

Terry's Bet.

(Nitrous, Devon, Terrance) TL;DR Terry and Nitrous make a bet of who can last longer in bed. Devon is forced to be there at gunpoint.

"Why am I here again...?" Devon asked, arm crossed over his chest as he watched Terry and Nitrous strip down to their bare fur.

"I already told ya," Terry grumbled, pulling off his jockstrap and tossing it in the corner of the bedroom. "Yer the ref."

Nitrous grunted in agreement.

Devon sighed and shook his head. "You don't need a ref! You two are just gonna fuck while you're high, pass out, and then forget about the whole thing by the time you wake up."

"Which is why you're here!" Terry snapped, his infamous temper already flaring up. "So that none of us forget and back outta our bet!"

Another approving grunt.

"For fucks sake..." The Doberman grumbled to himself, plopping down defeated into the armchair facing the bed. "Fine, but I'll expect something outta this too, yaknow."

"You get front row seats to a hell of a show." Terry chortled before turning to Nitrous, who was already completely naked and sitting on the edge of the bed, stroking his stiffening cock.

"Whoop-dee-doo..." Devon slouched down into the chair, crossed his legs, and got ready to... *watch the show*...

* an hour ago*

Devon doesn't mind hanging out with his teammates, but he doesn't make a habit of it, with the exception of Berry, who is usually the instigator in their interactions. But hanging out with Nitrous and Terry? Nitrous is one thing, the guys usually so quiet that, if it weren't for his massive size, you'd completely forget he was even there. But Terry is another story. He's loud, pushy, bossy, just generally unpleasant to be around. The

biggest head scratcher was that, upon arriving at Terry's dorm, Nitrous was already there.

The two could not be on further ends of the social spectrum and yet, there they were... just... hanging out.

"Here ya are." Deven said, handing over the bag of weed to the Dane in the doorway.

Terry replaced the bag in his open hand with a couple crumpled up twenties and nodded his thanks.

Devon turned to leave when Terry spoke up. "You wanna come in and have some?"

Devon froze and turned his head to look quizzically at the Great Dane. "You're... offering to share...?" He asked in disbelief. "*You??*"

Terry's ear flicked. "Ya want to or not?" He asked impatiently, a hint of an irritated growl under his voice.

Devon thought about it for a moment. He likened it to that sort of scene in a horror movie, where the character gets offered something that should be harmless and everything seems fine, but things are just slightly off enough to make it uneasy, right before desisted strikes and someone gets killed by the monster or bad guys.

Terry was definitely the bad guy in this scenario... well, in every scenario... But this wasn't a horror movie, and Devon considered himself smarter than the characters in those movies.

"No thanks." Devon said and began walking away, when he suddenly felt something grip his arm and was jerked backwards.

Ah, right, his subconscious told him. In the horror movies, even the smart characters get caught.

"What the fuck, Terry?!" Devon said angrily, wresting his arm from Terry's grip and finding himself in the dane's dorm room.

"Too bad. We needja for somethin' anyways." Terry said, kicking the door closed and pushing past the Doberman.

"For what?"

Terry didn't answer right away, instead sitting his fat ass down on the couch next to Nitrous, who was simply watching the reruns of some decade old show and seemed oblivious to either of their presence.

"A bet." Terry finally said while he leaned down and picked up a large bong.

Devon waited a second, watching the Dane fiddling with the glass bong and waited for an elaboration, and got impatient when none came. "What bet?" Devon asked, barely holding himself back from going for the door and leaving anyways.

"Nitrous has a 2007 Torterra level X holo card, PSA 9, and I want it. I have a 2007 Infernape Level X holo, PSA 9, and he wants it," Terry began to explain while packing weed into the bowl. "And whoever loses has to give the other their's. And we need a ref."

"You're... betting Pokémon cards...?" Devon asked, almost in disbelief. He had always figured that he was the only closet nerd of the team, other than Spencer who was not shy about talking about all things anime into the wee-hours the day.

Terry whirled around, mistaking Devon's confusion for judgment and shooting a dangerous look at him. "This is serious!" He growled. "That's like \$200 we're talking about!"

Devon raised his hands. "I know I know, you just caught me off guard."

"You know?"

Devon cleared his throat and crossed his arms, quickly changing the subject. "So what's this bet that you need a ref, anyways?"

Terry turned back to his bong, lighting the bowl and taking a hit.

"Endurance." Nitrous said simply. His voice was so low and baritone that Devon almost missed it.

"What, like planks? A race? A staring contest?" Devon chuckled at his own joke while Terry exhaled the vapor and passed the bong to Nitrous, who took it and began taking his own hit.

"We're gonna fuck each other and see who lasts longest." Terry said, turning back to look at Devon again.

"Of course you are." Devon said, all previous humor leaving his voice and expression and stared back at the Dane blankly. "Have fun with that."

Devon was already on his way to the door when Terry spoke again. "It's not like you gotta do nothin'! Just sit there n watch in case we cum at the same time."

"Not interested." Devon reached for the door.

"I'll give you \$50."

"You don't have \$50." He twisted the doorknob.

"Nitrous does."

A surprised, confused grunt.

"Seriously, I'm literally offering to pay you to watch free porn. What more do you want?" Terry said, his temper starting to flair again.

To get back to my room and play more FF XIV... he thought to himself.

"if you leave," Terry continued, his temper leaving his voice and dawning a new, cockier tone. "We can just go to your dorm room and change up the rules a bit. I'm thinking something along the lines of; who can make Devon cum faster? My ass, or Nitrous cock?"

Devon shuddered, and not in a pleasant way. He suddenly had visions of himself in a hospital bed, his cock and pelvis pulverized from Terry's fat-ass, and his hips and ass obliterated from Nitrous's arm-length third-leg.

Self-preservation dictated his actions and he sighed and let go of the door.

"Good boy," Terry grinned smugly. "Now, you wanna hit of this or not?"

Husband Hookup:

TLDR: August meets up with a hookup... and his wife wants to watch!

August's heart was pounding. This was so exciting and nerve wracking! He's done similar stuff before, especially for his OF account, but something about a more 'private' hookup always gave him the jitters. And with a married man, too!

August has been in contact with this hunk of a horse named Sadhbh for a little while now. They've been teasing each other for weeks; sending photos, saying sweet nothings, telling the other what they wanted to do to them. August was ready to burst! And since Sadhbh was the one to invite the horny sheep over tonight, he was just as eager.

August fidgeted as he sat in his seat, occasionally jostled by the taxi he sat in. He was a few minutes away and was getting impatient, checking his phone for any new messages from Sadhbh, and eyeing the previous message from him saying that there'd be a surprise in store for the sheep when he got there.

When the taxi pulled up to a quaint house in the suburbs and let him out, August just stood and stared for a moment, collecting himself even as the taxi drove off. He couldn't get his pulse to behave, and already his minishorts were getting tighter and tighter by the second, becoming nearly unbearable! Taking a deep breath, August double checked the address Sadhbh had sent and walked up to the door. He knocked... and then waited.

His mind was starting to run faster. He wondered if the photos he's received would do the horse any justice. He wondered how tall Sadhbh actually was. He wondered if Sadhbh's dick was as big as it looks... August's own hardening cock jumped at the thought... then the door opened...

August held his breath... then tilted his head in confusion as he looked back a short, white-furred tigress standing in the doorframe. Did-... did he get the wrong house?

"Oh! Hello!" She greeted sweetly. "Did you find the place okay?"

"U-uh..." August stuttered, perplexed. "S-sorry, I think I might've got the wrong address..."

"Hm? You're August, right?" She asked.

"Y-yeah...?"

"Then you've come to the right place! I'm Dr. Halimah Hayes, but everyone just calls me Honey." She introduced herself, taking the sheep by the arm and practically dragging

him through the door. "My husband, Sadhbh, should be finishing up his shower upstairs. He'll be down any minute."

Wait, husband? So then she's his wife?! August knew that Sadhbh was in an open relationship, but he didn't know she'd be here! He assumed she'd be out of town, or, at the very least, not at home when he got here! Does she know why August was here? She must. She knew his name, so Sadhbh must have told her about him.

Honey lead the sheep through the hall and into the living room, where she sat him down on the very comfortable couch. "Can I get you anything in the meantime? Water? Wine?" She asked, already making her way back to the hall and (assumedly) to the kitchen.

"O-oh, uh... no thank you." August managed to respond through his haze of confusion at the situation.

She smiled back at him and was about to round the corner when they both heard a door opening upstairs. Honey paused and then redirected herself towards the stairs. "Sadhbh!" She called up the stairs, barely loud enough to be called a 'yell'. "August is here!"

"Be right down." A deep, Irish accented voice replied.

Honey shot another smile at August before disappearing back into the hall.

Left alone, August looked around the room, trying to resist the urge to dwell on his confusion. The house seemed really nice, or at least nicer than the little apartment he lives in. Photos of the couple lined the mantle along with what looked to be some family members, though, curiously, August spotted much more horses than tigers. Intelligent looking books filled the shelf off to the left, most of which seemed to be about physics and analytics. And on the perpendicular shelf, model cars and trucks, memorabilia, and photo-books.

Looking around, they seemed to just be your average, loving married couple. August almost had second thoughts about his motivation in coming here, but he reminded himself that this was actually Sadhbh's idea and that he wasn't, in fact, about to wreck this couple's marriage.

August's thoughts were halted by the sound of creaking stairs. Looking over, he saw the hooves first, shiny and light brown. Then came the muscular bare legs that looked like they could crush a watermelon. August blushed when he saw the dark coloured mottled

junk, hefty and swaying with every step. And then the rest of the handsome horse emerged. August couldn't help himself from staring at Sadhbh's heavy equipment, he might have even started drooling.

"Like what you see?" The horse asked, stepping into the living room and giving August a good show. He spread his legs in a wide stance, letting his big balls swing freely between them.

August could only nod in agreement, unable to respond. Though he wouldn't be able to if he wanted, as Honey reappeared behind the horse, carrying a glass of wine in one hand, and a cold beer in the other. Seeing her reminded August of the somewhat awkward situation he was in with her being here.

Sadhbh didn't seem to notice her, and Honey decided to capitalize on this by bending over with the cold beer in her hand, and holding the bottle up between the horses legs, letting his swinging balls collide with the frigid glass.

Sadhbh jumped and yelped, shouting something in Irish. It surprised August as much as it did Sadhbh, while Honey laughed and carried on. "Oh stop being such a show-off!" Honey laughed. "You're pretty. We both know it." She held out the beer bottle to Sadhbh, who took it, grumbling something about 'friendly teasing', and August couldn't help but giggle. All the hesitation and doubt evaporating from his mind.

The horse popped the cap off with his teeth (which August had to admit was a little hot) and glanced at Honey's wineglass. "You didn't get anything for our guest?" Sadhbh asked, unbelieving.

Honey took a seat in an armchair facing the couch. "He didn't want anything."

Sadhbh took a glance over at August, who was starting to feel a little like a third-wheel, and took a swig before grinning wickedly. "Oh~ I know..." He cooed before sauntering over to where the sheep was seated, stopping right in front of him so that he was eye-level with Sadhbh's junk. "He just wanted... something 'else's to drink."

August gulped as his faced turned red. The mottled cock was already twitching and growing before his eyes. "Isn't that right, cutie?" Sadhbh asked, his hand landing on the wool of August's head.

He shot a nervous look over at Honey, who was watching with obvious interest and winked back at him, letting August know it was fine with her. He looked up at Sadhbh, who smirked and flexed his hardening cock as an impatient invitation.

August reached up and his head jumped a little when he caressed the large globes in his palm, feeling the slight stubble of hair and the heat racing from them. Sadhbh's cock jumped again, getting bigger and bigger! He brought his nose closer to his prize, licking his lips and inhaling. He could mostly only smell whatever minty shampoo Sadhbh used, but there was an unmistakable male musk that he detected, and his shorts got tight again.

"Go ahead, sweetheart." Sadhbh encouraged, moving his hips forward so that the tip of his dick kissed August's nose. "Let's see what you've got..."

Story Time

TL;DR: Benjiman and River are bored, so River asks for a story!

Benji shifted in his armchair as he continued to skim through today's headlines from his iPawpad. Nothing really seemed to catch his attention as he read the article titles; "Israel is quiet on next steps against Iran -- and on which partners helped shoot down missiles."

"Why Scotland's 'ghost' whisky distilleries are coming back to life."

"Millionaire Playboy and all-around Bad Boy, Alexander Crow and his controversial public presence."

Benji came to the conclusion that War, pointless information, and utter garbage was all the news had to offer today... like most days.

He closed the tablet and tossed it onto the adjacent couch, slumping back into his seat as he stared a hole into the coffee table in front of him. There was no work today, the weather was shitty and rainy, so he couldn't get the yard work done like he'd wanted to, and his last resort of reading the news was just as hopeless as he'd feared. Benji was bored.

His ear rotated involuntarily as the soft sound of River's light frame descended the stairs. "Ey, papi. ¿No trabajas hoy?"

The older dog hummed his response.

“¿Aburrido?” She asked as she rounded where Benji sat and plopped down on the far end of the couch next to him.

“What gave it away?” He asked sarcastically.

There was a momentary silence as River looked around, clearing seeking something to say or suggest to help alleviate her uncle’s boredom. There was no errands to run as River did the grocery shopping yesterday and Benji did most of the housework when he got home from work, neither one of them were really in the mood for a movie, and she couldn’t even rope Benji into ‘helping’ her out with her stream as today was an off-day for her too.

She was about to give up when a thought occurred to her. “Mmmh, oh! Tell me a story?”

Benji looked at his niece quizzically. “A story?”

River nodded, settling into the corner of the couch and grabbing one of the pillows in the middle to hold onto, like she was a kid again. “Yeah! It’s been a while and you don’t really talk about your time serving, so~...” She trailed off.

Benji knew instantly that she was just trying to help, so after a minute of pondering, he decided to humor her. “What about?”

River tilted her head and looked up as she thought. “I want to hear about... hm... Oh!” Her eyes lit up as she looked back to the older shepherd, a mischievous look about her. “You ever fooled around with any of your Army bros?”

“*Marines*,” Benji corrected automatically, a slight twinge of annoyance in his voice. He knew River only make that ‘mistake’ to tease him. “And yes. It just so happens I do have a story like that. Not really a long story, and I can’t promise it’ll be entertaining.”

“Oh tell it! Tell it!” She said, flapping her hand enthusiastically at him.

Benji sighed and thought back.

Well, I suppose it would have been around 2018? Maybe 2019... Anyways, I was asked to take part in the instruction of a special squad in training. It was made of five members, one from the Marines, the Air Force, the Navy, the Army, and the Interspecies Defense Force. The government wanted to see if we could create a special team with skillsets from each major branch that would excel in every field. Think of em like candidate super-soldiers. I was asked to be a guest instructor because of my time and

reputation as a merc before I joined the Marines, and they thought I would give these candidates some insight into special scenarios, like how to conduct operations without the money or backing of the government.

Anyways, I wasn't really interested in training anyone, but I at least agreed to observe the candidates capabilities before making my decision. They were good, but obviously too green as they hadn't really seen much combat. I decided that, since I was already there, I'd give them a quick lesson and then shove off the next day. But when I gave them their lesson, I was a little surprised as how quickly they picked things up. So I tested them, pushed them further and further, and I never had to correct any of them more than once. I was impressed, to say the least.

Before I knew it, a day turned into 5 and I was still there training them. Never bothered to learn any of their names since I didn't think I'd be there that long, but on my sixth and last day there, I decided to take them out for a night to relax after the hell I put them through. I'll admit, I may have had a little too much to drink... One of the candidates, a lavender coloured husky had been eyeing me all week, and throughout the night kept "accidentally" brushing up against me. Can't say I disliked the attention, but I wasn't about to do anything about it there.

Couple hours later I sent the candidates back to base and I headed off to get a hotel room for the night since I don't like staying on base... only to be followed back to my room by the husky. I made a halfhearted attempt at shooing him, but caved when his hand was down my pants.

"Then we fucked. The end." Benji said as he crossed his legs, trying to hide the tightening of his pants as he remembered that night.

"Wha-? Where's the details?!" River exclaimed, frustrated with the abrupt ending. "It's a real life teacher-student, forbidden fornication kink! I NEED MORE THAN 'And then we fuck the end...' Tio!"

Benji chewed the inside of his bottom lip as he thought. "It doesn't really have a happy ending..." He warned.

"What, did you not get off? Was he a lousy lay? Did you puke on him while fucking??"

"No! Dios, pequeño psicópata..." Benji said the last part under his breath.

"Then tell meeeee~!"

“Argh! Fine!” Benji relented. “He came in my room, we made out, and got undressed when I saw that he was actually a trans man. Instead of finding a dick, I found a wet pussy.”

River gasped. “Was that a turn off?” She asked around a sly smirk, knowing full well it wasn’t.

“You’re only getting the bullet points now...”

River looked like she was going to complain again, but Benji continued with his story. “I ate him out, he sucked my dick, I came down his throat. We got on the bed, he rode me, bouncing on my cock for a while before I pinned him to the bed and fucked his ass.”

“Did you knot?” River quickly asked, baited anticipation on her face as she asked.

Benji was silent for a long moment, not really wanting to give River the satisfaction of an answer. “... yes...”

She giggled.

“Afterwards we took a shower, neither one of us really talking or trying to get to know each other as it was just a one-time-thing. I was worried it might be awkward, but we went another round in before we even got out of the shower, and twice more on the bed again.”

“Damn, unc...”

“At some point we passed out, and the next morning he was gone. Didn’t even occur to me until then that I never caught his name.”

Silence filled the room as River waited, but Benji stayed quiet. “Well...? What happened next?”

“You sure? I told you-” Benji started but was cut off by the younger shepherd’s annoyed sigh.

“Oh my gawwwwwddd just tell me!”

“Alright... few years later I decide to ask around about the special group and start finding things out. Apparently they had been given test drugs; the physical enhancement type that had too many side effects to be worth it. Not only did they not

really work, but it killed one of the candidates and drove another one insane. Another two were K.I.A and the last one was badly injured. I heard he made a full recovery, but is physically unable to keep up with the demands of the job anymore and is now living a civilian life.”

“Well, which one was the one you-”

“Don’t know. At that point everything had been covered up. As you can imagine, the Government doesn’t really want a story like that to get out. So the one I was with has a 3/5 chance of being dead, or a 1/5 chance of being a loon.” Benji said. “Not great odds.”

River was quiet for a moment, contemplating Benji’s story. “Damn... Why didn’t you tell me the story didn’t have a happy ending?!” She asked in faux frustration. Her attempt at lightening the mood.

“I did! But you had to be nosey!”

“Two lovers...” River narrated dramatically. “Separated by their evil government! Never to find their one true love again...!”

“I barely knew the guy...”

“Oh~ cruel world!” She threw her hand over head, as though she just couldn’t stand the thought of it.

Benji shook his head and stood up from his chair. “Whatever, drama queen. I’m gonna go make some elote. You want some?”

“Yes please!” She said sweetly, dropping her act immediately.