

Good Boy

Part 1

It was Peab's birthday at the frat and their ain't no frat party like a Peab frat party, because a Peab frat party don't quit! That's what the invite said, and it didn't disappoint. The frat house was hoppin', the base thrumming, the booz flowing, and the hash was blazin', but even with the hyped up atmosphere, Elmer was still a little wallflower.

The crossfox was mainly black with orange accents for his ears, a dusting of it on his brow and mottled colors rolling down his sides. The fox's amber eyes were framed by large, wire rim glasses, and focused on the red solo cup in his hands. The foxes black claws tittered and toyed with the plastic as he gazed into his own reflection in the mystery drink's surface. He wore a crop top hoodie with the arms cut off, the fabric floating around his tight form. He didn't have any definition, but he was soft and lean. His booty shorts framed his cute apple bottom and his long luxurious tail curled around his long legs, his toe claws rolling over one another as a nervous tick.

"Oh Elmer, why did you let your sister drag you here," he sighed into his drink. He looked up at the party. Plenty of total studs were rocking out to music and mingling, the place was like the back room at a jock themed runway. Dudes of every size filled the frat from wall to wall, each total studs or beasts of men. Then there was the man of the hour Peab. The English bull terrier was currently leaning against the wall with his arm, looming over Elmer's sister and her boyfriend and giving them both bedroom eyes. She wouldn't shut up about him on the way over, and now Elmer saw why. The dude was a total frat boy knockout. Muscle, jet black hair, purple eyes, a the dude should need a permit to have guns that

big. A jock rat of similar size to Peab, was talking over the terrier's shoulder and jabbing his thumb back at the staircase.

The legendary staircase, the steps that lead to the hottest pleasure dean on campus where jocks would take their bitches and rut until they passed out, then come back down and rope more upstairs. At least those were the stories the little fox had heard.

"I'd give anything to be his bitch," the fox huffed into his drink as he took a sip.

"Hey," someone said next to the fox.

Elmer half choked on his drink, spitting half of it back into his cup and coughing up the rest.

"Calm down there bud, plenty of booz for tonight, don't need to down it all so fast" the man reassured him with a hand on Elmer's shoulder. It was warm, almost hot, but then another hand came to take his drink from him. It was a quite vicious looking, dark, almost like it was henna dipped, with long, claw like nails. They were almost like onyx blades that glinted red in the party light.

Elmer swiped his mouth with the back of his arm before he turned to face the guy. The fox blinked as he saw Gilles, the legendary party animal himself. The goat's white hair was slicked back, following the motion of his horns as those beautiful rammers curled around his ears. He had a pair of wire rimmed glasses on, the lenses a brilliant purple. The goat's dark muzzle was curved up into a gentle smile, his long goat beard flowing down from his chin. He was tall, lean, and had shallow definition. His abs were graced with a little treasure trail that went down into his torn skinny jeans.

"You okay?" He asked, cocking a brow.

"Fuck, oh yeah, I'm good," the fox chuckled, waiving off the goat's concerns, his tail coiling around his legs as he nervously laughed. "I'm totally okay or whatever. Like, a billion percent good."

“A billion?” Gilles cocked a brow, talking his hand and brushing it against the fox’s cheek. “I don’t know about that, but we can get there.”

Elmer felt frozen to the spot as he looked at Gilles, that hand was hot on his cheek, but those nails were cold, like icy blades. The fox stood there transfixed on that goat, his leather coat the only top he had on besides the various chains, piercings, and rings. The punk goat looked like he should be smoking a dooby while rocking a bass at some strangely mellow punk concert.

“Elmer?” Gilles spoke through a half grin.

“Yeah?” The fox blinked. How did Gilles know his name? Did he black out during their introduction just now? He barely had anything to drink.

“Wanna go upstairs with me, cutie?” Gilles smirked and jabbed his thumb back over to the staircase.

The fox gave a little squeak, his ears folding back, his heart racing as he looked up at the goat and gave a little nod. Gilles simply smiled and leaned into the Fox’s ear.

“Good boy,” he murred.

Elmer blushed hard as he tried, and failed, to suppress a little giddy yip. Elmer’s fur stood on end, his body shivering as those words tickled down his spine.

“Come on cutie, got a lot of fun shit planned for tonight, and I want you to be at the center of it,” Gilles turned and motioned over his shoulder for the fox to follow. Elmer didn’t need to be told twice.

Elmer thought going up the steps would be a more religious experience, but in reality they were just old creaky boards. They didn’t creak or screech for him like they did with the big frat boys that came

through. Though, when they did, it echoed through the damn house. For him though, it was more like a little pitter patter.

No, the stairs weren't anything special, but the hall that spread out in both directions was like a series of doors into different kinky dimensions to fuck in. Gilles opened the door of the first one they passed where a massive rhino was plowing some black-cat twink into his mattress, the big guy's gut jostling as he rammed in, torn posters of women and men taped up on the walls in different sexual poses. Dirty clothes and other sports paraphernalia strewn across the floor. Elmer doubted one could walk on the actual floor with how messy it was.

"Hey Duke! Need anything?"

"Hydrate!" The big rhino shouted. Gilles reached into his jacket and tossed him a bottled water. The rhino caught it, drank some of it while his twink asked for some. He dumped the other half of the bottle over the cat and he purred like it was cream.

The next door was a series of lava lamps, a bowl blazing in the center while the hot box was a series of magic eye posters, neon lights, and slow methodical fucking. Gilles simply closed the door to keep the smoke in. The next room was similar, only it was lined with bean bags. Elmer's eyes went wide as he noticed who was in it. Peab was fucking his sister in one of the bean bag chairs. He almost didn't make her out. The rat was leaning back in another chair while her boyfriend sucked on his enormous nuts and stroked his cock.

"Yo! Peab! Raul! Need anything?"

"All good Boss," Raul, the rat, shot him a thumbs up.

"Fuck! Could use a light," Peab chuckled, a blunt in the corner of his maw. Gilles kept one hand on his hip as he swaggered into the room.

“Sure thing bud,” Gilles murred as he lifted his nails to the tip, the tip blazing up in a purple flame. Elmer didn’t see a lighter, but then again, he was more focused on the stud railing his sister and turning green with envy. God he wished that were him.

“Thanks Boss,” Peab puffed on the blunt a few times before blowing the smoke to the side. “Who’s that cute piece of ass?”

“Don’t you worry about that,” Gilles was already at the door. “You just enjoy yourselves. Come find me when you’re done.”

“Got it!” Peab gave a little salute before fluidly transitioning to railing down into Elmer’s busy sister beneath him. “You likin’ that shit baby? You need a break?”

They didn’t see much else as Gilles closed the door, but from what Elmer could hear, they sure as fuck didn’t stop.

Then, they reached the end of the hall. The master bedroom. A queen sized bed sat in the center, the headboard framed by a goat skull wreathed in antler horns. Candles illuminated the room, and various shelves and drawers were only half shut, overflowing with clothing, every surface was covered with a mix of incense burners, jewelry, chargers, loose hash, divination tools, or some sort of animal skull. The floor had some clothes scattered about, but it appeared most of the clutter was on the dressers and end tables. Tapestries hung on the walls with eclectic runes and displays of pagan gods.

The room smelled good, the various incenses burning covered up any dirty musk or weed reek, and the wispy smoke gave the room a hazy atmosphere.

Gilles closed the door behind the fox and came over to him, his hooves silently striding over the carpet and rugs rolled out beneath the furniture.

“So this is where the magic happens,” Elmer chuckled nervously.

“Oh, how right you are,” Gilles wrapped a hand around the back of the fox’s neck and cupped the back of his head with the other. “You comfortable?”

“Y-Yes?”

“Elmer,” Gilles murred. “Don’t lie to me. Are you comfortable?”

“I...I’m a little nervous,” the fox admitted.

“Good boy, that’s natural,” Gilles smiled, his canine teeth glinting in the low candle light. He leaned in until his head was only a hare’s breath away from their lips touching. “You ready cutie?”

Elmer swallowed, but then wrapped his arms inside of Gilles’ coat, his fingers running over the tall man’s lean form, his fingers rolling up the fur on his back and pulling himself closer, their lips pressing against each other’s. Gilles smiled into the kiss, his maw parting and Elmer’s doing the same.

“Do you smoke?” Gilles asked.

“Y-yeah,” Elmer murred. He broke the kiss and blinked, they were sitting on his bed. How long had they been making out? Gilles was just so intoxicating. Elmer glanced over and Gilles was lighting up a blunt. He took a deep drag and pulled the fox back in to make out. Elmer’s eyes watered from the smoke, so he just kept them closed as they snowballed that hit. The smoke curled in his mouth and down into his lungs. He moaned as their tongues danced in the haze. The smell of weed filled his senses, his nose stained with the hot aroma as it languidly settled in the folds of his brain and made things fuzzy.

“Fuck,” Elmer let out as they broke the kiss, a puff of smoke curling from his lips.

“Want another hit?” Gilles asked.

“Mmm, yeah,” Elmer felt his nervous energy falling away, trickling out of him with every kiss and evaporating into the smoke. Their lips pushed against one another and Gilles gave that fox another deep hit. Elmer gave little whimpering murrms as they made out on that bed, the fox’s hand running over Gilles’ chest and feeling those shallow pecs, the crease between his abs, then that treasure trail. Elmer was feeling braver by the second, his fingers bouncing off the skull belt buckle and sliding down Gilles’ leg. He gently squeezed that leg and then kept going down, he felt a ring where a band was placed around his thigh, but kept going and then found the knee.

Elmer blinked, his amber eyes framed with pink. That’s not how a knee goes. It curved up into a blunt...

“Holy shit,” Elmer gasped, putting a hand up to his muzzle as he realized it wasn’t Gilles’ leg he was stroking. The fat, bitch destroying member of a cock rolled down Gilles’ thigh, glimpses of the mottled horse cock were straining the tears in his jeans, the knee hole exposed that fat head.

“Yeah, cute guys have that effect on me,” Gilles bounced his brows.

“It’s just...I thought it was your leg,” Elmer sighed. The world was lagging behind a bit as he slipped down to the floor. Gilles smirked, undoing his belt, the buckle jingling as he sat on his bed, the cute little fox kneeling before him, his cute, tight bottom resting on his own foot paws as he ran his hands up and down Gilles’ thighs.

“I get that a lot,” Gilles had a cocky grin, his sharp fangs glinting as he pulled his pants down. Elmer helped him peel them off, dragging them down to the goat’s ankles, just above his hooves. A foot and a half of cock flopped forward, those massive nuts like a duo of papayas hanging off a log of unholy horse meat.

“Oh fuck,” Elmer breathed as the thing smacked his shoulder, he had to back up to get face to face with that meat bus. That flared horse tip greeted him, the piss slit oozing clear pre.

“Go on,” Gilles gripped the base of his dick with one hand and took a drag of the blunt with the other.

Elmer felt like this was moving fast, but never in his life had he ever thought something this big would be within reach. This was the shit porn stars dreamed of, and it was all his to play with. He leaned forward, opening his petite maw as far as he could, and lulled his tongue over that cock tip. The flavor was instantaneous, a salty musk that permeated his senses and mixed with the incense and weed already curling inside his skull.

“Fuck, that’s nice,” Gilles pulled a hoof out of his pants and spread them, the skinny jeans still stuck around one of his legs as he spread those thighs to give the fox a good look at the goat’s glory. Elmer gripped it, that massive cock couldn’t possibly fit, could it?

“Only one way to find out,” Gilles smirked from above. Elmer furrowed his brow. Did he say that out loud? He looked up at the goat, his glasses pulled down and the fox swore those purple eyes were glowing.

Elmer felt relaxed, that weed making his head light and his limbs even more so. He gripped that cock and opened his maw as best he could and sucked that dick down. The fat, flared tip sank into his maw and a few inches as he stroked that shaft. The fox’s tongue lulled around that massive disk in his maw, slurping over every ridge, crease, and vein. Elmer bobbed, that fat flair locking behind his teeth as he did so and keeping the fox’s maw wide and ready.

“Good boy,” Gilles murred and used his free hand to gently pluck the fox’s glasses off his muzzle and set them to the side. Elmer took that as a sign to do more and pushed himself forward on that dick,

that horse cock sinking into his throat as he gulped down on it. His throat muscles squelching and gripping at that cock head as it slipped further and further into him. The fox cupped those balls, each one overflowing his hands as he massaged them, rolled them in his grip as they churned and spat pre deep into his gullet. Elmer could feel every throb of that cock, Gilles' heartbeat was deep in his throat and sinking deeper.

“Yessss,” Gilles moaned, his balls rumbling, jostling. Were they heavier?

Elmer's muzzle slowly met the base of that shaft, the median ring in the back of his throat as his nose was planted firmly in Gilles' pubes. Gilles put his hand on his head and guided him back, that flared head drew that throat sludge up and then back down. Elmer felt like he was in a trance, his muzzle schlorking down on that cock, wetly crackling with the folds of his esophagus as he gently gyrated on the base of that cock.

“Oh fuck, it's been a while since someone could take my entire shaft,” Gilles moaned, his hooves twitching as his entire length was surrounded with hot, gently gyrating, fox meat. “You doin' good down there?”

Elmer tried to say he was fine, but it came out as gargling hacks over that cock, a bit of cock snot and throat sludge shooting out of his nose. The fox's couldn't see well without his glasses, or was it the smoke?

“Hold on there short stack,” Gilles took a hit from the blunt and then blew the smoke forward. It curled like it was made of snakes, shimmered with a red tint. Elmer couldn't breathe it in, but it snaked into his nostrils anyway, it rolled in through his ears and haloed his head like his own mind was just a bowl smoking out of his ear fluff. “There ya go. That better?”

Elmer nodded on that cock, his head bobbing up and down as he started to get into a rhythm.

“Good boy, now let daddy work,” Gilles smirked darkly, his hands coming up and the tips of his nails gleaming. He blew out more smoke, the tips of Gilles’ nails glinted red as the smoke took on the shape of his hands, red threads glistening off the tips of those onyx blades like marinate strings. With a smooth movement, he scooped his hands down, the smoking hands obeyed and ran over Elmer’s body. The smoke curled around itself, twisting like some charmed snake around the little fox before slinking into his booty shorts and pulling them down. Those hands roamed all over that little fox twink.

Elmer heard his shorts burning off of him, disappearing into the smoke as Gilles blew out more of that red tinted mist. His little four incher and knot were on full display, his little coin purse too. The fox didn’t care much for what was going on. If anything it was a trick of the weed. Those hands felt like they were gently rolling over his ass cheeks, playing with his pucker and stroking his dick too, but that couldn’t be real. He swore he saw a third eye pop open on Gilles’ head, but that couldn’t be. So he kept sucking.

“Oh fuck,” Gilles groaned, mist dripping from his maw like drool. He angled his hips so he could grind his cock into that warm, needy hole. He leaned forward, his pubes grinding into Elmer’s muzzle as he gyrated his hips. Then started to pull back and slap forward, his balls swinging forward and gently knocking on Elmer’s throat. “Fuck that mouth is so fucking good.”

Elmer timed his pulls with Gilles’ thrusts, his maw slurping on that cock, his little tongue flicking out and trying to lick those massive nuts, only able to tease the top of the goats massive scrote.

“Shit, so pent up,” Gilles groaned. “Not going to last long.”

Elmer heard that and he doubled his efforts, his maw slurping hard as he schlorked and shlurped over that cock, his head pulling back until the flared head was just about to pop out of his throat before

sinking back down. Cock snot and drool dribbled from the fox's maw, thick strands of it connecting to those balls as they swung forward and slapped his face.

"Shit! Here it comes! Welcome to the frat Elmer!" Gilles thrust forward, his cock throbbing. Elmer didn't stop gyrating, his throat muscles flexing, swallowing, slurping on that dick like he was trying to suck the cum out of those balls through a throat gaping straw. The fox massaged those nuts as they drew up to deposit their thick, potent load. Gilles shouted, bleating as his balls lurched forward. Elmer could feel that cum pipe swell all the way down his esophagus and blast that potent seed deep inside his gut. Elmer slurped, squelching on that cock as he was force fed that virile goat essence.

Elmer had no idea how long Gilles was pumping him full of jizz, but it felt like a blissful eternity. His stomach bloating slightly from the volume. Elmer massaged those churning balls as they got lighter and his gut got heavier.

Gilles pulled out, his cock spitting a final strand of cum over the Fox's face before dribbling out down his soaked shaft. Elmer didn't know if Gilles helped him up onto the bed or not, but he was laying with his head at the foot of the bed. Was he naked? Where was his hoodie? All he could do was look up at the skull wreath. He noticed scratch marks on the head board and he remembered the goat's nails.

"Fuck, so much potential," Gilles murred from between his legs. Elmer looked down and Gilles was kneeling between his legs, the goat's nails shimmered with glowing, icy blue threads that hovered with their own mist. "So pure, so innocent," Gilles chuckled, leaning in, his forked tongue lulling out and flicking over the strands. Like a bassist plucking strings, that vibration ran deep into Elmer's mind. He felt it like something more sensitive than his dick or hole was being played with.

“Don’t worry, Kit,” Gilles murred as the thread he plucked turned from blue to red, burning through the rest as he wove them like some twisted game of cat’s cradle. “You’ll get what you’ve always wanted soon enough.”

Gilles let the threads slip off his nails, they flowed off like they were caught in a gentle stream as they continued to burn red and sank back into the fox. A burning warmth radiated from his gut. Gilles murred, his forked tongue coming out to lull over that belly, the load jostling deep inside the fox. Then Elmer arched his body in pleasure as his cock was played with.

“Don’t worry Elmer,” Gilles murred deeply. “I always give more than I receive.” The Goat’s hand was wrapped around the fox’s cock, that hot knot twitching like mad. A pulse ran through Elmer, a glowing red energy ran out from his gut and into his veins.

“Oh fuck,” Elmer gasped, his voice sounding deeper and hoarse from the smoke. He swore red mist was curling down from the goat skull and curling into his maw. The smell of incense, weed, and man filled his senses as Gilles stroked his member.

Gilles was buzzing in his afterglow, his tongue grooming that belly as the little cute fox moaned beneath him. He stroked that cock, each stroke needing to go longer as that cute little red fire cracker started to swell into a real red rocket. Elmer moaned as the pleasure tingled through his nut sack, each one of his balls rolling forward, one and then the other, over and over.

“Fuck yeah, your boys just dropped, huh,” Gilles rumbled as he went down to those balls and gave them a little lick, a tuft of ball hair forming between them as he did so. He watched as Elmer’s belly flattened out more with each pulse, the fox’s body pushing further and further outwards. His foot paws cracked and swelled, his toe claws becoming longer. His womanly hips started to become more angular

and square as his ass hardened and flexed. Elmer's ears twitched as he felt them brush over the edge of the bed. Was he moving?

Gilles smirked as the corruption burned through his newest initiate, the fox's body flexing, his soft supple curves squaring off. That fluffy belly became flush against a set of shallow abs, his shoulders pushing wider as his hands flexed and lost their slender feminine sweeps and became thicker, stronger. Elmer jostled as his cock swelled larger, his body flexing and then relaxing, becoming bigger, his muscles more defined.

"Damn, you're getting big," Gilles murred. "You ever top before?"

"Top? No, never," Elmer was in a confused haze. His voice was deeper, getting more so as his Adam's apple became more prominent, muscles bubbling onto his neck and making his jaw more cut. "Why do you ask?" He said as he sat up. The fox's eyes went wide.

"More of an offer than a question," Gilles murred as he had turned around his hooves crossed at the ankle and his ass on display. His tail hiked to the side as those beautiful goat cheeks were ripe for the taking.

Elmer gulped, and his maw hung open, his dick twitching between his legs. It was at least eight inches, and Elmer had gone from a femmy twink to looking like a high school jock fresh into collage with no signs of stopping.

"Holy shit," Elmer breathed, his hand coming down to grip one of those cheeks, his fingers sliding further across it as they grew. That ass was so soft, warm, and round. He gently jiggled it before pulling it to the side and exposing the goat's tight pucker.

Gilles gave a devious smirk as he looked over his shoulder at his little fem boi turning into a young jock stud. He gave a low, lusty growl, his hand moving down between his legs to cup those

growing goose eggs behind him. They were warm as he rolled them just right, his long nails playing with the boy's taint.

Elmer always thought the dudes in his home town were full of shit when they talked about their urges. He got urges when he found out how good it felt to feel a dick in his ass, but this was something else entirely. At first he didn't really want to fuck Gilles. No, he wanted to get railed by that massive knee knocker he had, but now...fuck. It felt like his balls were boiling. They felt pent up and were only getting more so. His cock throbbed almost painfully. He had never been that hard before, even when he was getting railed by other dudes. Then that reassuring hand cupped his nuts. He gave a lusty growl, his hand gripping Gilles' ass harder, his nails digging into that flesh as his thumb flicked over that pucker. He loved it when guys did that to him when they admired his hole, surely Gilles would appreciate a little taste before the real thing.

"It's time Elmer," Gilles murred and rolled his hips back, Elmer's cock hotdogged by that goat's sexy ass.

Elmer was frozen, his tongue lulling out of his maw as he panted. A pulse ran through the fox, his body flexing, his bones cracking, his muscles becoming more defined and pushing out. Gilles gave a little gasp as he felt that tapered tip swell against his tail bone.

Pre dribbled off that cock tip, he was like a broken faucet, a consistent stream of pre oozing down and slicking up those buns. With each throb of that red rocket a bead of pre would form in the string of pre. He wanted to tell Gilles to flip over so he could ride that cock, but the longer he stood there, the more he sweated, the more he panted, the fuzzier things got. He rolled his hips back, his steaming red rocket slicking down until the tapered tip was right in line with that pucker. Just then another pulse ran through the fox, his body swelling, and the tip of his cock growing into that tight ring. Gilles smiled and slid back, that slicked up shaft gliding into the goat's hole.

“Whatever...you say...Boss,” Elmer panted, his eyes had fogged over with pleasure, his canines growing longer to form beast like fangs that would always stick outside his maw. Gilles murred as he continued to rock his hips, his prostate being toyed with as that dick dug a little deeper with each pulse of Elmer’s body, those nuts of his surging bigger.

“Damn...unf...Boss,” Elmer panted putting one hand behind his head to expose his fluffy, hairy pit while the other gripped one of the goat’s hips. “You got the best...unf...fucking ass. It’s so...fucking good...”

“Damn right I do,” Gilles smirked, raking his nails over the headboard as his new werefox railed him from behind. “Fuck yes, so deep, but could be...unf! Deeeper...” Gilles gave a low moan as Elmer’s cock pulsed, the big guy giving a low grunt as his dick dug a little deeper into that hole, sinking further and getting tighter. The werefox had to hunch over a bit to keep the angle right.

Elmer’s fuzzy mind was ablaze with pleasure, his avocado sized nuts slapping against Gilles’ taint as he dug deep into that hot, tight pleasure, but his submissiveness was still part of his personality, even if it was currently being stewed in a vat of roiling testosterone.

“Fuck...is it good...for you...Boss?” Elmer grunted between his thrusts.

“Fuck yes, get deeper and faster—Aaaah fuck yeaaaaahhh...MmmM-Fuck!” Gilles’ hole quivered around that growing cock as it pulsed and swelled deeper, grinding his prostate harder. Elmer picked up the pace and placed a hand on the small of Gilles’ back, forcing the arch and allowing him to smoothly slip in nice and deep. The goat gripped his head board and started to ride that cock harder, new gouges sinking into the wood as his nails splintered it.

“Fuck...Oh shit, I’m getting close, can...can I cum inside Boss?”

“No,” Gilles eyes were rolling into the back of his head, his own forked tongue lulling out. “Not yet. Keep going! Harder! Deeper!”

The denial sent a wave of sexual frustration through the werefox, his jaw clenching as he snarled, but he obeyed. His hips smacked harder, slowing down and really slinging his hips forward as he gripped the goat’s hips with one hand. A powerful pulse ran through Elmer, his body growing larger, climbing well above the six foot mark, his body flexing wide as his balls rolled with pleasure, slapping lower with each thrust. His pecs jostled outward and he had to lean forward further, his own back arched as he slammed into Gilles. His cock was sinking into the tightest sexy silk, practically pissing pre. His dick pulled out glazed in their sex before plunging back in to stake his claim.

“Fuck, flip over,” Gilles shouted, the order like a whip that made Elmer snarl, his thrusting slowed as he gripped his goat and then flipped around onto his back. Gilles gave a little smirk at the man handling before he spun around to face Elmer and started to slam down on that dick, the rhythm only briefly paused before Elmer dug his heels into the mattress and slammed up into that ass. The bed rocked and the headboard banged against the wall. Gilles’ ass clapped against Elmer’s hips, that member swelling larger inside him and reaching deeper and deeper territory with every slamming thrust, his thick shots of pre-nut laying the groundwork to dig deeper.

“Don’t nut yet! Not yet! Not until you tie me!” Gilles huffed. “Fucking pound that fucking knot in me! Pry me open!”

Elmer simply snarled, anger and denial running through him as he thrust up hard, his knot knocking at that back door. Elmer’s memories were a little hazy. He had been at the frat for a long time now, but he couldn’t exactly remember when he joined. It didn’t really matter that much though. Gilles did most of the thinking. He always had the best ideas. Like when he showed the werefox how to properly use his pecs.

Elmer gripped his pecs, and pushed them together, making some nice cleavage for Gilles' dick to slide up into. The goat gave a loud moan.

“Oh FUCK yes! Use those nice juicy pecs proper!”

Strands of pre squirted out of that hole every time Gilles slammed down. Elmer's sharp staccato thrusts were coupled by feral snarling and the tearing of sheets. The wall cracked as they banged, the floor boards creaked while those thick pecs worked that shaft, getting soaked in the goat's slick. Elmer thrust home. His teardrop thighs flexed, his globe like glutes crunched as he thrust against Gilles fast riding.

“Oh fuck! I'm so fucking close,” Gilles threw his head back as that knot started to pry him open. His thighs shook as he fucked his sweet, slick, hole nice and deep. Then with a powerful thrust and a loud shlorppy SCHLORK! That goat sank over that knot, pressing right against his prostate as if by design. Elmer had one last burst of growth, his pupils shrinking as he finally solidified as a seven foot, brick house stud with a thirteen foot dick seated in the tightest goat pucker.

A roar more befitting a lion came out of Gilles' maw as Elmer threw his head back in a feral howl. Whatever strength he had to hold back his nut was gone as the werefox jock came, his balls bouncing his knot swelling and tying them together in their mutual orgasm. Gilles shot so hard his ropes slapped Elmer's chin, the fox opening his maw to accept that thick, salty reward. Thick jets of Gilles' cum oozed over the massive werefox as Gilles soaked up Elmer's virgin essence. Elmer continued to fuck through his orgasm, snarling and huffing, the sheets tearing against his foot paws, the wall cracking as the headboard rammed against the wall. His hips instinctively wanting to dig deeper into that hole. Each thrust rewarded with another little slap of cum to the face.

“Damn, good first round big guy.” Gilles milked that knot in his ass, gently bouncing on that dick to milk more of that nut. He lifted a hand, those red weed fog hands got Elmer’s glasses and placed them on him.

“yes...boss...” Elmer panted.

“Yeah, you’ll make a fine addition to the frat,” Gilles smirked, a crown of horns solidifying through the smoke on his head, his third eye open, Elmer panting like he just ran a marathon. “You too worn out to go down and be a good service verse? Peab loves breaking in new recruits.”

“Fuck, just...just give me a minute,” Elmer moaned, his cock deep and throbbing, still hard as a rock. “Fuck...I just came and I feel like I could still bust a nut in two minutes.”

“That’s a good boy,” Gilles murred as he rubbed the massive werefox cock bulging his abdomen a little bit with its size. “A very, very good boy.”