flow, the color, the consistency, all of it was so amazing, it was enough to make Sarah cum, all without touching herself!

Jack quickly pulled out of her donut, its contents spilling on the floor. It oozed like sap flowing from a tree onto the hardwood flooring. Sarah's pussy clenched around nothing, her toes curled and her hips bucked as her body tensed up.

Sarah's breathing stayed at a steady and rapid pace as she moaned, her pussy gratefully squirting, *everywhere!* The table, the floor, even on some of the onlookers, her pussy was a literal squirting

waterfall that had a never ending stream. An actual geyser of love and lust that showed her body's appreciation all without needing to utter a word.

Jack and Sarah were left huffing and puffing by the end of the fuck-fest. Jack wiped the sweat from his forehead and proceeded to pull up his trousers with a gleeful expression. He walked back behind his counter, before picking up another dirty glass and cleaning it.

“T-that’s it?!” Sarah asked, now sitting up, letting the leftover cum flow onto the table. A hint of aggravation filled her voice as Jack nonchalantly went back about his day. “Y-you made me cum without even touching myself!”

“Impressive, I know, I know,” Jack replied arrogantly.

“Now I just wanna be filled! You could at least do that, can’t you?” Sarah asked, tilting her head.

“Sorry hun, I’m gonna need *at least* an hour to get everything up and runnin’ again,” Jack replied, shaking his head.

“An hour?!” Sarah hollered. Her pussy was equally disappointed from the lack of cock, and still craved being filled, probably more than ever before, if that was even possible. “Fuck that, I’m just calling a cab and riding home.”

“Suit yourself,” Jack replied, placing the newly cleaned glass behind the counter. “But if ya ever want a good time, you know where to find me~” Sarah just rolled her eyes as she hopped off the table, her legs slightly wobbly. She didn’t even bother with putting her panties on, they already got ruined enough from cum. They were as good as useless now. As cum trickled between her thighs, on goers watched as she walked to the exit in a huff, before turning around one last time.

“Rabbits are *supposed* to be fucking machines, y’know,” Sarah stated angrily. “You’re just a dud. Hmph!” She turned and walked out the door, making the rabbit scoff in return. He went back about his day, trying to forget about the doe girl. What did she know, anyway? She’d fuck anything with a pulse!

With that, Sarah began to hail a cab out of there, eager to get back home so she could *hopefully* satisfy herself since clearly that stupid rabbit was a no-go. All she could do was wait for a cab, hoping they would be fast, so she could hurry up and get filled already! Her cunt couldn’t help but silently agree with that sentiment...

‘F-Fuck,’ Troy spoke barely coherently as Sarah stood on the side of the street, her foot tapping impatiently. Her ass still dripped with semen. *‘Why the fuck couldn’t he just cum inside? I’m so fucking desperate!’* Sarah had similar feelings as she waited for a cab to pull up. Seeing a cab in the distance, she held her hand out, flagging it down. It pulled to the side of the street and slowed to a halt in front of her. She opened the door and hopped in, a bit of cum still dribbling onto the floor and seat.

“Bad day?” the cab driver asked, sensing Sarah’s anger. The slim fox adjusted his denim cap before fiddling with his front mirror.

“Some dingus couldn’t even cum in the right hole,” Sarah replied, wiping some of the sticky fem-cum from Troy’s body. “Erm, sorry about the mess, by the way.”

“Ah, it’s no problem really,” the cab driver replied. “You’d be surprised how many times I have to clean this cab a day. Sorry yours was so rough.”

“Thanks,” Sarah replied with a light sigh. “I’m just ready to get home so I can finish properly. My pussy’s aching to be filled right now.” Troy couldn’t disagree with that sentiment. Every part of his body was craving, yearning for cock right about now. He needed it, he desired it more than life itself.

‘This is so unfair,’ Troy thought with his mouth still drooling. *‘Why does my body ache so badly? If being filled makes me feel so good, then what’s wrong with that? I just wanna be filled, over, and over, and over again. So please, just fill me already~’* Although no one could hear him, Sarah shared Troy’s sentiment.

Sarah gave the cab driver the directions to her house and off they went. The two chatted idly as they went by other pedestrians, most of them doing each other on the streets, which certainly wasn’t out of the ordinary. Before either of them knew it, they were already nearing Sarah’s house. The cab slowed down in front of the square blue building, making Sarah release yet

another small sigh. She was feeling restless, but for Troy it felt like his whole body was in an uncomfortable position, and no matter which way he twisted or turned, he just couldn't feel relief from it.

“So, what do I owe you?” Sarah asked the driver. The fox turned around in his seat, his silver eyes locking with Sarah's.

“Well from the sounds of it, you were left *pretty* unsatisfied, if you don't mind me saying so, ma'am,” the cabbie said, his arm casually resting on an arm rest. “How's about, just this once, I help you with those desires a little~?” Sarah gave a small chuckle to the cabbie, before leaning it a bit closer to his face.

“I thought you'd never ask,” she whispered seductively, before pulling the man into a passionate kiss that even caught him off guard! He wasn't expecting the doe to be so upfront and forward, but he certainly wasn't complaining. She yanked him into the backseat with her, the two moving their bodies to try and get in a comfortable position.

'Oh my god,' Troy thought, seeing the cabbie get closer to his face. *'About fucking time!'* The cabbie started to unbuckle his belt, before stopping for a second, pondering something, if only for a moment.

'H-hurry up,' Troy said excitedly. *'Hurry and fill me with your fat, juicy cock alre-aaaaayy~'*

Troy shouted as his body was invaded, not by the cock he dreamed of, but from a long, slim and

slimy tongue that traced along the front of his body. That only worked to tease him more, leaving him practically crying to be filled. Sarah's cunt twitched and convulsed sporadically, eager to be pleased, ready to engulf the meat it so craved.

Sarah and Troy's moans were once more harmonious, although this time Troy ended up being a lot more needy and desperate than she was.

'Just put it in meee, p-p-please~' he begged, trying to even muster the thought with the wet tongue sliding up against his folds. It was like a perfect kiss to his entire body, his soul even. And then, his wish was granted. The cabbie willfully stuck his tongue into Troy's many folds, swishing and twisting it around inside him. He moaned in pure ecstasy, his cries even managing to drown out Sarah's, whose voice was still practically inside his own head! Her lust was completely changing him, and there was nothing he could do about it, not that he cared anymore.

He felt like his purpose was being fulfilled as he was...well, filled. He squeezed at the tongue as it touched and rubbed along his inner walls.

'D-don't stop,' he moaned, barely coherent. *'Fuck, I'm a pussy, a slutty little pussy, that's all I'll ever beeee~'* It was hard to speak with the tongue sliding along his folds. It didn't reach nearly as far as any cock did, but the parts it did reach felt like heaven as its insides were caressed and stroked. It was made even better when the cabbie decided to use one of his hands to poke and flick at his clit, making him cum nigh instantly, his juices seeping into the fox's mouth.

'C-c-cummmiiiiing~ Don't stop, never stop, I'm such a good pussy~' Troy repeated to himself mentally as his old life was forgotten. He didn't care anymore, not when his new purpose felt so damn good! He wanted this, he needed this. This was his life, and he was thanking every deity in the universe that it was his life. And it was perfect.

After the climax eventually died down, the cabbie wiped his mouth as he casually got back in the front seat. Sarah was still huffing and puffing, finally having her lust be satiated, if only for a moment. She thanked the cabbie, and even offered to get his number in case she needed a ride to some other place, she sure wouldn't mind riding him!

With that, she went home, her mind and pussy still reeling from the intense orgasm that rocked both her and Troy. Troy? He didn't really care for that name. Not anymore. He was just a pussy now. And that was such a fitting name. Pussy. That was his name, that would forever be his name. And it, along with his new life, was just perfect.

Sarah jumped onto the cushioney softness of her mattress, which was now pretty dry from this morning. What a day she had! Getting fucked over and over, she definitely loved doing this every day, and couldn't wait for tomorrow. She took her phone off of her dresser with a content sigh and started scrolling through her contacts. One name caught her eye in particular.

“Hehe, could give Trevor a call,” she said. “Trevor.”

Hearing that name, Pussy quivered in delight. It knew a Trevor, and he had such a massive cock, too! Pussy got so excited, it almost came again right on the bed!

“Hoooooh, god, Trevor makes me so wet,” Sarah moaned. Her pussy agreed, Trevor made them both wet. Pussy was so grateful to have such a gracious host. Someone who would give it cock day after day, every week, every month, for the rest of its life, however long that may be. But silly things like existential thoughts didn’t matter anymore. Quite literally, nothing mattered, except fat juicy peens and wet slimy tongues that could touch and rub Pussy’s every fold, every crevice, satiate its burning desires. It could feel itself getting hotter, practically burning at the thought of what would happen to it, and it was so eager.

Sarah had to do something to settle down these urges enough to even make a phone call, so she grabbed a small pink vibrator out of her dresser drawer. She turned it on, holding it up to Pussy’s face.

‘*Yes, yes, yes!*’ Pussy cheered mentally at the sight of the toy. The vibrator was placed against Pussy’s frontside, making Sarah let out a soft moan, particularly moaning Trevor’s name, as Pussy let out its own lust-filled hollar. ‘*Fuck meeeee~ Good pussy, I’m such a good pussy, mmmmmm love pussy~*’ All Pussy could think of was how grateful it was, and how great that soon-to-be cock would taste. Pussy released one final climax, Sarah’s body shaking and bucking as her pussy’s fluids escaped her, dirtying her mattress even more, but neither of them even pretended to care at this point. All that mattered was fulfilling their lust-filled roles.

Sarah's bucking slowly came to a halt as her fountain ceased its flow, still hungry for cock. She dialed Trevor's number, eager to meet up as soon as possible. And Pussy waited too, eager to be used. This was the perfect life, the only one that mattered anymore. Pussy couldn't wait to be fucking used every day for the rest of its menial life!

THE END