

# Language Differences

By Cimmaron Spirit

WARNING: Contains hyper, cock vore, muscle, horsetaur, husky, excessive cum, size difference, and implied transformation. If none of this appeals to you, then off you trot. Otherwise, enjoy!

Caleb groaned as he woke up. The husky's head was throbbing, his body ached, and he was disoriented and confused.

"Where am I?" the husky groaned, trying to stand up, but fell over, his head spinning. He had been in the forest, exploring the rumors that kept coming to his village, of massive beasts that would capture anyone that got too close, and eat them.

He cursed his youthful imagination. It was most likely nothing, a tale to keep kids in line from wandering too far. But here he was, an adult, and he went to go find it.

But where was he now

Maybe he just tripped on a rock, and someone found him, and he was back at the village to rest up.

But it didn't feel right. Nothing felt right.

Caleb looked around. The walls were fabric... tanned hides actually. And the bed he was on was actually just a pile of furs. It was dim, with the only light coming from a small fire in the middle of the tent.

And he was naked. He was sure he was wearing something when he left town.

"Oh man, this isn't good," Caleb said to himself, pushing himself up, to the flap in the tent that should let him out. It didn't occur to him why it was so big, well over twice as tall as he was...

Until he pushed past the heavy fabric flaps, and ran into a brick wall.

Caleb stumbled backwards, landing next to the firepit in the middle of the room. Before he could even comprehend what happened, the flap opened up, and in stepped a dark brown furred monster.

It was at least twelve feet tall from the tip of his pointed ears to the massive hooves that held up thick legs. A broad chest with massive pecs was just below the creature's head, and a

row of finally carved abs, numbering eight in total that merged into a second chest, much like a horse.

Which was odd, because the lower legs and the massive chest looked it belonged to a four legged equine, but the upper body looked like it was from an anthro horse.

The mountainous mass of muscle and bone moved into the tent, revealing that the front legs alone weren't the only part from a feral horse, but so where the back legs too. Caleb had head of taurs before, creatures that were half anthro, half feral, but he always thought they were legend. But here stood one that was several times bigger than him, and must have weighed two tons or more of muscle alone.

And then between those back legs was a massive black mass, which quickly dawned on Caleb as being the reproductive organs of the creature, just doubled in size, then doubled again, and again, and possibly a fourth time after that compared to what a normal horse would have had. The black balls nearly dragged on the ground, and the sheath that was just under the equine monster's lower stomach was large enough for Caleb to easily nestle in.

The creature began to speak in a strange, guttural language, deep and bassy, making Caleb's whole body shiver in fear.

"I... I don't understand you," Caleb said. The horse looked confused for a moment, until he realized that they shared no language.

With a grunt, the horsetaur shook his head, and stomped his hooves. He seemed a bit annoyed, but then shook his head, shrugged, and motioned for Caleb to come closer with a thick, beefy finger.

Caleb nervously stood up, and got closer to the horsetaur. The closer he got, the more the husky began to realize that he was totally outclassed. The horsetaur was massive. He was looking at the lower chest of the feral torso, and it would have taken another version of him on his shoulders to see eye to eye, and the other hypothetical Caleb to lay on the ground head to foot to not even fully stretch along the full length of the beast.

But being this close, the smell of the horsetaur was overwhelming: musk, sweat, male... sex. The creature reeked of the overpowering stench.

But it was enough to make Caleb's own cock spring to life.

The horsetaur glanced over the boulder pecs to see that the little husky was erect. He grinned, and gave a small nicker.

Then something hot, heavy and wet pushed against Caleb's chest. He glanced down, and gasped as a massive black snake pushed up against him, and forcing him back.

Only it wasn't a snake. It was the horsetaur's phallus, which was poking out the front legs several feet. And already leaking pre, soaking Caleb's chest in the amount of cum that would have taken weeks for the husky to make, and all in just a small drop of pre-ejaculate.

Caleb felt so small. He was no match to this creature's dick, much less any other part of it. What chance did he have?

Well, maybe in pleasuring it?

Caleb bent down, and stroked the flat head of the horse cock that was bigger than his entire torso. The horsetaur nickered, and gave a nod.

The husky took a deep breath, and began to stroke the head of the cock, then licking it, and then kissing it, grinding his whole body onto the massive manhood.

The taur stallion gave a deep, rumbling nicker, thrusting his back hips forward as the pre began to flow. The sudden movement plunged the husky's muzzle, just moving down to worship the massive maleness into the massive cumslit that seemed to have been made perfectly for the smaller canine.

One moment he had licking the flared head and the stream of precum that was pooling on the floor, the next his head was halfway into the gargantuan appendage. The muscles inside the shaft that was a couple feet longer than the already massive equine were already trying to pull him in deeper. Caleb began to freak out, pushing on the the tip of the horse cock to try to get it out, trying to dig into the dirt floor with his paws to get enough of a grip to pull. But the floor was so slick, so muddy from the steady stream of fluids from the tap that he couldn't, and soon he was slipping.

The horsetaur slammed a massive hoof into the ground, grunting as his urethra began to stretch even bigger as the husky's face was pulled into the swollen cock, his ears being pushed back, the hair on his head quickly becoming slick and slippery like the rest of his fur. Caleb's efforts to extract himself from the carnivorous cock was only tickling and arousing the horse further, making the fifteen foot cock throb even harder, pulse more, suck the canine even deeper in.

With a pull of the dong, the husky's arms were pinned to his side and his shoulders stretched the horsetaur's gaping urethra even wider, making him snort and whinny, and only sped up the process. Soon the chest and torso were vanishing inside the massive cock, leaving

his own erection and curled tail outside of the horsetaur's cock. A massive, muscled hand reached down, scooping up some of the precum as lube, and began to toy with the husky's tailhole, making the half consumed canine writhe and yelp. The thick equine finger easily found its mark, and pushed in, and began to toy with the husky even more. The musk, the cum, the finger in his ass was too much, and Caleb's legs stretched out, toes curling, as he came, his modestly sized six inches unleashing their load into the rapidly growing pool of precum, barely a drop in the ocean that the equine was making.

After a few moments, and when the husky's twitches and grunts finally died down, the equine then grabbed the whole ass of the husky, his finger still lodged in his butt, and with a push, hurried Caleb deep into the monster cock and the horsetaur attached to it.

When the curled tail and tiny red rocket were slurped up, the horsetaur slowly withdrew his finger from the husky's ass as the cock sucked Caleb in deeper, pushing his legs together. The canine had long since given up struggling, and with a flex of his cock, the horsetaur pulled the last big of Caleb right into his cock.

The hot, musky, dark, tight slide of cum and lube, and the pressure of the internal muscles all around him allowed Caleb to slide right up the massive tube of horsemeat twice as big as he was, until his muzzle finally entered a more open space. Before Caleb could even comprehend, his body was suddenly falling, and with a "Omph!" he landed in the giant horse's balls, his legs sliding in behind. It was too dark for him to see, but Caleb could tell it was surprisingly roomy (which really shouldn't have been a surprise, from the outside the black orbs were so large that they always dragged on the ground, and forced the already massive lower back half of the horsetaur to walk with a wide gait.

Caleb sat up, and was soon sitting hip deep in horse cum. The smell of sex and horse and musk was overwhelming, overloading all of the husky's senses. With a soft, tired groan, he came again, the scent and situation enough to make him go again.

But he was getting tired... oh so tired... Just... close eyes for a moment...

Zak grunted as he felt the husky settle into his balls, the squirming quickly tiring out. Typical. There was never a struggle after they got in there. Not like they could have gotten out at all, even if they wanted too.

The twelve foot tall horsetaur stretched, flexing back and arms and pecs all at once, before, with a sigh, he let them down. Zak now had... a full moon cycle before he could cum

again. Four weeks or so. Before even half that time was up, he would be nearly immobile, his balls bloated so big to hold the form and shape of a horsetaur.

“Wish it didn’t take so long,” Zak muttered to himself, as he shuffled around to push open the flap of the tent, his flared, erect cock still drooling precum leading the way.

The other tribemembers looked up from their daily duties (and fucking), and grinned, clapping and applauding the Zak.

“Another one will soon join us!” one of them shouted, his own cock buried deep into the back of a slightly larger horsetaur moaning and shuffling, thrusting in and out to let off his pent up balls.

“Hope he’ll be as big as you,” another horsetaur, carrying massive pails of cum he gathered to prepare for a meal later.

“Same here,” Zak said, a smile crossing his lips. A full moon cycle might seem like a long time to wait to cum. Anytime before then, and the husky would be little more than a pile of cum and goo to be washed away. But no, he would be turned into another member of the tribe.

And be welcomed with the cock that birthed him rammed up his backside. Zak grinned. That would make this all worth it.