Gasping and disoriented, Joel’s body launched itself into the air as he screamed back to consciousness. No, he flung into the air. Like a rocket.

The scream turned into a loud yelp once the thirty-something human male with shoulder-length brunette hair fell off the soft bed, bumping his knees in the process of tumbling over to the ground. A dull ache throbbed on his sore ankles too, like after a long shift stretching more than sixteen hours. To add insult to injury for Joel, he instantly realized was completely naked, meaning his bare ass and jewels shivered and shriveled mightily. Blinking his brown eyes open, wiping his forehead, and trying to make sense of his surroundings, Joel slowly discovered he wasn’t back at the motorhome. The bed he’d just fallen from was his, but a mattress made of strange moss on a slab of dark stone, the only source of light being a dull glow coming from the high ceiling.

“This is a dream,” Joel denied the reality. “This is a fuckin’ dream. It’s…It’s gotta be!”

Hands resting on the cold, metallic floor, the human tried not to hyperventilate. A migraine the size of the company’s dying truck pulsed violently beneath the skin of Joel’s sweating forehead, and he vividly remembered moments leading up to the current predicament; finishing up the grouting for the bathrooms at a construction site, clocking out as he relished getting paid overtime, walking to his reliable car, spending a few minutes in the company parking lot, discreetly looking at new erotic artwork released by furry artists on Twitter, then starting his engine before eventually reaching the long stretch of road leading to the trailer park.

Joel remembered it all, clearly. Then he…he…he…

The elaborate dream felt too real to be anything but. Joel tried everything to recall moments between the drive and waking up moments earlier, his fingers clawing through his unkempt brown hair until the strands nearly fell out. Was he in a prison cell? Did some guys at the contracting company decide to pull an elaborate prank?

*HISSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!*

Joel coughed from the sudden burst of air that filled the room. Inhaling it before he could stop himself, the man started to become more alert. He felt more energized, much to his confusion, as well as more…horny? Shaking his head rapidly, Joel suddenly start to feel his cock harden, and he didn’t know why.

*WHOOSH!*

Shaken at first, Joel turned fast towards the source of the noise. The intricate metal wall across from the foreign bed vanished into the floor, revealing a seemingly endless corridor similar to his cell. Otherwise, nothing but eerie darkness. The unnerving atmosphere alone started to make his growing erection soften.

“H-Hello?”

A series of squelching noises echoed inside.

“W-Who’s there?” Joel spoke up.

Further squelching. Almost like wet boots on a laminate floor.

“Who’s there?!” Joel demanded. “What happened to…me…oh my God!”

It emerged from the doorway into the cell room like a gelatinous pound of living slush. A…THING comprised of gooey tentacles, a million unnatural eyes, and red flesh that seemed to literally crawl with each roll forward.

Joel let out a primal scream at what he saw. Crying out in horror, feeling the blood drain from his face as he slammed his bare back against the wall farthest away from the door, he expected the worst to come. This creature would devour him!

Suddenly, it stopped moving. It surveyed him, watching Joel cower with trembling knees and terrified fervor, praying he’d wake up from the nightmare. However, it didn’t attack the human. Rather, the alien creature…changed.

The creature’s red skin started to wave and shift and peel inward of itself. The tentacles retracted. It morphed into something else just as Joel began to feel another intense spell assault his brain, only for it to dissipate seconds later. When he pressed a palm to his head again, groaning and wondering if it would continue for however long he had left to life, Joel suddenly froze. His tired brown eyes violently bulged out of their very sockets at what then stood before him within the doorway.

A fox. An anthropomorphic furry fox. Without a strand or stitch of clothing. Plucked right from the countless files of erotic furry artwork he’d seen since his sexual awakening online, the fox standing right before Joel was nothing less of sexy. A chiseled muzzle with pearly fangs displayed in his direction. Two violet eyes staring back at him. A lithe humanoid build standing almost at his height, the fox’s slender yet toned twink body stood dipped in bright orange paint with black markings staining his well-groomed fur, with a patch of creamy white on his cheeks as well as his crotch, where a pink knot emerged from the most delicious of sheaths Joel could ever perversely imagine. It looked better than anything his favorite artist could muster. Not even in CGI.

Joel gulped when the vulpine smile widened, its purple eyes traveling downward. The sudden pulsing of his painfully erect cock broke the human’s gaze. He shamefully tried to cover it up, to no avail.

“W-W-What the…I, uh, shit! W-What the fuck…?” Joel’s shocked voice quavered in uncontrollable disbelief, wondering if his nightmare suddenly turned into a lurid dream, “What the fuck…What are you…How?”

The fox elegantly stepped in front of the human, causing him to breathe faster as the monster effortlessly used its strong paws to hold his chin, then pulled him into a reality-shattering kiss. That dexterous tongue combined with whatever he’d been sprayed with erased any lingering doubts as he gave in to lust. No matter how much the rational side of his brain tried to scream or tell him to resist, reminding him that the anthropomorphic fox of his dreams also happened to be the same nightmarish tentacle creature minutes earlier, the drugs in Joel’s system took full effect. They’re only existed the sensations of his throbbing dick pressed against those softer furry thighs, the booming sound of two racing heartbeats, The gasps both males emitted after parting their lips, then the orgasmic moans Joel bellowed when he kissed back.

Fever dream or not, Joel suddenly didn’t care. He intended to enjoy it. So did his captor.

The soft pad on the fox’s fingers roamed all over his smooth skin, caressing Joel’s shivering back and sides as the human ran his fingernails through the silky fur, marveling at the solid muscles beneath. He bucked forward into a canine erection pressing against his. He hung his head back when sharp teeth grazed his neck, teasing and licking under the chin. Similar to how his previous boyfriend once drove him absolutely wild. What made it even more spectacular though was how the wet black nose left damp spots along his stubble, while at the same time, Joel giggled when the fox’s tail tickled his spread glutes like a feather duster.

Another intensified kiss later, Joel felt himself lifted into the air. The fox displayed in the human strength as here positioned the horny human back on the strange bed, then crawled atop him while offering a seductive smile. Joel bashfully returned it, only to let out a growl when the fox suddenly straddled him, descending on his cock without so much as a twitch of pain.

“Oh, Sweet Jesus!” Joel cried out, feeling warmth engulf his shaft down to the base. “Nnnnghhhh! Oh God!”

Either he’s been leaking copious amounts of pre, or the fox naturally yeah lubricated himself in a paranatural way. Whatever the case, Joel’s tool never felt so right somewhere before, and he blindly groped both vulpine hips as he thrusted hard into that beautiful tailhole. Stars exploded in his vision. Toes curled up into the air. His stiff member experienced pleasures beyond mortal men. Human teeth gritted together between grunts, interrupted by euphoric groans as the fox clenched around him in a velvet vise, its tail erratically swishing against his feet at the end of the bed. No twink or effeminate man Joel ever fucked competed with the creature happily gyrating on his thick cock.

A storm of lust and realized dreams flooded Joel’s thoughts. He gave in completely to his urges, letting them cling to his brain. He mindlessly thrust back and forth within the creature. He fucked without restraint. He kept relishing in the taboo interspecies coupling that made him feel his cock twitch more and more. He didn’t stop even as a sheen of sweat blanketed them both and his balls began to ache for release. No, they BEGGED for release!

The next thing he knew, a climax unlike any other shattered his senses. It literally knocked the wind out of him to the point where Joel’s mind blanked out. He merely lay on the bed, limbs numb and cum staining his chest hair, until he heard a familiar loud whoosh stirred him from the afterglow. The red fox had dismounted from him, walking away from the bed with streaks of cum leading beneath a raised tail.

*HISSSSSSSSSSSS!*

Joel felt his eyes grow heavy. His vision faded. The energy from before disappeared as he drifted off to unconscious sleep. A satisfied grin etched on his jowls.

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 “Huh?” Joel lifted his head up, only to wince. “Augh, shit…”

 He’d fallen asleep in the driveway. His truck sat parked adjacent to his trailer home, with the time indicating that a few hours passed after midnight. Everything all over felt sore. Every stitch of clothing he wore since clocking out remained on his human person. No naked anthropomorphic foxes or tentacle monsters in sight. Just a quiet trailer park full of regular people fast asleep.

 “Goddamn…that was some dream,” Joel muttered to himself. “Some fuckin’ dream.”

Wiping the drool from his chin, then groaning as he felt the consequences of his hard day at work, Joel rigidly exited his truck. He groaned at how his jelly limbs wanted to give in, but using the last of his strength, the man entered his trailer, locked the front door shut, then placed his keys on the kitchen counter before collapsing onto the nearest couch. There, Joel rested in blissful ignorance.

Unbeknownst to him and the countless other humans though, the same fox anthro he’d deflowered shed its disguise. In its true form, the creature watched on the surveillance monitors in the spacecraft covertly hovering in Earth’s orbit. As expected, the volunteer human didn’t suspect what transpired, chalking up to surviving shreds of unwiped memories as the remnants of a dream. As far as it ever would know, it didn’t perform sexual intercourse with an extraterrestrial researcher foreign to its small world. It did not, in fact, volunteer to impregnate the researcher per a binding contract it signed on a previous rendezvous, along with other humans that gladly gave up their seed in exchange for their wildest fantasies coming true.

The researcher surveyed other cells, checking to see its comrades already at work with the other volunteers. Screaming orgasms and happy squelching noises hummed from the surveillance monitors. The individual humans varied in appearance. Their sexual kinks ranged from the benign and harmless to what Earth society would call unethical or even criminal, yet they all happily donated their reproductive seed. They all savored their fantasies brought to life, without knowing the full scale of what they had agreed to.

The same researcher caressed its womb. In time, humanity would learn.