

Straps

Altair Hayes

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Summary

Variable Color 1

Variable Color 2

Math

Variable in math



Straps is a small, recently opened store that is located to the right of The Ten Ton Gym. Straps is like a male version of the giftshop, selling male enhancing products and undergarments, such as Equilibricum or Sweet Sweat. Location pictured below.

The shop is owned and run by a Bull named Buskurt, although he goes by Busky and is usually referred to as such.

Busky can also be found at the shop between <6:00> and <17:00>, and at the gym between <17:00> and <24:00>

Sidenote: LashCharge has helped me so damn much in this document, he's probably the only reason this document is even completed.

Items that can be sold

Here is the document containing all of the items sold by Busky: [*Items*](#)

- Gene Mods: Equilibricum, Peckermints, Nutnog, Sweet Sweat, PUMP UP!, Salty Jawbreaker, Breedstud's Aid, Virection, 10xTestemints.
- Upper Undergarments: Undershirt, Corny T-Shirt, Cow Shirt, Fishnet Top, Harness.
- Lower Undergarments: Boxers, Cock Pasty, Fishnet Briefs, Male Tights, Bull's Jockstrap, Cow Shorts.

Character Profile

Full Name: Buskurt Agnos

Race: New Texan

Gender: Male

Occupation: Runs "Straps"

Sexuality: Mostly homosexual, but may participate in heterosexual sex on occasion, usually only when he is extremely aroused and *needs* release, or when caught by surprise. Is generally a submissive bottom.

Technical Profile

short: Busky

originalRace: human

plural: false

this.upperUndergarment = Undershirt();

this.lowerUndergarment = BullsJockstrap();

femininity = 25

hairType = GLOBAL.HAIR_TYPE_HUMAN

hairColor = "dark brown"

hairLength = 3

tallness = 101

tone = 80

thickness = 10

this.beardLength = 0.25;

this.beardStyle = stubble;

skinTone = "fair"

skinFlags = []

skinType = GLOBAL.SKIN_TYPE_SKIN

earType = GLOBAL.TYPE_BOVINE

eyeType = GLOBAL.TYPE_HUMAN

eyeColor = "deep green"

lipMod = 0

lipColor = "pink"

tongueType = GLOBAL.TYPE_HUMAN

armType = GLOBAL.TYPE_HUMAN

faceType = GLOBAL.TYPE_HUMAN

faceFlags = []

horns = 2

hornType = GLOBAL.TYPE_BOVINE

legType = GLOBAL.TYPE_HUMAN

legFlags = [GLOBAL.FLAG_PLANTIGRADE]

```
this.genitalSpot = 0;

this.breastRows[0].breastRatingRaw = 0;
this.nippleColor = "pink";
this.milkMultiplier = 0;
this.milkType = GLOBAL.FLUID_TYPE_MILK;
this.milkRate = 0;

this.cocks = [];
this.cocks.push(new CockClass());
(this.cocks[0] as CockClass).cType = GLOBAL.TYPE_HORSE;
(this.cocks[0] as CockClass).cLengthRaw = 20
(this.cocks[0] as CockClass).cThicknessRatioRaw = 1.75;
(this.cocks[0] as CockClass).virgin = false;


balls = 4
ballSizeRaw = 10
ballFullness = 100
ballEfficiency = 30
cumMultiplierRaw = 30
cumQualityRaw = 10
cumType = GLOBAL.FLUID_TYPE_CUM
refractoryRate = 10
timesCum = 899
minutesSinceCum = 9999


tailType = GLOBAL.TYPE_BOVINE
tailCount = 1
tailFlags = []
tailGenitalArg = 0
tailGenital = 0
tailVenom = 0
tailRecharge = 0


hipRatingRaw = 3
buttRatingRaw = 5
this.elasticity = 3;
this.ass.wetnessRaw = 0;
this.ass.loosenessRaw = 10;
```

```
this.ass.bonusCapacity += 100;  
this.assVirgin = false;
```

History

Busky is an inhabitant of New Texas, born and raised. Before taking the treatment he was a scrawny bookworm with a massive submissive streak, filling in for the entire cheerleader team whenever they were unable to please the football team. He also got rammed by his male teachers after class... all at once... all of his teachers were male. Busky tended to go to (read: got dragged along to) parties a lot, not to socialize. Unless socializing means taking more cocks than the entire female collective at said parties. Needless to say, he'd make Cameron look like a dom.

When Busky finally took the Treatment on his 18th birthday he found himself gaining tons of muscle mass, while in an odd stroke of misfortune, the Quarterback of the football team became a faux-cow. Seeing this as an opportunity to spend more time with the jocks, Busky took his place and became known as the Bareback Quarterback. The Treatment didn't stop his submissive streak though, if anything it made it worse (better?). Every day after practice he'd take care of the rest of his team in the showers, raising team morale to the point where they'd win every game in the season. And after every victory he'd personally invite the enemy team over for a celebratory gangbang, usually lasting over 3 hours. By the time the post game romps were over Busky was plastered from head to toe with cum, jocks from both teams utterly exhausted. With the standard 10 games per high school football season, Busky became accustomed to the scent of musk and the feeling of being used by muscular figures, as well as the feeling of having to take 2 cocks in each hole while he jerks more off with each hand.

After being the first male student to earn the spot of "Most Socially Involved" in the yearbook (read: "The Most Cocks Gotten Off" award) he sort of faded away from the public eye.

Nowadays Busky works at Straps, a small store he set up to sell male TF products and male clothing. He took out a loan from Big T himself in order to set it up, and he is on the edge of paying off his debt. Busky also calls in the help high school friend for the creation of a new underwear enhancer by the name of the "Pre Pocket".

He isn't as publicly submissive anymore, his teenage years behind him. However he still yearns for a good fucking, which he occasionally receives in the Ten Ton Gym's shower room.

Also he tricked his brother into fucking him, and then his brother cut off all communication from him. One of Busky's major regrets, as he and his brother were very close and he essentially ruined the relationship. But that's a side plot that doesn't affect much for now.

Straps

Open from 06:00 to 17:00

{When entering Straps for the first time:

You enter the small shop, tightly snuggled between the Barn and Ten Ton Gym, taking in your first breath, you notice the aroma filling the air, a musk so powerful you're taken aback by the sheer palpable amount of virility. You stand there, paralyzed by the intoxicating fumes. The scent is familiar to you, having passed by unwashed New Texas coming back from their sessions at the milkers, however the simple description of a well fucked cow cannot depict the full scale of the musk emanating from the walls. It smells like you've walked in on the aftermath of a ranch-wide orgy.

{if PC is Treated:In fact, you start to visualize it, daydreaming in the middle of the store. Worn out and used cows strewn about on the floor, some lying in a pile, resting their heads on each other's mammoth mammaries. The few voluptuous cows that aren't entirely worn out or incapacitated by the amount of cum lying in their wombs moaning in dissatisfaction of an empty hole, crawling along the cum soaked hay to a group of spent bulls, most of whom spoon with their curvy cows. The bulls that lack a resting partner quickly meet up with the cows, males lying down on their backs as the cows straddle their tools with cum soaked thighs.}

You snap out your {if PC is Treated:daydream/else:daze} when a cow accidentally bumps into you. She apologizes while you shake your head, gathering your thoughts. However, before she moves on, she gives your crotch an extended glance. You follow her eyes and notice your {If PC has no genitalia:face, flushed with arousal/else:[pc.crotch] dripping fluids, which are clearly visible{if PC is wearing armor or underwear: through your clothes}}, if anybody were to give you a good look over.}

The man at the counter is an Adonis, no muscle on his body undefined, with pectorals the size of throw pillows. The bull's light skin somewhat contrasts his brown hair, within which a pair of fully grown horns sprout, sticking up on either side of his head. Short, dark stubble is visible where a beard could be. The outline of his pectorals and abdominals is clearly visible through his strained undershirt.

"So uh... you gonna buy something or just stare?"

The bull's voice snaps you out of your trance. You stammer for a bit, trying to explain yourself but the bull just laughs it off. He comes out from behind the counter and gives you a friendly slap on the back.

"Name's Busky. And don't worry 'bout staring, ain't no big deal. I'm no stranger to being gawked at, if you want a good view, go on ahead," the giant bull steps back, giving you a full view of his well defined body.

He stands there flexing, trying to show off, however you can't help but notice he isn't wearing anything below the belt. Busky slowly comes to realize that he is clearly showing off his semi-erect hefty horsecock, resting over his quartet of grapefruit sized balls.

"Oh crap," Busky rushes back behind the counter and puts on a jockstrap. "Was rubbing one out before you came in, heh. Anyway, welcome to Straps."

/repeat:

You enter the small shop tightly snugged between the Barn and Ten Ton Gym. After you readjust to the thick scent you look around. Aside from the occasional bull rummaging through the clothes, the shop is mostly filled with cows; possibly purchasing products for their bulls. You turn to look at the front of the store, greeted by the warm smile of the musclebound bull behind the counter.

"Looking to buy somethin'? Other than me," the bull jokes. "Can't buy what's already free."

A monitor behind the counter Busky works at reads "Despite Straps's recent debut, it is already a major distributor of the freshest male enhancing products and male clothing. We are fully stocked in male underwear and tops, and have received a shipment of newly released mods. While our stock may be small now, there are more mods to come, so check back while we restock and stock your jocks!"

}

[Busky] "Walk up to the muscular bull."

[Mods] "Check the mod aisle of Busky's shop"

[Clothes] "See what clothes are up for sale."

[South]

Busky

No idea where to put this, so I'm just going to put this here: Busky has a affection meter that goes up as you interact with him, all sources are one time things, forcing the player to interact with Busky in multiple ways instead of fucking your affection into him. Standard 1-100, stuff unlocks upon future expansions.

"Welcome back, if you need anything or anyone," Busky winks at you, "just ask."

[Talk] "Strike up a conversation with the bull."

[Sex] "See if Busky's up for a roll in the hay."

[Appearance] "Take a gander at Busky."

Appearance

The hunk standing before you can be summarized with the simple title of "The Beefcake Next Door", a mixture of playful happy-go-lucky cheer combined with slabs of muscle adorned on his body. His pair of horns is fully grown, possibly around eight inches long, the ivory tusks sticking up on either side of his short, messy brown hair. His hair brings out his sea blue eyes. A light stubble adorns his well defined jawline. He looks as if he hasn't a care in the world, always carrying a relaxed, happy-to-be-there smile.

His torso is hugged tight by the undershirt he's wearing. The outline of his pectorals and abs are clearly visible through the white cloth, and you can see hints of chest hair peaking out from under his shirt. The male bull seems to work out constantly, as his body and arms are perfectly defined. There is a decent amount of hair on his arms as well. Not enough to pass for fur, but more akin to an unshaven lumberjack.

On Busky's lower body are two legs that are just as hairy and muscular, ending in regular old human feet. And between those legs, constrained in a brown leather jockstrap, are a quartet of grapefruit sized balls supporting a hefty 20 inch horsecock that is spotted brown at the base, and pink up towards the flare.

Busky has one tight ass, placed exactly where it belongs. Resting above his ass is a standard bovine tail, with a tuft of brown fur at the end.

Talk

"Sure, I'm down to talk, whaddya wanna know?" Busky asks as he fold his arms and leans back against the wall, a calm, placid expression painted on his face, as if he has nothing to hide.

[Himself] "Ask Busky about himself."

[Straps] "Ask about Busky's shop"

[The Treatment] "Ask Busky what he thinks about the Treatment" // Have talked about "Straps"

[The Ten Ton Gym] "Ask about the gym next door" // Have talked about "The Treatment"

[Model] "Request the bull to model an article of clothing for you." // Have talked about "Straps"

Himself

"Name's Buskurt Agnos, people just call me Busky though, and honestly I'm just your run of the mill New Texan Bull." Busky says casually. "Not much different than Ol' Big T. himself."

"So you spend every waking moment ogling at the biggest pair of breasts in the room," you joke. Busky himself chuckles for a second before responding.

"Not exactly a woman person myself, if you know what I mean. Instead of Aphrodite, I'd rather get with Priapus, or as he's known around here, 'Brynn', heh. Here's a tip, with him, there's no such thing as 'just the tip', made that mistake myself and by the end of it, I couldn't sit down for a month."

You chuckle, amused at Busky's honesty. It seems like everyone really has nothing to hide in New Texas.

"Anyway," Busky starts, "who are you exactly? Haven't seen your face 'round here."

You introduce yourself as Steele, [pc.name] Steele.

"Kind of an odd last name; it Terran or something?"

You awkwardly explain Steele Co. and how you're the soon to be CEO while Busky nods in understanding.

"Cool. Never really payed attention to Steele Co. myself, not much of a big deal to me since I don't really have much need for tetratazmanian carbonoid alloys or whatever. Anyway, nice to meet you, [pc.name]."

//+1 Busky Affection

Straps

"Take a look 'round here. Ya see any other shops selling stuff for guys? I mean, aside from Ellie selling Suma, there's nothing, which is why I set up shop here, went through a couple of names before finally settling on Straps. It cost a crap ton to construct and stock, so I took out a loan from Ol' T. He's pretty reasonable, no interest or anything. All I've gotta do is give him a bit of control on our stock till I pay him back." Busky pauses and glances at the mods lining the wall behind the counter. "'Cept for some reason he doesn't want me selling Treatment Medipens. Plus he tends to let me order shipments first, and then blacklist stuff after the fact. Got a whole store of products collecting dust in the back."

You ask about what kind of products are back there.

"Ever see a bull with milky pecs?" he chuckles.

You can't say that you have.

"Anyway, I was a real bookworm before I took The Treatment, studied a bit of everything, took a bunch of business classes and so here I am. Not doing too bad if I say so myself. Thankfully the Treatment didn't mess with me too much, can still focus on work, though, if there's a particularly large butt passing by..." he trails off for a moment, before before snapping back to reality,

"course, if it doesn't work out I could always become a breeding stud to pay T. back. Anyway I finalized the location, constructing right next to the gym, seein' how I spend most of my free time there anyway. Plus it's a good way to get people to notice the place."

//Unlocks [The Treatment] discussion

//Unlocks [Model] discussion

//+1 Busky Affection

The Treatment

You ask about The Treatment and what his life was like before he took it.

"I knew you'd ask about that sooner or later. {if PC is treated:A lot of people do, although it's usually just tourists, and you..." he glances at your treated physique, "you're no newcomer./else:Everyone wants to know the changes before they take it themselves.} Well, The Treatment was originally a fertility drug administered to the initial immigrants who landed on this here planet, used to boost the population to colonize and fight against what Big T. calls 'Mega Varmints'. After we got control of the planet a few... scratch that. A buncha people took a liking to The Treatment, soft women, strong men, was pretty natural to 'em. The details around this time are a little fuzzy for me, but fast forward a couple generations and now it's sunk into our genes, mandatory on our 18th birthday, and better than ever."

"And what about you? Were you always the hulking slab of meat you are today?" You ask sarcastically, underestimating the power of the Treatment.

"Actually, I was quite the nerd. Glasses, thin, nose-deep in books, no muscle bulk. Nothin'. But then once I got the Treatment at the beginning of my Senior school year things turned out much better for me. You see, before my Treating I was... close with the football team. {If PC femininity <=40:I had a huge submissive streak. Whenever the cheerleaders were away I'd help the team get their rocks off; can't let your boys play while pent up right? I never could bear to watch them suffer.} Anyway, their Quarterback had a bad run in with The Treatment; turned him into a Faux-Cow," you raise an eyebrow at Busky and he explains.

"A Faux-Cow is a male who took The Treatment, but lost muscle mass, and masculine traits. They also tend to be much more submissive, however they're still male. Hence the 'Faux'. And since I was so, er, close with the football team, and I had the same build the old quarterback yearshad, I was the best choice for a replacement. {If PC femininity <=40:It also helped me relieve them after practice. Poor boys were always so pent up, I had to take care of them in the showers just to wash it all away.}

"Nowadays if I'm not here in the shop I'm at the gym, bulking up{If PC femininity <=40:, taking nostalgic showers if you know what I mean,} and maintaining this body. Not planning on going back to being a twig any time soon."

//Unlocks [The Ten Ton Gym] discussion

//+0.5 Busky Affection

The Ten Ton Gym

"Hey kid, if you're looking for someone to spot ya, I gotcha," Busky says, planting a firm hand on your shoulder, as if to show his reliability. "But yeah, I've kept this body in check for this long, I could probably do the same for you. {If PC femininity <=40:And, if you're ever looking for a spa buddy, we could spend a few hours in there.} I know I ordered a shipment of muscle packing mods a while back. They're probably still going through customs or somethin', but once I get them, we'll take them for a test at the gym.

"Anyway, they've got their credit's worth setting that place up, a whole track strip, competitive lap pools, and more weights than I could have imagined {If PC femininity <=40:and good lord those showers, almost forgot to tell you 'bout them. Honestly, they're really high quality, and they really bring me back to my football years. That place is full of willing Bulls and Faux-Cows, half of the time you can just walk on over, tell them what's up, and you'll be fucking faster than a Varmint chasing after a packet of silicone. I'd pretty much purchased a life pass just for the 'communal experience'./else:the whole shebang."}

Model

"I've been looking at what you've got here, and I've got to say, I like what I see," you start. "But I've been wondering if I can see them put in action."

"Mannequins are set up all throughout the store," he grins, knowing where this conversation is headed. He leans on the counter as he points out one of the many faceless white statues.

"True, but they're so still and lifeless. I need something dynamic," you continue.

"Hardlight mannequin, dead center of the displays, can't miss it," he says nonchalantly.

"Can't compliment it either," you joke. "So I was wondering. If you'd be willing to try on your clothes for me."

"You want me to model eh? Well why didn't you say so." Busky laughs a bit. "Well, I can't say I'm opposed to the idea. Also can't say you're the first to ask. But if you want, I'll be glad to put myself on display."

Sex

{if PC's femininity is > 40 or has breasts:

"Sorry. Not Interested."

You raise an eyebrow at his response, and say it's a bit odd for a New Texan to turn down a free fuck.

"I'm just not really interested in {if PC has breasts: tits on a guy/if PC has breasts with > 40 femininity: {treated:cows/else:chicks}, plenty of other bulls are, just not me}. Sorry, just really not looking for what you've got. No offense intended of course."

/else:

"Oh so you wanna take me out for a ride, eh? What do you have in mind," he leans over the counter, beginning to list off sexual exploits. "I'd be more than happy to pump you full of cum, of course I could always get on my knees and go from there. Or maybe you'd like to stuff me up like a cow. Honestly, I'm down for everything."

Your head swims with thoughts of what to do...

[Tease and Denial] "Go for a round of teasing, including anilingus, nipple play, and asshole prodding." "You'll need a cock, clit, or strapon to properly tease him.", "As a taur it'd be out of the question to do this." // Requires a cock, a large enough clit or a strapon. Also cannot be taur

[Chest Worship] "Worship the chest of the muscular adonis." // No requirements.

[Get Blown] "Get the bull to blow you.", "You'll need a cock for him to wrap his lips around.", "Your cock is far too big for him to wrap his lips around." // Requires a cock with girth under 10 inches and length under 36 inches.

[Anal Pitch] "See if Busky's up for a ride from behind." "You'll need a real cock to take him for a ride.", "You're too big for him."// Requires a dick that fits.

[Anal Catch] "Offer the bull to ride your ass." // No requirements.

}

Tease and Denial

{When Busky is modeling the cock pasty:

You walk on over to Busky, now leaning against a wall, presenting his ass to you and whisper into his ear. Telling him that you want to see just how much cock the cock pasty can handle. Busky moans softly and nods.

/choosing the option in the [Sex] menu:

You whisper into Busky's ear and ask if he's up for another round of ass teasing. Busky, with a grin, walks into the dressing room. You follow him, and find him leaning against the wall as he presents his ass to you, wearing nothing but his jockstrap.

}

Your hand slides down his body and begins to fondle Busky's crotch through {If Busky is wearing modeling cock pasty:the thin layer of the pasty/else:Busky's brown leather jockstrap}. His shaft pulses with blood and his 4 balls churn with excitement, preparing a fresh load for you. With your spare hand you begin to work his nipples. You form a vice grip between your thumb and index finger as you assault Busky's left nipple, and a sharp gasp leaves Busky's throat as you begin to grind it. Every few seconds you lightly tug his nipple, just barely enough to get him to moan in a mixture of pain and pleasure. {If pc has cock: By this point both of your shafts are fully erect and drooling pre./if pc has cunt: By this point your cunt is dripping on the floor as

Busky's cock is drooling pre./if pc has cock and cunt: By this point your genitals are leaking, creating a sexual stew on the floor.}

Quickly swapping hands you begin your assault on his right nipple, steadily switching between grinding and tugging as Busky resumes his moans. {If PC is wearing armor: You stop playing with his nipples for a moment to undo your [pc.armor] as you think of yet another way to tease your bovine lover.} {If PC has cock, enlarged clit, or is wearing a strapon: Without any warning you begin to rub your tool in between his cheeks, slowly grinding against him. Busky begs you to fuck him, but you continue grinding against his hole as if you can't hear him.} {If PC is wearing underwear and has a cock:[pc.eachCock] strains against your [pc.lowerGarment], trying to burst free and assault Busky's ass./If PC is using strapon: You almost consider taking off your [pc.undergarment] and forcing Busky to wear it inside out, but you decide maintain control of the situation./If PC has a large clitoris: You nibble on Busky's ear as you rub your [pc.clit] against Busky's tight ass, you shiver in delight and let out a soft moan as the pleasure courses through you.} As you resume stroking his cock you can't help but wonder if you can possibly find a way to tease him further. You were so lost in though you almost didn't notice Busky's panting and groaning getting louder.

"Oh god nrf, gonna uf, gonn-," you quickly stop all sexual assault on his body. "Pl-please don't stop, I need to cum, I NEED to." Busky whines as he continues rubbing his length through the {if Busky is modeling cock pasty:elastic cock pasty/else:strong leather jockstrap}. You slap his ass and tell him that he'll cum when or if you let him, and until then he should grin and bear it.

Sinking to your knees you grip Busky's toned ass cheeks and brush away his tail, exposing his tight hole. With little hesitation you bury your face in between his cheeks, letting the damn sweaty crevice welcome you. After taking a good deep sniff you run your tongue down from the {if Busky is modeling cock pasty:pasty up to his tail/else:taut brown jockstrap}, feeling Busky shiver in delight. After taking a moment to process the flavor of his ass you take two fingers and lightly pry it open. When enough space is made you ram your [pc.tongue] into Busky's ass, once you're in you let go and let your tongue work his ass. Soon you're sliding in and out slathering his rectal walls with your spit, tongue fucking him raw.

Your bovine lover uses one hand to pull his right ass cheek as you spread his left. In unison you both begin to stroke his length through {if Busky is modeling cock pasty:the pasty./else:his brown leather jockstrap} Busky limply falls to his knees, his chest leaning against the wall. Occasionally the overworked bull lets out a moan as he mindlessly strokes his cock while you fuck his ass with your tongue. You spend minutes suckling and tongue fucking his ass, taking brief moments to slurp up any saliva you might have drooled. Eventually you finish, deciding to let Busky keep his blue balls. He rolls over, exhausted from the abuse his ass took. The bull tries to get up but collapses from exhaustion instead.

Deciding it was unfair that he hadn't been able to indulge in the taste of your body, you open his mouth and {if PC has cock: insert your [pc.biggestCockHead] into your slackjawed fuckbuddy's

throat. You start slowly, his throat almost choking your cock, but with time you begin to form a rhythm. Soon you're gripping him by the horns and fucking him raw, pulling his head forward in tune with your thrusts. After a few long minutes of sexual fervorous thrusts you blow your load, most of it {<X:resting within his belly/>X:spraying out of his mouth and onto his unconscious body}/:if PC has cunt: mount his face. As soon as you get comfortable you begin rubbing your labia against his mouth as you play with your [pc.clits]. You grab him by a horn and slowly begin to move, working yourself into a rhythm. After a few minutes of grinding yourself against him you let out a {if PC is treated: a loud moo/else:soft moan} as your knees begin to buckle. Your breath comes faster and shallower, gasping as you cum, spurting your [pc.girlCum] onto his face and into his mouth. Once you finish you look down at Busky's face, which is now [pc.girlCumVisc] and [pc.girlCumColor] with your [pc.girlCum]/if PC has cock and cunt: apply your [pc.girlCum] to your cock. After your rod{s} are sufficiently lubed with your cunt juices you mount his face with your cunt. As soon as you get comfortable you begin rubbing your labia against his mouth as you play with [pc.eachCock]. You grip one of his horns as you use your other hand to stroke [pc.oneCock], a dollop of precum dripping onto his nose. As you slowly get worked up, you begin to lose self control, shoving your cunt into his mouth and rapidly stroking your [pc.cocks]. No less than a minute later you cry out in pure ecstasy as you spurt cum upwards, arcing and landing right back on Busky's body and face. Although focused on your [pc.cum] flying into the air, you can't ignore your cunt spraying Busky's face with your [pc.girlCum]. You breathlessly cry out in the sheer force and impact of the orgasm. Taking a moment to rest, look down at the floor and see that you've created a {if PC cum amount is large:large} puddle of sexual fluid under Busky}.

Struggling to get up, you look at Busky, also lying on the floor, used and exhausted. For a moment you consider cleaning him up, or at least attempting to wake him. Instead you clothe yourself and head to the front of the store, looking at some products until he wakes up. After a while Busky stumbles back behind the counter {if PC has cock: wiping away the cum you left on his {If PC has under X amount:chin./if PC has over X amount: body, brushing the liters onto the floor as cleaning drones struggle to take care of the mess.}/if PC has cunt: licking your fem-lube off of his lips./if PC has cock and cunt: licking your fem-lube off of his lips and wiping away the cum you left in his {If PC has under X amount:hair./if PC has over X amount: body, brushing the liters onto the floor as cleaning drones struggle to take care of the mess.}}

```
//processTime(25+rand(10));  
//pc.orgasm();  
//+0.5 Busky Affection
```

Chest Worship

{if selected from the Sex menu: You move your hand to his hulking pectorals and ask if you could go spend a bit of time appreciating his hard work. Now eagerly grinning, Busky motions for you to follow him into the changing room. As you walk in, you can see that he's already ready to start the show.}

Leaning back in your chair, you admire the performance Busky's providing, flaunting his chiseled body for your pleasure. Flexing his arms, running his fingers along his perfectly defined pecs giving them a hard squeeze, your own personal exotic dancer. He slips one hand down to his crotch, giving his groin a decent shake as he plays with a nipple. You let out a small round of applause, clearly wanting more.

Busky just smiles and says, "I think I'm going to make myself more comfortable," as he proceeds to strip off his top. With even the slightest movement, you can almost see his muscle fibers at work, dancing under his skin as he tosses away the {when selecting from the menu:undershirt/when modelling Corny T-shirt:T-shirt/when modelling cow-printed shirt:cow printed shirt/when modelling Fishnet top:fishnet top/when modelling Leather Harness:black, leather harness} that he was wearing. Even though he had his jock on, you can clearly see the outline of his New Texan package. His conditioning is obscene, the peak of human perfection. It takes you a few seconds to realize that you haven't taken a breath since he tore off his top. You slowly regain your breath through pants, reflecting your growing arousal.

The ripped bull has what looks to be a waist that is no bigger than 25". Not only that, his six-pack is extremely defined, his abdominal muscles forming deep ridges in his stomach. The hulking bull seems to enjoy having an audience, his blood clearly rushing south.

Darker than the rest of the hair on his chest and abs, you can see a thick happy trail hidden between his abs, leading down into his groin.

"If you're lookin' for something a bit more hands on, be my guest," the bovine adonis says. You almost bolt out of your seat, but manage to act with some sense of restraint, slowly getting up. Busky's just smiling away as he watches you try to hide your arousal. He attempts to peel the now extremely strained leather jockstrap off of his crotch, but you swiftly stop him.

"Keep it in your pants for now."

Busky smirks as he resumes posing for you, one arm flexing as he strokes his abs with his calloused hand. You attempt to wrap your hands around his flexed bicep, but you don't even come close to enveloping his massive arm. For a moment, you fantasize about being lifted by Busky, carried to wherever he wants. He could literally squish you, it would not be hard.

Entranced by his strength, you wrap your arms around his bicep, attempting to find a soft spot in the mass of muscle, but to no avail, there was no a single spot of flab. You let out small huff of arousal, quickly being replaced by a gasp of air as the large bull forcefully pulls you to him, using only a single arm to pin you to his chest.

You struggle for a moment, your leg brushing up against his raging hard on as you try to push yourself away from the bull. You struggle against the bull, eventually working your arms up to his glorious, hairy pecs, one hand planted firmly on each. You try to push yourself away, but fail.

After a moment of struggling you realize that you're feeling up the bull's chest. Not knowing how to feel about this predicament, you look away, your hands still groping Busky's hulking pectorals.

For a moment, you just stay there, looking away from Busky, standing perfectly still, no struggle, no movement. Until Busky pushes your head against his massive pecs, so close you can feel the hard drumming of his heartbeat.

Taking your hands off of his pecs, you reach around and grope his perfectly defined ass. A few quick squeezes confirm your suspicions, his ass is as toned as it is plump and fuckable. Your hands running up his back, overwhelmed by his sheer size.

Eventually Busky lets up his grip on your head, and {if PC is <=40 femininity and has no breasts: begins groping your ass instead. With your head free} you're quick to take the opportunity to fully worship his chest.

Starting off with his right nipple, you plant your lips on it, lightly nibbling it inciting a rather particular moan from Busky, you bite down slightly harder, confirming your suspicions that he in no way discourages nipple play, you decide to save this information for later. Your hands wander to other places, one groping the pectoral whose nipple you aren't currently teasing, as the other plays with his ass, squeezing his cheeks and gently prodding his hole.

But you can't keep your hands contained to such a small area when there's so much more to cover, you explore the rest of his body, lats, traps, deltoids, and a bunch of other muscles that you recognize, their definitions being lost in the haze of musk. Busky lets out a deep groan, clearly enjoying your worship. He closes his eyes as his head falls back.

You stay like that for a few more minutes, playing with the musclebound bull's strapped body. Eventually, Busky pushes you off of himself, a playful smile on his lips.

"Ok, that's enough for now. I've got to..." he pauses, not out of confusion, but out of a relaxed and lustful bliss, fishing for the words out of a swamp of ecstasy, "get back to work.{if PC is <=40 femininity and has no breasts: Unless... you want to have a more, thorough tour of my body. How about it?}"

{if PC is <=40 femininity and has no breasts:

[Get Blown] "Get the bull to blow you.", "You'll need a cock for him to wrap his lips around.", "Your cock is far too big for him to wrap his lips around." // Requires a cock with girth under 10 inches and length under 36 inches.

[Anal Pitch] "See if Busky's up for a ride from behind." "You'll need a real cock to take him for a ride.", "You're too big for him."// Requires a dick that fits.

[Anal Catch] "Allow the bull to ride your ass." // No requirements.

}

[Leave]


```
//processTime(25+rand(10));  
//pc.lust(33);  
//+1.5 Busky Affection
```

Get Blown

```
//if cock girth is over 10 inches you get locked out//
```

```
{first time getting blown by Buksy:
```

"How about a blowjob?," you ask nonchalantly as your hand gestures to his crotch, the fabric of his jockstrap slowly tightening, "You seem pretty up to the idea, don't you?"

As if to emphasise your point, you stroke his length through his brown leather jock. His calm demeanor shifts into questioning, not doubt, but consideration on his next course of action, before returning to his calm happy grin. As your hand caresses Busky's glorious rod, you notice his breathing shallow into soft a panting as his heavy tool swells, stretching his jock to its limits.

Although he's clearly ready, as soon as you start to pull off his jockstrap, he falls to his knees {if PC is garbed:fiddling with your clothes until he finally gets access to your package,} and buries his face in your crotch, your fully erect [pc.cocks] already throbbing against it.

Overcome by Busky's pheromones saturating the air, it's all you can do to lean back against the countertop, a limp smile crawling across your face as Busky presses his face against your [pc.race] crotch{if PC has Pheromone Cloud perk:, drinking in the overwhelming scent of masculinity emanating from you}.

```
/else:
```

You walk up behind Busky and plant a hand on his shoulder, turning him to face you. You stare into his eyes for a moment, before slowly pushing his shoulder down, signalling him to get on his knees.

"I think you know what to do," you say, your tone mostly casual with a slight domineering tinge.

{if PC is garbed:Busky fiddles with your [pc.gear] briefly, expertly gaining access to your cock. It was clear that he had done this many, many times before. }The second he sees your cock he presses his face against it, breathing in your {if PC has Pheromone Cloud or Sweet Sweat perks:musky, masculine }scent.

```
}
```

```
{if PC has balls:
```

Busky takes in one of your testicles into his mouth for a brief moment, before slowly pulling away, his lips sealed against your nuts. Eventually a wet popping sound

emanates from Busky's mouth as your balls swing back down to their original position. The muscleslut of a bull continues to worship your [pc.balls] as such, rotating between kissing, licking, sucking, pulling, and popping. During his ball worship, your [pc.largestCock] is pressed vertically, the pulsing underside resting between his eyes.

Eventually he releases your balls and starts working his way back up your cock, his tongue wrapping around your base as he works his way up your cock, lips sealing around your [pc.cockhead]. Every drop of pre that spills from it is instantly swallowed by Busky, as he slowly takes your length deeper in, inch by inch until he bottoms out. He stops briefly to catch his breath, pulling his face off of your [pc.cockShort].

However, he doesn't stop caring for your balls, as he fondles them profusely, giving them so much attention, that you'd think they were celebrity autographed.

/else:

Busky starts at the {if has sheath:[pc.sheath]/else:base of your shaft}, {if has knot:kissing your [pc.knot]} before} making his way up your long, glistening shaft. With every inch of his advance you release more and more pre, smearing your fuckbuddy's face with your virility.

Soon he works his tongue all the way up, and his lips seal around your [pc.cockhead]. Every drop of pre that spills from it is instantly swallowed by Busky, as he slowly take your length deeper in, inch by inch until he bottoms out. He stops briefly to catch his breath, pulling his face off of your [pc.cockShort].

}

{if PC has foreskin and/or human cock:

While most of your pre was accessible to Busky, he found himself lusting for more. As he was catching his breath, he noticed a few drops of pre hiding under your foreskin. With a greedy smile he slides his tongue under it, swirling his tongue around your [pc.cockhead], happily licking up your pre from under your hood. And just to be thorough, he pulls your foreskin down and wraps his lips around your length once more, sloppily slurping up a mixture of your pre and his saliva.

}

{if PC is Treated:"Swallow it all like a good little Faux/else:"That's it, every drop you cumslut}," you say as you ruffle Busky's hair.

Whether it's from the humiliation of being called a {if PC is treated:Faux/else:cumslut}, or his own perversion, Busky's ministrations double in speed and force, almost making you fall over from sheer pleasure, however your solution is to grab onto his horns, giving you a pair of steady handlebars to hold on to while your [pc.cockLargest] gets the sucking of a lifetime. Within a few

seconds you find yourself moaning in pleasure, reaching your zenith. Before nutting you force out two words.

"Every... drop," you manage, thrusting as much as of your cock into Busky's mouth as you can. {if PC largest cock is <8 inches:You push past his lips and fill his face full of your cock, while his tongue teases your cock head./if PC largest cock is between >=8 and <20:You thrust all the way down to his throat, which constricts like a vice around your cock./if PC largest cock is >=20:You thrust all the way down his constricting throat, until the head of your length must be pressed firmly against the entrance of his stomach.}

Your seed begins to flow, ropes of liquid virility gushing into Busky's {if PC largest cock is <8 inches:willing mouth/if PC largest cock is between >=8 and <20:accepting throat/if PC largest cock is >=20:gullet}. Your [pc.hands] tighten, grasping the Busky's horns with all your strength as your length throbs and pulses. Somehow though, you retain your composure, your powerful voice letting out deep groans of pleasure.

Audible gulps echo in the room as Busky swallows all of your seed.

"Good boy..." you force out, in the middle of your intense orgasm.

{if PC has a (placeholder value) little amount of cum:

You look down at the bull, who easily swallows all of your seed, either he's really experienced, or your load isn't large enough to trouble him. Either way, all of your spunk ends up in his belly.

/insert medium:

Glancing down at Busky, you watch him struggle to keep up with your load. Small rivulets of your cum trickle down his chin, and his cheeks expand slightly with the last of your [pc.cumColor] nectar. As he finally swallows all of it, he pats his belly, content with his meal. But not before licking his chops, greedily lapping up the mixture of spit and cum..

/insert large:

You watch the bull holding on for dear life as your spunk forces it's way into his stomach, the torrent of [pc.cumColor] coating his throat and filling him up. Within the first few moments of your orgasm he's already filled to the brim, and trying to pull himself off of your cock. But your hands are still firmly grasped around his horns, holding him in place.

He looks up at you with wide, worried eyes as he struggles to pull away, but you hold him tight, forcing each spurt of cum down his throat and into his gut. You watch as his stomach expands with your cum, bloating as you force him to swallow all of your cum, until he's well filled. The bull's belly slowly takes on the dimensions of half of an exercise ball, with a pack of abs on top. As the last spurts of your cum die down, Busky wraps his arms around his belly, holding it tight as he slurps up the last few drops of your cum.

}

{if PC has vagina:In unison with your cock, your cunt{s} convulse and quiver as you orgasm, sending rivulets of your [pc.girlCum] down your thighs.}

The bull slowly pulls his head back, his lips still locked around your {If has knot:[pc.knot]/else:[pc.cock]}, as he wipes your cock clean of all the saliva and cum. Once he reaches your head, a loud sloppy pop emanates from him as he slowly rises.

"You tasted good," Busky says, his hardon still stretching his jockstrap, "very [pc.cumFlavor]."

"Thanks," you exhaustedly sigh as you collect your belongings and head back over the counter.

```
//processTime(25+rand(10));  
//pc.orgasm();  
//chars["BUSKY"].loadInMouth(pc);  
//+0.5 Busky Affection
```

Anal Pitch

Having a muscular hunk of man bent over in front of you proves to be irresistible, and your legs move on their own to put you right behind the bull. {if PC is garbed:After stripping off your [pc.gear], you/else:You} feverishly grope the bull's muscular ass as his tail slaps you, swishing back and forth in excitement.

You slowly probe a finger against his hole without attempting to penetrate, just playing with his anus. But when this gets no reaction from Busky, you choose to slip your finger in, feeling his warmth. Despite how many bulls must have been in his ass, he is still incredibly tight. You decide to change that. You slide a second, and then a third finger inside him.

"C'mon, get to the main course. You know why we're both here," Busky chuckles, his hearty laugh making you feel comfortable and at peace. You get up off your knees, and move up behind him, your [pc.cock] pressing against his ass, and your hands groping his taut, firm cheeks.

You {if PC is taur:maneuver your taur body and put your front legs up on the counter, pressing your lower body against his./else:press your body against his, leaning over him and whispering into his ear.}

"Oh really?" You ask. "Why are you here?"

"To have sex with you, duh," he says, trying to hurry this along. You stop leaning over him and begin to prod his ass with your cock, silently poking at his hole as he smiles to himself. But before you penetrate, you stop and give his ass a nice slap.

"Wrong answer. You're here to get fucked by me." Another slap follows. "Now beg."

"Fuck me, please," he says noncommittally, trying to act as if he's not into it yet. You quickly see through his facade.

{if PC is taur:

"You don't seem very into it, I guess I'll leave then." But when you start to move your front legs off the counter, Busky responds, begging in desperation.

/else:

You slap his ass again, and a yelp of pain and pleasure escapes his lips.

"Not very convincing," you say, administering another slap, leaving his ass red with your handprints.

}

"Fuck me like a little faux! Breed me like a cow! Please!"

Your eyes widen at how quickly his desperation for {if silly:a dicking/else:cock} escalated. But, you are a man of your word. You press your cock against the welcoming hole between his cheeks. He arches his back and you feel his hole accepting your member. {if PC isn't taur:You lean forward over his body, your hands stroking his hands, before gliding over to his arms and gripping his biceps, and finally working your fingers to his nipples, tweaking and playing with them. All the while,/if PC is taur:You push the side of Busky's face to the glass, pinning him to the counter while} prodding your [pc.largestCockHead] against his willing asshole. You know you can slip in at any time and begin fucking him raw, but instead you wait, teasing him.

You continue to rub your [pc.cockHead] over his anus, which is now coated with your pre. All you're waiting for is a signal, and you finally get it when you hear a whimper of need emanate from Busky. It wasn't over the top, but it was one of submission and pleading. You're depriving the bull of the [pc.cockShort] he craves, so you choose to end his torture. With one strong thrust, you shove your cock into his warm hole.

{if PC cock is >20 inches:

"Oh... god" you hear him gasp, desperately trying to catch his breath "Gi...gimmie a sec... too... too... big." Busky exhales deeply as he adjusts to your cock.

/if PC cock is <5 inches:

"That feels really nice, you really know how to use your tool, Steele." He says, letting out a little moan of acceptance as he backs his ass up against you.

/else:

"A perfect fit," Busky turns back to you and smiles as he snugly backs up into you. You give his ass slap of approval, but wonder how he'd react if you were bigger...

}

You {if PC is not taur:plant your hands firmly on his ass, your hands sinking into the muscle as your grip tightens./if PC is taur:firmly grip his horns as you press your tauric lower body against his back.} The adonis below you lets out a loud, trembling moan, you can <i>hear</i> him quiver with pleasure. Having the ability to make this adonis of a man cry out in pleasure just from your cock is extremely erotic to you. In a haze of lust, you lose control and ram into him, forcing your pelvis against his ass, hitting inside of him. Another moan is followed by Busky's tail wrapping around your waist, almost "claiming you" as his. And that only turns you on more.

{if PC's largest cock is nubby:

"Oh... fuck yees. Your cock... the nubs... nmph," Busky moans in pleasure, grinding his ass back onto your cock. "Just like Yancy."

}

Soon you're ready to spill your load, and{if PC is not taur: with a slap to his ass,} you tell Busky to get ready for his reward. You try to focus on ramming into his prostate even harder; your goal is to make him to cum before you, tightening his ass and making your orgasm all the better. {if PC has knot:As Busky's rectum clenches in preparation for orgasm, you feel yourself push back. A familiar warmth and growth starts at the base of your cock: it's your knot, expanding. It starts to become more and more of a challenge to thrust, but you redouble your efforts and continue to ram Busky's ass. Curious to see his reaction, you look down at him. He is now biting his knuckle, trying to stay silent. But you can tell that he's loving every moment of it.}

Busky's ass {if PC has knot:continues/else:begins} to clench and tighten in preparation for orgasm, but that's not the the only way you can tell. {if PC is not taur:You let go of his ass cheeks and move boths hands to/if PC is taur:You turn your attention to} his throbbing rod of horsemeat, which is rubbing against the glass of the countertop, smearing the once pristine glass with his pre-coated cock. {if PC is not taur:As soon as you plant your hands on his length he pushes himself off of the counter and lets out a loud trembling moan as he cums, your hands rapidly pumping his shaft, riding him through the orgasm. Busky's ropes of cum arch into the air before landing on the countertop./is PC is taur:The friction of rubbing his cock against the glass and his abs spurs on his own orgasm. He cries out in pleasure as he cums, his spurts of liquid ivory spreading across the glass counter.}

As Busky cums, so do you. Gritting your teeth you let out a low, echoing growl as you continue to thrust into his vice of an ass. Your vision starts to darken around the edges as you fill his ass with your seed. Each spurt goes deep within the bull's warm, soft hole.

{if PC has small amounts of cum:

You grit your teeth as you empty your load inside of him, painting his walls with your hot, thick seed. Filling him quite well.

/if PC has medium:

The amount of spunk you pour into Busky is clearly enough to make an impression, as you can see him place a hand over his belly, your seed filling him to the brim.

/if PC has large:

The first few spurts of your seed are already enough to fill him full, but your balls are still churning, and you aren't pulling out.

He looks back at you as he tries to get away but you hold him tight, forcing each drop of your load into his ass. You watch as his belly expands with your cum, slowly growing and growing, until he looks like he's about to give birth.

}

After you both finish, Busky collapses on the countertop, lying in a pool of his own cum and heaving in air. You follow suit and fall on top of him, still hilted inside his ass. You don't pull out just yet, instead you take some time to rest yourself, absolutely wrecked by your orgasm. It takes a while, but you finally regain the strength to stand up.

{If PC has Knot:

You mindlessly try to pull out, only to be met with a tug of resistance, forgetting about your knot. Busky pulls his face out of the puddle cum and wipes it off with his hand, before turning back to face you.

"Why aren't you... oh yeah," he sheepishly looks away.

You lean over and whisper into his ears that this might take a while. All he can do is nod and reply.

"... I'm going to move back over to the other side of the counter, I still have to ring people up..."

You agree with him, and you both awkwardly make your way back around the counter as he activates a cleaning drone to wipe up the counter and tosses on his stock standard undershirt.

An hour passes, with Busky trying to ring up customers as nonchalantly as possible, trying not to bring attention to the cock knotted in his ass, and the person attached to it. However, as Busky is ringing up a customer, you start to feel your knot die down, and you start to pull.

"That'll be fi-I-ve hundre- oof, credits," he turns back to you with pleading eyes and whispers for you to stop. But you keep trying, {if PC is not taur:planting your hands on his ass cheeks as you push away/if PC is taur:trying as hard as possible to pull yourself out of Busky. This'd be easier if you weren't a taur}.

"Would you-ooo, like anything... else...?" he says through clenched teeth.

"As a matter of fact, yes. One dose of Equilibricum please," the customer replies.

"Alrighty," Busky forces out, bending down to pick up a vial from under the counter, as he bends over, you feel the opportunity to pull out and take it. With a loud, wet pop you push yourself off of him, {if PC is not taur: falling onto your/if PC is taur:stumbling} back. Busky himself feels you leave, and falls to the floor, a wave of pleasure coursing over him.

His hand weakly rises, plants the vial on the counter and says with a trembling voice.

"It's on the house," before he collapses on the floor.

}

You go and collect your belongings and head to the front of the store.

```
//processTime(25+rand(10));  
//pc.orgasm();  
//chars["BUSKY"].loadInAss(pc);Anal Catch  
//+0.5 Busky Affection
```

Anal Catch

"I'd rather be where you're standing right now," you say coyly.

Busky gives you a toothy grin as he strips off his jockstrap, rubbing his length to full mast. You {if PC is taur:prop your front legs up on the glass countertop/if PC is not taur: lean over onto the counter} and look back at him, beckoning him with a finger. The bull cannot refuse, his hands feverishly groping your [pc.ass].

You can tell he's ready by the warm meaty rod you feel slap in between your ass cheeks. Busky pulls back, sliding his member over to your asshole, pressing his flare against your hole. But suddenly he stops. You look back at him and ask him what he's waiting for.

"Permission" he says, blushing.

"You have it, now fuck me raw," you reply, grinning.

As soon as you say that, he presses his blunt flare against your ass, before pulling away. And then he presses it back against your ass, pushing in harder and pulling back again. This cycle continues, as he eases his cock into your [pc.asshole].{if PC anus is self lubricating: Soon your hole is covered with a sheen of your natural lubrication mixed with Busky's pre.} However, you grow impatient, knowing you can take the flare, and demand that he fuck you proper.

"You sure... I mean thi-,"

"Shut up and fuck me!"

Busky then hilt's cock fully, flare, medial ring, and all. [Virginity loss message] Your eyes widen; you didn't expect him to hilt! He wastes no time as he begins to pump himself in and out of you{if PC is not loose: so quickly that your [pc.asshole] barely has time to adjust./if PC is loose:, steadily speeding up. Whatever resistance your sphincter once had pales in comparison to the power of his thrusts/if PC is gaping:at a rapid pace, but your [pc.asshole] takes it easily}. With every thrust you can feel him going harder and harder. His flare grinds against your {if PC doesn't have cock:G-spot, and a wave of pleasure courses through your body./else:prostate, forcing a stream of pre to dribble out of your cock as pleasure courses through your body.

Your moans grow louder as Busky's big veiny horsecock hilt's inside of you, over over again, sending lightning bolts of pleasure through your body. You try to speak, to cry out for him to fuck you faster and harder, but the only sounds you can muster are a slew of disjointed vowels, followed by your standard cries of pleasure. Luckily, your moans seem to get your point across, as the louder you become, the harder he fucks you.

With one final, powerful thrust, he rams hard into your prostate, causing both of you to cum in unison, his four balls churning and filling your ass with his horse "glue". You writhe and arch your back, unable to control your pleasure. A deep moan of satisfaction slides out of your mouth as your belly slightly bulges, Busky's load filling you to the brim.

You and Busky stand there, gasping for air in the afterglow of your orgasm, his cock still hilted inside you, preventing his seed from escaping. But all good things must come to an end, and he pulls out of you, his seed pouring out of your hole. You lie there for a few more minutes, unhappy with the new emptiness of your ass, having already become accustomed to Busky's size.

Busky taps your shoulder, and you look up. He's giving you a happy, toothy grin, his hands extended, handing you your gear.

"Here ya go!" Busky cheerfully exclaims as a cleaning drone cleans up the mess the two of you left on the floor.

You return his smile, take your gear, and head back to the front of the store.

```
//processTime(25+rand(10));  
//pc.orgasm();  
//pc.loadInAss(chars["BUSKY"]);  
//+0.5 Busky Affection
```

Mods

As you examine the wall of mods, their prices, and effects you can {if PC femininity =<40:occasionally catch Busky taking glances at your [pc.ass]. He realizes you caught him eyeing your ass and blushes./else:hear the occasional banter in the background. Usually a bull using a cheesy pickup line on a cow.}

A needle full of Equilibricum - 3400

A small jar full of Sweet Sweat - 7000

A cream filled jar labelled PUMP UP! - 4000

A salty jaw-breaker - 500

A bottle of pills labelled Breedstud's Aid - 50

A small box containing a single Virection pill - 16000

//NOTE: Testemints is sold in packets of 10 which is why it's so expensive.

A box of Testemints - 20000

A pint of Nutnog - 7000

A large, peppermint penis - 3500

//NOTE: Peckermint and Nutnog might only be available on Christmas.

Clothes

Strewn about the clothes section are mannequins, all modeled after extremely buff bulls. In the center of the displays of the store is a blue hardlight mannequin, just as buff as the rest, but unlike the others, the fact that it actually has a face, a quite attractive one at that.

The hardlight hunk cycles through a set of preselected poses. Fluidly shifting between stretching the elastic of his jockstrap, to running his fingers across his abs, to even doing pushups. The mannequin's crotch also bulges whenever a cow walks within a few feet of it.

A plain white undershirt - 100

A t-shirt with a corny pickup line on it. - 2000

A black lace fishnet top - 2200

A black leather harness - 7800

A pair of horseshoe decorated boxers - 900

A thin elastic cock pasty - 4800

A pair of black lace fishnet briefs - 2200

A pair of skin hugging male tights - 1420

A brown leather jockstrap - 2000

A cow print shirt - 2000

A pair of cow print shorts - 2000

Buy Clothes Menu

//When selecting an article of clothing go to this menu. Back goes back to the clothing selection menu.

Your glance falls onto [item description]. Curious you pick it up, feeling the texture and quality of it. put press it against your body, wondering if it'd look good on you. {if Busky modeling is unlocked:On the other hand, you have Busky to model it for you.../else:If only you had someone to model it.}

You look the [item name] over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says [item price] credits.

[Buy]

[Model] "Head to the changing room with Busky and have him try this on."// Greyed out until you talk to Busky about modeling

[PrePocket] "Bring this underwear to Busky and ask about upgrading it with a pre-pocket."// Greyed out until Busky Models a Pre-pocket compatible bottom //Invisible if not Male Tights, Horseshoe Boxers, Bull's Jockstrap and Cow-print Shorts.

[Back]

Pre Pocket

"Essentially, I hook up the ultra-elastic to repulsion particles inside the cloth. This makes it so any preemptive cock juices you're spilling will stay in a 'pocket' in front of your crotch, expanding to a point, and never staining the cloth. And when you're ready to release the flood of masculinity you've got pouring out of your crotch, all you've got to do it take it off and let it spill." Busky explains, with a hint of pride in his voice. You wonder how a treated bull could come up with something so advanced. "Anyway, if you want a Pre Pocket upgrade you'll need to add 7000 credits to your current purchase, the technology isn't cheap."

[Buy Normal] "Stick to the regular version."

[BuyPrePocket] "Go for the upgraded version."

Model Undershirt

"You can't go wrong this, heh," Busky gestures to the plain white short sleeveless undershirt. The white cloth hugs his torso perfectly, showing off his pecs{if PC's femininity is <=40:, abs and slowly hardening nipples/else: and abs}. Busky flexes his arms as he turns his back to you, giving you a view of his back. There are no baggy spots on the shirt at all.

"It's a classic, it breathes great, and it's so cheap that if you ever break it{if PC's femininity is <=40:we'll hook u- I mean,} I'll hook you up with whatever you want. It only comes as is. The one you're holding right now is sleeveless, better suited for working out. More freedom in the arm department, y'know. So, lookin' to purchase?{if PC's femininity is <=40: Or..." Busky teases as he rubs his hands up and down his chest, occasionally giving a nipple slight pinch. "Are you looking for something a little more hands on?}"

You look the undershirt over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 100 credits.

//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Chest Worship] "Worship the chest of the muscular adonis." // No requirements.

Model Corny T-Shirt

"Why bother telling a cow to get on her knees," Busky pauses, waiting to get out of the changing room, "when you can just have it written on your shirt instead... provided they can read," Busky says as he pops out of the room wearing a black T-Shirt.

In a brief moment of confusion you glance back at the T-Shirts on the shelves of the store, which all looked as if they'd barely fit on Busky's left bicep, let alone his whole body. Despite your previous observations however, the shirt fits perfectly, clutching his toned torso. Busky raises and flexes both of his arms, giving you a clear view of his biceps, which are also hugged by his second skin of a shirt. No inch of skin is untouched by the taut fabric.

"Oh yeah, all of the shirts we have in stock are made from a special hyperelastic material; we can order them small, so when worn, they'll hold you tighter than the thighs of a cow straddling a bull in the middle of a milkin'."

"However do keep in mind we don't have any plain T-Shirts, so you'll have to settle with New Texan pickup lines. Keep in mind, said pick-up lines might not be appreciated outside of NT, but round here they can work on just about any cow, and maybe a few bulls after a drink or two."

You look the T-shirt over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 2000 credits.

//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Chest Worship] "Worship the chest of the muscular adonis." // No requirements.

Model Fishnet Top

"Fishnet Top? Well that's a kinky pick, be right back," Busky says as he heads into the changing room.

You stand around for a moment, twiddling your thumbs as you await your model. Glancing back at the few other customers. Suddenly Busky's voice booms from the room.

"It's extremely revealing," he says as he steps out of the room, "But it looks good on me, wouldn't you agree?"

While a bit of a self centered comment, you'd have to agree the shirt does look good on the bull. The black fabric hides nothing on the him, allowing you to clearly see every inch of his robust body as the cloth hugs him like a second skin.

"No better clothes for an exhibitionist than fishnets; as you can see, it really doesn't leave much to the imagination. Since it's a one size fits all, it'll just hug tighter the bigger you get. And you won't find anywhere that sells it cheaper. I like to throw one on once in awhile myself, usually when I'm hooking up with someone.{if PC's femininity is <=40: Feels really good against my crotch, among other things...}"

You look the fishnet top over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 2200 credits.

//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Chest Worship] "Worship the chest of the muscular adonis." // No requirements.

Model Cow Print Shirt

"Cow print shirt, got it," Busky quips before he slips into the changing room. "You'd think these shirts'd be pretty popular, and they are. But I've met a couple cows that take to getting real tattoos of cow print on their body. Anyway, I'm ready," Busky says as he finishes his short anecdote. You watch the musclebound behemoth step out of the room, the cow print shirt assuming its role as a second skin.

In a brief moment of confusion you glance back at the shirts on the shelves of the store, which all looked as if they'd barely fit on Busky's left bicep, let alone his whole body. Despite your previous observations however, the shirt fits perfectly, clutching his toned torso. Busky raises and flexes both of his arms, his armpits also hugged by his second skin of a shirt. No inch of his skin is untouched by the vacuum sealed fabric.

"Oh yeah, all of the shirts we have in stock are made from a special hyperelastic material; we can order them small, so when worn, they'll hold you tighter than the thighs of a cow straddling a bull in the middle of a milkin'."

You look the T-shirt over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 2000 credits.

//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Chest Worship] "Worship the chest of the muscular adonis." // No requirements.

Model Harness w/ cockstrap

"Oh ho ho, I see you have some kinkier tastes," Busky chuckles as he grabs one and slides into the dressing room. Within a minute he's already busting through the door, flexing his arms.

"As you can see," Busky says in between different poses, "there are 4 straps crossing your body, with 2 rings on both sides that the straps are connected to."

Busky flaunts his masculinity{if PC's femininity is <=40: as he suggestively rolls his hips towards you}. Smirking, you ask why he's not a stripper, since he's certainly got the body for it. He simply disregards your question with a knowing smile.

"Anyway," he exhales, "the final strap leads down to another ring, not too hard to figure out where that goes." Busky gestures to his jockstrap "Anyway, it's pretty costly, and only comes in this one style, no other colors. It's also incredibly durable.{if PC's femininity is <=40: Although, if you have any doubts... you and I could test the strength of this baby.}"

You look the Harness over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 7800 credits.

//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Chest Worship] "Worship the chest of the muscular adonis." // No requirements.

Model Horseshoe Boxers

"Oh, so you want to look at my junk eh? Well I simply can't refuse can I?" Busky ducks into the changing room, quickly changing from his jockstrap. In under a minute he emerges out of the room adjusting the waistband of the boxers.

"Yeah, they're a bit off-putting with their waistband, but once you get used to that, they're pretty damn comfy." The bull smirks as he grabs his crotch through the baggy fabric. "Tons of space {if PC femininity is <=40:for an under the cloth handjob."/else:too.}"{if PC femininity is <=40: As you look over the pair he's wearing he tosses a second pair of boxers at you as you're distracted by his merchandise, you fail to catch them and they land on your face, the scent of a day long workout permeating around your head. "Hey, underwear belongs on your waist... or on the floor," the musclebound bull teases." You bunch up the boxers and throw them back at him.}

The cloth of the fabric seemed to flow smoothly, just barely tight enough around the waist, and then baggy and loose everywhere else. The boxers themselves are white, with images of bronze horseshoes scattered around.

"Anyway, they're really comfy, especially if your boys need to breathe," he says he readjusts his quartet of grapefruit sized balls. "Oh, and the ultra-elastic is extremely durable. {if hadn't discussed Pre Pocket before and PC sexed Busky: "And they can some with a little

enhancement I've invented. I call it Pre Pocket. I can go into the details if you want, or you can just buy the boxers as is." /If had discussed Pre Pocket before and sexed Busky:"Oh and don't forget about Pre Pocket, that's always an option. If you need a refresher, just ask."}

You look the boxers over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 900 credits.
//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Pre Pocket] "Ask about Busky about adding Pre Pocket." // If PC has not sexed Busky, this option does not appear.

Model Cock Pasty

"Huh, so you want me to try on a cock pasty? Gotcha, be right back."

Busky takes a cock pasty and disappears into the dressing room. He reappears shortly wearing his standard undershirt gripping his core, giving you a clear outline of his muscles. And on his lower body, seemingly nothing, other than a large-yet-detailed bulge where his junk once was, which is obviously the work of the cock pasty. It completely covers his cock and balls, but grips him so tightly you swear it seems vacuum sealed, the outline of his veins pulsing and pumping blood to his slowly growing member.

"Erm, sorry. These things are really tight and I'm really sensitive. Ahem, as you can see," Busky says as he turns around presenting you with his toned ass. "They leave much more mobility for the wearer, automatically match the color of your skin or fur, and essentially make you look like a bulgy Ken doll." He bends over, presenting you with his asshole, as the pasty stretches to accommodate more of his growing cock flesh. "Not to mention the elasticity allows them to be stretched to 20x their original size, and they'll still be as tight as a factory new model."

You look the pasty over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 4800 credits.
//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Tease and Denial] "Go for a round of teasing, including anilingus, nipple play, and asshole prodding." "You'll need a cock, clit, or strapon to properly tease him."// Requires a cock, a large enough clit or a strapon.

Model Fishnet Briefs

"Allow me to demonstrate," Busky says as he grabs a pair of fishnet briefs and leaves to go get changed. After a moment he reappears wearing the briefs, clearly hugging his ass and crotch tightly. The undergarment looks less like clothing, and more along the lines of cloth wire, hoisting up his hefty balls as they're displayed clearly to any present observers.

"Little to the imagination indeed. As you can plainly see, I can't hide anything in this." He gestures to his crotch, with his member and bulbous balls both plainly visible. "But that's the point, isn't it?" A smirk crawls up his face.

"And they're hyper elastic too, watch."

Busky spreads his legs, giving you a clear view of his four grapefruit sized balls, as they stay firmly pressed against his crotch as his tail swishes between his legs.

"They'll grip you tighter than the cunt of a cow in the middle of a milker orgasm. But don't worry, the fabric is soft enough, and it definitely won't chafe you."

You look the fishnet briefs over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 2200 credits.

//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

Model Male Tights

"Looking to survive through the 'harsh' winters of NT, eh?" the musclebound bull says with a smirk as he heads into the changing room, quickly changing from his jockstrap. In under a minute he emerges from the room adjusting the legs of the tights. His cock is wrapped halfway across his leg as it strains the cloth and his balls clearly bulging out.

"Sorry, er, not much space in these things," he says as he picks at the pants, trying to redirect pressure elsewhere. Embarrassed, he turns around, giving you a clear view of his muscular, perfectly toned ass, as he tries to tuck away his massive member.

Busky throws his arms up in frustration as he turns around. "I give up. I don't even know why I have these in stock. Anyway, stare as much as you'd like, you wanted me to model it anyway. They're not too different from your standard briefs. Just longer and better for the winters, but we don't get those in New Texas anyway. The ultra-elastic is extremely durable. {If hadn't discussed Pre Pocket before and PC sexed Busky: "And they can come with a little enhancement I've invented. I call it Pre Pocket. I can go into the details if you want, or you can just buy the tights as is." /If had discussed Pre Pocket before and sexed Busky:"Oh and don't forget about Pre Pocket, that's always an option. If you need a refresher, just ask."}

You look the tights over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 1520 credits.

//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Pre Pocket] "Ask about Busky about adding Pre Pocket." // If PC has not sexed Busky, this option does not appear.

Model Bull's Jockstrap

"As you can see, I'm already wearing one," Busky states as he turns 360°, giving you a nice view of his ass and crotch. Busky's junk stayed put, barely moving as he tried wiggling his massive slab of cockmeat.

"These babies provide simply the best in support, especially when you're working out, in the gym or in bed. Generally us bulls have to worry about our balls flopping everywhere when we're trying to look our best, but these things make that a trivial matter. They're actually a popular choice for bulls to wear outside of the gym. Personally, I'm either wearing a jockstrap or nude."

{If PC femininity is <=40:Busky pauses for a moment. "Or, when I have somebody over. I have such a large stock, I can satisfy many kinks." He emphasizes the "stock". You can't tell if he's hitting on you, or just bragging about his quartet of grapefruit size balls.}

{If hadn't discussed Pre Pocket before and PC sexed Busky: "And they can come with a little enhancement I've invented. I call it Pre Pocket. I can go into the details if you want, or you can just buy the jockstrap as is." /If had discussed Pre Pocket before and sexed Busky:"Oh and don't forget about Pre Pocket, that's always an option. If you need a refresher, just ask."}

You look the jockstrap over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 2000 credits.

//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Pre Pocket] "Ask about Busky about adding Pre Pocket." // If PC has not sexed Busky, this option does not appear.

Model Cow Print Shorts

"Cow print, eh? I'll be quick," Busky ducks into the changing room, quickly changing from his jockstrap. In under a minute he emerges out of the room adjusting the waistband of the shorts.

"They're pretty damn comfy," the bull smirks as he grabs his crotch through the baggy fabric. Tons of space {If PC femininity is >=40:for an under the cloth handjob."/else:too."} The cloth of the fabric seems to flow smoothly, just barely tight enough around the waist, and then baggy and loose everywhere else. The shorts themselves are white, with a couple patches of black scattered around, emulating a cow's hide.

"Anyway, they're really roomy, great if your boys need to breathe," he says as he readjusts his quartet of grapefruit sized balls. "Oh, and the ultra-elastic is extremely durable. {If hadn't discussed Pre Pocket before and PC sexed Busky: "And they can come with a little enhancement I've invented. I call it Pre Pocket. I can go into the details if you want, or you can just buy the shorts as is." /If had discussed Pre Pocket before and sexed Busky:"Oh and don't forget about Pre Pocket, that's always an option. If you need a refresher, just ask."}

You look the boxers over and consider your options. The holographic price tag says 900 credits.
//+0.5 Busky Affection

[Buy]

[Pre Pocket] "Ask about Busky about adding Pre Pocket." // If PC has not sexed Busky, this option does not appear.

Busky's Gym Scenes

Weight Room

You see another familiar face, Busky, hidden under a bench press. Whenever he takes a break, he stares dreamily at the bulging crotches of other bulls. He seems to be in the middle of an extensive workout, lifting around 300 imperial pounds. It's a rather low amount compared to the other bulls lifting twice, some thrice that much weight. However his endurance is astonishing, doing longer reps than any other bull. Compensating for weight, he's doing a much harder workout, and his body is showing it. His heaving chest is sweating profusely, being soaked up by his sodden undershirt and gym shorts.

[Busky] "Meet up with the bull." <Busky is only present 17:00-24:00>//Must have met Busky in his shop//

Busky

You head on over towards Busky calling his name, quickly getting his attention. He puts down the weight and sits up on the bench, readjusting his strained undershirt as he uses a towel to wipe the sweat off of his face.

"How ya doin' [pc.name]? Lookin' to {if PC tone > 60: keep yourself toned?/else: bulk up?}
That's good, don't want you to be a flimsy sack of bones, do we?" Busky says as he reaches for his water bottle, downing a couple gulps.

{if PC's femininity is <= 40 and has flat breasts:"Say, while you're here. You feel like doing somethin' a bit more erm... interestin'?"}

[Sexually Motivate] "Give Busky the motivation to push his limits.", "As a taur it'd be out of the question to do this." // Can't be done by taur.

[Bench Anal] "Use the bench for some anal fun, pitching and catching.", "You'll need a cock. "As a taur it'd be out of the question to do this."// Requires penis that fits and can't be taur.

[Hot Tub Fuck] "Head to the hot tubs, relax, and ride Busky's cock." "As a taur it'd be out of the question to do this." // Can't be done by taur.

}

[Leave]

Sexually motivate

After a short time of consideration, you finally decide on a bit of friendly motivation to help out your big bull. Casually, you ask what Busky's benching.

"300 on a 20/10 rep. Why, whatcha thinkin' 'bout?"

"Well, if you can add let's say... 100 pounds to that, I'll let you take your reward in the showers," you explain while adding the dense cast iron disks to his dumbbell, knowing he wouldn't deny the offer. Busky chuckles as he accepts your challenge, getting up to stretch and prepare himself. Within a few moments you secure the weights and you give the stretching bull a nice slap on the ass. Busky quickly finishes stretching and dives under the weights, eager to take his reward.

"Now look here [pc.name], you know you're gonna have to keep your end of the bargain right?" Busky chuckles as he slowly lowers the weight down to his chest and back up again. "That's one press right there, get ready to pay up."

You watch his arms strain under the weight, glistening with beads of sweat, slowly trickling down his figure. Some drip down to the floor, most of them however, are just soaked up by his undershirt, all of this only adds to the familiar musk of the bull. You stand in a trance, only snapping out of it when you realize he already completed his third rep.

You don't want to make it <i>too</i> easy though, so you lower yourself to your knees. You level with his crotch and gaze at his large bulge, quite visible against the saggy gym shorts. But, you decide you'd rather see a bit more, so you pull off his gym shorts. As soon as his shorts come off his hypnotizing aroma permeates the air, making your mouth water with cocklust. Without a moment's hesitation you tug at the jockstrap, attempting to free his bountiful crotch. You pull down his jockstrap only to be caught on his flare, after a bit of fiddling his now turgid horsecock springs out, almost smacking you in the face. As soon as you get his jockstrap off of his legs you hold it up to your face, basking in the deep, musky scent.

"Hey, what you think you're doing down there? Can't wait 'til I'm done?"

You ignore Busky's comments{if garbed:, strip off your [pc.armor]} and put on Busky's leather jockstrap. His jockstrap doing a poor job of hiding your fully erect [pc.cocksLight]. Looking back to his crotch you find his 16 inch cock fully erect. Smirking, you run your fingers around his flare, taking your thumb and running it up and down his most sensitive spots, driving Busky into a sexual frenzy as he resists kicking you away and finishing the handjob himself. You can see him cracking under the pressure, as more of his salty sweat runs down his body.

Not wanting to let all of his heavenly musk juice go to waste, you run your tongue along one of his balls, lapping up all of the sweat from his love spheres. You dive your spare hand into your new jockstrap and begin {if PC has balls:fondling your [pc.balls]/else:rubbing your {if PC has cock:[pc.multiCocks]/if PC has cunt:[pc.vaginas]}}. Soon after you've cleaned up Busky's first testicle you start on the second one, giving it the same treatment. "Ay, if you -numph- keep that up, I'll be blowing my load."

Stopping your attack on his body, you stand up and trace your hand along his torso, brushing beads of sweat off of his abs and pecs, over to a nipple, giving it light squeeze. You whisper to him.

"Well you'll just have to beat me to it," quickly ducking back to his crotch you resume your assault on his horsemeat again, this time taking his pre-cum covered cock and inserting it into your mouth, your tongue sliding back and forth it's length. You then take his quartet of balls into your hand and begin to massage them roughly, grinding them against each other, feeling them churning with your prize. Using your free hand, you start prodding a finger into Busky's tight anus, trying to work your way inside. As soon as you slip your finger all the way in, you hear a loud clunk and look up.

Busky dropped the dumbbell and is now sitting up, trying to force words through pants. "20 sets ...of 10, 400 ... pounds, done. Now... showers... my prize." You get up off the floor and notice some of the other gym patrons giving you passing glances. Clearly this was not an uncommon occurrence.

[Next]

As you head over to the shower room you get a couple of sideways glances, but most of them die out after a brief moment as the other gym-goers return to their business. You, however, keep staring at Busky's raging erection that he proudly displays as he walks alongside you, groping your [pc.ass].

The two of you enter the wall of steam coming from the shower room. The fog is so thick, you can barely see 5 feet in front of you, but you know you aren't alone as you can hear the moans and grunts of sexual bovine escapades. Busky strokes his cock, looking at you expectantly. You begin to take off your jockstrap but he stops you.

"I want you to wear it during." He leads you under a showerhead and turns it on, hot water pouring down your face washing off the residue from a few minutes prior. You press your ass against Busky's raging, throbbing length, putting your hands on the wall for support.

"You really want my cock don't you? Well, you'll get it," Busky teases as he slid his long pink spotted horsecock against your [pc.vagOrAss], smearing pre-cum all over your dilating hole. You become numb with anticipation as you anticipate Busky fucking you raw. You lose your footing, almost falling, but Busky catches you. You look up at him, holding you tightly, staring at you with greedy eyes. The bull gently rests you facedown on the floor, your ass his for the taking. Busky begins to prod your [pc.vagOrAss] with his cock, finally forcing the flare in. {if PC is not loose:After your hole finishes adapting to his girth, he slowly pulls it out.} Losing your patience, you start {if PC has Brute Speech:demanding him to ram his length so far into you you'd have trouble walking for the next two weeks/if PC has Ditz Speech:begging for his cock, asking him to ram it so far inside you you'll be coughing up his cum for a week/else:telling Busky to fuck you sideways to next Tuesday}.

"You want it that bad, eh? Well I'll give it to you, but I wanna see your face when you cum," Busky says as you flip over, onto your back. You close your eyes as you lift your legs into the air waiting for his cock, as you feel being lifted up by a pair of strong masculine arms. Busky's now holding you up by your [pc.ass], your [pc.vagOrAss] hovering just over his cock. You look into his eyes and beg one last time "Please."

Busky then rams his cock into you, his medial ring providing some resistance, before your anus accepts it and the ring pops in. He wastes no time as he begins to pump himself in and out of you so fast your [pc.vagOrAss] {if PC is not loose:can barely adjust, still extremely tight/if PC is loose:starts clenching in response}. With every thrust you feel him going harder and harder, his flare grinding {if PC has cock:against your prostate, forcing a stream of pre to dribble out of your cock/if PC has cunt:against your g-spot, forcing a spurt of girlcum to spurt out of your [pc.vagina]/else:inside your [pc.anus]}. Eventually Busky's assault on your {if PC has cunt:g-spot/if pc has cock:prostate/else:ass} starts to take effect on your genitalia.

{if PC has cunt and cock it will pick randomly from either the cunt or cock ones:

/else if PC has cunt:

Your cunt starts to dribble, your walls clenching around his thick shaft. Eyes shut, you slip your hands into your crotch, rubbing your [pc.vagina], shlicking away at your glistening slit. You give out a deep groan as you spray your vaginal fluids onto Buskys crotch. Busky slicks his finger in your girl-cum and samples a taste before resuming pounding you dry.

"Delicious," smirks Busky. You wrap your arms around his neck, pulling yourself to his ear.

/else if PC has cock:

Your [pc.cocks] start to throb, preparing for your release. Ropes of [pc.cum] jet out of your [pc.cocks], only to be blocked by the jockstrap. After your seed overflows the jockstrap a {dependant on maximum cum:stream/river/flood} of cum pours onto Buskys crotch and legs. Busky pulls out, scoops some of your cum onto his hand, rubs it onto his cock, and plunges it back into your [pc.asshole].

"Extra lube," smirks Busky. You wrap your arms around his neck, pulling yourself to his ear.

/else if PC has neither:

Your ass starts to clench around his throbbing member, preparing to receive his load. Your [pc.asshole] clenches down tight, as a dry, intense orgasm runs through your body, leaving you shivering on Busky's member, who is still pounding away at your ass.

"Hold on to something, you're not done yet," smirks Busky. You wrap your arms around his neck, pulling yourself to his ear.

}

{if PC has Brute Speech:

"Ugh, yeah. Fuck my ass raw you little wimp! You got 4 balls, use 'em!"

/if PC has Ditz Speech:

"Oh my god, you're fucking me raw. Cum, c'mon, I like, need it."

/if PC has normal speech:

"I can't take it anymore, just finish already."

}

Busky speeds up his love making and grips your ass tight as he forces you up and down his long mast. With your tongue lolling out you enjoy the moment the hot water beating down your face as you hold on for dear life as the manly bull rams home.

Neither you or the breeding bull can hold out much longer. Busky bites down on his lip as he suppresses a loud, lustful moan. As his cum shoots up into your [pc.vagOrAss], slightly expanding your belly with its force, your eyes roll back as another orgasm surges through your body. With your {if cunt:womb/else:belly} filled to the brim with his thick seed, you start to lose consciousness. Busky catches you as he sits down on the shower floor, your collective fluids being washed away. Now in his lap, resting your head on his shoulder, you lie there for a moment, recovering from the romp within the comforting grip of the lovable bull.

[Next]

After you've fully rested, you get out of his lap and stretch. Busky follows you back to the bench where your romp started, only to find it entirely wiped down. The only proof of your sexual escapade being Busky's jockstrap, hanging from the weight with a note tacked to it.

"I took the liberty of moving your clothes back to Straps for you, Busky." ~Q

"... Dammit Quenton," Busky chuckles.

After a brief goodbye, you and Busky part ways. The massive bull, wearing nothing but his jockstrap, walks back to his shop, attracting the eyes of more than a few cows.

```
//processTime(80+rand(15));  
//pc.orgasm();  
//pc.loadInVagOrAss(chars["BUSKY"]);  
//+1 Busky Affection
```

Bench Anal

You tell Busky that the bench that he's sitting on has... other uses. Busky smirks at you.

"Whatcha got in mind?"

Both you and the bull strip in unison, with Busky leaving on only his brown leather jockstrap. He slowly pulls out his long flared cock as it quickly springs to life, leaving his quartet of balls in the jock. You slide it against your cheek, bringing it up to your lips, almost slipping it into your mouth, before the flare passes your lips, you go back down to his sheath. sliding your tongue up and down his length, not giving him the full satisfaction of a blowjob, only the taste.

"Ey, [pc.name] you don't have to pace yourself. I'm ready at any time," Busky chides. Briefly taking his statement into account, it's clear he's in the mood for anything, so you take the opportunity to take the lead.

Getting off your knees you slowly position yourself over Busky's throbbing member, slowly lowering yourself onto the flared shaft. The impatient bull can't seem to wait as he thrusts his hips upward, quickly pushing his cock against your ass, his blunt flare slips past your anus, leaving a smear of precum. After a second thrust, he successfully rams his blunt head into your ass. {is PC is not loose: loud gasp escapes your mouth while you try to adjust. }As he tries to sit up you swiftly pin his heaving chest down, telling him that <i>you're</i> leading. You lift yourself off of his turgid member, leaving just the tip inside your [pc.ass], and began gyrating your [pc.hips] while ascending and descending on his cock. Busky keeps trying to move to his pace, placing his hands on your hips, trying to bring you deeper. But you continuously slap his hands away, stopping him from taking the handlebar on the bike that is your ass. Eventually he relents, and instead raises his hand up and caresses your [pc.cock] with his callused hands.

"Oh, fuck. [pc.name] I'm close. Speed it up will ya?" Busky begs. With a smirk you slide off of his cock and straddle his chest. He looks up at you with pleading eyes, place a hand on his cheek and slide it into his nest of brown hair. Slowly, you lean in and whisper.

"I cum first," With that you shove your [pc.cockFull] into his mouth and begin facefucking him. His lips seal around your cock as his tongue works in a flurry. Soon you're dribbling a few drops of precum into Busky's mouth, just barely able to hold in your load. You lean in and whisper, "Drink all of it you muscleslut. I don't want one drop spilled got it?" Busky submits to your will as he drink every last drop of your pre and licks your shaft clean.

"Get your ass off the bench and come to your new seat," you command, rubbing your cock. Busky obliges, totally overwhelmed by your dominance. He takes a moment, positioning his anus above your [pc.biggestCock] before slowly stuffing himself full of your cock, as he happily bounces his musclebutt up and down. {if PC's cock is >20 inches:You notice busky's body break out into a cold sweat, clearly he is struggling to accommodate your mammoth length.

"Hey" you hear him gasp, desperately trying to catch his breath "Gi...gimmie a sec to... oh god... too... big."

You hold his hips firmly as you try to swallow back your raging lust, feeling the hot, wet, vice-like grip of Busky's manhole around your eager rod, slowly you feel Busky's hips move and buck trying to adjust to the throbbing tool invading his trembling body.}

For a moment he tries to reach for his own cock but swiftly you slap his hand away.

"This is a hands free ride," you quip.

Busky opens his mouth in protest, but you quickly jam your cock into his prostate, forcing a dollop of precum to spurt out of his cock. The only thing that exits his mouth is a loud moan which attracts the attention of gym-goes that weren't already watching your romp.

Soon you're ready to spill your load, you tell Busky to lie on the bench and lift his legs. He does as told and soon is ready for his reward. Lifting his legs up over his head, his cock is dangling above his face, a perfect position for a self facial. You once again thrust into Busky's ass, ramming down harder and faster onto his prostate. {if PC has knot:You can feel familiar swelling in your cock, the telltale feeling of your [pc.knot], which pushes against Busky's rectum. Curious to see Busky's reaction, you look down at him, but he doesn't seem to notice, he's just happily enjoying the assfucking.}

As Busky's hot, wet ass begins to clench down on your cock, in preparation for his orgasm, you begin to jerk his throbbing horsemeat off, aiming his cock at his face as you ram your [pc.cock] into his prostate. Both of your cocks finally burst in unison, you try to aim Busky's load into his open mouth but his throbbing member fully coats his face with ropes of cum, as you fill his ass

with yours. The needy bull's tongue lolling out as he attempts to swallow his load, licking up any strands that land near his lips, and eagerly swallowing the spurts he manages to shoot into his mouth.

{if PC has knot:

Exhausted, yet satisfied, you attempt to pull out. Only to find yourself logged inside of him, your [pc.knot] preventing you from pulling out.

"What's the hold up... oh," Busky blushes and turns his face away from you. You smile to yourself, knowing the bull expects you to wait to deflate before pulling out. But you're not going to make it that easy for him.

You start lightly, nothing too much, only enough to get Busky to notice.

"You're going to have to wait, it ain't comin' out."

Your only response is to smirk at Busky, and to give his ass a hard spank, showing that you're still in control here. His eye's widen as he realizes what's going on, but before he can protest further, you start pulling out harder.

The bull moans in a mix of pleasure and pain as his hole is stretched by your knot. His hands clench the bench tightly as he holds on for dear life.

"Stop... oh god... please," he pleads. But you only continue to pull out, harder, but slower. He grows so loud that he bites down on his knuckle, in a feeble attempt to muffle his moaning.

Soon, you start making progress, your knot slowly working it's way out of the bull, until you reach the widest part of your knot, one light tug would free you. But before you fully pull out, a devious idea pops into your mind. You plant your hands on his ass cheeks, and pretend to push him away, but instead of actually pulling out, you thrust back into his well abused rump.

"Sorry Busky," you say in faux guilt. "I must have slipped... here... I'll try again."

"Nononon-OH!"

You resume pulling out of his anus, but instead of one long continuous motion, you pull back a little, then move back in, then pull back, then in, slamming your knot against his anus.

Busky's moans are now screams of pleasure, and he no longer bothers to cover his mouth, letting the whole gym hear him cry out in pleasure. Three minutes of this go by, before you finally reach the largest part of your knot again, and Busky *feels* it.

"Pl-please," he pants "n-no more..."

For a moment, you consider going once more, but you fear Busky will just get up and walk away with you still knotted inside him. So out of mercy, or comical fear, you decide to pull out.

While it wasn't too hard, compared to the first time, it was still quite audible. The loud, wet, sloppy popping sound emanated in the weight room, as a small river of semen flows out with your cock. Busky unfolds and simply lays there, staring at the ceiling as he tries to catch his breath. You walk on over to him, and simply pat his head, his face red, flustered, and sweating.

"Good boy," you commend, as you wait for Busky to get up.

/else:

Exhausted, you pull out, your now flaccid [pc.cockShort] flopping down. As Busky unfolds, he wipes away the mask of cum from his face.

}

"Fuck [pc.name], that was great," mutters Busky as he gets up to stretch. Your only reply is a swift smack to his ass as you take him by the arm and lead him into the showers, leaving the cum coated benchpress behind.

```
//processTime(25+rand(10));  
//pc.orgasm();  
//chars["BUSKY"].loadInAss(pc);  
//+1 Busky Affection  
//+0.5 Busky Affection if PC has knot
```

Hot Tub Fuck

Instead of working out with Busky, you ask him about doing something a tad more, relaxing.

"Like the spa?" he asks, a knowing grin creeping across his face. In the Ten Ton Gym, if you want to relax, you go the spa alone. However a spa trip with another person is another matter.

The bull brushes his brown hair back as he gets off the bench, walking beside you as you both head over to the aquatic section of the gym. His hand planted on your [pc.ass] *{if PC is garbed:}*gripping it though your [pc.armor]*/else:*gripping it, and occasionally giving it a nice slap*}*.

Eventually you reach the aquatic section, the air slowly getting more humid as you make your way over to the hot tubs. You choose to lead Busky into the most populated hot tub, which has tall, transparent walls to keep all the steam and heat in.

{if PC is garbed:Right before you enter the tub, you and Busky both strip off your clothes. After you're fully nude, you notice Busky's still wearing his jockstrap, blushing slightly./else:Already naked, you start taking off Busky's undershirt. After you neatly fold it up, you reach for his jockstrap, but he brushes your hand to the side, blushing slightly.}

"C'mon, let the boys breath," you softly whisper into Busky's ear as you slip your hand into his jockstrap, fondling his quartet of cum churning balls, so large you can only cup one at a time.

Your hand slips out of the jockstrap, marked with Busky's ball scent. You take a deep whiff of the deep, masculine, almost addicting smell. After satisfying your musk cravings, you guide Busky's hands, still tense and restrained for some reason. Still, his hands follow yours and he slips off his jockstrap. Tossing it onto his folded up undershirt.

{if in Silly mode:His balls, now free from their support, bounce with each step he takes, his legs uncomfortably knocking against them. Busky winced in discomfort, as any normal person with these balls would experience great pain. You dutifully take them into your hands, carefully holding them as you both step past the sliding door, into the hot tub. Once Busky's crotch submerges, you let go of his balls, and/else:Once you and Busky are both in the tub, you} lead him over to a wall, and sit down beside each other. With your arm wrapped around his shoulder, you look around the large hot tub, gazing at the other gym-goers.

In the corner you find a group of 5 or so bulls, joking around and drinking beer as they cat call any cow that catches their eye. Along the walls you spot a few couples, some discussing life, others in each other's laps, creating it. There is the occasional lone spa-goer, sitting with their head back, enjoying the atmosphere.

You decide to follow their example. {if PC is taller than or is 97 inches tall:You rest your head back, letting Busky rest his head on your shoulder./else:You rest your head on Busky's shoulder, his arm sneaks it's way over yours, as you rest under the embrace of Busky's pique physical condition.}

With your eyes closed, you can finally enjoy the water, once a tad too hot, now perfect. The conversations of the other people in the hot tub fade into soft murmurs, accompanying the light splashed of the small waves hitting the walls. The waves, probably coming from a mixture of water jets and bovine fervor. A smile crawls across your face as you finally find peace, in a hot tub, away from all the hassle from the probes, your cousin, and Steele Co.

You stay in a state of relaxation for an hour or so, you might have come here for a romp with Busky, but it seems like both of you are content with relaxing. Not that you're not already

painfully aroused right now, but, you're ok with it. That is until a giddy voice breaks your mediation.

"Hey there cutie! Wanna have a good time?" the voice giggled with the glee only a Treated cow could have.

You look around for the voice, still in a haze of relaxation, but it's quickly broken as you're shoved to the side, away from Busky. You reflexively look to who pushed you, only to find an extremely busty cowgirl swimming onto Busky's lap, shoving her bosom into his face.

He clearly isn't enjoying it, but the cow can't tell. She reaches for his now flaccid cock, trying to rub it to life.

"Aww, what's wrong cutie? Having trouble getting it up? Well, don't worry you'll be ready in a minute tops."

A pained expression crosses Busky's face as she plays with his balls.

"Uh, actually, I'm not looking to-" Busky started, cut off by the cow.

"Mmm, you smell real nice, like a real man! I can't wait to have your flare scraping my womb, and with these babies," she gives his balls a squeeze. "You're guaranteed to be a daddy!"

"Uh, well I donate to the barn, if you want I can tell you my info so you can get it, I can even tell them to give it to you for free-"

"Why would I go for frozen bull cream, when I can get it straight from the tap!" the cow giggles, oblivious to the obvious hints as she licks her scarlet lips, staring dreamily at his balls.

Busky gives you a last ditch effort look of despair. You realize he can't diffuse the situation by himself so you quickly rush over and push the cow off of Busky.

{if PC has Bimbo Speech:

"Like, step off! He's mine!"

"What?" the cowgirl says mindlessly, trying to understand why she's not getting stuffed full of Busky's babies.

"He. Likes. Bulls, er ... I mean guys."

/if PC has Brute Speech:

"Hey! Step off bimbo! Can't you stop thinking about cock for long enough to realize that maybe there's a reason he came here with me?"

"... HEY!" the cowgirl whines, "I don't care, I saw him first. And he's probably just shy. Cmon, ya big lug," she turns back to Busky, tugging at his arm. "Let's get out of here!"

"He's gay you cockguzzling cowslut! You'd realize that if you'd stop begging for dick for half a second!"

/if PC has normal speech:

"Hey, girlie! Pst, guess what? He came with me for a reason!"

"To pick up girls, duh!" she says cheerfully. "If you want, you can join in too!"

"He's gay, he likes guys, he doesn't like tits. Catch any of that?"

}

The cow pouts her lips, brushes her wet, brown hair out of her face, and heads on over to one of the other guys in the tub.

"Thank fuck man. You saved my hide-" Busky was quickly interrupted by you, reaching down and grabbing his quartet of balls.

"You're my fuck, not hers," you joke, as get into position, working your way into his lap as his hands work their way to your [pc.ass].

You rub Busky's length between your ass cheeks, feeling it throb with anticipation. You move a hand and grab onto one of his horns Busky's, using your free hand to position the large, pulsating member under your [pc.vagOrAss].

After steadying yourself for a moment you lower yourself onto his turgid horsecock, his flare spreading your hole wide.

The cockmeat in your [pc.vagOrAss] proves too much for you as you push your face into Busky's collar bone and groan in agonizing pleasure.

Busky's hands sink into your [pc.ass] as he assists in your ride, adding a bit of extra force every time you bob on his cock. Eventually you hilt yourself, your walls hugging his length, able to feel every throb and pulse.

Slowly you lift yourself up, legs quivering and hands noodly, before letting gravity force you back down {if PC has Ditz Speech:a whorish moan echoing around you/if PC has Brute Speech:a grunt of raw sexual power erupting from your lungs/else:a pleasurable groan coming out of your mouth}, as a splash of water ripples through the hot tub, alerting the other patrons of your current activity. They give you passing glances, before resuming their previous conversations/coitious.

{if PC has both cock and cunt:

You can feel your [pc.cocks] dribbling small spurts of precum as your cunt produces much needed lubricant. With every pump inside your quivering cunt, it becomes more and more of a challenge not to start {if PC is treated:mooring like a cow./else:moaning like a whore.}

/if PC has cock:

You can feel your [pc.cocks] dribbling small spurts of precum as you try your hardest to keep from {if PC is treated:mooring like a cow./else:moaning like a whore.}

/if PC has cunt:

You feel you your cunt dribbling your fem-cum around his length, adding much needed lubrication. With every thrust he punches his flare against your cervix, evoking a mixture of pleasure and pain.

}

You continue like that for a while, adding to the waves of the pool. Looking over to the corner of the pool where the young bulls were, you see the brunette cow getting gangbanged by the group. Your eyes linger for a while, until Busky turns your head back to face him. He leans up to your ear and whispers.

"You're my fuck, not hers," he says as his hand slips to your [pc.largestCock], playing with it as he begins to thrust in time with your bounces. The numb pleasure of having your {if pc has cunt:[pc.vagina]/if pc has cock:prostate/if pc has neither:[pc.ass]} pounded flooding through your body, you feel your legs grow weak.

{If PC has cock(s) or cock and cunt:

Your breathing becomes more and more shallow, your heart races, and your cock throbs. The inevitable occurs, and a small rope of cum flies out of your cock, and lands on Busky's chest. Followed by another, more powerful rope, and another, and another. Your [pc.vagOrAss] clenches down hard on his length as he continuously pounds your {prostate/quivering cunt}.

/if PC only has cunt:

Your breathing becomes more and more shallow, your heart races, and your cock throbs. The inevitable occurs and you reflexively clench your [pc.thighs] as multiple spurts of [pc.girlCum] fly down Busky's length.

}

You melt in his lap, falling limply into his arms{if PC has cock(s): as the last of your cum dribbles out of your length{s}}. The warm water thrashing around you as Busky ruts into your [pc.vagOrAss]. The musclebound bull is close to orgasm himself, as he thrusts slower, and harder.

Busky eventually bottoms out in your [pc.vagOrAss], thrusting his full length inside. You can practically feel his cock distend with the first rope, flooding your [pc.vagOrAss] to the brim,

leaving the rest of his cum with nowhere to go. But he doesn't pull out. The next jet of bull cream stretches your belly, distending it a bit.

You let out a groan as the pain of belly expansion is mixed with the still fading pleasure of your orgasm. If anything it feels amazing, being breed like a cow, your belly swelling with Busky's seed. Load after load fills your {if has cunt:womb/else:ass}, and your belly grows and grows, until you look 9 months pregnant.

[Next]

Busky lifts you off of his length, as your hole clenches down on reflex. You float in the tub, patting your belly in satisfaction of a good fuck. Time passes while your mind is fogged with pure bliss, that is until you notice a strong arm wrap around you. Opening your eyes you see Busky pulling you out of the hot tub, wearing a towel around his waist. He slings you over his shoulder before retrieving both of your items.

He sets you down in the shower room and turns on ice cold water at full blast, which snaps you out of your daze. Eventually you loosen your holes enough to clean yourself out, an unpleasant emptiness now filling your belly. Once you're fully clean, in and out, you collect your belongings from Busky, and head on out, after a quick goodbye.

```
//processTime(85+rand(10));  
//pc.orgasm();  
//pc.loadInVagOrAss(chars["BUSKY"]);  
//+1.5 Busky Affection
```

Expansion plans

Everything below this is separate/for the expansion, not to be coded.

If this gets accepted/implemented, I've already had ideas for an expansion

Essentially I'll have the standard romance system where you increase Busky's affection via talking, dating, and in some cases fucking. But, I plan to have kinkier scenes unlock as you both become more emotionally involved.

Stuff like, dog walking, spit roasting Busky over the counter with Big T. But also things like helping with Busky's insomnia/nightmares. You start by cuddling with him in a bed far to small for him, let alone two people, if you want, you can upgrade his bed, buying sturdier beds up to a

10,000 credit king sized one with BDSM utilities, bondage tool racks, etc. Also, the cuddling will be in depth as well, you can be the little spoon, big spoon, or Busky can wrap an arm around you as you cuddle up to him, resting your head on his pecs like a pillow.

As you talk, sleep with, and get closer to Busky, your relationship will grow, and when you reach certain tiers (ex. dated once, boyfriend, lover) you'll get a permanent discount in his shop. And different events would be available.

The list above will expand with addition of newer scenes and interaction. Like, meaningful sex instead of the usual lustful fuck, taking him on dates, sleeping with him (like, actually sleeping with him), etc.

Also, some content will be locked until you reach a certain affection level.

- To date him you must have at least 20% affection
- To convince him to have a threesome with the bulls of NT 30%
- At 35% he invites you downstairs into his home, underneath Straps.
- To sleep with him/help cure his insomnia 40%
- To convince him to have a threesome with Zephyr 50%
- Kinky public BDSM/petplay stuff 60%
- A secret event regarding his past and his brother 75%
- Having a child with him (possible good end if you want to stay on New Texas and raise the child with him) 90%

And it

Stuff for later

- Masturbation with Busky's Jockstrap "pantyfap" (with a jockstrap)
- Tuxedo and Cowboy clothes (jeans, belt, cowboy hat, rolled up sleeves that are stitched to be rolled up)
- Vaginal sex scene for the shop

Expansion Sex Scenes

- Frotting + making out
- Vaginal Catch
- Sweaty Scene where you stuff your underwear into Busky's mouth (as a gag) and tease his cock until his cock erupts and empties load onto himself
- PC and Busky head into the showers to victimize (read:squish between two manly bodies) a Faux Cow

Suggestions: Aka, if you have a clothing idea, or a sex scene idea, just comment below this with whatcha want. If I like the idea, I'll write it into the expansion.

- A Handjob sex scene that can be started from modelling. Male underwear that doesn't have it.

- Busky in the Barn event kinda like the gym. Help Busky make his donation to the cockmilker or help you make his donation.
- Upgraded versions of tuxedo and cowboy clothes that give lust damage bonus. Maybe sluttified or aromas?
- "I would love to see some petplay, either in public or in private." ~anon
- Convince him to get into gangbangs again, taking dicks in from many bulls.

WIP Scenes

Just shit I'm working on when I wanna write some Busky stuff.



You find Busky on his bed, like this, fully erect with his leaky cock and balls between his legs, blushing and very horny.

Cookies Scene

As you walk into the empty store, you start to walk behind the counter before encountering a peculiar scent permeating through Busky's wall-embedded musk, it smells... sweet, and freshly baked. You turn the familiar corner and start heading down into Busky's domain, eventually, you hit the final step and see an odd sight.

Busky's hunched over a bowl of cookie dough, gently yet firmly stirring it with a wooden spoon. However, the oddity lies in what he's wearing, or how little he is, save for a pink apron that is far too small for his mass, giving quite a clear view of his ass.

But his firm buttocks don't distract your thoughts for too long, as you look over to Busky's right, only to see his oven currently baking a batch. And furthermore, to the right, you see 3 trays of freshly baked cookies, cooling off and filling the air with the aroma that had lured you down here in the first place. The familiar, welcoming scent of warmth coming home in the winter to a warm pair of clothes and freshly baked cookies, paired with a glass of milk. You're fairly content just to

take in the nostalgic fragrance, but you could also cuddle up with Busky, who still hasn't noticed you yet. Or you could try and steal a few cookies.

Cuddle From Behind

You silently sneak your way towards Busky, inching your way forward, dearly hoping he doesn't turn around. Thankfully, he's fully concentrated on the bowl and spoon in his hand to be bothered to hear your soft footsteps. He finally does realize you're here when you {if PC is or above 96 inches tall:wrap your arms around his waist and nibble on his neck/else:wrap your arms around his hips and softly kiss his back} holding him close and pulling him tight.

Busky doesn't look over his shoulder, he simply chuckles, already knowing that it's you. "Well, [pc.name], can't say I expected you." His tail wraps around your waist as he reaches for a few eggs, while at the same time, you reach for his balls, heavily hanging without the support of his usual undergarments. You roughly play with his quartet of balls, groping and fondling, this causing Busky to involuntarily crush an egg in his fist. "Dammit [pc.name] you fucking horndog."

He reaches for a replacement egg, careful not to crush it this time, despite your best efforts to rile him up. "Anyway, what're you doing here? If you wanna hop into bed, you're gonna have to wait a bit."

{if PC had Brute Speech:

"What? I can't pay a visit to my favorite hunk of meat?" you slap his ass, "Oh, and I came to visit you too."

"Well," he wiggles his ass into your crotch a bit more, and you swear you can see him blush a little bit, "maybe you'll be able to have a more *meaningful* visit once I'm done baking."

/else:

"Smelled the cookies, plus it's nice spending time with you," he looks back at you and his face turns a slight shade of red.

"Well fuck, that's nice to hear. If you willing to wait a bit, we can hit the sack once I'm done here," he turns back again, hiding his reddening face.

}

Just being right behind him, cuddling him and occasionally handing him ingredients is enough for you. Yet, since the distance between his ass and your crotch is negligible, you end up with a hardon regardless of your previous intentions. However, you finally find an opportunity for mischief when Busky accidentally drops his spoon.

"Mind handin' that to me?" he says passingly, as you've already been a decent assistant so far.

You simply dismiss him, telling him he can get it himself. In a slight huff of loving annoyance, he bends over to pick up the spoon, realizing all too late what your plan was. Already nude{if pc is clothed:}, having dropped your garments to your ankles, while he was bending over}, you press your hardon against his ass, your [pc.cockLargest] slipping into his rear hole with not much resistance.

"Oh fuck me!" Busky cries out, however, you can't tell if it's lustful, or if he's simply resigning himself to the misfortune of giving you easy access to his ass. Even more regret is present when you reach around and grab his throbbing horsecock, slowly pumping it, caressing his sensitive tip with the palm of your [pc.hand].

His ass begins to clamp down on your knob, slowing down your thrusts slightly, but you redouble your efforts and start pushing harder, feeling your [pc.cockLargest] sink into his prostate, inciting a large stream of pre to drool out of his Busky's cock.

"God, dammit... I just, cl-cleaned the floor!" he forces out in between moans, he slams the counter with his fist in frustration, but despite everything you can tell he's loving it. He quickly moves the bowl full of cookie dough under his cock and lets his pre drool into the bowl. "Fuck it, I am NOT cleaning this floor again!"

You grin and thrust back into his prostate, going deeper than before, and gifted with another long stream of pre which goes into the bowl. You grin to yourself, knowing that this is going to be fun. Within the next few minutes, you're wildly bucking into his ass, pounding at his prostate while he's moaning and groaning, barely holding himself up by the countertop as you milk him with your hand.

His breath begins to become shallow, panting faster and fast as he starts moaning louder and louder, his moans eventually turning to moos as you give one final thrust and hilt inside of him.

"MOOOO!" His cock spasms and spurts out of your grip, wildly shooting his load into the bowl below, a large amount of which splashes back, onto his apron. During this time you yourself have an orgasm, but nowhere as powerful as the one you've just witnessed. {if PC has a lot of cum:However, you do manage to fill him up quite a decent bit.}

Busky slumps back onto the counter, totally exhausted, cum leaking from his cock and ass. However, as you pull out from his ass you can't help but cuddle up next to Busky again, nibbling his cow ear as you hug his bicep.

"Fuck, [pc.name], never know, what to expect from you," he heaves.

You ask him if that's a bad thing.

"Heh," he chuckles, pushing himself up before locking lips with you, his tongue exploring your mouth for a brief moment before he pulls away. "Naw, that's what I love about you."

Now's your turn to blush, you reach down and grab the bowl off of the floor and set it on the table.

"Well, looks like this batch is going to be for us, ain't it?" he laughs heartily. "Fuck, lemme see if I can salvage this."

You watch him go to work, holding in the now-goopy dough in the bowl while pouring out the rest of his cum. He grabs more flour, milk, and a rather large amount of sugar. He notices your stare. "Hey, say what you want about how my cum tastes, but one thing it ain't, is sweet, need to offset that, y'know?"

You agree and ask if he needs any more eggs, and he just ends up laughing.

"I think we already have enough protein in there," Busky then tosses the last of the ingredients in the bowl before stirring the contents into a salvageable dough. He then splits places the dough on a tray in about 50 separate balls and swaps it for the tray currently in the oven. He brushes his hand on the parts of his apron that aren't cumsoaked, before taking it off and putting it in the nest of musk that is his hamper basket.

You ask him what you'll be doing until the cookies are done.

"Well," he starts, "we could always watch a movie when they're done, so we set up now, and finish by the time the cookies are finished. I'll just need to grab a few things... you go ahead and choose the movie."

He rushes away, and you wander over to his living room, turning on his television, browsing through a selection of on-demand movies, you can either go for action, horror, or romance and frankly you're having a hard time deciding what the two of you would want to watch together.