

“Damn, it’s slim pickings tonight, eh?” Trevor commented, taking a swig of his beer as he gave the room another sweep with seeking eyes. Though, save the usual few hotties that came by every now and then, there was nothing that interested his increasingly horny eyesight. And those few women had already been sexual conquests for either man at one time or another, not easy pickings now after they’d struck out. Stuck-up bitches were how the pair regarded them for the mere fact that the men were turned down from trying further advances.

Trevor and Al were both in their early thirties, having been friends nearly since they had graduated kindergarten. Both men were well built, years of farm work and handyman jobs from their teens giving them impressive physiques. Trevor was the smaller of the two, dirty blond shoulder-length hair giving him a cute boyish look that had once attracted all the ladies in town. Al was more rugged, with short-cropped brown hair and a scruffy beard that would have an onlooker guess that the two of them were ten years apart, not men of the same age.

The two of them carried with them a high degree of infamy in their relatively little town. Having graduated high school, but without the funds or grades to move to a college town, the two of them made a name for themselves as the town's defacto handymen. Though their wages were barely enough to scrape by the payments on their trailer and their bar tabs, neither man had much more in the way of aspirations. So, they were content for now to waste their lives away, enjoying more primal pursuits of getting drunk and laid.

Though, the former of those pursuits were proving to be lackluster as of late. In their small community, most of the ‘crop’ as they called it, moved away to go to college as soon as they turned 18. Any of the few women that stayed in the community were quick to marry, settling down with husbands who had inherited family-owned jobs that would leave them set for life. Even among those women who were eligible, it took only a little time dating one or both of the friends to realize that both men lacked the appeal for anything long-term. Even the occasional one-night stand soon dried up, and even the level of tolerance for a good lay was lost to the men’s insufferable personalities.

This night, the duo was at the town’s one and only bar, celebrating their steady work on one of the local farms, a gig that would take them long into the summer. With the promise of a reliable paycheck, they allowed themselves the joy of an extended bar night, pulling out ‘the good stuff’ as they called it, though it was little more than simply cheap whiskey in lieu of beer. Al, the more level-headed of the pair, usually pulled Trevor out of the establishment before the pair got into too much trouble. Be it trouble financially or with the ladies, though, again, the latter was a scarcity in the past few months.

“Dumbass, it’s been slim pickings cause you put your prick in everything that moves!” Al commented, taking a shot and waiting for the welcome burn to wash over him.

“Well, you know that some of them girls come back for the summer from college! They’re at least 19 by now!” Trevor argued, taking a moment to look around the establishment again in case his wandering eyes had missed someone.

“Those girls are barely out of wedlock! Do you want to add that sorta thing to your resume?” Al chided, scoffing at his friend’s desperation. He himself wanted someone a little more mature these days, for himself. But he didn’t want to be a buddy to someone fixated on college girls, especially as the pair of them got older.

“Dude, who else are we going to score with? You don’t want to settle down with a wife, kids, and a white picket fence, do you? That would ruin your bachelor’s ways, and we both know how you like your freedom. You’d barely late five minutes settled down!” Trevor retorted, taking a swig of the beer that he’d bought to wash down the whiskey.

“You shut it!” Al replied, though, deep down, knew that his track record was anything but indicative of just what Trevor was saying. He wasn’t ready to settle down any more than his headstrong friend was, and the two of them knew it.

“Hey, check *that* out!” Trevor suddenly exclaimed, though not too loud lest they drew the attention of their evident target. Al turned his head, looking over at the bar at a woman who neither had seen in town before. She seemed as much in place there as a fish out of water, elegant evening gown, well-done hair, and cool, pale skin that had not seen the years of hard work that comprised most of the women that grew up in farm county. Yet, here she was, sitting there and drinking from a tall glass of wine, likely one that her sensibilities could hardly stomach.

“What are you looking at!? She might as well be as far away as the moon for your ass!” Al said, downing his own beer.

“Yeah, well she might be from the moon but now she’s *right there!*” Trevor replied, turning around and straightening his shirt. Not that it would do much to increase his appeal, beer-stained and sweaty as he was. But, at the moment, it was all that he could think of doing to even bring up a modicum of appeal.

“Aw, shit!” He moaned, his now discovering the beer stain on the fabric. The two were hardly dirty, Trevor thankful that he’d had the foresight to have a shower before they came out tonight. A luxury their modest trailer’s facilities didn’t always allow, it was something he made sure to partake in on these evenings at the bar just in case of a target like tonight. Though it was hardly an expected gift to have such a specimen drop into their laps, it was happening. And, best of all, the longer he stared, the less likely it was that she had the company of a gentleman, or

lady, for that matter, this evening. Over the course of five and ten minutes, no man came to join her company. It was now or never, as it were!

“You fool! You’re gonna get laughed out of the bar if you go over there looking like that!” Al said, though was looking down at his own shirt reflexively.

“What, are *you* going to go ask her out? She’s more your type, ain’t she?” Trevor dared, taunting his friend to make a move of his own. For all their faults, the two of them never fought over women, most in town going between one of them or the other at one point or another, anyway. Their friendship and civility almost came down to a fault, though neither seemed bothered by it.

“You know there’s only one way to decide this, right?” Trevor started, raising his fist in the air. Al, nodded, raising his own.

“Alright, one, two, three, shoot!” They both said, fists almost touching in the air, Al’s flat hand resting triumphantly over Trevor’s clenched one.

“Ah, shit, you cheated! You know I always go rock when I’m drinking!” Trevor whined, defeated.

“Yeah, and it’s your own damn fault that you never change it!” Al chided, getting up and straightening his plaid shirt. He, too, was dressed for a night at a dive bar in a small town, though hardly enough for anything fancier. He carried more of a cowboy look than anything. But, his toned, muscular body was as much a perfect specimen of what men in town had to offer, and if anyone had a chance to woo a passer-through, then it was him.

With the confidence of a seasoned ladies’ man, Al walked over before standing at the chair beside where she was sitting. “Sorry about the wine, ma'am. I’m sure it's the best they got but I doubt it's as good as what you’re used to,” Al started, opening line rehearsed a couple of times before he got to her. Buzzed though he was, all it provided him was confidence in the face of rare beauty such as this.

“It’s fine, actually. Are you looking to join and try some?” She offered, a slight smile on her features.

“S-sure. It’s not my drink, but-”

“Whatever you’re having is fine. I’m Vanessa, by the way,” she offered, holding out her hand to the rather stunned man. Whatever it was about his demeanor, or perhaps merely his looks, it seemed as though she was interested. He had his in!

“I’ll have another whiskey!” Al called out to the bartender, who gave him a disapproving look. Still, he obliged, though not without giving the woman a word of advice. “Now, be careful around those boys, miss,” He offered, eyes shifting from Al to Trevor, who was facing the bar from their table across the room, though trying not to make it look too much like he was watching.

“Oh, I’ve been around my share of men of all kinds. Your concern is appreciated, but unnecessary,” Vanessa said, that smooth tone that sent shivers through Al’s body. Now, *this* was a woman, the kind that he’d never expected to meet here in a million years, let alone come to talk to him! And yet, here he was, in her presence and getting ready to chat her up and see where the night would go!

Taking another shot of courage, Al tried not to stare down at a woman that was more than he could imagine. She was curvy in all the right places, with legs that went on for miles and perfectly hourglass-shaped hips. But it was her breasts that really did it for him. They were voluptuous, perky yet with enough bounce that they jiggled just slightly with every laugh. He could imagine resting his head on them, excited for the chance to even gaze upon them, even in the very likely event that the evening would only lead to a few minutes of chatting and nothing more.

“My, rather forward to be taking me in with your eyes without even telling me your name,” Vanessa scolded lightly, as though she was talking down to a child, rather than a man that held sexual interest.

Al was hardly able to recover from that unexpected scolding, sitting up straight and looking her in the eye, making a concerted effort to keep his eyes there. “Er, Um, Al, ma'am,” Al said, sticking out a hand for her to shake.

Vanessa regarded it for a moment, before overtly flicking her wrist at him in a gesture of dismissal. “It’s fine, really. I only tease. I’m sure I’m not quite up to your usual fair, am I not?” She asked, the question taking a few moments for Al to process.

“No ma'am,-I mean, yes ma'am-I mean, sorry, Vanessa,” he stammered, suddenly not feeling sure of himself. It was clear she was out of his league, and this interaction all but confirmed it. Hell, when was the last time that he’d stumbled so bad in front of a woman? She had shut him down without barely uttering a word!

Figuring it was time to escape with whatever little dignity he still possessed, Al stood up, nodding his head in a gesture of 'goodnight'. Yet, before he could leave, cool fingers brushed against his hand, and the woman tugged on his wrist with far more strength than the man would have thought someone of her stature would support. It was enough to get his attention, and Al sat down again, a confused expression on his face.

"I do apologize, I did not mean to admonish you. I am quite fine to keep your company for a time if you'll have me. I'm new to town, you see, and getting to know someone these first few weeks would be lovely."

"I-sure, Ma'a-"

"And, enough of the ma'am bid, please. I'm sure that you find it quaint but it is rather unnecessary. I am hardly above your station, as I hope you'll get to know soon. Perhaps I am different from most of the women you strike conversations with her, but, I am a woman all the same," She said, taking a long sip of her wine.

"Hey, there, Al, we've got an early morning coming up and-Miss," Trevor came up, nodding his hat at the woman as though he had just noticed her talking with his friend. It was an obvious, yet tried and true tactic that the pair used on more than one occasion.

"Are you sure? Please, join us," Vanessa said, gesturing to an empty chair on the other side of her.

Trevor looked to Al for a moment, confused. He had come to bale his friend out of what looked to every onlooker as an awkward situation. Yet, he was not expecting to be invited to sit down, when the expression on his best friend's face was that he'd struck out, and hard. But, the woman seemed to be having none of it, and Trevor sat down, a little stunned until the bartender brought him another shot and he took it gratefully.

"Thank you, ma'am," Trevor said, through the burn of the booze. He wasn't sure what to make of the situation, but he could hardly leave now that he was here. Could he? Surely, Al wanted to have his shot, but the woman was insistent, and there was nothing he could think of in his limited social graces to exit the situation.

"And, please, as I already told your friend, no more of the ma'am stuff, will you? I'm hardly older than the two of you, as I'm sure you can see," Vanessa said, making both men flush with embarrassment. Of course, she was. That was clearly evident. Yet, there was something about the way she was talking that had both entranced like they simply couldn't leave without

hearing more. She had them in her power, as it were, and either man would be remiss to mind, given their drunken, horny states.

“It’s, er, just the way we talk around her, Vanessa,” Al tried, straightening up.

“Very quaint,” Vanessa said, draining her glass and denying another as the bartender came over. “No thanks. I don’t think the trio of us will need it, where we’re going,” She said, flashing both men a knowing smile.

Both men stared at each other in an expression of abject surprise. What did she possibly mean by that? Surely, she wasn’t implying that she wanted the both of them to...?

“You seem confused? Surely, you both found me attractive and were the only two in this establishment to come over to take your chance. I admire confidence in men and find your appearances more than appealing. So, shall we? I’ve only just moved in but I’m sure that my lodgings will to satisfactory for the two of you,” she finished, getting up.

“I must refresh myself, gentlemen. I’ll give you a moment to mull over my offer,” She said, looking in the direction of the facilities.

For a moment, neither said anything, unsure of what was in the words and what they meant for the rest of their evening. Eventually, Al, the more practical of the pair, thought it fit to finally ask. “Excuse me, Ma’a-Vanessa. But, while we appreciate your generous offer, which one of us do you, um, plan on showing your abode to?” Al questioned, anticipating and dreading the answer in equal measure.

“Why, isn’t it obvious? Both of you at once,” Vanessa stated like it was the most obvious fact in the world.

“Sorry, ma’a-Vanessa, but that’s not something that we do,” Trevor replied, though not with a note of offense in his voice. It was hardly the first time they’d been asked into a three or foursome, but they had always politely declined. Not that there was anything wrong with that, the pair always told themselves, at least in polite company. But they weren’t gay, and both men wanted to swear to that heterosexuality, especially in the eyes of the town. People talked, after all, and they didn’t want to ruin their already precarious reputations.

“That is rather a surprise. I would have assumed such close friends were a packaged deal. Though that is my only offer, I can assure you. You have a few minutes to consider it, at any rate. I will be leaving as soon as I return, with or without the both of you,” Vanessa said, before

walking off in a whiff of the most floral perfume, the perfect amount to be enjoyed without overwhelming their senses.

Both men stared at each other for what felt like years, unable to say anything at that. It was obvious that they couldn't go through with the offer. Yet, there was something about the way that the women suggested it, that didn't immediately turn them off to the idea. It was most likely the woman's exotic appearance, rather than the notion itself. She was such a rare beauty, and everything that she was, down to the way she spoke, had them both entranced. Without a word between them, the two men knew that, deep down, they would follow whatever she asked of them just to be able to be in her presence a little longer.

Still, there was some precedence to talk things out, while Vanessa had taken her momentary leave. "Don't you think this is crazy? She can't be serious, can she? *Both* of us?" Trevor questioned, trying to keep his voice down so that no one else in the bar could hear.

"I *know*! But she's willing to take us both home. There's no way that we can say no to that! I mean, *look* at her. When are either of us going to get a woman like that again in our entire lives?"

"Yeah, but, *dude*! It's bad enough that I have to sit in the car with you after you eat Taco Bell! I don't wanna see your junk!" Trevor said, lowering his voice to a whisper. "You know she ain't gonna put out if she don't see both of us. And what do you think she wants us to do? You know! To *each other*"

"I don't know, but whatever it is, it won't count if we're drunk and not into it, right?" Al posed, Trevor mulling that over for a moment.

"Look, you worry too much about the semantics. Here, there's only one way to get you to shut up and get on board," Al said and raised his fist once more, the gesture met with one from Trevor. It seemed that even in his hesitance, their usual way of dealing with any conflict between them.

"Alright, three, two, one, shoot!" The two men said in unison as Al's flattened hand was placed over Trevor's closed fist.

"Aw, damn, I don't wanna see another man's dick just cause I can't even win when I'm drinking!" Trevor whined, maybe a little too loudly for the rest of the gathered bar to hear.

"Here, keep your voice down! And just take another shot if you're so squeamish!" Al said, calling over the bartender who brought them two more shots without asking. Both men

knew that he was keeping clear tabs on their bill, as he always did. At least he took off their labors whenever they had to come in once a week and move kegs, fix piping, and other chores that they did for a fraction of the price of an official contractor.

Taking their shots, the two of them coughed from the sheer amount of booze that they consumed already. Yet, in their current state, neither noticed that Vanessa had returned, looking at them with a sly expression. “Another shot for courage, I see boys? Well, I won’t chastise you for it, simply to say that it won’t be needed. You’ll be fine, I assure you. I don’t bite. Unless that’s what you’re into,” she finished, a note of fun in her expression.

“So, I take this to mean that the two of you are ready for my company this evening? I’m happy to share it with you both if you’ll come with me. My abode is modest, but I’m sure that it will suit our purposes just fine.” she said, reaching into her purse and passing the man at the bar a bill, far too large for the price of the wine and a generous tip besides.

“Yes ma’am. I mean, Vanessa. Sorry,” Al said, correcting himself. A little bit of heartburn coursed through him at that, and he suppressed a burp, not wanting to embarrass himself in front of the woman, not before they took her to bed with them! It was strange to think of the notion that it would be the two of them that had her tonight, but now that the offer to be with her as well was present in the air, how could they turn it down, preconceived notions aside?

“We’ll take my car, boys. I think that you are both a little bit inebriated to handle your own car. I assure you, you are welcome to stay the night. And, I’m sure you’ll enjoy the experience enough that you won’t want to leave,” she said, a mischievous tone in her voice that simply had both men enamored by her all over again.

“I thank you for your hospitality, Vanessa. It’s not every day we, well, it’s mighty neighborly of you, is all,” Trevor said, getting up and trying not to stumble. It was obvious that even the seasoned drinker had a little too much that evening. He just hoped that he wouldn’t develop a case of whisky dick in the middle of their fun!

“I trust you, of course. Your reputations proceed you, I’ll admit, even with the minor gossip that I’ve already heard in your modest town. Though not in a negative way as you might assume. I’m sorry, but I simply can’t fully buy into the nuances of town gossip, not when you two have presented yourselves so politely in our conversations thus far,” Vanessa continued as the trio got up and exited the establishment.

That should have been a warning sign for the two of them just then. Though they were hardly aware of it with their current eagerness, they had barely talked to the woman, who had simply guided them towards the inevitable outcome of the night by offering it outright. She had

all but assumed their intentions outright and had simply gone along with it. The entire situation stank of danger and threat, but being it their eagerness to get laid or their lust for such an exotic beauty, the pair were willing to ignore all the warning signs and go along with it, getting into the back of the car and allowing Vanessa to drive them towards their destination.

Both men hardly shared any glances on the drive towards wherever it was that she lived. The notion of the two of them doing anything in the same room with a woman, no matter how drunk, was beyond anything that either of them have ever imagined. Sure, they had sex in adjacent rooms before and had bragged about each other's sexual prowess with women many times before. But never did they do anything in the same room, and certainly not with the same woman at once! Wouldn't that make them...gay?

Yet, neither one of them found it fit to ask to be let out of the car, as much as the two were becoming more and more tempted to. It was as though the mere presence of Vanessa in the car, especially the floral scent of her perfume, had them in some sort of spell. It was one that they had walked willingly into, and not one either had the power to question now that they were here and ready to score. Hell, Vanessa could have lured them into literal hell at this point, and the duo would have gladly followed her barefoot!

Both men were more than a little buzzed by this point, making it a little hard to focus on where it was they were going. Though they knew the town inside and out, all of its backroads and built trails, and even though the moon was out enough that they could see the road, neither of them could determine where they were heading or even where they had gone. Though, neither was inclined to ask, mostly due to their embarrassment of the situation. Their visibility certainly wasn't helped with what looked like a fog creeping in, unusual for their part of the country though not enough to dissuade their destination. Not when they were so close to scoring!

Eventually, the car stopped in front of an old fashion house, one that did not match the homes that were common in their neck of the woods. Its age certainly was, though the style was something more akin to old-world European, something that did not belong in their town. Still, in their state of inebriation, and given the fog and the overall darkness, it was hard to say if it really was as odd as the ambiance would elude to.

With that in mind, the pair went inside, to an equally rustic setting. The entire space was open concept, save for the back where doors for a washroom and likely bedroom sat. There was an old-fashioned fireplace in the center of the living area, and Vanessa, after taking off her coat, headed to the kitchenette and pulled out a cool bottle of wine from the fridge. "I recall you saying that wine isn't your drink of choice. But, in this case, I will have to insist. This vintage will subvert your expectations, I assure you, boys. And make you both more comfortable for our fun to come, I assure you" Vanessa said with that coyness that made both men sport obvious

erections. Still, eyes were kept on each other as they tried to keep themselves straightened up, not wanting to admit to the other their current state of being.

Vanessa drifted towards them in her elegant gown, handing them both a glass of what looked like a rose of some sort. Though the two of them were hardly experts, they each took long swigs, the sweet taste surprisingly palpable. “There, drink up, boys, I’m sure it will help in the festivities to come. I will return in a moment,” Vanessa said as she glided away. Neither man noticed that she did not have a glass of her own, but with their sweet taste and their buzz returning, neither was able to notice or care.

With their hostess apparently out of earshot, the two men finally had a chance to talk. “Dude, this is *nuts!*” Trevor whispered, feeling the faintest bit of trepidation and finally able to express it.

“Dude, I know. But what are we supposed to do, walk back?” Al countered, draining more of his wine. “Sides, you think she’s hot, too! Finish your drink and get in the mood. It's kinda nice to not be the one in control, “ Al said, leaving back on the couch and spreading his legs. Trevor couldn’t help but see that his bulge was even larger in his pants, sticking down more than a third of the way down his leg. Trevor had never seen his friend before, but *damn* he couldn’t deny that Al was hung!

Looking down at his untouched wine glass, Trevor decided what the hell and took a long swig. He enjoyed very much the taste, not enjoying any vintage he’d had before. Best of all, he was able to drain the glass with ease, not feeling ill mixing with the beer and whiskey that was already sitting in his stomach. “Hey, pretty good!” he exclaimed, feeling his pleasant buzz coming back. Though, unlike the wooziness that he was accustomed to, rather it was a warmth that moved from his stomach, spreading out over his form and alleviating the apprehension that had been plaguing him since they had left the bar.

Trying not to look at his buddy’s crotch again, Trevor couldn't help but see the obvious bulge that he was sporting, clearly eager for the fun he was expecting to have. The warmth seemed to conjugate in his crotch as well, and Trevor felt his own blood engorging his cock, rising in his pants as it started to leak. Normally it took him some time to get it up, especially as the years of hard drinking caught up with him. But now, he was as horny as a teenager, seeming to have the stamina to match!

“Damn, that stuff hits hard, am I right?” Al said, as though sitting there in front of his lifelong male friend with an obvious boner was the most normal thing in the world.

Yet, Trevor found it hard to find any issue with the sight the more he reflected on it. It felt relaxing, and natural to be here with his buddy in an intimate situation. Though he had thought his lust was mostly towards their host, there was every chance that his desire was starting to gear towards his long-time buddy, maybe to take out a little fun with the two of them later. At least, the notion wasn't entirely being rejected in his mind like it had been when Vanessa had a chance to pose it.

The two of them were interrupted by the sight of Vanessa standing in the entryway, clad in nothing but a bra and panties. They were clearly fetish gear, lingerie the likes that neither man had ever seen on a woman in person. Their effect had both men almost spring up from their seats, staring intently at the woman with wide eyes. Any lingering thoughts about each other's boners were lost with the present promise of pleasure the woman brought with her.

"I take it my form is adequate?" Vanesa said, grinning as both men came towards her slowly. Yet, without her consent, neither seemed eager to jump her right there, rather waiting to see what she would allow them to do. It was a stance that neither of the pair generally took in the bedroom, preferring feisty women but desiring to take what they wanted all the same. This woman, however, was in charge, and there was no denying the power and sway that she seemed to have over them. The steady buzz of the wine in their bellies seemed to sway over them as well, making it impossible to resist her commands even if they were inclined to. Which, at the moment, was something neither of them wanted!

"Your silence speaks volumes. Don't worry. I'm sure that the two of you will enjoy what I have planned. The sight of my body is yours to enjoy for as ever long as you wish to," Vanessa continued, though there was something off about the way that she said the last line. Still, both friends were remiss to notice with their eagerness to see what she would allow them to do with her. For certain, neither would approach her without their permission!

"Follow me, then, boys," Vanessa said, turning and slowly walking towards the bedroom, ass on full display as she did so. Pants leaking, both men followed, erections uncomfortable as they did so. But, the woman was so gorgeous, that it didn't matter to either man that they could clearly see the outlines of bulges in their pants and their obvious arousal. In the moment, everything felt right!

"Why don't you take off those clothes, boys, down to your underwear, for now? And then come join me," Vanessa said as she sat down on the massive bed, covered with a single furred blanket and a half dozen pillows. The lighting was coming from a series of lit candles, bathing the room in a warm glow. Despite the heat in the room, and their bodies, however, neither man was sweating, their skin warm but not uncomfortably so. Al and Trevor could feel that as they took off their shirts, stripping off their pants and socks without a second thought. Even standing

there nearly naked, neither was bothered, feeling as warm and comfortable as they got onto the bed, up on their knees and waiting for their next command.

Though the pair had seen each other shirtless before, Al's eyes caught Trevor's wandering gaze, staring at his muscled, hairy form with more than just passing interest. A blob of precum leaked into his underwear at the sight, and both men's members bobbed slightly, as though the presence of each ready and eager was more arousing than the woman in the room with them. Though there should have been some hesitance in such thoughts, given their predominate heterosexuality, there was no denying that the sight of each other was doing it for both of them. And, oddly enough, such a realization was hardly a deterrent to their modest erections and the pleasure that tending to them would bring.

"Good boys! So eager and hard. And what specimens! I certainly chose well," Vanessa said, before reaching back and undoing the clasp on her bra. Al, for his part, would have moved to do it himself. But there was something about the sight of Vanessa doing it that was powerfully arousing, and he was eager to sit there and wait for her to give him the order to act, enjoying whatever show that she had in mind for them.

"Yes, I can see you're both quite lusty, aren't you? But not just for me, I gather. Why don't you let those lusts take you? Look in each other's eyes, and do whatever is to your heart's content. Give me a good show, boys!" Vanessa said as she started stroking her bare breasts, rubbing her fingers around the areolas and moaning slightly as one hand reached down to dip a finger into her panties, sending an odor of arousal into the room and making both men moan.

Yet, even with the sight of a woman sexually pleasuring herself right in front of them, the command in their minds was strong enough that the pair ignored it, turning around and staring at each other. Al, for his part, found himself looking at the lean, muscled form of his friend with new eyes, gazing at the hair of his treasure trail and down his chest, pooling above his groin making him drool slightly. His sunburned skin, long greasy hair, and, most of all, the look of lust on his expression was hotter than a dozen women with Vanessa's features!

Trevor, too, gazed at his friend of almost thirty years with an expression of lust that denoted a pent-up desire that had hidden well below the surface. Al was larger, almost as hairy as a bear with his manly pelt, thick beard, and slightly pudgy beer belly was powerfully attractive. He wanted, more than anything, to listen to the words in his head. And, right now, the words were telling him to...

Before he knew what he was doing, Al's lips were on his own, and the rough fingers were reaching around to rub the man's back. Trevor, too, reached around to the hairy flesh of Al's body, allowing himself to be pulled in as their lips locked, the taste of beer and whisky on the

other man's mouth intoxicating. It was better than anything the two of them had ever experienced with a woman before, and both men dove into the act with gusto, making out and slobbering a little from the sheer lust that they felt for each other.

Even as he made out with his long-term friend, part of Al's mind was still apprehensive of the act. He had never kissed a man before, and, despite how much he was enjoying it, there was a voice screaming under the surface that it was wrong, that it was not an act that they should be performing with each other. But, regardless of whatever preconceived notions they had about sexual acts with other men, it was impossible to deny that they needed it so bad. Both men kept up their lip-lock with each other, eager to do what the woman's words had commanded them. And, perhaps worst of all, they couldn't even fight against it, despite their prior lack of interest in the same sex or each other. At the moment, it was impossible to deny how much the action was doing it for them!

Even more difficult to deny was the force of their throbbing erections within their tight underwear. Both men were impossibly boned, harder than they had been at any time in their life. Even the sheer volume of booze they had consumed seemed not to interfere with the sheer force of lust that they felt for each other. Unable to keep their hands off each other, muscled, rough fingers explored their well-toned bodies, teasing forms that they had seen so many times but had never felt a modicum of attraction towards until now. There was a certain sense of excitement in doing so with each other, having known the other so long. Even the trepidation of being with another man could not override the lust they were currently experiencing for each other.

The woman, for her part, was slowly peeling off her panties, exposing her glistening, moist sex with a whiff of arousal as she started to play a finger over her slit. Yet, the sight, something that would once be so powerfully arousing to either man, was ignored with the powerful lip lock they held with each other. It seemed as though she was enjoying the show, or rather her power over them than the sight of each as a male specimen. It was all but confirmed when she spoke, words soft yet commanding, breathy with the lust she felt as she played with herself.

"Now, play, boys, explore those desires for me, show me how badly you want each other, have fun and play for me..." She whispered, the words burrowing into their minds as the two of them thought over what it was they wanted to do next.

It seemed like the aching from their loins was to dictate their actions as both men reached into each other's underwear, pulling them down to expose the encased cocks within. Both were decently hung though they had never seen each other's junk before. Al was the thicker of the two, both men uncut but with peeled-back foreskins. But Trevor was decently lengthy as well, and Al looked at his member with a sense of reverence. He wanted nothing more at the moment.

than to go down on that cock, to take it in his mouth and taste all his friend had to offer. And, a growing part of himself realized that his buddy wanted the same thing if the look of reverence and lust on Trevor's features was any indication!

Without saying a word, the two resumed their lip lock, carefully encircling each other's cocks with their hands and stroking gently, as though not really sure what to do but eager to do it all the same. Their rhythms soon settled in comfortably for both, treating the experience much like masturbating themselves. Though their minds were much into the pleasure that they were getting from their partner, there was equal enjoyment for the notion they were pleasuring each other as well. It came naturally, like they were seasoned lovers, though the two couldn't help but think that they were getting the best hand jobs of their lives, even better than anything a woman had done for them before!

With such a powerful wave of lust coming over the two of them, it was impossible for them to hold back for much longer. And the sexual energy that seemed to wash over them both dictated that they release their pent-up lusts and soon. The pressure built to a crescendo as the two of them kissed and moaned into each other's mouths, the tempo increasing as the two of them drew closer to the promised time. It was all they could do but try to last as long as they did. Trevor fell over the edge first and shot several thick wads of warm jism on his best friend's hand. Al was close behind, shooting his own load from the sheer arousal that making his friend cum seemed to grant him.

"YES...perfect! I knew it!" said Vanessa, more sharply than they were expecting from the normally coy woman. It seemed as though she was pleased with the results, though her words were enough to break both men from their sexually charged reverie.

Al and Trevor pulled back from each other with that, clearly ashamed of what they had done with each other. It was powerfully embarrassing to be witnessed in such a compromising position, one that made both men blush furiously and try to avert their eyes. There was no way that Al could look Trevor in the face again, not with what they had just done to each other. Worse, they would be the talk of the town if the woman was inclined to tell them any different. The realization of the shame they would carry was almost enough to make both of them pass out right there!

"Why the solemn faces, boys? That was quite the show. We're all adults here, after all. And, even if you hadn't ever enjoyed each other from time to time, which would surprise me, there's no shame in it! If you ask me, it was a long time coming!" Vanessa said, with a little bit of a laugh as she continued to gently play with herself, as though she had not just cum.

Al felt himself blush at that, just now noticing that his cock was starting to harden once more. It was as though he hadn't been drinking all night and hadn't just nutted all over the woman's bed and his buddy's hand and dick. Trevor, for his part, was rubbing his hands on the bed sheets, trying to rid them of the errand semen. He, too, kept his eyes off his friend, not wanting the pair of them to have to deal with the reality of what they had done with each other. And, what they still wanted to do, if the pulling at his penis was any indication.

Al, for his part, could hardly fathom how he was still erect after such an intense orgasm and all the booze they had consumed. Worse than that, perhaps, was the build-up of lust that he was still feeling towards his friend. The scent of Trevor, the sight of his body, hell, the feeling of that man's hand on his cock was almost enough to make Al nut again right there! And, surely, Trevor felt the same way...

"Well, what are you waiting for, boys? You clearly need each other. Why not get to the main event? Show me a good time," Vanessa said, slyly once more.

Both men, to their relief, thought it was time for the two of them to play with her, to regain their sense of heterosexuality by having sex with a woman. But, the sight of the woman, rubbing a nipple with one hand while teasing her clit with the other, just couldn't seem to hold their interest. It seemed that the image of the erect penis that the other owned was at the forefront of muddled thoughts, making each man look at the other with expressions of confusion and lust. Not even a beautiful woman could make them lust for anything other than each other!

"Well, well, my hunch was right! It seems that the two of you would rather play with each other. Well, I won't stop you! Put on a good show for me, boys! Take all the time you want! I usually rush these things but...well, you two are a unique catch," Vanessa said, a hint of malice in her voice that was all but missed.

Still, there was nothing to be done about it with the heat of passion that both men were desirous to experience. It was all Al could do not to dive on his friend with the permission being granted him. He wanted to kiss the man that had been his friend of all those years, but more than that, he wanted to...what? See where passions would take them? Certainly, he wanted to suck that lovely cock, at the very least! Besides, wasn't that the logical next step if they had just stroked each other off, right?

Trevor, however, had other ambitions. There was an ache in his ass, one that started as a dull throbbing, that seemed to beckon to him for stimulation. Part of him was vaguely aware that it was his prostate aching, as though he wanted something inside of him to rub against it. It was a foreign sensation, one that Trevor had never experienced before, or, at least, had never been aware of. Even the kinkiest of lovers didn't suggest using a dildo or anything of the sort, Trevor

having never been inclined to take anything up the ass besides. But, now that the idea was implanted in his mind...Al had such a massive cock, what would it be like to have it inside of him...?

There was nothing to be done for it as Trevor leaned in to kiss the other man, a passionate embrace as he reached down to stroke his friend to full erection. Though, as nice as the connection was, it was all he could do to wait until it was time to pull back, a mischievous grin in his eyes. He then turned around, getting down on hands and knees, and pulled his underwear down, parting his ass cheeks as best he could to present his tight anus. Never having taken anything up the ass before, there was some obvious trepidation in performing the act. But, with the need in his ass and the ache in his cock at the sheer thought of it, there was no chance of him backing out without getting the fucking that he craved!

“Fuck me, dude!” Trevor managed to whine, desperation in his voice that scared him to the core. Though it wasn’t normal for him, there was no denying the submissive nature that had crept into his thoughts. He craved it with his buddy more than anything he could have imagined, and he wanted it *now*.

It looked to Al that Trevor simply couldn’t help himself as he got down in a position to show off his tight ass hole. Al couldn’t believe how hard the sight made him, and he moaned, feeling copious amounts of precum leaking from his cock. The prone man couldn’t believe how much he needed it, the sight of Trevor’s rear more arousing than any moist, eager cunt that he had ever been presented with, even the one in the room with him now. Trevor pulled back his ass cheeks, and it seemed that he was open enough that Al would have no problem penetrating him.

“What a lovely sentiment from your friend! Though, I'm not sure that he wants it, not yet. Why don't you beg for it, show him you mean it!” Vanessa said, that sly smile on her features as she did so.

“Please man, fuck me! I need it so bad...I need you inside me!” Trevor said, without missing a beat. The words were out of his mouth before he really understood them, though in the moment Trevor had no qualms about saying them. Be it the woman's command or his own inclinations, Trevor certainly needed to be fucked to get off!

Al, for his part, leaked at the offering before him, cock straining for a tight rectum to wrap around. Still, he hesitated, the cloud of lust keeping him paused long enough to question his situation. He didn't really want to fuck his best friend, did he? Yet, his body betrayed his thoughts. It was physically painful for him to stare at Trevor's asshole, raised at level with his leaking cockhead. He needed to fuck his best friend of all those years, more than he needed to fuck any woman at any other time in his life. It was maddening not to be inside his would-be

lover, to have his cock taken inside and squeezed and made to cum. It looked tighter and more inviting than any cunt he had seen, and, best yet, Trevor was literally begging for it, his asshole clenching as he looked back, a pleading expression in his eyes.

“Ah, fuck it!” Al declared as he pushed forward, leaking cock rubbing around the rim of the tight pucker before the relaxed rectal muscles pulled him inside. Al gasped as his cockhead popped in, the penetration more than he was ready for. A moan from Trevor made him slow, figuring that his decent-sized prick was more than his buddy could bear. Still, the pleasure was too much, and he could not bring himself to pull out, even if it was hurting Trevor’s insides. He barely had the ability to reduce his pace, wanting to give his friend chance to get used to the size but needing to fuck all the same.

“Fuck me, please!” Trevor called out, apparently still needing to beg for it as Vanessa commanded. Though, Al hardly had the wherewithal to think about it further, the sensation of sex more than he could have imagined. As he got to the point of nearly hilted his friend, Al was prompted to start to gently thrust, leaking so much precum that his in and out motion was made simple and gently.

“Oh yeah, fuck man you’re tight!” Al called out, reflectively slapping Trevor’s bare ass and making the man call out from the surprise. Though, it seemed to make his own cock leak more than he would have ever expected, taking and used a turn out more than he could have ever expected.

Trevor, for his part, simply grit his teeth, the pain of being penetrated anally more than he was ready for. It opened him up fully, aching in his insides that made him want to cry out to stop. Though, with the command of the woman in his mind, there was no chance of him calling out for things to stop. Every time he did, the words came out to beg to be fucked harder, and Al responded in kind, fucking him even faster as he came nearly all the way put before slipping back in.

Yet, the more he was fucked, the more that the pressure started to build in his prostate, something he had never been aware of, not really. The steady build-up started to really do it for him, making his cock ache and the tip leak. It was more intimate than anything he was expecting, and Trevor moaned out loud, meaning the words of encouragement the more he was fucked.

“Harder, please! So fucking good, dude!” Trevor managed to moan, just as Al reached down to start stroking him off. The touch of the other man’s hand on his dick was sublime. Al was surprisingly gentle, given his lust for the other men and the intensity for which he was fucking.

Soon, the pair of them started to get a rhythm going, moaning and panting as the slapping of their balls echoed in the room. Neither of them really cared that they were gay, that they were acting against their common interests, and were completely at the whims of the woman in the room with them. Though, even though the two of them would never have started such lewd acts with other men, specifically not with each other, there was no denying how much it was doing for them. Perhaps it was even better than any of their sexual escapades with women before...

Lost in their rut, the two of them hardly noticed that the woman had stopped pleasuring herself. In fact, she had gotten down to pull something out from under the bed, and the two of them paused, slowing their tempo though not really able to do so with the pleasure and compulsions in their minds. The woman, no longer pleasuring herself, turned the pages of the worn text and landed on a page that was adorned with crude drawings of barnyard animals. That was almost enough for each to have a panicked expression, coming out of their lustful haze enough to feel the situation was fundamentally wrong. Images of witches and spells crossed their minds, and Al almost pulled out of Trevor's ass, despite the warmth and desire to keep inside that played over his thoughts.

Their temporary pause prompted the woman to raise her head, a little confusion on her own features. "Don't give me that expression. You both know that the two of you are too far gone to resist at this point. My spell has clouded your minds with lust for each other, though, it only took a little bit of suggestion on that front. With the wine to lower your inhibitions and have you do whatever I want you to do. And, normally, I have my victims do things something more mundane. Never sex, but I've never had two men at once. And, given how much you're both into it, I've done you both a favor!"

The words made both men a little confused, not really sure what to make of the situation. Knowing that they were being compelled by some unknown force made them both wish to stop, to try and resist whatever literal spell that had come over them. Yet, the more than Al tried to pull out of his buddy's ass, the more he was sucked right back in, unable to resist the needs to fuck. Trevor, for his part, could hardly bring himself to expel his friend, needing the penetration as much as Al needed to fuck him. They were hopelessly lost in the woman's spell, and she knew it.

"I'm glad you seem to agree. Now, then, for the second part, the one you might not enjoy as much. Well, perhaps you will, most of my victims do. But then, most aren't in mid-rut as the two of you are! I prefer to make the change rapid, to take what I want from the humanity of my specimens and rejuvenate myself and my magics. But, with the two of you...well, lets make this slow, and have some fun with it. I've been meaning to stretch my wings a little, and an infection spell is certainly possible, though not something that I have ever attempted before. Such a small farm town is the perfect place to try and initiate such a project!"

“But, I’m wasting my words. The two of you are hopelessly gay for each other, and that way you shall remain, though I doubt I would hear protests on that front one way or the other. But, as for what to make you the rest of their life, I’m sorry to say that my spell takes the humanity from my subjects. Men are deplorable as is, so eager to take me to bed and take advantage of the form I have chosen to represent. So, those types of men make up my usual fanfare. But two at once? Such a rarity. Even better to change your precious sexuality along with your forms, the perfect scenario, I should think.”

“Given your proximity to so much farmland, beasts of burden would be fitting forms. I generally chose to change one’s gender as well, for added effect, but I think that the two of you would be best left as males. Your semen will not only be valuable but infections to anyone unfortunate to come in contact with it, which will add to the longevity of the spell, though that’s neither here nor there for you. Given the size of you both, I think a bullish fate would do nicely. Yes, big gay horny beasts of burden, to engage in carnal lusts and take the occasional male into your growing herd! It’s too perfect!” The woman, likely a witch, cackled, as she closed her eyes and started to chant, as though the words were in her head rather than on the page she had turned to.

With the motion of her waving hand, the lights in the room started to flicker, and with it, a scent in the air, one that stank of barns and manure and sweat. It was a pungent odor, almost enough that make both men ill, even though they were accustomed to such things when their work brought them to those locales. It was every present, as though washing over their bodies, wafting from them and covering their entire worlds.

Yet, soon, it had another effect, one that shocked both men even through its familiarity. Both pounded erect, harder than ever before as though the smell was an aphrodisiac. Trevor almost groaned from the intense pressure once more on his prostate as Al’s prick came to full erection. It was almost more than he could bear to be taken by such a stiff member, one that seemed even larger inside of him than before. But it turned him on more than anything he could recall before, and Trevor felt his cock growing almost painfully erect itself, begging for the cupping hand of his best friend’s grip to finish him off.

Al was all but willing to oblige, reaching down and rubbing off his friend as he started thrusting again. It was more than the man on the bottom could bare, the pleasure building in his loins to the point of release. He was leaking like a hose at this point, the pressure almost at the breaking point and sending shivers through his prostate and into his entire body. No oncoming orgasm ever felt this amazing, and Trevor was ready to call out with his release.

“Oh fuck, Al, I’m gonna blow-fuck!” Trevor yelled as his body went into orgasm, world whitening out from the intense waves of pleasure the act was giving him. It was almost too much to cum in such a fashion, leaving body to tighten around the cock in his bowels as the rest of him felt a little limp.

“Jeez that’s too good-can’t hold it!” Al resonated his friend’s sentiment as the clenching of rectal muscles brought him to the breaking point as well. The pressure in his testicles was more than he could bear, unable to hold back if he really wanted to. And he didn’t want to, desperate to blow his load of semen into Trevor’s rectum. The release was more than he could bare, and Al collapsed on his friend’s back, pulling out with a rush of semen.

Yet, even in their haze, both Al and Trevor were compelled to glance at the naked woman, who did not carry the same notes of lust and desire as she had before the two of them had entered her bed-chamber. It was surreal to be in her presence, as though she was a goddess rather than an object of sexual desire. Rather beyond their abilities, if either still carried any interest in women after what they had done with themselves not only moments ago!

A moan from her lips and the frantic rubbing of her clit made it clear for them that she had cum and cum again. Though neither man had any thought to get sexual pleasure from the act, more interested in each other and the afterglow of amazing sex. “Well, now, what a display you two have given me! I honestly was looking to have a little fun tonight, though, perhaps not in the way that you two were looking for. I do enjoy teasing men with my powers, putting them in their place, as they were. You both seemed the type in need of my punishments, and, to a large extent, you are. You see, I feed off the energies of men, putting them in their place as beasts, as it were. But, you were the first two to come as a pair. So, I figured something special was in order for you. And, I have to say, I was not disappointed!”

“Still, the end result must be the same. I can’t well let you stay in the world as you are, not when I could feed off your humanity and make you into something far more productive. The process, however, for both of you, will be slow, I think. A few days, though depending on your lust for each other and your ability to resist, the process should be slower. Perhaps it might even revert if you can hold it off long enough, though, with the show that you’ve put on for me, I hardly doubt that will be the case!”

“It seemed as though my energies summoned a bovine fate for the two of you. In your defense, my subjects generally become swine or asses, though it’s a little of a moot point, in my opinion. Perhaps you simply had burgers before coming here tonight? Well, you won’t be having them ever again!”

Yet, Al and Trevor could hardly understand the words that she was saying. Cuddled together in post-orgasmic bliss, their eyes were fluttering shut as sleep started to overtake them. There was a powerful need to pass out, wrapped in each other's embrace as they were. The stink of a barn, though ever present, was comfortable for the pair as they equally enjoyed each other's musky maleness. They passed out, eyes fluttering shut as their dreams turned to more bestial pursuits...

Though Trevor was never one to dream, or at least remember his dreams, the ones to follow were almost surreal, as though he was living them currently. He was in a field, the warm breeze blowing over his naked. Though he was naked, it felt somehow natural, like clothes would not fit over his frame, that he did not need them.

Trevor was not alone, to his excitement. Al seemed to be present as well, looking confused and out of place as Trevor felt. Though, somehow he was thankful for the company, it made sense to have the other man with him. Though Trevor had no way to know that Al was in a shared dream, it seemed as much as he was present with him and Trevor was in this field.

To his embarrassment, Trevor noticed that he was pounding erect, the sight of the naked man more than enough to keep him waving like a flagpole. Al had the same noticeable erection and made no move to hide it, despite the embarrassment of having it out in front of his friend. Neither man had any inclination to keep it hidden with the desire that was flowing over them in the moment. And, in fact, it was getting harder to deny that it was the presence of each other that was the source of their desires and arousal.

Still, there was more than just their raging erections that drew their attention. The scents in the air were strong, the odor of grass and fields and fresh foliage that normally did not draw their attentions was rather appetizing. Soon, Trevor was getting down on his hands and knees, pulling up grass and swallowing with all the gusto of a beast. Al was only distracted by the action for a few moments before the urge to do the same hit him full force, and he was down on his hands and knees, eating the succulent grass like it was the best tasting dinner he'd ever had.

Relaxing into their feast, Trevor felt annoying biting insects rising from the ground and nipping at his backside, irritating the bare skin. Reflectively he felt something massive on his backside move to shoo them away, and found the relief almost immediate. It containing to swiss, an almost weighty object that reminded him of a...but that wasn't possible, was it? For him to have a...*tail*?

In his confusion, Trevor went to speak, though could only illicit a series of bovine bellows that puzzled him even more. Trying to speak only made it worse, Trevor becoming aware of how massive his body felt, how powerful his stature was. In fact, the more he reflected on it, the more that it seemed to be his natural form, regardless of what he felt on the whole scenario.

Al, too, heard his buddy's bellows and tried to call out, to the same effect. It seemed as though speech had been robbed from him, that he could only cry out like the beast he was realizing he had become in body. He was powerful, massive, thick horns, broad flanks, and swishing tail. And, as he was starting to realize, weighty testicles and a rather girthy penis that was starting to slide its way out of a heavy sheath, secretly aroused by the power that his new frame seemed to possess...

With that, Al was jarred awake, the dissolution of his form in the dream too much for him to bear. He reached up with still-human hands to rub at the contours of his features, finding his face to be normal, lacking the horns or the snout. Though, there was something off about the lack of a tail, a pins and needles sensation where he perhaps felt he should have one but unaware as to why he felt that way. There was little for it, however, thinking it to be a residual dysphoria from the dream.

Part of him, beyond the dream, was a little confused how he was back in his own bedroom. Parts of the night were a blur, even more so than the fading images from the vivid dream that he was experiencing. He was at the bar with Trevor, Al was sure. Not an unusual thing for their Friday nights. But there was something else that seemed missing, a massive hole that had brought them from one experience into the other. Part of him figured it was a simple blackout but the more he reflected on it the more concerned he grew. There was something about the night that left him concerned, beyond a simple black out. What had he...?

A warmth beside him caused Al to look down and nearly gasp in shock. The sleeping form beside him was clearly Trevor, and not in his own bed. He was snoring like a chainsaw, enough that Al was sure that had eventually woken him. Though, it was the fact that the blanket was off and that his buddy was sprouting morning wood like a red wood that really had him panicked.

Desperate to cling to what he figured was the last threads of heterosexuality, Al pulled back, yelling at Trevor to get out of bed. "Out of my bed, you queer!" Al exclaimed, though more out of his own panic rather than any disgust for his buddies inclinations. Given the ache in his asshole, there was every chance that whatever they had done drunk had been consensual and with each other!

And still wanted to do with each other, Al was quick to realize. He, too, was sporting serious wood, and not just from the dreams that were still vivid in his mind. The sight of the hairy beast of a man, his breast friend of almost 20 years, was really doing it for him. In fact, the mere sight of the man left him leaking, as though it was his visage the source of Al's arousal.

Trevor, for his part, got up, as though stunned to find out where he actually was and implies what he had been doing there. Without a word, he dashed towards the bathroom, slamming the door quickly behind him with a click of the lock. He didn't want to risk Al coming after him, or, worse, him accepting Al coming in and doing something unthinkable. Assuming being hay with his buddy was unthinkable...

Trying to remove the intrusive

Seems something off about his ears

Bumps on his head

Something on his ass

Uses the bathroom, tries not to think about it

Stink of a barn reminds him of the last night, but tries not to think about it too much.

Al, meanwhile, farts, smells bad

Something moves behind him'

,

Reaches back to feel a growth, confused

Back hairer?

Trevor comes out, comments in the smell

Al chides him about the bathroom

Al gets a bonder

Trevor tells him to rub that out, they agree not to talk about it again

Go about their work

Hotter, stick

Trevor comments that Al smells like a bull

Ain't been around bulls in year

Describe the farm

No animals there present

Swety while working

Aches and pains on their bodies more than usual

Wanna grab a beer?

Not at the bar, don't want them to talk about last night!

I don't wanna get one here

Ah sit, I'll go into toon, just wait here, OK

Feelins something against the seat, painful

Pulls out a tail, worried

Goes into store

Passes gass, embarrassed

Gets the beer still

Worried about it, but can't do anything

Goes back, the pair start to drink

Get amorous

Start to make out

Pull back, confused

Both are hard

Can't think over the cloud of lust

Take off those clothes

More fat and muscles both are confused

More hair, tails from the pair of them

They still kiss and make out, thinking why it's wrong but it's too much for them to bear.

Tails get longer

Trevor needs to get fuck again

Tail moves up and out of the way

Asshole changes before Al's eyes

They start to fuck

Feels amazing, can't resist

Al reaches down to stroke off Trevor

Both feel their foreheads ache

Horns burst out

They cum at the same time

Realize they are turning into the bulls that Vanessa talked about them being

Cocks are altered

They sleep, bullish dreams

Wake up, need to get up

Gass, stink

Go to get up, both of the their feet have changed

Harder to walk

Go to the truck

Too horny

“Well now, you made such lovely specimens! Though I know you can hardly understand me at this point, or even if you can, I doubt you care about each other’s bodies to play with as you have. But such is neither here nor there, and your fates are sealed,” Vanessa said, running her hand to rub the black beast that had once