

Same requirements as the ones you need to get into the Cameron sex scenes in the first place. Also, no taur if that wasn't a requirement.

You look Cameron over, your gaze slowly moving towards his throbbing horsecock, and a rather mischievous idea crosses your mind. Cameron notices your change in tone and nervously gulps.

"So... what do you have in mind?" he asks, nervously stroking his cock.

For a moment, your only answer is a knowing chuckle, but eventually you tell him to get ready, as you move his legs further back, slowly pushing them behind his head, in turn, the distance between his head and cock decreases exponentially, and soon, he realizes what you intend.

"Hey, uh, on second thought I'm not so-omph," since his arms are quite restrained in this position, you ignore his half-hearted protests as you slip his dick into his mouth, the head of which provides quite a visible bulge in his throat. With a cock in his mouth, he instinctively swallows, only to writhe in pleasure from the pressure of his own throat.

You, however, take your time. It won't be long before you both get your turn, however, you admit that Cameron will probably get his first. No matter- you smile to yourself as you look at his winking hole, twitching nervously as he tongues his own cock. You take your hands and firmly plant them on his buttocks, your thumbs mirroring each other on either side of Cameron's slutty {Silly: yaoi-/else:boy-}hole. Working your thumbs in, you notice the base of his cock twitching a bit, most likely depositing some pre into his mouth. Your suspicions are confirmed by a whorish moan of Cameron, his audible discomfort overturned by the sheer pleasure in his voice.

There's no time to dwell on meager spurts of pre though -- you're looking to turn him into a moaning faux-cow ouroboros of his own cum. You press your thumbs deeper into his hole, going in a small bit before you start pulling them apart, his hole twitching in resistance. He's tight, but he's not *that* tight, no New Texan boytoy like him would have only taken the small diameter you've stretched his ass. Despite that, you redouble your efforts and pull your hands apart harder, slowly opening his hole to the light of his small room. His moans of protest and pleasure mean nothing to you, all you want to hear from him is him gulping down his own seed, and with another small stretch, you see his scrotum tighten and his cock twitch wildly, constrained by his mouth. You watch as his cock widens slightly to ensure the flow of his ivory reward, his eyes look around wildly before slightly rolling back in his head as he feels the full wave of his orgasm.

As his orgasm fades he starts trying to talk, but due to obvious... obstructions, he's unable to. However, through his muffled cock-speak, you can decode "finished" and "stop". But you aren't going to "thoph" any time soon. You change your tactics, as you slip a finger into his rear, exploring and searching for his g-spot, and while his protests start back up when he realizes you aren't stopping, he ceases complaining once you poke at his quite noticeable prostate. As soon

as you touch it, his ass reflexively clenches up, before unclenching. You decide to use this to your advantage and give him a finger fucking while you poke his prostate.

With every contact with his prostate you make, you pull out, ensuring the clenching of his sensitive hole gives him a rush of pleasure with each thrust of your hand. For a moment you consider full on fisting him, but you realize that two fingers would be enough for what you intend. With increasing fervor you begin to jackhammer at his prostate, fingerfucking him at mach speed.

It doesn't take more than a minute until his moans takes a telling tone, indicative of his oncoming orgasm. You don't let up, continuing at your pace until his red with pleasure and sensitivity. His scrotum clenches yet again and he unleashes a jet of cum into his mouth and throat. He is more prepared this time, happily swallowing it all up like the slut he is. You eye his belly, once soft and slim, now slightly taught and quite filled. And judging by his wiggling protests, he *really* wants out right now. You could very easily let him out, or... you could ignore his pleas, take him out for a ride, maybe give his father a little something to walk in on when he comes home.

[LetHimGo] "You've had enough fun for now, let him out of the pretzel you've put him in."

[LivingRoom] "Take him and fuck his ass in the living room, fill his ass while he fills his stomach, and leave him like that for his father to find."

Let Him Go

"God damn [pc.name]," he coughs a string of white onto his sheets, "that was... great. We ought to do that again. But... stop when I tell you, I was already full the first time I came, I'm bloated now." He pats his bulging cum-belly.

You pat the faux-cow's flank, rubbing his taut behind while you straighten yourself up. He smiles up at you, eyelids heavy and contented. "Do you want a ride back, [pc.name]? I could run through the shower..."

Grinning, you tell Cam he better take a shower, but you can walk on back to the ranch. It's not far away. He smiles and nods, closing his eyes as you grab your clothes and slip out of the house. It's a short walk on back to the ranch, and it's not long after that that Cameron's truck comes rumbling down the road. He waves from the cabin, looking no worse for wear after what you just did to him.

Fuck Him in the Living Room

You smile to yourself, looking at the pretzel of a boy-slut, totally at your mercy. Your mind runs wild with the amount of naughty exploits you can perform at his expense, until one particular idea catches your attention. You fish around his room for a bit, looking for what you know will be

hiding somewhere. His frantic squirms are calmed when he realizes what you've taken: simply a vibrating buttplug, nothing much, but you intend to use it for rather nefarious purposes.

You carefully pick him up, holding him in air as you gently insert your [pc.largestCock]. He looks at you, his eyes resigned to another load of cum he has to swallow. What he doesn't realize is <i>where</i> he's going to swallow that load.

Before you leave his room, you spin him around, so he's facing away from you, still on your dick. As you walk he bounces on your cock, clenching his hole with each step. He panics, squirming around and muffling into his own cock, clearly asking you what you're doing, but you pretend not to hear him. You stroll at your own pace, making your way to the living room. Looking over the couches, you choose the best one for your purposes, you eventually settle on the rather large and comfy recliner, the first thing you see when you walk into the room. For a moment, you wonder if it's his father's, and judging by his even more rampant squirming, you assume it is. You shrug, sitting down on the recliner, leaning it back as far as it can comfortably be. And then you go at it.

With complete abandon, you start wildly thrusting into the panicking Cameron, who, despite his panic, has yet again cum into his own mouth. His hole is now clenching down like a vice, it's clear that he's trying to do it to stop you, but it doesn't matter, as the added tightness simply makes for a better experience. You smile wildly as you ram into his ass, occasionally slapping his cheeks when you feel he hasn't moaned enough.

Due to how much you've been teasing yourself, it doesn't take long for you to find yourself approaching orgasm, and with Cameron's tell tale signs, he's close again as well. From behind you nibble one of his ears while you rub the length of his cock, almost as if guiding his cum into his mouth... not that it's had a hard time finding it's way so far.

You both groan in unison, your orgasms in perfect time with each other. The cum from both of your cocks shoot into Cameron, filling his belly fuller and fuller, until he looks utterly and truly full, hell, a decent amount of your cum leaks out of his ass onto your crotch, but you don't mind.

You carefully lift him up, his ass reflexively clenching shut, trying to trap as much cum as possible, yet still, a thin stream starts pouring out. You set him back down on the recliner, unable to untangle himself, his ass now leaking a stream of cum onto his father's seat. But you have a little more to do to make this scene perfect. For one thing, you adjust the recliner, moving the back down while packing in the foot rest, now all Cameron can do is look straight up at the ceiling while desperately trying not to leak out cum all over his father's chair. So far only a small pool has collected at the base, but you try to fix that by teasing his asshole, gently massaging it until he accidentally unclenches it for a moment. However, a moment is all you need for the enough of the cum from his ass to leak down the footrest, dripping into a pool onto the carpet below.

In reality, not much has leaked out, but just enough to get his father very riled up, you imagine. You quickly plug his hole with the vibrating buttplug, and turn it on to maximum intensity. No more cum will be leaking out of his ass, but there's no chance he's going flaccid while in that position.

You give him a smack on the rear and turn to leave, but you take one more look at the slutty faux cow, and his father's cum-stained recliner. He's currently leaning back, just as you've left him, desperately trying to get loose, as well as avoid driving himself to another orgasm, lest he make the situation any worse. For a while he continues struggling, before he finally gives up, his scared, yet blissfully orgasmic expressions staring straight up at the ceiling. You wish you can stay and watch the resulting confrontation, but you have other things to do.