

The City – Chapter 1: Waking Up

By Cimmaron Spirit

Patreon Exclusive: Do Not Share Anywhere Else!

◇ ◇ ◇

WARNING: This story contains: This story contains: Cloning, nudity, world building, human/furry relationships, gay relationships, gay sex, size difference, hyper cocks, rimming, frotting, masturbation, excessive cum and more. If none of that amuses or entertains you in the slightest, then you better look for something else. Otherwise, enjoy!

◇ ◇ ◇

You know that feeling when you wake up, but your brain has no idea where you are? Your eyes open, but you can't figure out what you are looking at, what is going on? The panic, the fear that something is wrong, you aren't where you are supposed to be?

Usually, as the light shines in your bedroom, and you see the familiar sights: posters, books, a desk, clothes, all the paraphernalia of a normal life, the nightmare loses its power, and the spell is broken, and you can now move on with your morning.

But that is not the case here.

The human in the glass tube, floating in a strange light green fluid and yet still able to breath, eyes wide open and his arms and legs thrashing around, he quickly realized something wasn't right.

He tried to hit the glass wall around him, but his fists made little impact. He struggled, he panicked...

Then the glass capsule opened up, dumping the young man, and the green fluids, onto the ground.

He coughed, the little bit of the green goo that entered his mouth and chest being hacked up. He shuddered, a cold chill in the room freezing his gel coated, but otherwise naked, body.

Pushing himself up, he stumbled and staggered to the nearest table, mind working a million miles a second as his legs strengthened to hold him up.

What happened to him?

Where was he?

Who was he?

That question troubled him the most. He tried to think of his name... but nothing came.

“Who... who am I?” he asked, looking around.

The room was nearly pitch black. Only a few white emergency lights, flickering on and off, let him see a little bit, and a single light that hung over the glass thing that he had been in until moments ago. As he started to search through the table, there was a loud screech, making him jump and freeze in place. His eyes finally adjusted to the dark enough to see some rats in the corner complaining at the intruder on their home. After a long moment, he finally managed to catch his breath and looked back down at the desk.

He looked down, at papers and old computers and other machines and devices on the table in front of him, all covered with a layer of dust that made it clear that it had been a very, very long time since anyone had been here, or at least anyone who cared about cleaning things up. There seemed to have been some stuff that was cleaner, like a hand had brushed away the dust, but even then, it looked like it had been a while ago, like a year or more.

He picked up a piece of paper, still very white and unaged. He looked at it, trying to read what was on it. But it was all numbers and complicated terminology; diagrams and charts representing things that he couldn't comprehend.

Looking back to the tube that held him, he looked around it, trying to find something, anything, to explain what happened to him.

He brushed at some scribbles on the side of the container, and quickly realized it was words. Words of a language that he somehow knew.

“Cloning Vat 001,” he read out loud. “Cloning? Am I a clone? And of who?”

He blinked again, rubbing the goop from his eyes, and another chill went through his body. He wiped off the goo as much as he could, and was able to explore his body a bit more.

He was about five feet, ten inches tall, with a rather normal build, if leaning a bit toward the athletic side, with toned muscles and a flat belly, and slender legs. In the reflection of the glass tube he had been imprisoned in, he could see that he had a dark brown, bordering on black, mop of hair on his head, though there was surprisingly little over the rest of his

body, excepting on his groin. And thanks to his lack of clothes, he also knew, for sure, that he was male. The movement over his body made his penis grow hard, and it was a rather normal six inches in length, with a foreskin that would hide the tip unless pulled back.

He shuddered as he slowly rubbed himself, before stopping. “No... no... need to find out...”

What? He didn't know. And there were more questions: how did he know how to measure himself? How did you know what “athletic” looked like? And how could he even talk?

He scrunched his eyes closed, trying to think. Remember. Memories? Something tickled the back of his mind. But he somehow knew stuff, but didn't remember it. He knew language and speaking and stuff. But there were almost no memories, nothing to tell him how he knew this stuff. Like it was just... given to him.

He shook his head. He could answer those questions later. First, he had to get out of here.

He stumbled through the dark room, toward the nearest emergency light, with a little sign showing an arrow pointing through a door. An exit.

He pushed against the bar on the door, and it swung open with a loud, rusty screech, making him wince.

But he went through, to find another dark and empty room, with only three or four emergency lights to provide a little bit of illumination. But this time, it looked like some reception room, with chairs and benches all over, and a couple desks. Large TV monitors, long since turned off or dead, were attached to the wall over the desks. He stumbled his way over the broken linoleum tiles that poked and tried to scratch his feet, and around fallen chairs and the weeds that were starting to grow in the room. More rats scurried around, making him jump and startle, while birds in the rafters took to wing, making him freak out and try to duck under a chair. But finally, through the minefield of detritus and hostile animals, he made it to one of the desks. More papers were there, this time yellow and brittle.

Carefully picking one up, he took it toward the most stable of the emergency lights, and held it up.

“Checklist: When a new citizen emerges from the cloning room, remember these five steps:

1. Give them a suitable sized robe and footwear to cover themselves up as they leave the cloning room. Modesty is important to ensure social harmony!
2. Allow them as much time as they need to acclimatize themselves: the cloning process can be traumatic for newly emerged citizens!
3. Direct them to the Medical Officer on duty for a physical to determine if there are any physical injuries or maladies that were created in the cloning process.
4. Ask them to fill out Form 1 (Interests and Preferences); Form 2 (Psychological Evaluation) and Form 3 (Standardized Educational Testing), and then to hand in these three, along with their medical report
5. Remind them to pick a suitable name to call themselves: It should be memorable, but it will have to be verified so as to not violate in laws/rules. If they cannot come up with a name, use the Name Generator system next to the desk.

He read it over several more times, and looked around the room. It looked to have been years, if not decades since this place was last used.

So why was he cloned here?

More questions with no answers.

With a sigh, he decided that he might as well try to follow these instructions if he could.

There were some old, dusty ratty, moth eaten robes in a large closet near where he stumbled in, along with some sandals. He picked looked through the piles of different sizes (ranging from very tiny to XXXXL), and finally found some at the bottom of the pile of the Large size that was, if not clean, then cleaner than the rest. All the sandals had long since crumbled and fallen apart, so he remained barefoot.

There was no doctor at the station labeled “Medical Officer,” and the exam room behind the door had long since been looted of anything useful. And there were no forms that the list described, or some that had been water logged or aged to such a degree that they were useless.

So that left the last suggestion on the list: his name.

It was surprisingly difficult to think of a name. Which was most likely why they had the name generator system.

It was in the middle between the two desks, a large, rusty metal box with the old name now peeling off. Walking up to it, he saw that there was a computer terminal, covered in a thick layer of dust and with the screen cracked. It didn't look to be working though. He tapped at the screen, then some of the buttons on the keypad, but nothing worked.

He should have known as much, considering how old everything was here. Which made him grumble, and he instinctively kicked the machine.

“OW!” He cried out, as his toes bent against the metal, and he ended up hopping around, more rats and birds calling out as the human interloper continued to disturb them.

But then the machine whirred to life with a sputtering cough, kicking up dust.

He paused, the pain in his toes receding as the machine came to life. Green letters filled the screen: PLEASE SELECT PREFERRED GENDER.

He looked down, brushing away the dust around the buttons to see that they were labeled Male, Female, and Neutral.

He reached out pressed the Male button.

The machine whirred and whirred, the internal mechanics rumbling around, old storage tape drives being accessed, dust spewing out and making him sneeze several times. Eventually a list of 20 names, five each in four columns, appeared on the screen in the green electronic lettering.

At the top: PLEASE SELECT ONE OF THESE NAMES. IF YOU ARE NOT HAPPY WITH ANY OF THESE NAMES, SELECT THE RANDOM BUTTON FOR MORE.

He took a moment to look at them, before tapping the random button. The 20 on the screen vanished, and twenty others appeared. He pressed the random button again, then again, and again, before finally closing his eyes and hammering the button rapidly to get a random name.

The computer began to sputter and strain as it was suddenly put through a workout. There was a loud BANG, making him jump and open his eyes, in time to see the name RICHARD in a blink of an eye before the whole machine shut off, dead for good.

Richard.

Richard.

“Richard?” he said, pondering, repeating the name. “Richard? Richard! Richard.”

Richard shrugged. “Yeah, I can live with that. Richard.”

Name thus established, Richard took a deep breath, and walked to the large doors at the end of the reception room, with an old banner, torn and ripped and aged, reading “Welcome to The City!”

He pushed at the door with all his might, which noisily creaked and groaned on ancient hinges that were nearly rusted shut until he managed to open it enough to look outside.

What Richard saw out the door was not that encouraging.

It was an empty street, seemingly abandoned years, generations ago. The pavement on the road was cracked and missing in places, the white lines long since faded; dead brown grass grew through the cracks of sidewalks; rusty cars and vehicles littered the sides of the road where they finally ran out of gas or had to be abandoned for some reason.

The other buildings around the cloning lab were run down and falling apart. Storefronts were long boarded up and left to the elements, the signs advertising the wares inside broken and falling apart. Three and four storey apartment buildings were left crumbling, falling to pieces under the relentless passage of time and weather. Trees had long since died, leafless and hollow husks along with everything else in the neighborhood. The air was cold and damp, puddles filling the roads and water constantly dripping off the side of a nearby building with loud, echoing plops.

The only light that was provided was by the usual emergency lights, with the occasionally flickering street lamp. Where the power was coming from to light the few lights he could see, Richard didn't know. All the few lights did was make him feel even more uneasy and uncomfortable.

It must have rain recently, and was threatening to rain again with all the water lying around and the cool humidity in the air. He glanced up to see if there were any clouds, only to gasp.

There wasn't a cloud above him. There wasn't even a sky, a twinkle of a star or the glimmer of the moon. Way up above him, several hundred feet in the air, was a massive steel structure, held aloft by giant pillars spaced out in equal distances stretching in every direction to the distant horizon, each labeled with a letter and a number. The one closest to him was labeled H18, and the next one down H19, and the one to the left G18, and so on, in a massive checkerboard pattern that went on for miles it seemed. A massive dome, a roof that simulates the sky, but without any end in sight, was the only thing above him.

Richard shook, even more confused than before. Nothing made sense. Nothing seemed real.

“H-hello?” he called out, listening to his voice echo through the abandoned and desolated street fronts. “Anyone here?”

Richard took a few steps down to the street, shuddering in the cold. “Hello? Anyone?”

He turned to the left, and walked down the broken road, avoiding the puddles of who knew what while in his barefeet, past long abandoned stores.

It looked like one day everyone just... dropped what they were doing and left. But to where? Where was everyone now?

In the distance, something fell over. The loud noise made Richard jump, and spin around.

He thought he saw something move under a street lamp, a large shadow thing. He paused, and squinted, trying to see what it was.

Richard took a couple steps toward the light. But soon he was sure that whatever it was, it must have been his imagination. He took a few more steps closer...

CLANG! His foot hit a metal bar that clashed to the ground.

The shadow suddenly sat upright, and turned toward the intruder.

Richard froze in horror.

It looked like a dog or a wolf, but really big. The fur on the creature was matted and patchy, exposing pink flesh that barely covered the bones that poked through. Bloody scars criss-crossed all over his body, showing that it had fought many battles over a long and brutal life. But the eyes; its eyes shone in the darkness, a deep red glare, and made Richard whimper in terror.

The monster stood up on its legs, towering over Richard, at least ten feet tall from his razor-sharp claws to the tip of his ears. Despite the age and apparent malnutrition, it was strong and powerful, and only a few dozen yards away from him.

Richard was neither of those things.

The tiny human tried to side step away toward the nearest building, but the monster followed with his eyes, still surveying him, determining if the little human was worth the snack.

After a moment, it decided that it was. With a loud snarling roar, it gave chase.

The giant canine bolted after Richard, who now sprinted as fast as he could through the streets to the nearest ruined building. He ran to the door and tried to open it up, but it was locked.

Richard could hear the massive paws of the creature thundering closer and closer. With the door a dead end, he ran down the street back to the cloning lab. The monster, unable to stop on a dime, crashed into the door, breaking it off its hinges and landing with a crash and bang inside the old shop. Richard took the chance and sprinted back to the cloning lab, dodging and ducking as the massive, ungainly monster pulled himself out of the ruins.

Richard made it to the lab, and slipped himself inside the heavy steel doors that were still barely wedged open when he went in. A paw of claws reached in, swiping at Richard, but catching the old robe he was wearing and easily tearing it off. He was able to slide out of it, leaving him naked once again.

He ran to the door that led to the cloning lab itself as the creature struggled to pry open the larger exterior doors. As the monster finally got his upper body inside, Richard ran in, slamming it shut behind him, and trying to hold it closed.

The monster crashed into the door, flinging Richard off his feet. But since it was a pull and not a push door from the other side, the door didn't give in. But the massive dent in the door, and the cracks of light from the other side, showed that with enough force it would get in, eventually.

BANG! The monster slammed himself against the door again.

Richard scrambled around, hoping for another door, another way out. But there wasn't one.

BANG! Again, the monster tried to get in.

Richard scrambled under a desk, hiding himself in the shadows. He whimpered, staring at the door, realizing that his life, so soon started, was about to end, braced himself, closing his eyes...

BANG!

Richard remained crouched under the table for a long moment, expecting it to be his last.

But nothing happened.

Then he opened one eye, then another.

The door was open. But the monster was lying there in the doorway, unmoving.

And above the canine was another canine. However, it was on two legs, with all his yellow and black fur in place excepting a couple scars on his chest and face, heavily muscled, and carrying a large rifle, barrel laying on his shoulder. Some leather straps holding ammo and tools and other assorted items were the only thing he had on his upper body, while lower down, the only thing he was wearing appeared to be a black jockstrap and leather chaps. And the jockstrap wasn't really hiding anything, bulging obscenely huge, almost the size of Richard's head. He also had to be standing close to eight feet tall,

"So, you're the one that this bad boy was after, huh?" the bipedal canine asked in a deep, baritone voice, looking down to the shadow under the desk. "You young folks shouldn't be sneaking around down here. Not safe. But don't worry. Your safe now. C'mon out."

Richard took a deep breath and slid himself out from under the desk, cautiously, half expecting the walking dog to pounce on him now that he was alone.

The tiny human stood up, self conscious of his own hard on from the mix of adrenaline and the sexy muscle hunk in front of him.

"Well... that's different," he said, his eyes going wide at the sight of Richard.

"I... I would say the same thing," Richard said, trying to force a smile.

"Can't say I've ever seen a human before," the dogman said, scratching his chin. "Almost thought you guys were myths, or fairy tales."

"You are the first person I've actually seen... but I wasn't expecting someone so..." Richard said, trying to find the right word, and trying to not mention the rather large elephant in the room. "Uh... furry?"

The dogman chuckled. "Well, I wasn't expecting to find a human either. I'm Anwas." He reached out a large paw toward the human.

"R-Richard," he stuttered, before taking the paw in a handshake. It was very rough and course, after a lifetime of hard work and fighting, it seemed.

"So, Anwas... Where am I?" Richard finally asked. "I... I have no idea where I am."

"This is the Undercity," he said. "People used to live here, hundreds of years ago, after some big war. But it was abandoned a long time ago. Now only the brave and foolish come down here, looking for ancient artifacts, or some place secret or private."

"What does that make you?"

"Smart enough to survive this long, dumb enough to keep coming down," he chuckled.

"What was that... thing that tried to kill me?"

“Underhound,” Anwas said, looking down at the creature. “The animals that were left down here so long ago have long since mutated and adapted. Only the strongest of them will survive, and they could go months, if not years, without eating. But they will never turn down the chance to do so.”

“But now, let me ask you a question,” Anwas said before Richard could ask something else. “What are you doing down here?”

Richard paused, blinked, and looked around. “I... I... don’t know.”

Anwas raised an eyebrow. “Oh? What do you... oh.”

“Oh?”

Anwas walked past Richard toward the tube that he had been in. “Cloned, I presume?”

“I... I guess so?” Richard said. “How...”

“You have that newclo feel about you. Confused, disoriented, you know a lot of things, but not the right things, right? You know the basic stuff, like how to talk, numbers, stuff like that. But there aren’t any memories of how you got it. And empty feeling, like your missing stuff, right?”

“Er... yeah,” Richard said. “How do you...”

“Well I was like that when I was cloned, a long time ago,” Anwas said, looking back from the cloning vat. “As well as everyone else I know.”

“So... you’re a clone as well?”

“Everyone is!” the talking dog said. “Don’t even know if it’s possible to actually have a kid like how the humans did, way back when. Though let me say; it’s not for a lack of trying.”

Richard gave a nervous chuckle. He didn’t know why he should be embarrassed or bashful. He was naked, and standing next to a massive dogman with massive muscles and a huge bulge he wasn’t even trying to hide. In fact, he seemed to be flaunting it. Part of him told him that this was wrong, he shouldn’t be ogling a part animal person standing in front of him. But, if he was telling the truth, and there wasn’t much in the way of humans...

Not to mention that his scent really stood out. A musky, masculine scent that filled Richard’s nose and flooded his senses. It was hard to think about anything else, except for the mountain of muscle in front of him.

And that deep voice... it was like melted butter for his ear drum, so smooth and sexy. It only made Richard’s exposed cock throb harder.

Was he into animal people? Was he into male animal people?

Did it really matter?

Richard bit his lip, hoping the dogman didn't notice his outward attraction to him.

"This is pretty small for a cloning tube too," Anwas said, giving little notice of the human's internal struggle over his sexuality and attraction. "The one I came out of was a lot bigger. And there are some even bigger upstairs. This must be one of the first ones used, back when everyone lived down here."

"Then why was I cloned down here?" Richard asked. "If no one is living here, and it's dangerous to come down here, then why was I created here?"

Anwas thought for a moment, then shrugged. "I have no idea. That is something that is way beyond my skills to figure out. But, one thing I can say... you look like you need something to eat."

At that moment Richard's stomach growled, begging for something.

"I... yeah, I guess."

Anwas chuckled, reaching into a small leather bag on his hip, and pulling out a wrapped bar, about the size of a small chocolate bar, and tossing it to Richard. "Here you go."

The human caught it, and unwrapped it, and bit down into it, without even pausing to look at the wrapper, half expecting it to be chocolate. His eyes went wide. It was like a full course meal, with chicken and potatoes and veggies and the whole nine yards. "Wow, this tastes good. Amazing even!"

Anwas chuckled as he pulled out his own bar. "Its amazing the stuff the scientists come up with. A whole meal in a bar. Basically what I live on, since it's cheaper than getting an actual meal."

Richard scarfed the whole bar down, barely pausing to savor the flavor.

Anwas only had to take three bites to eat up his bar, and then put the wrapped into a different pouch, as well as Richards. "Everything has to be recycled," he said. "They don't like us wasting anything."

"They?"

"The guys in charge of the city," Anwas said. "We might be living in a super advanced society, or so they claim, but can't just go litter the place up. Even if no one lives down here."

There was a pause as Anwas turned back toward the cloning tubes, looking them over, and then pulling out a small camera from another of his leather pockets, holding it up, making

a bright flash appear as he took several pictures of the machinery, then of some of the other items in the room.

“So now what?” Richard asked, following the big canine as he snapped several more pictures of the lab.

“Well, I have to get back up to the city soon. Don’t like staying down here all night. Why rough it where the big beasts can get you when you have a bed back home, eh?” he said.

Richard stopped in his tracks as Anwas explored a bit deeper into the lab. “So what does that mean for me?”

The gold and black furred canine stopped and turned around. “Hmmm? What was that?”

“Well... like... what are you doing with me then?” Richard asked.

“Well I sure ain’t going to leave you down here,” Anwas said. “Can’t let a cute little human like you stay in the Undercity.”

Richard’s eyes went wide. “Really? I can live with you?”

Anwas put the camera back into his pocket. “For a bit, sure,” he said, which made Richard’s heart race in excitement. Or was it lust?

“Not forever though.” He said, which made Richard’s heart suddenly plummet. “Usually all new clones in the city will get a new apartment or something to live in once they are born, and onto the welfare system and all that. But that might take some time for someone like you, I bet. Being all... human and stuff.”

Anwas turned around. “But I’ve done everything I can here for today. So let’s go.”

Richard followed the bulky canine man as he stepped over the dead monster and disappear through the door. Richard, smaller and less agile, had to crawl over the cold body, shuddering at the coarse fur and dry, crackly skin he had to touch to do so.

But he followed after Anwas as fast as he could. The burly canine’s strides were a lot longer than Richard’s, and he had a rather fast pace at that, and he basically had to run to follow him. But Anwas led Richard out of the cloning lab, down and around the long-forgotten linear streets, over intersections long closed, past houses and stores left in ruins, toward one of the big pillars, I16, that was holding up the steel sky. Now that he was this close, Richard was stunned by the sheer size of them. They had to be at least 150 feet in diameter, soaring higher than he had ever expected. Anwas opened a large door on the column, at least 15 feet tall, the rusty hinges creaking and groaning as he pulled it.

“Only a few of the columns can be entered like this,” Anwas said. “Fortunately I live right next to this one.” He looked back, to see Richard panting heavily, having nearly run the entire way to follow him. “You okay?”

“Yeah... just... tired...”

Anwas chuckled. “People always told me I was rushing around everywhere. Here,” he said, easily scooping up the smaller human into his hands. “This will be a lot comfier, I’m sure.

Richard was stunned by the sheer strength and power that the canine had, easily sweeping him off his feet. But in moments he was nestling himself into his rescuer’s arms, enjoying the fuzziness of his chest and the warmth that radiated from his body. The tingly feeling in his toes and fingers from so long in the chilly atmosphere in the buff faded away, to be replaced with the soothing warmth of a comfy blanket, only this one was eight feet tall with bodybuilder like muscles. To add to it, the intoxicating smell of Anwas’ masculine musk further filled his nostrils. Richard’s hardon came back in full force as his furless body was rubbed, or ground, against the shaggy carpet that was carrying him. His cock was pushing up against the canine’s pecs as he was carried into the tower, and the door shut behind him.

Anwas stepped into an old elevator, ducking his head to fit in, before pushing a button to go up to the top. Alone, and safe, Anwas finally looked down, chuckling at the human who suddenly froze as he realized he was caught.

“Hey, I’m not complaining Richard,” Anwas said with a smirk, as a red blush covered Richard’s face. “I quite like that, actually.” A couple beefy fingers slid between Richard’s legs, and began to fondle the uncut cock and the balls underneath

“Well, what if... you know... ohh...” Richard moaned

“Someone saw us?” Anwas said, raising an eyebrow, the tips of his fingers slowly working at the human’s cock.

“Y-yeah...” Richard said.

Anwas gave a laugh, a deep rumble of a laugh that vibrated through Richard’s body. “Oh, turns out the myths were true about you humans.”

The elevator finally stopped, and the doors opened up before Richard could ask what Anwas meant. He was carried out by the big hunk into an old, somewhat dirty lobby, with old wallpaper peeling off the wall, half the lights burnt out, and half the lights that remained flickering on and off, and benches that were either broken or hadn’t seen use in a long time.

On the other side of the wall and the glass doors that lead out, Richard could hear the sounds of a city: vehicles, rumbling music, the beat of machinery, the wail of sirens, a thousand conversations with yelling and exclamations and moans and more.

But it was the smell that quickly hit Richard's nose that overwhelmed his senses, almost overpowering Anwas' scent. It was like the dogman's, but a hundred times stronger, and coming from everywhere. Richard's cock, already rock hard, seemed on the verge of orgasming then and there, the ever present musk of sex and sweat nearly enough.

And as they walked out the door, to see a jaguar wearing a singlet being sucked off by a chameleon in a t-shirt and nothing else. Richard stared wide-eyed at the very public display of sex in the middle of the street.

He turned to look back up at Anwas. "You... you mean...?"

Anwas smirked, before craning his neck down and planting a kiss on Richard's face, then walked off down the street, and into another old building. It wasn't quite as dirty as the lobby that they arrived in, and it was much better lit, but also had chipping paint, and old posters and flyers long out of date. Anwas began thundering his way up the stairs of the apartment building, up three flights to the fourth floor, before setting Richard down next to one of the doors. He grabbed the handle of the door, holding it for a second until there was a little click, then opening it.

"Biometric door locks," Anwas said when Richard looked confused. "I had to use a key on my door when I first arrived after being cloned, but then everyone got these. So much easier to deal with."

Anwas swung open the door of his apartment, and motioned Richard in, flicking the light switch with a finger as the human entered.

The scent from the outside world was once again replaced by Anwas' manly musk, just even more intense than anything Richard has felt before.

"How... how do you... fuck... that's..."

"The scent?" Anwas asked as he walked in, before chuckling, closing the door and starting to unstrap the leather straps and pouches all over his body. "You get used to it. Eventually."

Richard looked around. It was like any bachelor suite that his implanted memories said existed: a small kitchen dinette next to the door with a stove, fridge, sink and microwave, leading out to a larger living area, with a large screen TV on the wall, an old couch facing it,

a couple shelves full of nicknacks, clothes and pizza boxes and who knew what all scattered around. And a large bed, big enough clearly to hold Anwas.

“Ahh, that’s better,” Anwas said, as the black jockstrap flew past Richard’s head and into a pile next to the bed.

Richard’s eyes went wide. He slowly turned around, and he froze in his tracks.

All eight feet of bipedal canine stood in front of him, with nothing on. Every inch of body, every pound of muscle, all on display. Not a single muscle had been left to wither: biceps and triceps, thighs and hams, traps and pecs, and six pack abs were deeply carved into his stomach. But of course, it was the junk that had been held in by that jockstrap that quickly got Richard’s attention.

And the jockstrap, somehow, was hiding so much more than what he saw now.

Each of Anwas’ balls were the size of watermelons, if not more, hanging almost to his knees in a furry sac that seemed to be sloshing, gurgling. They must have held pints, if not gallons, of cum in each.

But it was the fuzzy, canine sheathe perched on top of it that Richard swore couldn’t be real, couldn’t be possible, yet was standing in front of him. It was so large around that he could have stuck his head into the slit, and he wouldn’t be stretching it at all. There was already a tip, a tiny peak, at what was inside: almost four inches of red flesh was peaking out.

“See something you like, little guy?” Anwas asked, flexing his muscles, making veins pop from under his fur to show off his vascularity, and then striking poses to show off all the work, all the genetics that went into making him look like a sex god. He wagged his tail, thrusting his hips, making the balls swing and the sheathe pulse, several more inches of his cock slipping out, dripping copious amounts of precum onto the floor.

Richard stood there, unblinking, unable to process the size of the canine’s junk, after finally managing to wrap his head around the fact that two legged animals existed. Just the balls and the sheathe were the size of his entire upper body. The amount of blood that would be needed to get that erect must knock him out. The square cube law of the size of creatures must have been repealed to allow such a thing to exist. There couldn’t be any explanation for why he was in the same room as a giant walking, talking dog with... *that*.

“Whew!” Anwas said, mocking swiping the sweat from his brow after showing off for just those few seconds. “Well, I need to shower. And I think you do too.” The canine whistled

as he turned into his own bathroom. Richard followed behind as if in a trance, mesmerized by the massive dog.

The water was already running, and steam was filling up the small bathroom. The bathtub/shower was barely big enough to let Anwas stand in, but he still made some room for the tiny human, who was pressed up against the linoleum tiles on the wall and the huge cock and balls that dominated his mid section.

There was only one thing he could do.

So he began to stroke and rub the orbs in front of him.

Anwas chuckled as he worked at washing himself with a goopy shampoo that had no scent, rubbing it into the fur all over his body while Richard grinded himself into those massive balls, his face pushing against the soft tip of his cock, licking and moaning at the massive cock.

“Easy there,” Anwas warned, before turning around, nearly knocking Richard out of the tub as his balls were replaced with his ass. “Can’t let you get me all hard in the shower. Ain’t enough room for the three of us!”

Richard, so lust drunk, didn’t care if he was going to get smothered by the huge cock. But now with the massive bubble ass in front of him, he decided to not waste a minute and instead dug in between the canine’s cheeks, and rimmed his tailhole.

“Ohhh, eager little guy, aren’t ya?” Anwas rumbled, though Richard could only give a moaning reply, his tongue digging in. The pants from the big dogman told Richard he must have been doing something right, so he continued, even as sprays of hot, soapy water cascaded down Anwas’ back like a waterfall and over Richard’s body.

The canine, finally satisfied that he was clean, turned the water off. But instead of stepping out of the shower, large air jets in the wall clicked to life, blowing hot, dry air over Anwas’ body, as he shook and brushed off all the water he could.

Richard finally had to pull away, stumbled, and landed at the bottom of the tub, landing on his ass with a painful thud. But he was so entranced, so mesmerized by the big guy, that he didn’t care that much about the pain.

After taking twice as long as the shower to get as much of himself dry as he could, Anwas finally stepped out of the shower. “Better get yourself cleaned off too. Don’t need dirty or wet folks lying in my bed,” he said with a smirk, before leaving the bathroom.

The thought of sleeping with the massive, macho, muscle man was enough to convince Richard to finish up his cleaning routine, turning the shower back on to clean himself up some more after neglecting to do so to please Anwas, then drying himself off with the jets.

Thus cleaned, he nearly leaped out of the bathtub and sprinted to the living room, so see Anwas lying on his bed, using his hand to control the TV: swiping it left and right to change the channel, until Richard arrived, his puny six inches bobbing up and down.

His new friend arrived, Anwas swiped his hand a couple more times until a porn channel appeared, with two animal guys, a massive muscle horse and a femboy tiger nearly half the size, yet who had an equally massive dick to the horse, making out. But Richard wasn't paying attention to the screen, for he had a massive dick right in front of him.

"Alright, ready to see what I have packed in here?" Anwas asked, rubbing the half foot of dick that had already slipped from his sheathe.

"Yes!" Richard exclaimed, climbing up onto the bed, nestling his manhood in the nexus between the furry sheathe and the equally fuzzy balls, and slowly ground himself into that spot.

Anwas, smirk still on his face, began to grope and massage the tip of his cock with a gusto. "Well I hope you are ready for this. It might just blow your little human mind."

As Richard watched, mesmerized, inch after inch of doggy dick emerged from the furry shaft, bulging bright red, throbbing in time with the giant's heartbeat. Richard felt drool run out of his mouth as the first foot of cock was out, and more was still coming. It was as thick as a telephone pole, though it came to a rather sudden tip at the top, the urethra already allowing a thick stream of pre to ooze out and down. Richard reached up to the thick, clear goo, and began to help Anwas with his cock, rubbing in the self-made lube to encourage more and more of the huge cock out.

Two feet, then three. Richard's eyes were wide, his hands were still stroking, his cock was hard, but as yet more and more came out, his lust was beginning to be replaced with fear. Just how big was Anwas? How much meat did he have packed away in that sheathe?

What could you even do with something that big? Because he sure as hell wasn't going to be able to do anything with it...

Considering the well practiced motions of Anwas, and the smell of all the sex that filled this room, he must have done it before. Many, many times.

Anwas' long tongue spooled out of his mouth, panting as continued to coax more and more of his cock out of it's fuzzy prison, oblivious to everything but his growing manhood, his swelling balls, and the need to get off.

Finally, at four feet, six inches, the base of his cock came out as well. But when Richard thought it was over, it was anything but. Because as he stroked from tip to base, the bottom began to bulge out, growing thicker and thicker, until it looked like two more watermelons had been shoved under his skin, and his knot was finally fully inflated.

"Oh, fuck yeah," Anwas moaned, as he kept stroking his shaft. "Keep rubbing it Richy," he moaned. "C'mon, help get me off!"

The size of the challenge now apparent, Richard now doubled his efforts on the penis that was nearly the size he was, if not even heavier. But with the sheer size, Richard's arms began to get tired, and soon he was focused on just the tip. Standing up on the bed, legs stretched over the mid-section of the muscle dog, and frotting his cock, though it was nine times smaller than the gargantuan beast in front of him.

"Fuck... fuck..." Anwas growled, as Richard now reached up to suckle on the tip of the cock, and was greeted with a huge surge of cum directly into his mouth. He hacked and coughed, forced to swallow the hot, salty fluid. He didn't hate it... in fact, it tasted really good. But he was not prepared for it.

Considering the size of the balls below though, there was going to be a lot more than that, and very, very soon.

He returned to the tip of the cock, sucking and drinking down everything that was given to him. But the flow began picking up, faster and faster. Soon Richard was only able to swallow every other surge of precum, then every third as the trickle turned to a flood, running down off Mount Anwas and coating his stomach and Richard's face and entire front side.

The preseed was almost like an aphrodisiac, the intoxicating taste and smell finally, *finally*, enough to make Richard, with a moan muffled by the tip of Anwas' cock, finally release his load, his first in his life. But even those few shots of white was quickly overwhelmed and washed away by the rapidly increasing flow of the hyper dog's below him.

"So... close..." Anwas rumbled, his stroking picking up a new sense of urgency. "I... am... so... fucking... clooaaaAAAHHHH!"

The flood turned into a geyser. The huge balls lifted up, forcing gallons of seed through the shaft like a firehose. Richard, still recovering from his own orgasm, stumbled as huge

shots of cum, many, many times bigger than his won rather pitiful example, quickly hit the roof, splattering it with gallons of sticky cum. Trying to keep his balance as the bed was soaked in slippery cum and as Anwas' body thrashed around, Richard slipped, following forward and forcing the tip of the massive dong to point directly at Anwas face.

But Anwas didn't care. Even between his moans and growls and howls, he lapped up his own seed, swallowing mouthful of his own cum, which still came strong.

In minutes, everything in this half of his room was coated in warm, sticky, salty cum. The walls and roof dripped, a massive puddle formed on the floor and leaking towards the kitchen and the many piles of laundry and food boxes that needed to be cleaned up. The bed was totally soaked, all the bed sheets covered in the goop. And that didn't even mention the two on the bed (or, rather, the massive, still cumming and panting canine on the bed, and the tiny, dazed and half lust drunk human on the canine's cock), soaked head to foot in Anwas' seed.

Richard looked up, mind still reeling, as Anwas wiped some of the seed from his face, scooping it up and swallowing it, with a sigh.

"Next time, we might want to do this first before we shower," Richard said, looking up over the now half hard cock that lay between him and the muscle dog, and at all the goop all over their bodies. In the background, the sound of a femboy tiger thrusting into the ass of a muscle bound stallion with lewd and wet slaps was all that could be heard, except for the drip-drip-drip of spunk dripping from the roof into the room sized puddle.

Anwas chuckled. "Agreed. Though next time, I should at least wear a condom."

Richard looked around. "A condom could hold all this?"

"Nah," he said with a smirk. "It's just more fun.

"And what about cleaning up?" Richard asked, looking around.

With a groan, Anwas reached to the side dresser, covered in spunk, and reached for a remote. "This should do it."

He pushed the button, and, before Richard's eyes, the cum began to retreat from the walls and floors, followed by a tingly sensation over his body.

"What is that!" Richard exclaimed.

"Nanobots," Anwas explained. "Invisible robots that can do basically everything. These ones are just designed to get rid of all the cum and stuff, turn it into fuel for the nanobots, or even to make more. In ten minutes, it will look like nothing ever happened."

Richard watched in amazement as soon all the cum from his body, and Anwas' and the walls and everything else, magically vanished. Even the bedsheets were clean and dry again.

"Wow," Richard said, before looking down to see that Anwas' manhood was hardening again.

"Wait... really?" the human asked. "You just got off!"

Anwas smirked. "Cloning can be a lottery: species, size, temperament, and all that jazz." He then pulled Richard down, chest against chest in for a kiss, forcing his broad tongue into Richard's mouth. The human quickly melted into the kiss, though his tongue wasn't able to battle against the bigger, stronger canine tongue.

"And I got endurance and production," Anwas said as he pulled away from the kiss, and Richard felt the heavy, throbbing manhood on his back.

"Ready for round two?" Anwas grinned. Richard gulped. It was going to be a long night.