

Village Traptaur (Centaur), Sugo

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[Next]

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Brief Summary

It's a fucking trappy centaur prostitute. You either fuck his butt or you get your butt fucked. Doesn't work for other taurs. He's only into NORMAL LEGGIES. Better DOWNGRADE TO A NORMIE IF YOU WANNA FUCK THAT ASS OR TAKE THAT DICK.

I was informed PC Taurs won't be a thing. So no worries, everybody.

Fetish Appeal

Anal, Traps, and Centaurs

Scenes

Two. **[Ride That Taur]** and **[Coax Out Stud]**. One for fucking his butt (riding him) and another for getting him all HORNY AND DICK-READY. Your ass will be stretched.

Colors & Meanings

Parsers will be color-coded purple. Nested parsers will be color-coded violet.

Variables will be color-coded red.

Stat Changes will be color-coded orange.

Option Descriptions (the text that pops up if you hover over a button) will be color-coded blue.

Disabled Tooltips will be color-coded green.

Location

Left of Frost Hound Tavern, in the generic marketplace square, once he relocates to Hawthorne. Otherwise, he should be a random encounter within the Old Forest.

Grid Text (Pre-1st Visit)

In the corner of the marketplace, you notice a large and newly constructed stall. There doesn't seem to be a whole lot of customers approaching it but some of the nearest vendors do well to chastise and shoo any children approaching the ominous building. You keep hearing a strange noise coming from it, too. There's a sheet over the front but you spot something that gives some

clue of what's going on here: a sign. Strung up on the front of the stall is a simple wood sign that reads "Free Rides".

Grid Text (Post-1st Visit)

You see your familiar trappy centaur - Sugo - at his stall. It looks like he's even doing a bit of flirting with a passing [rand|lupine|elf|orc|human|catfolk]. At the rate he's gaining customers and seeking out regulars, he just may end up with the whole town wrapped up in those dainty fingers of his. Or balls deep in his backside.

The Important Shit

Initial Encounter

// Encountered in the Old Forest, random chance.

Traversing the Old Forest's familiar paths and trails, your [pc.ears] pick up on an unfortunately too common sound; a call for help. Or at least what sounds like it, though there's some frustrated groans mixed in. Pushing through the brush and various flora with a bit of gusto, you very quickly come out into a less dense section of the woods. The groans had you thinking that you just might walk out into an orgy{pc has encountered Garde's wyld elf troupe: - perhaps some friendly faces -} but thankfully it's just one person. Specifically, you're looking [pc.isHeight 90|face-to-face at|up at] what must be a centaur!

{if visited Harvest Valley:

It's not the first one you've seen but it's undeniable that this is possibly the cutest and most flat-chested centaur woman you've met. Her black horse-half is a pretty hard contrast to her paler, human-half's skin. It makes her appear quite the exotic catch. You wouldn't be surprised if she's from a different place rather than a native to these harsh lands. That blue blouse she's wearing seems a tad bit fanciful for travel attire however; perhaps she's a newer resident or an adventurer like you.

/else if PC has not visited Harvest Valley:

The female centaur's head spouts adorably cute horse ears but the black-furred horse body carrying her pale human frame is undeniably just as the rumors say. Spot-on the same as a horse... but why does this girl not have a big chest? Is this how their species looks normally: flat-chested girls? And why is she wearing a blue blouse - of all the things someone can wear - in this dangerous place?

}

But your line of thinking is briskly interrupted as she reaches out, poking you gently on your **[pc.face]**. The soft skin of the finger earns a few blinks of your **[pc.eyes]**, waiting a few moments before she chooses to ask you a simple question.

"U-Um... c-can you... help get me free?"

It occurs to you that her screaming is why you're here and not to admire her fashion nor her face. Taking a few moments to look around the centaur and the immediate area, you notice the two pine trees closely positioned around her. The human-half of her body has made it through - as well as most of her lower body - but the trees seem to have caught her around her rear haunches. Her thick rump and its bushy blonde tail wriggle side-to-side in frustration while she leans back and gently holds her hair whilst looking over her shoulder at her rear end.

"I-I was running a bit too quickly from this weird-acting stud and ran into these woods. Since he had cut me off, I figured I could escape him within here since he was so much larger than me. I managed to get away... but well... my butt got stuck."

She gives a quick wag of her tail again, tearing up in the corner of her blue eyes before turning back to you expectantly and with restored hope. You can see a weird cloth-like cover over her horse-half's back; a type of attire for horses known as a caparison. The scarlet garb hugs over the centaur's horseback with the fabric pulled nice and taut with its edges snared between the tree-vice. This seems like a very easy and completable task **[pc.isDK|but you think you have the right to get some good fun from it first, if you so desire|so you can at least offer your help]**. You finish making your offer and the stranger instantly lights up and shines her big, sapphire-blue eyes at you. Both of her hands quickly rise up along her sides and eventually settle over her chest.

[pc.isDK]"O-Oh... well... um... you... would want something out of it? That sounds fine! As long as I get freed, I don't mind the idea of giving you whatever you'd like! Whatever... that may be."|"Y-You'll help me? O-Oh... thank you so much! J-Just... slip back there and push me free! Oooh, I can't wait to get out of this awful forest!"|]

As a **[pc.isDK|bad-spirited businessman|good-hearted samaritan|]**, you return that joyous attitude with a **[pc.isDK|predatory smirk|warm smile|]** and assure her you'll think of something that will get her free. Slipping around the side of the nearest trees and up to the centaur's rear however, you get one hell of a surprise. Her blonde tail sweeps to the side momentarily to nail some unfortunate bug, giving you a good look at her anus and two grapefruit-sized balls. **[silly|Wait a minute, WHERE'S THE PUSSY?]** This isn't a woman or even a hermaphrodite! This cute blonde is a man... or a trap!? Her - or rather, his - wide hips wag at you impatiently, gropeable haunches shaking back in your face despite those seed-filled orbs of his bouncing around.

"Please hurry up; I just need a good shove! I know it!"

[pc.isDK|Well, as long as you get yours you don't really mind|Well... you <i>did</i> **promise to help**]. But, now that you... er... get a chance to think about it, you could easily find your way back here after a quick run back to Hawkethorne. If you really want to make your newfound stranger wait, then you could just go get someone else to push him free. But anything could happen to him if you let him wait around while stuck like this. Surely you can get him out from between these trees if you just... try to ignore the fact that you'll be pushing around that plump, trappy centaur ass with <i>your</i> **[pc.hands]**.

// Two options appear, **[Get Help]** or **[Push]**. If you're a Dark Knight, however, a third option **[Fuck Free]** appears. Selecting one removes this prior scene.

[Get Help]

While you're a kind spirit, you're not so sure you want to go pushing this girly boy's hindquarters. What if you slipped and ate a faceful of man-ass? Or lost your grip and slapped one of those hefty nuts? Not to mention that if you did something wrong at the most inopportune moment, you may end up really hurting this strange-bodied blonde rather than help him get free. You quickly circle and inform him that you're going to go get some help from town and return as fast as you can. This - understandably - does not sit well with him considering the frown you're seeing.

"Oh... um... okay. I'll just... wait here. Don't take t-too long, please! If something... something comes along, I wouldn't be able to get away! A-And if it's that stud coming to rape me..."

You don't need to hear anymore; giving a swift nod, you turn and dart through the treelines. It takes only about two hours to find the right group for the job and to gather the supplies and tools necessary to free him, eventually returning to the centaur. Lucky for him he hasn't been raped; his nerves unwind a bit as he finally gives a relaxed sigh at the sight of his saviors. A large lupine and a human move to the rear, while a pair of wyld elves clasp his hands. With the two comforting and helping keep him calm, the entire affair isn't that long before they work those wide horse-hips free of the tree's vice. Looks like a happy ending for everyone!

// The scene provides one option, **[Next]**. Selection of the scene will not remove the text.

[Push]

No; this is definitely a job for you and one that needs doing now. You have no idea what might happen to this pretty boy if you leave... not to mention it's the right thing to do. Setting your **[pc.hands]** on his big rump makes the centaur look back at you, trotting his front-end side-to-side excitedly.

"Thank you! Once I'm free, I won't need to worry that something will sneak up on me... a-and I'll finally get to relax! Oh, thank you so much!"

While the blonde bats his blue eyes and practically radiates happiness, you roll your **[pc.eyes]** and set to work by trying to gently shove that equine derriere. Even putting a good deal of your muscle into it moments later - **[pc.isHeight 50|feet sliding as your [pc.hands] and [pc.arms] try their hardest to push|comically hopping and coming dangerously close to bumping into those big spunk-carrying orbs in the process]** - you have zero luck getting this feminine horse free. Your lack of grip for pushing isn't ideal since it limits your control... but if you squeeze that big, juicy equine ass then you'd have the grip you need. You could get a nice, solid grope out of that fat ass and probably see just how fun it'd be to be this trap's stallion in the process. But if you did there would be no telling what sort of reaction he'll have. The only other option isn't very optimal; you'd need to push harder and hope that when all that force finally reaches the right angle that the centaur would be freed. There's a good chance he might get hurt if you exert too much force on his keister... not to mention how strenuous all that work would be.

// The scene provides two options, **[Just Don't]** and **[Squeeze]**. Selection of the scene will not remove the text.

[Just Don't]

// Just don't be a pervert.

It's probably best for both of you to avoid anything that might end up or possibly be perceived as sexual. While this long-haired centaur boy might be fine not disclosing his physical equipment - or that he's a "he" - then it's for the best to avoid groping that fat ass of his. Not to mention that it may cause him to instinctively kick back at you; that's the natural instinct of any steed in peril. That'd be bad for the both of you!

You spend the next four hours pushing and groaning, leaning into those plump haunches but never grabbing. Half of that length comes from raw work; there's plenty of muscle and straining necessary to free someone his size, after all. The other half is from occasionally having to stop and calm him down whenever something even remotely spooky occurs like a drop of a branch or a distant howl cutting through the forest. The familiar sight of his buttock and family jewels sears itself into your mind by the end but you do eventually achieve success. You push your **[pc.face]** up against that ass two times in exhaustion, the caparison-covered back-end of the centaur slipping free of its bark-held prison and causing you to slip and fall to your knees. Your half-horse coward goes tottering off from the sudden liberation, trotting away shakily and then bonking against a tree. You hear him groan and grab a low branch - finally bringing himself to a halt - whilst he raises the other hand to rub a fresh bruise between his eyes.

Well... at least he's free?

// -1 Libido, applies Sweat-Covered and Fatigued

// The scene provides one option, **[Next]**. Selection of the scene will not remove the text.

[Squeeze]

// Surely he won't mind if you get a nice squeeze.

With how he's dressing and that hopeful look on his face... could this centaur *really* blame you if you want to cop a feel in exchange for helping him? Besides... it has to be the fastest way to get him free! Casting your gaze up to make sure the lovely centaur isn't looking, you nimbly move your **[pc.hands]** to either side of his plump ass. By the time he notices your intent and altered pushing tactics, you give his fuckable backside a good, firm squeeze. Damn if his ass isn't like a perfect pillow! There's plenty of cushion back here to match the lewd and inviting anal star staring **[pc.isHeight 60[at you[down at you]]**. You knead his meaty derriere with your **[pc.hands]** and quickly draw a startled moan from the blonde. His yellow-gold tail swats at your wrists but you lean in relentlessly; you press your face against his wide ass and give the promised push to trick him; this is all part of the plan to help free him, after all. The centaur jumps, then relaxes as your ploy works. Despite that first swipe of his tail, the stuck lad seems to forgive you between groaning through his teeth.

"N-Nnngh... can you p-please hurry up? This... this is a bit... too familiar... f-for getting me free..."

Even if he hadn't been dropping his voice toward a whisper, you could read between the lines of his restrained voice. That large cock - visibly swinging in your view from beneath the edge of his caparison at its full girth - is already dripping pre-cum in excitement. Maybe you've stumbled on a buttslut based on how just some simple assplay has him getting so hard. But you know full well that you can't just sit here playing with a fantastic horse-ass all day even if the boy likes it. Focusing your squeezing on a truly more functional usage at last, you stop making him moan and start to powerfully wrestle him side-to-side within the ensnaring trees. You grunt and he gasps and gives a few started cries but at last you get his black-furred ass to slip through the pair of trees. His blonde tail instantly starts swishing side-to-side to disperse your grip, the centaur trotting a bit away before circling to face you. With his shaft erect between his legs, his blushed cheeks and that bottom lip-biting cute glare like someone resisting every urge to start begging for a fucking? You don't need any help to tell you that he enjoyed all of that; hell, it looks like he's considering ensnaring himself between the trees all over again!

// +1 PC Libido

// The scene provides one option, **[Next]**. Selection of the scene will not remove the text.

[Fuck Free]

// [pc.isDK|Well, you did say you wanted something. Time to test out this hole and "help" your new centaur with some anal assistance.|As much as you may feel hard, you feel like you'd have to be one of the rudest people around to fuck him instead of just help him.]

// Requires Dark Knight.

And then there's the third option; the one your selfish mind thought up the moment you saw the trapped femboy even before discovering there isn't a pussy between those legs. A selfish smirk rolls across your [pc.lips], moving around the constricting trees and drawing a somewhat confused centaur's gaze as you unceremoniously bring your [pc.hands] down on the blonde's haunches hard enough to make him kick out at thin air.

"O-Ow! What do you think you're doing!? I-I... d-don't spank me!"

Scoring another direct, ass-jiggling connection with his butt forces a reluctant moan from the girly boy. Again and again, you strike that equine derriere. And again and again, he gets louder and further from complaining, instead moaning and moving both of his arms back to clutch his caparison on his horse-half. The little slut must be a masochist! You can't believe this! This is just your luck!

[pc.hasCock][pc.isCrotchVisible|You almost instantly expose your prick|You disrobe enough to expose your shaft], letting your [pc.cock] [pc.isHeight 90|thump down on his big black-furred butt|slip between his thighs].|Without a cock of your own, you think your [pc.hand] will be more than enough to make this bitch-boy scream. A nice and proper fisting always gets the buttsluts aching for more, right?] Just a bit of rubbing gets him to look right at you, blue eyes hazing over at the prospects of your [pc.hasCock][pc.cock][pc.hand]] shaping his guts out. Maybe the idea of you raping him is something the slutty fucktaur wants after all. A big rough stud of his species scares him, but clearly there's an exception for bipeds who want to show him the proper role of providing pleasure for you.

[pc.hasCock]]Not even lubing up yourself or him, you spear your [pc.cock] in deep; right to the balls with a hard thwack of your [pc.hips] against his jiggly ass|Without lubing either of you up, you force your [pc.hand] right up his poop chute and only stop when you slam elbow-deep in this centaur [silly|BOI BUSSY|asshole]]! The fuckboy screams in pleasure and tail hikes his tail and [pc.hasCock|you sheathe your [pc.cock] mercilessly with a resounding pop|you practically drive your fist up his anal cavity until his cute pucker presses against the bend of your arm]. Getting a firm grip around that tail with one [pc.hand], you pick up the pace while the sounds of the caparison roughly scraping the trees muffles the wide-hipped male's moans. That pretty face of his is locked in sexual frustration; his teeth are pressing into his lower lip hard enough to draw specks of blood. This rough anal is a perfect way

to vent your own stress however, [pc.hasCock|especially with these hot walls squeezing your [pc.cock] better than most pussies probably could|his intestines grabbing along your [pc.arm] so tight that you can feel the pressure along every inch of your limb|]!

It doesn't take but a few minutes before [pc.hasCock|your [pc.cock] is already aching to blow your [pc.cum] all over his insides. And basing it on his cute moans, you know he's nearly ready to stain the forest floor with his own seed|you feel his buttohole clenching and watch his horse dong throb and ooze pre-cum between his legs]. When he finally screams out in ecstasy you quickly slam [pc.hasCock|your [pc.cock]]|your [pc.hand]] forward as deep inside as you can go; the sheer force of the hit sending the femboy stumbling free while his equine dick spurts lengthy ropes of horse spunk over his front legs and the dirt. Unstable and barely ready for your separation, you quickly [pc.hasCock|let your load out on that fat ass before letting go whilst the remainder of your [pc.cum] spurts out and joins the messy trail behind him|slip your [pc.arm] free and watch the trappy lad on his wet-stepping trek as he blows his load all over the ground]]. The end of his stumbling does eventually come; you get a good laugh once he plops down into the largest puddle of his spent seed almost ceremoniously.

What a fitting end to this exchange; the bullied masochist femboy looking over his shoulder and toward the fucked-open pucker and accompanying mess. That [pc.hasCock|buttfuck] must have felt pretty good since he painted nearly four feet of dirt and grass with centaur jizz.

// + 5 to Corruption

// The scene provides one option, [Next]. Selection of the scene will not remove the text.

[Next]

{if player chose Get Help:

You and the centaur take the time to wave the group of four off after that; the blonde centaur even puts on a dorky grin when the lupine man takes a few moments longer to share a few private words with him. Thankfully it's only a short affair before the group turns and departs once the lupine rejoins them. Eventually the pretty boy turns to you with a warm smile.

/else if player chose Just Don't:

After a short moment or so to rub his face and let the pain recede, you watch him smooth that caparison of his out on his back. Finally, the pair of you come face-to-face whilst the young man briskly grins [pc.isHeight 90|up to you|down to you].

/else if player chose Squeeze:

The centaur trots a short distance from you and asks that you wait a moment while he "takes care of something". Even though he doesn't leave your view entirely, your lips curl lightly with a smirk as he reaches back and rubs his ass. That leaky cock of his also sees a follow-up inspection with his hips shaking to try

and disperse the oozing pre-cum. Thankfully for both of you, it only takes bit of alone time and deep breathing so that his equine lower-half calms down; eventually the still-unidentified male trots back to you with a smile and no more pesky arousal.

/else if player chose Fuck Free:

Not bothering to offer one bit of help, you make sure you're nice and decent while your horse recovers from his climax. Even though you had bullied him silly with your [pc.hasCock|[pc.cock]|[pc.hand|]], it seems all is forgiven now that he's facing you with a genuine smile. Even if the blonde did look a bit tired while delivering it.

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[pc.isDK|"W-Well, I can't complain about the help... y-you did get me free, so... well. Thanks. Could you... t-tell me your name?"|"Thanks a lot! Really, if it wasn't for you... no telling what may have happened. You never did tell me your name..."|]

One of his hands lifts, gently wreathing one of his soft digits in that flowing-styled blonde hair of his as you [pc.isDK|blink your eyes and introduce|swiftly introduce] yourself[pc.isDK|with a scowl|].

"[pc.name]... well, thank you again [pc.name]. My name is Sugo. If you're ever going out toward Harvest Valley, well... watch out for centaurs that might try to rape you. In the meantime, I'll be heading to Hawkethorne... I figure it's still probably safe there, so I can set up a store and hope that all this mess gets worked out."

Set up a store? You can't help but be curious what this effeminately dressed and looking horse-boy sells, especially considering there isn't even a pack or anything with him to possibly carry goods. [pc.isDK|And considering how his fat ass likely isn't carrying any jewels, you doubt he's smuggling any.] As soon as you finish asking, his grin morphs into a blushing and perverted smirk.

"Apart from trading labor in side-jobs... I peddle in free rides. Who rides who is up to fate but... well, why not drop by and check-in on me when you get the chance so I can show you?"

The underlying libido and slutty nature of this trappy lad makes you certain that any 'ride' couldn't be anything but a lewd act. But that'd confirm that he basically isn't running a store but some sort of fuck-shop for people to come and have sex... for free. If anything it makes him seem like he's going to be an awful prostitute rather than an upstanding merchant. How would he even support himself? When he turns to trot off on his way to Hawkethorne, [pc.isDK|you can tell that you'll have the chance to play with the fuckboy some more|you can feel you'll see Sugo again|]. He'd better be careful with that short caparison he's wearing once he reaches town. From a distance it does seem to better hide that large horse cock beneath his belly... [pc.isDK|not that it would protect his cute pucker if you decide to claim it.]

// The encounter ends, Sugo relocates to his grid within Hawkethorne.

[New Stall]

Approaching the stall, you smell something going on but sure don't see it. The scent of sweat and sex, the meeting of two or more individuals going at it, permeates the air just a foot or so from the stall's sheet barrier and walls. There's some grunting and moaning, too, something you can hear clearly now that you've come close. You wait a few moments before finally reaching forth and roughly knocking on the wooden surface of the counter. And you instantly hear the familiar voice of Sugo, the centaur you saved in the Old Forest.

"J-Just-nnnnf... a-a moment!"

Some grunts and paired moans echo from within not but a minute or two later, followed by the distinct sound of liquids splattering and sloshing around. You get a foul look from a passing mother, shuffling her kids past the cart and over to some toy vendor, but it's not like you have any shame. This is just checking up on... a friend. That's how you're going to explain it if anyone asks you're doing.

{if PC chose Get Help:

A familiar lupine man, the one who had been among group you came with to rescue the centaur, slips out of a door on the side of the stall before clearing his throat and tossing you a nod before passing off and into the closest alleyway to avoid public view. The sheet comes down a moment later, Sugo's face cherry red and spots of sweat dotting his body. As he quickly pushes his forearms against his blouse and sweeps it downward, smoothing wrinkles in the piece of clothing, you can't help but notice a few specks of man-seed on his palm. That is, before he licks it off and pushes both of those soft hands against his blouse hem with a nervous smile.

/else if player chose other options

You spot a bloated-belly elf slip out the door on the building's side, wearing a [silly]- WAIT IS THAT A FUCKING RED SHIRT HOLY SHIT IS THAT IVRIS? - wait no, it's a] pale orange shirt clearly not fitted for an extended gut despite looking a few months pregnant. Her long skirt does little to stop the sputtering trail of seed dripping from her backside as she vanishes into a nearby alleyway. Just seconds later, the sound of hooves thudding to the ground on the other side of that sheet draws your gaze back to the stall. And as he pulls it down, Sugo is visibly smoothing his caparison along his back with one hand while the other tosses the sheet to the ground. With how red-faced he is and the distinct sound of dripping from below his equine-half, you think you can piece together what is going on.

}

"H-Hey there [pc.name]! Sorry about that; I was just tending to a customer. Free rides are in greater demand more than you would think. B-But uh... welcome to my stall!"

Splaying his hands out and turning his palms out toward the very basic wooden walls, he awaits your inspection. The stall itself is easily one of the tallest in the marketplace with a sturdy wooden counter. You imagine it's so that the large half-horse body of a centaur isn't troubled with space issues and allows him to climb up and over rather easily for unfettered access. Considering the kind of services he provides that sort of mobility range would be necessary for all sorts of "rides". You feel glad that there's someone to handle the less than... "traditional" needs of Hawkethorne, ensuring no one ends up trying to rub uglies with a demon or some spawn from that demoness. But you're almost certain there's nothing but sex going on in this stall of his. All he has inside is a pile of sheets and a cushioned strut near the front. It may not be corrupt soul-stealing evil-spawn but someone who is effectively a prostitute setting up shop isn't exactly ideal to a wholesome society nor helpful to the town, right?

"I know what you're thinking but just hear me out! As long as I keep things relatively clean and remain at least publicly decent to those walking by - mainly by using my sheet and the thick walls of my stall - a few of the town's smaller merchants are helping put me up! They also enjoy my services but... they take care of me and ensure I can make something of a living without needing to work myself like an animal. I try my hardest to at least repay them by keeping my work specifically for those who look like they </i>really<i> need it."

The effeminate lad moves both hands up to his face and cradles his cheeks, permitting you the chance to quickly roll your [pc.eyes]. Based on his slutty nature, working from this shack is definitely the best job for him in Hawkethorne currently. After all, you've already come over to check things out without even knowing what it was for; no telling what success it'd have once word got out. As long as there's any interest in sex and Sugo nearby the town can keep the refugee out of trouble and the centaur can keep them nestled away in town instead of out seeking some casual lay that might be demonly spawn. While you have him here you figure the least you can do is stay a spell longer and chat. Whether you both end up having sex or have a nice conversation, you're certain Sugo can facilitate your needs. All you need to do is ignore the glares from parents and judgmental locals for talking with the town's newest entrepreneur in 'free rides'.

// Leads into the options **[Appearance]**, **[Talk]**, **[Stall Services]**, and **[Leave]**.

[Sugo] or *All Follow-Ups*

The familiar grin from the local traptaur beams at you before you've properly finished approaching his stall. Sugo's tail wags side-to-side from excitement, appearing far more like a lupine rather than a centaur.

"Welcome back, [pc.name]! You're looking just... fantastic!"

Sugo's face flushes with arousal and dirtied thoughts, lifting a dainty hand up to his chin. Slutty or friendly, the town's number-one dealer in quote-unquote companionship is simple enough to understand; he awaits with desire simmering in his eyes and hopeful you'll want to do more than just talk.

// Leads into the options **[Appearance]**, **[Talk]**, **[Stall Services]**, and **[Leave]**.

[Appearance]

Wearing a frilly-styled navy-colored sleeveless blouse on his human half and a short scarlet-colored cloth caparison over his equine section, Sugo's breed isn't a very simple one to nail down for a centaur. His pale human-skin clashes with the solid black fur over much of his muscular horse body; the coat is rather smooth and bears strength where it's needed... perhaps as a semblance to a draft horse.

His shoulder-length faded-blond hair is styled like gentle waves; they frame his two sapphire-blue eyes and a thin-lipped smile - or smirk - with a veritable blush depending on how excited he is at the moment. Soft blemish-free skin along his human half - akin to one who hadn't done a day of hard labour in their entire life - runs to his waistline like one might expect. Two golden horse ears poke back and out from either side of his head, matching his hair with soft pink interiors; they slip up or fold further back whilst he's excited or somber.

And of course there's the money maker; his horse-half and its flared, almost mare-like ass. Hand-filling haunches paired with a lewd [silly|donut boi|hole|butthole] between them - mostly concealed by his large, drooping blond tail - showcasing the slutty hole proudly for any lonely dicks out there. Concealed beneath his caparison and only visible when you draw close, his arm-thick and two-foot-long horsecock is almost always half-erect and waiting to spring to attention. His black-skinned balls - nearly the size of grapefruits - dangle at its base; a splotchy pattern of pink and black running along its shaft until the last few inches where it takes on a full pink-coloring. Clumps of thick blond fur wreaths his lower legs like a Clydesdale, akin to comfortable stockings and an adaptation to endure harsher weathers that one might be exposed to when traveling. His hooves lack horseshoes entirely yet they're simply remarkably polished and well-maintained; it's almost as if someone helps care for them in the absence of shoes..

[Talk]

It only takes a moment after mentioning you're up for talking before the trappy centaur smacks both of his palms down against his stall's countertop. With a grin befitting Hawkethorne's pink catgirl, he curls a finger at you beckoningly.

"You want to talk with me, [pc.name]? Okay; let's talk! Just don't get any ideas; business and pleasure are separate. If you're after the latter, you'll have to come around afterwards."

// Opens up [Stall] and [Clothing]. A generic [Back] option can return people to the overall encounter options.

[Stall]

// Considering he runs his... 'store' from a very unique booth-like stall, it must be a decent conversation piece. What can he tell you about it?

Whilst the two of you share some very direct eye contact, you start simple; you ask if Sugo can tell you more about his stall. It's a simple conversation topic - you figure in your [char.raceish] mind - but very quickly you think otherwise as the effeminate boy-horse raises both hands up to his rosy cheeks timidly.

"Well this stall is my temporary home, you know? The town doesn't have a ton of space to spare, especially for someone my size, so they built this for me. Of course it's very nice of everyone even with the condition being that I help out whenever they need my lower body for its raw strength. And the condition, obviously, to clean up after myself so that there aren't messes for everyone else to... step in. But it's better than nothing and living in the open where the wind can get at me, right?"

Lowering both palms and leaning both down and forward, the blouse-wearing lad grabs hold of his stall's cushioned beam with the left hand and pats it with the right.

"It's not every day you get someone as cute as me, [pc.name]; some get distracted and think I'm not very strong. If it wasn't for that, I wouldn't have had to ask for this cushioned beam here. Giving free rides that leave people wounded? What am I, a sadist? I might be a masochist - depending on who you ask at least - but I am certainly and definitely *not* a sadist!"

It doesn't take a genius to tell that despite his effeminate human-half, Sugo's horse-half is built for raw physical power. Despite not being mindless beasts, you can imagine it's quite likely centaurs make up some of the strongest physically throughout the land. Horses - whom share part of their body with the majestic centaur species - can easily destroy wooden walls with a mere kick. It's very easy to imagine that fucking around with someone equally embedded with an absolute level of might can lead to a degree of injury. Even if they show restraint someone like Sugo could make one thrust too hard and all but ensure someone leaves with bruises, no matter how much protection and preparation gets put into it.

You wonder how business fares though, doubly so when considering his daunting and intimidating strength no doubt worries or upsets people. When all he's utilizing is effectively an

unfurnished sex-hut with a simple padded bar, it's not like the place has more to really help stifle the hard might he can throw around.

"Well, most of my clients are repeats who just want to take a shot at my butt. I guess that comes with the territory of having a cock bigger than most limbs but being able to squeeze my backside tighter than some of the smaller species. I have seen one or two unfamiliar faces drop by that break up the monotony though; they tend to be the ones that let me ride them... just cumming and filling them up until they can't walk..."

Both of his hands depart the bar and his sapphire eyes stare off into some fuzzy and warm fantasy.

"But I'd say I like it more when I find a nice stud who steps up behind me rather than doing the pounding myself. If I could find another centaur or maybe even a huge alpha-male of a lupine [\[pc.ra lupine\]](#)[\[pc.isHeight 80|like you\]](#) who would fuck me every day? Nnnf... that'd be the dream, [\[pc.name\]](#). Just day in and day out, screaming my lungs out to the sound of a big brute fucking my hole until I can only satisfy them? Knotting me and telling me I was his *favorite bitch*..."

Probably best to end it there before an innocent chat about the stall ends up with Sugo pulling out his dream-journal and talking about all the huge-dicked men he'd love to have plundering his booty.

// Return to **[Talk]**, grey out **[Stall]**.

[Clothing]

// You understand that people are entitled to their fashion choices; but a frilly blouse that seems effeminate and impractical and a caparison that barely fits? How does he get by with this clothing?

Alright, you'll bite; you want to know why he's wearing that sleeveless blouse. It's a piece of garb that looks to be in better condition than what most people wear! Yet he wears it alongside such a short and plain garment like his caparison?

"Well yeah, it's comfortable. And it's a pretty easy to well-maintain piece of clothing, I'll have you know! You'd be surprised how hard it is to find one that fits me this well! When I go out, I have to be very careful to not let people grab at it!"

{if first time asking:

You get that finding a nice shirt might be difficult in a world with cultists and hazards in wait around every corner these days, but it's ridiculous to imagine that fitting clothes would truly be hard or rare to find.

"Huh? What are you talking about? Fitted caparisons are very hard to come by!"

Oh. Wait... he's talking about that cover-like cloth on his horse-end's back?

/else if not

He's talking about his caparison again?

}

"Of course I am! Normally horses are used as beasts of burden, so things like caparisons are more of a noble or rich fashion accessory! That's enough so that even centaurs like to wear them to stand out! But they do have one problem that particularly exists more so for a centaur. Normally they're worn beneath a saddle to hold them in place or fitted with a hood that goes over the horse's head or a harness for the neck. They normally never fit or sit right without one, so for centaurs we try to bind it around our waists like a belt or wear a harness. But... well... I like my blouse, so I asked for a somewhat matching one to be made in my size without that belt. I got the harness, but..."

Despite how much information that is, you can't believe the tailor is entirely at fault for the caparison. The question of why he wears a frilled blouse still isn't answered but there's a much more alarming condition being that his caparison doesn't even fit right. Maybe a new one could make a good gift for the centaur; finding a nice enough one that properly fit and actually covered that horsey dong would probably be difficult regardless of where you went however.

You can't help but wonder though; how did Sugo get this one to sit on his back without a hood or saddle so well? What about that harness he mentioned makes him unable to wear it? Once you ask, all the awkwardness of that mix-up evaporates and turns to his heart-warming smile once more.

"Unfortunately for me this one is both too short and the harness can't fit the specific design they sent. So I had no belt nor a hooded mantle either; so it's... well... sometimes I spend about an hour or two setting it properly. From there I have to move slow to not disrupt it, particularly when I come in and out of my stall. Some days it can take longer or even forces me to not wear it but others? Considering I live here now, there are just some days I can't go out and have to hide inside my stall to not scar any children or get in trouble."

"Sometimes you just have to make do with what you have." The horse looks over his shoulder with a sigh before glimpsing at you from the corner of his eyes.

"It's either that or wear a saddle or an improperly fitted harness... and that'd be far worse and uncomfortable. Could you imagine all the people who'd be trying to ride me and not in the fun way? How my blouse would get all messed up and wrinkled from them grabbing at it to get my attention or punish me? One of these days, maybe I'll get one that's properly fitted; but until then, I will simply have to endure it..."

// Return to [Talk], grey out [Clothing].

[Stall Services]

// Well, you're here; why not use the stall's services? You feel like once you bring this up, you're not leaving until someone is fucked.

His grin explodes into a laughing smile as you share the good news; you want to use his and this stall's services! Both of his hands leap up, twisting his lengthy blonde hair around a pair of fingers fingers and ends his excited laughter with a squeal.

"Yes! Yes yes yes! Hurry up and come on in!"

{if first time: You intend to; after a moment of being guided around to the side of the stall, you eventually find the side door. The rear or front of the stall likely opens for your centaur friend but this doorway is clearly intended for normal-walking and normal-sized customers.} Slipping inside puts you closer than ever to that fat horse dick and its excited centaur owner. The town's prostitute - your lovely host until the both of you are satisfied - pins up and pulls the sheet over the front of the stall, granting you the privacy you'll need. You shut the door and seal yourselves in whilst Sugo yearns and stares at you over his shoulder, cutely biting his lower lip. At last, he raises a finger and pushes it to the corner of his mouth and asks you a very important question.

"So are you going to take me for a ride, [pc.name]? Ooo! Do I get to take </i>you<i> for a ride?"

// Provides the options [RideThatTaur] and [GetPounded]. PC is not intended to exit, since the tool-tip warns them.

[RideThatTaur]

// You've got a phallic tool and your girly-boy centaur has a hole; why not take him for a spin with your dick[silly], PARDNER[]?

// Requires a dick.

It's not a difficult decision; you know exactly what you're after from this boytoy. You turn toward the back of the stall, silently making your way around to one of the stepping stools in the back. **{if first time: Seems that this cute blonde is a fan of anyone of any stature who decides to plunder that equine anus of his. It doesn't really matter as long as they have something to shove up his southern star, does it?}** [pc.isHeight 90]Not that you need need one of those; instead you turn back and grab his thick haunches with a firm squeeze. It's good to be tall after all; you don't need to worry about looking silly like someone shorter than you.[Grabbing a stool for your appropriate height and setting it up is a simple enough process. Sugo wears his excitement openly the entire time and during your ascent; you

reward your eager cocksleeve with a smack across his pert ass once you're in position atop the stool.]

Landing [pc.isHeight90]a pop-eliciting smack on his right cheek|another strike on the left cheek] draws a deep and hungry gasp from Sugo before his tail flits up. You don't hesitate to grab hold of that blonde tail either, wrestling the centaur closer using the brushy-appendage and diligently aligning him with your hips. Once properly positioned, you push his tail aside to reveal your target; his black-rimmed anus practically winking at you. Hell, it probably gapes more than most centaur dark-stars in all of his excitement.

Not that it's a bad thing since it means that this experienced fuckboy can take anything you'll sling up his backdoor. He's not going to need the plump [silly|bepis|horsecock] between his legs, the girthy shaft obscured partially thanks to the hefty sack sitting between you and it.

[pc.isCrotchVisible|Taking but a moment more to prepare yourself, you present your [pc.cocks].|Adjusting your attire aside to reveal your shaft, you bring your [pc.cocks] to bear]. [pc.hasCocks|You'll need to use your largest dong to satisfy this slutty horse-boy.] [pc.hasCock|You can't imagine having too much fun of a ride without giving him the best you can give]. [pc.hasVagina|You do wish you could have some attention for your womanhood but this is all about fucking this sweet ass.] There's no sort of ceremony for what's coming though; you impatiently thrust your [pc.cockBiggest] up against his anal entryway. Both of his palms audibly slap down atop the counter and Sugo bites his bottom lip, batting those beautiful blue eyes and their lengthy lashes with an approving grunt.

"Nnf!" His haunches push back against you whilst the angle deflects your [pc.cock] up the crevice between his supple ass and making you strike the base of his tail. "Don't tease me now, [pc.name]; I need this! Be my perfect stud and fuck me!"

Aggressively pushing back against you to keep up his slutty hotdogging only makes things more frustrating. You impatiently draw back before landing another swat on his ass and draw a moan loud enough for those outside to hear. Your little femboy centaur gives a little canterous trot to shake it off, moaning and squeezing as he moves a hand chestward. Openly kneading the left side of his chest through the blouse, he looks to you for an answer. You remind Sugo that this is your ride and you're not going to take any fooling around from him until you're buried inside him.

Returning the head of your dong back to the equine boypussy, you see how eager he is; pre-cum dripping from the tip of his beefy rod splattering along the floor. There's no more thrusts back either; Sugo knows to submit if he wants to get his treat, after all. But a bit more patience - gently pushing against his entrance a few times - is necessary to make sure you don't end up fucking him too hard. You draw back and watch a string of pre-cum extend between your [pc.cock] and that hungry hole, swiftly running your [pc.hand] from the head to base of your

rod. A nice smeared on layer of pre-cum should be all the lube you need; it's time to finally get to fucking the slutty boy.

[Next]

[pc.cockVirgin|Sinking into your first hole swiftly, you can't help but moan and writhe in pleasure|You finally claim Sugo in one hard shove, letting out a satisfied gasp on entry] when your [pc.hips] clap loudly against his cushion-soft ass. [pc.isHeight 90|Your angle lets you appreciate how great his hole feels;|Using your stool to thrust away at him] you can definitely tell that he takes some serious poundings with how accommodating he is around your length. It doesn't take him more than a few seconds before the penetrated pucker starts truly squeezing at your [pc.cock] with experience; the pressure around your girth is entirely befitting of an open-market whorehorse.

{if first time:

As far as this centaur boys are concerned, this might actually be the best example of a boypussy you can find in Hawkethorne; possibly throughout the entire Frozen Marches!

}

All four of his legs brace to ensure he holds his ground, Sugo grunting between your casual smacks up against him. The little buttslut is enjoying this; maybe if not a bit too much as he hungrily looks at you

"Fuck I love that feeling!" His hand squeezes the fabric of his blouse and almost balls it up, moaning approvingly as he rewards you with another squeeze around your dick. "Come on! Let's get to it! I'm going to drain you dry... just fuck me as hard as you want!"

Before you can start thrusting in full, he trots a small distance forward... and then right back to you. Sugo throws you more than a pleasant surprise; he throws his wide ass back and takes your [pc.cock] in to the base as quick as he can. The loud retort from his ass slamming against your body immediately sparks a chain reaction in you however; you squeeze your hold on him and start thrusting in retaliation.

It would seem he is not done defying your control in this session but fuck! You're okay with it if that's the kind of thing he has in mind! Staying still seems to be the fastest way to lose control so you'll just have to be proactive and piston this fuckhole of his into your personal cocksleeve. Though you didn't give him any lube, the way the two of you whack together and lewdly squelch shows that this lad has one naturally juicy hole. All you have to do is claim it[silly]... as is tradition!|.]

The echoes of your [pc.hips] and his derriere impacting drowns out any other nearby sources of noise. It's almost as if the pair of you have a job to do; Sugo pants and openly stares over his

shoulder at you, lustfully inspecting every bit of butthole excavating you carry out on his experienced backdoor. Even if it wasn't you forcing him to scream in ecstasy from between those girly lips, you think as long as he's on the receiving end of a dick that he'd be anyone's slut for the day. You know exactly the sort of way to make sure that your slutty horse boy doesn't forget this buttfucking though; a way to stand out above his other clientele.

[pc.isHeight 90]You let go of his tail and reach forward with both arms, grabbing his haunches in either hand. You don't hesitate from there; you thrust your spear downward and let your weight rest on Sugo's back to ensure you can keep the angle just right|Starting to shake atop the stool, you release him for all but a moment to throw yourself onto his back and keep humping away. It was time to really start rubbing his guts raw] It instantly rewards you, too; the blonde looks back and squeezes the fabric of his blouse tighter while kicking his front legs up. Both of his hooves clop down atop the counter hard enough to echo through the stall, guiding your fuckstick through his strangling anus. It grants you much more friction and a relentless avenue to force even more moans from the pair of you.

[pc.isHeight 90]Straightening your back, you shift your hands toward the top his caparison whilst you thrust|Your feet find the stool once more, letting your [pc.hands] shift to hold the caparison in place while you hammer away from the tips of your toes], all the while acutely aware of just how loud the sound of your ass-mating truly is. That sheet on the front of the stall keeps people from seeing a big horse cock dangling around while its owner is railed like a bitch, but likely isn't stopping much of the noise!

Worrying about getting discovered now though, with your **[pc.eyes]** watching your **[pc.cock]** slipping in all the way to the base of your sexual sword before sliding almost all the way out, was absurd. In and out, the cycle repeats to the sounds of both of you moaning and gasping for air in this physically roughening stall-sex. This free ride is starting to become a workout with how this anal slut is enticing and driving your body into what can easily be considered a rut in some circles. Running your **[pc.tongue]** across your **[pc.lips]**, you definitely start to feel your manmeat preparing a thick delivery of seed. Time is definitely on your side, the blonde boy raising both hands to push against the ceiling of the stall and look at you over his shoulder with that hungry blue stare. It's time for an all-or-nothing assault to finish him off, **[pc.isHeight 90]moving as close as you can to pick up a frantic fucking pace for your centaur cocksleeve|kicking the stool away from beneath you and clinging to those thick haunches to grind and smush into his squeezing butthole]**.

And you get an instant reward in the most messy of fashions, seeing his hose of a horse shaft jettisoning loads of spunk across the stall and all over that cloth blocking them from the rest of the square. That is undeniably the second reason that Sugo hung it up so quickly. You watch each lengthy spurt shooting across the stall, splattering that cloth sheet and the countertop. Maybe you've been pumping up against his girly prostate so Sugo is cumming that much harder, but whatever it may be it's certainly an astounding sight to watch a stud's worth of horse seed

turning the stall's counter and flooring into the messiest furniture in Hawkethorne. But that anal-fucking orgasm you gave him certainly hasn't stopped his eagerness even as his testicles stop their hot bombardment, your pretty boy moaning and wiggling side-to-side in your grasp to grind around at your pumping penis.

Well if he wants it, who are you to not oblige? Grabbing onto his tail once more, you brace yourself and ram your **[pc.hips]** forward into the equine haunches with all your might, feeling that boypussy butthole squeeze your entire length almost too hard. Sugo knows what's coming next..

[Next]

[pc.hasCocks|Your extra shaft beats against his deluxe derriere, shooting off a {large load: fuckton /else: decent} load of [pc.cum] all over his rump and caparison-covered back.] Thrusting nice and deep a final time, you bury and keep your **[pc.cock]** deep inside to loose the rest of your seed. Your spunk glazes Sugo's insides properly while the little blonde anal-loving centaur bites one of his knuckles and grabs the hem of his blouse. **[pc.isHeight 90|Standing proudly behind him|Clinging onto his rump]**, you can't stop yourself from giving another thrust or two; your **[pc.cock]** finally ceasing the precious spunk-depositing. **[pc.hasVagina|You can't help but notice you're wet between your thighs but that's just part of having a proper and strong orgasm.]** Part of you really doesn't want the ride to end yet you know better than anyone that there's not enough time to fuck all day.

[pc.isHeight 90|Releasing him and stepping back|Loosening your grip and carefully dropping to the ground], your **[pc.cock]** slips free of Sugo's messily warm anus. **[pc.hasCocks|Having more than one dick left a mark outside too; his caparison definitely will need a washing.]** Not a single drop of your **[pc.cum]** leaks from his entrance at first; Sugo's jaw hangs and his eyes lose focus as he fights to hold it inside with those strong butt muscles. But eventually a trail of your seed finally oozes out and Sugo's blue eyes light up and turn to you

"Fuck me... you have to come back sometime, **[pc.name]**. That was... nngh... a really good ride."

Hell yeah; he got his butthole smashed nice and hard with an extra round to fill him up! Minus the time spent, that must have been a great deal for the slutty horseboy! Planting a firm smack to his haunches for good measure, you tell Sugo next time he'll get a dicking just as properly as that one. You might have considered helping clean up but the way Sugo is eyeing that sheet makes you think he already has plans. After quickly gathering your things and doing a bit of preparatory refreshing, you leave the steadily recovering boy to his post-coitus janitoring.

// Ends encounter, returns PC to the original square and out of the conversation. PC loses penile virginity.

[GetPounded]

// That fat [silly|benis|penis] between his legs can fill you right up. Rumors of centaurs building harems and fucking people into submission must have some truth to them, right?

You've seen it but now you want to get skewered on it; [pc.hasVagina|you ask him if it would be alright to take that big shaft up your [pc.pussy].

"As tempting as that sounds, I don't uh... well, I'm not ready to be a father! So you're going to have to settle for the butt, just like anyone else!"

To the blonde's discredit, he seems way too giddy to inform you that you're not going to be mothering a young centaur in the future. But you can't say you didn't try. There's always asking him next time.|would he mind sticking his shaft in your backdoor?

"Of course; no risk of pregnancy if we use this butt of yours!"[silly|

You're sure there's something out there that can get pregnant using its butt yet decide it's not worth bringing it up; at least not until you're fucked silly.[]] Hastily moving over to the front of the stall, you bend over the counter while Sugo trots back; it gives you plenty of space to prepare. [pc.isAssVisible|Exposing your [pc.anus] and nethers to Sugo|Shifting your clothing, you expose your sexual parts] with a wiggle of your [pc.hasSoftButt|soft] rump to entice him.

[pc.analVirgin|You might be a virgin but you're more than willing to get fucked if it's with Sugo; someone so cute with a huge sex-rod being your first is more than acceptable! If you aren't a fan of massive horse cock fucking you silly by the end of this, then it's likely you'll never be a fan of it.] Sugo nonchalantly spans your [pc.ass] but it doesn't sting as much as it probably should; he's saving his strength for ramming your ass with his two-foot long phallus.

Rearing up and planting his front hooves on the counter, Sugo's equine dong slams down against your derriere; [pc.isHeight 40|it runs up your back, throbbing and oozing pre-cum into a small pool along your spine.|slamming down onto your body to cruelly remind you that this cock is almost as large as you!] Your blonde partner gives a few experimental thrusts - rubbing his shaft through the crease of your butt's cheeks - with cute pops of his hefty sack against your legs. His hands eventually point to the wooden surface near your [pc.face], Sugo's smile fixed squarely at you.

"Alright, [pc.name]; reach beneath the counter. I'll need you to apply it yourself. This stuff is really good... trust me. I use it for some of my regular customers."

Retrieving a vial of the tell-tale lube - in a crystalline flask - you pop the cork and allow a palmful to slip out into palm and slip up your fingers. You easily and comfortably rest your [pc.face] on the cushion before reaching back; you grab at your [pc.ass] your dry hand and spread yourself. Those big, hefty nuts bumping against you makes it difficult but with a bit of luck you bring the lube-smeared [pc.hand] to your entrance. A swift rub down of your [pc.anus] later, you gently push your fingertips and a fat blob of lube into your [pc.anus], [pc.analVirgin|cautiously applying it to your warm virgin insides.|smoothly slathering up the soon-to-be-gaping sex tunnel.]

You can't help but feel more and more anxious for what's to come, wiggling your [pc.hips] [pc.hasTails|and swishing your [pc.tails] all over the centaur's throbbing erection and stomach.|[pc.hasTail|brushing your [pc.tail] against the massive shaft as best you can.|to try and coax that huge meatspear off your back and hopefully inside of you!]] Fuck, that lube... was it an aphrodisiac? It feels like you want it more now than ever!

The flared tip slides tantalizingly [pc.isHeight 40|up, down and all around your ass and lower back|all over your upturned back and body - even poking at your [pc.hair] once or twice -] before finally the weight ominously lifts. It's coming and your [pc.anus] knows it; Sugo shifts and begins readying himself at last. Both of his hooves clomp loudly across the counter and into alignment with your shoulders whilst you anxiously squeeze the cushioned strut, his bulging member finally pressing between your cheeks. Sugo bites his lower lip and gives you an experimental poke, the flared tip's weight penetrating but not enough to pass his wide-ridged edge. The centaur seems content to tease your [pc.raceish] body one last time while he gathers up the lube with his shaft and continues pressuring your [pc.anus].

Again and again, that practically demonic teasing denies you;[pc.hasCock|[pc.hasVagina|both your [pc.pussy] and [pc.cocks] dripping or throbbing in their own show of anxiety|your [pc.cocks] pulsing and already starting to leak some of your precious pre-cum|] your [pc.cunt] getting nice and wet from the sheer anticipation|]. His dick's poking halts at last smushing up against your [pc.anus] and staying there... but only for an instant before that pressure turns into a cocktail of pleasure and pain. Your [pc.face] presses against the strut, the clapping of his hooves in-front of you followed by a groan of frustration from the wavy-haired male lets you know that he wants inside [pc.isHeight 40|your backside|your body].

"Not bad," Sugo spats almost venomously whilst the blouse-wearing centaur experimentally shoves and twists his shaft within you, "But you're going to really need to open up. Think... <i>biiig</i>, ass-fucking thoughts and just let me in!"

[Next]

The femboy moves both hands to grasp the sheet and thrusts his horse-half's hips, bucking his dick's flared cap against you hard enough to draw out your fearful gasp. The wide tip spreading your guts with its every move is certainly **[pc.isBimbo|hot|scary]**; especially since he's not even fully inside you! **[pc.analVirgin|You're certain the first-time pains are still present, your muscles refusing to help you relax to better reward Sugo's conquest of your depths.]** **[pc.Ass]** jiggling with each directing twist of his equine penetrator, you're completely at Sugo's mercy. And it seems - particularly based on how how he's smiling down at you - that Sugo knows it.

This tantalizing moment of partial assfucking is doomed to end however; the fat meat-sword of your girly sex-peddler is far too eager to start truly exploring your lube-slathered fuckhole. Hooves beating against the counter once more, both of Sugo's soft hands rise and push against the ceiling so he can start slowly trotting toward you and into you. Each small skipping-thud of his hooves across the stall's dirt floor forces you to stretch wider to accommodate the girthy horse cock or slightly higher and up into the air for gravity to push you back into him.

[pc.isHeight 40|Thankfully by the time you're halfway toward accommodating his lengthy shaft, you still feel the ground below.|Your body starts bulging into Sugo's shape - quickly accompanied by you lifting up and off the ground entirely - thanks to his massive fuckstick.] The deeper he goes defies your expectations entirely, your **[pc.anus]** eventually stopping its hungry receiving. At long last - your **[pc.hasLegFur|furry]** legs twitching - Sugo thumps his sperm-filled testicles flat against your **[pc.ass]** almost ceremoniously.

Skewered so thoroughly, **[pc.isHeight 40|you can feel your stomach bulge from your horse companion's deep presence.|you can barely collect your thoughts with much of your body shaped to his cock.]** Your warm hole entices the blonde to get this moving along however, Sugo grunting as he experimentally starts retreating from your fully-filled depths. Your **[pc.anus]** clings to his girthy member - unwilling to let its new companion depart - whilst the slippery shaft recedes only a few inches. His big blue eyes look down at you before Sugo puffs out his cheeks in frustration rather cutely... but only fleetingly so.

You scream out in ecstasy when his inches throttle right back in, squeezing the cushioned strut for support. Sugo's eyes fill with lust with a pleased giggle filling the stall; the clap of his nuts against your **[pc.ass]** draws a mix of a moan and whine from him before he bites his lip in restraint.

"F-fuck yeah... g-good **[pc.boyGirl]**... you're going to get exactly what you asked for! A good... proper... </i>fucking<i>!"

The cock-withdrawals return - growing longer between each ball-smacking thud against your derriere - with a simple and steady anal-fucking pace. **[pc.hasCock|pc.hasVagina|He's ensuring your [pc.cocks] spurt[singular|s] some of your [pc.cum] in confusion and your [pc.pussy] clenches in pleasure|He's efficiently making your [pc.cocks] throb and leak**

your **[pc.cum]**, not slowing a beat][His efforts are already causing your **[pc.cunt]** to spasm almost uncontrollably as your **[pc.ass]** continues getting reamed]. This is far from a proper orgasm but the raw sensation from being made into Sugo's cocksheath is simply too awesome to care whether or not you're already cumming **[pc.isBimbo|like the slut you are|like some paltry slut]**. You start bucking your **[pc.ass]** back while fighting the urge to squeeze your **[pc.anus]** as much as you can, knowing the damage it could do to you if you start getting too greedy for horsedick.

Your half-horse lover must be really feeling it by now though, any hint of whining now gone and replaced with unfiltered moans whilst pilfering your **[silly|booty|[pc.ass]]**. **[pc.hasTails| Your [pc.tails] brush up and against his stomach, betraying or perhaps trying to help him rush toward cumming by coaxing him to fuck you harder.[pc.hasTail|You're already wagging your [pc.tail] against the thrusting stallion's belly, wanting him to let loose and coax out all of his warm seed.[Wiggling your [pc.hips], you can do little more than [pc.isBimbo|blissfully scream|whisper] for more from the trappy stud.]]** Both of you are fully guilty of enjoying this face-down-ass-up buttfuck more than you probably should but none of that matters. You want his cum!

The reward is more hearty nutsack-slapping, growing quicker as Sugo's hooves shake atop the counter and both of his hands push against the wood to keep himself from slipping too far from your anal embrace. **[pc.hasBreasts|Your [pc.tits] and your nipples jiggle faster from the accelerating speed of the centaur|Your chest feels tighter and your breathing grows more ragged from his ever-growing pace]**, closing your **[pc.eyes]** to cope with the growing friction and heat within your conquered anus. The floor of the stall shines with a messy puddle of both of your combined fluids by now; the schlicking thwack from his genitals and your ass indicates that it might be getting far more filthy in a moment.

Sugo's monstrously-sized cock momentarily halts its assault **[pc.isHeight 40|deep in your bowels|and leaves your body absolutely filled]**; Sugo grunting like a true stud might before he laughs aloud. You can do nothing except sit there and squeeze the strut, feeling the horse half of his body drop upon you, belly pressing against your back.

"Alright, **[pc.name]**... time to feel what it's like being a mare... t-try... not... to spill a drop!"

[Next]

His soft hands return to your **[pc.face]**, caressing both sides evenly as he looks down at you. And as your gaze meet his, you can see what's coming clearly mere moments before you feel it. Sugo's blushing face twists with pleasure as his cute tongue rolls out, slamming balls-deep into your **[pc.anus]** one more time. The blonde lets out a lengthy, loud moan as **[silly|litters-worths|litters-worth]** of practically boiling sperm floods out inside you. Your **[pc.stomach]** inflates almost instantly, the huge prick slamming his filled testies against you to force the ejaculation to intensify and continue. The sheer amount being jettisoned back outside

of you, despite the flared cock's breeding shape, is insane. You can feel it spilling back out of your [pc.anus] and slathering both his groin and your [pc.hasCock][pc.hasVagina][pc.pussy] and [pc.ocks][pc.ocks][][pc.pussy][]. Your own body rocks from a powerful, anal-induced orgasm mere seconds later, your [pc.eyes] rolling back uncontrollably as your [pc.anus] helps milk its invader for every drop. Aside from the sounds of both of you moaning and screaming in pleasure, the tell-tale splattering of your combined fluids falling to the stall floor signifies the climactic peak of this centaur riding your [pc.ass].

By the time you stop feeling a warm, swimmy feeling deep in your very core, the blouse-wearing centaur is a panting mess above you. There must be huge jars-worth of horse spunk inside you, both of his hefty orbs flush to your [pc.ass] as he grinds side-to-side dominantly. For a pretty boy, it seems Sugo enjoyed getting to fuck your butthole into a form-fitting sheath for his equine erection. But keeping the [silly|benis|penis] inside you is detrimental to business, both of his hands leaving your noggin and instead grasping you by your shoulders. Then, step-by-step, he starts forcibly retreating from you. You squeeze the soft strut firmly, feeling your [pc.anus] stickily clinging and refusing to allow him to slip away every once in a while. But as much as you two might be compatible, your [pc.analVirgin|once-pristine] rectum finally relents and his flared head reaches the rim of your [pc.anus].

"One... two... <i>three</i>!"

The pop of Sugo withdrawing might have been somehow internally saddening, but you barely get more than second before you feel a secondary wave of euphoria. All that hot seed inside you starts pouring out almost immediately, gushing audibly as the blonde lets his white-slathered two-foot long cock slap down against your exposed rear. The warm shaft oozes some of its prize onto you, but you're too busy looking down and back between your [pc.legs]. His long stream of cum, gushing down and to the ground, is flowing out from inside of you... and while most of it seems to have departed your body, you can't help but think that you've got more of his creamy payload deep inside you.

Carefully maneuvering in the cramped space of the stall, Sugo's slowly softening member finally leaves your bullied [pc.ass] alone while he steps back to check out just how well he's done in fucking you.

"Good job... fuck. I really didn't think you could handle a good rutting like that... but you sure proved me wrong." Prodding your sensitive and sloppy [pc.anus] with two fingers, Sugo trots up alongside you as your knees wobble and nearly give out. Thank goodness for the strut, your arms shakily clinging to it for balance. Both of the digits leave your [pc.anus], trailing up your back and finally pushing up against your cheek, the blouse-wearing lad's tail swishing as he smiles knowingly.

"[pc.name], you did fantastic. All of this hot stuff could definitely have knocked up a female... you got the proper breeding of my people! Even if it was wasted in your butt! I've met quite a few

women who would pay tons for this kind of treatment... and you got it for free. Isn't that <i>awesome</i>?"

You want to argue, but considering you're numb from the waist down, there's no fight in you to even bother. The pair of you spend a bit cleaning you up, but all of the mess on the floor Sugo insists you forget about. Either he wants to stand around in the fruits of your laborous buttocks or there'll be a better time to clean up later. Or maybe he just wants to stand around in spunk. Taking the time to properly redress afterward and shakily gain some capacity to walk again, the pair of you part with the familiar wave and smile. After a fucking like that, it's easy to understand why business is so good for the effeminate centaur. If he charged, then he'd likely be one of the richer people in Hawkethorne. The only downside, though, is the fact you're not quite sure that sitting down is a good idea.

// Ends encounter, returns PC to the original square and out of the conversation. PC loses anal virginity.

[Leave]

You've got more pressing things to do unfortunately. You wait for him to finish his blabbing about some hunky guy or another and you raise your **[pc.hand]** as a farewell. Sugo simply laughs and waves back before turning his attention to the next nearby customer. You wonder if you'll ever understand how he has the sort of stamina to run a stall with free rides. It's the same nearly every time you drop by...**[silly: then again, he is literally a one horsepower engine.]**

// Ends encounter, returns PC to the original square and out of the conversation.

Future Shit (Maybe)

I'm only writing this because (as of the moment of writing) I am almost done with Sugo's base/initial content's first draft. I do not think I'll make additional content for him, **BUT IF I DO** then it will likely follow a similar process as follows.

1. **Basic Quest: New Caparison + Dialogue**

This one is the first step since it's something I hinted at already within Sugo's content. It'd add a simple fetch-and-retrieve type quest, along with probably more dialogue to deepen the character further than just a hole and a pole.

2. **2 Additional Scenes**

Additional Scenes. No idea what they'd be, but it makes sense considering that he only has two scenes. More content is always better.

3. **Extended/Further Dialogue**

More depth to the character, maybe even an additional questline to follow-up after the caparison.

4. Actual Shop

Least likely, since there's already quite a few useful vendors that would make it very hard to figure out what Sugo would sell. It'd definitely involve an additional quest to unlock.