

Possum Prison Pussy

Part 6: Hog Wild

Sylva felt like he was finally getting a hang of how to actually handle himself in the yard. Most people played basketball or weights, anything the warden could get cheap or was subsidized by the state. The workout equipment was the stock from an old gym that upgraded their equipment to the next gen, so they didn't need the dated steel anymore. The old fitness logos were almost faded off from years of hard work and sweat, rust starting to settle in around the grips where sweat got caught and ate away at the protective paint. Nothing said jailbird like calloused palms infected with tetanus.

The possum was given some free time in the yard, even though it wasn't technically Magnus' turf, Lawrence allowed him to be out there. The old fart had some serious sway even though Magnus was quickly snatching up territory like a beast, but Sylva didn't quite understand how the ancient pangolin managed to hold up to Magnus.

"So, how does Lawrence keep control of the yard?" Sylva leaned into Checkers, keeping his voice low.

"You really don't know?" Checkers seemed genuinely surprised. "You're his Bunkie, I'm sure Magnus would have asked you to make a move on him by now."

"Ew! No! Law is a total friend and an old guy, I don't want to have sex with him."

"Lucky for us he's asexual," Checkers answered, his milky eyes as expressionless as always. "No, I don't mean a sexual pass at him, I mean get a look at his books."

"So, he's a bookie, what does that have to do with anything?"

“I really wish we had a Monopoly board. It would make this far more easy to explain.”

“I’ve played Monopoly before,” Sylva rolled his eyes, the expression wasted on the blind leopard.

“Then you know who the most powerful person is in the game then,” Checkers had a grin slowly playing at his lips.

“The racecar?” Sylva decided to play into Checkers’ game.

“The banker,” Checkers let the word roll out of his lips with reverence. “Magnus might have the Boardwalk, but even the owner of the hotels keeps their money in the bank.”

“So, Lawrence is, like, the player that shells out the money?” Sylva’s cocked a brow.

“Not only shells it out, but holds it, exchanges it, and, most importantly, *regulates* it. Just a slight shuffle of funds and Magnus wouldn’t be able to pay his lackeys, or get the money from your exploits. Magnus may be the prison king, but Lawrence is the treasurer. And when you have control of the king’s funds, you control the entire playing board.”

“Never heard you so impressed before,” Sylva leaned back, soaking up the sun, the particularly warm day a blessing this late in the year. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you’d be gunning for his spot.”

“Whoever controls the money, controls Magnus,” Checkers stretched, cracking his shoulders and bearing his claws. “Whoever controls Magnus controls this entire prison. You are currently the only factor that’s tipping the power towards Magnus. Your pussy is a liquid asset he can squeeze for money whenever he wants, and something that Lawrence can’t hide away in his books.”

“So Magnus and Lawrence are the two most powerful people in the entire prison?”

“They are both the second most powerful people in the prison,” Checkers corrected. “There is only one person in Monopoly who has more power than the person who owns all the properties and the banker.”

“What’s left?” Sylva’s head was starting to hurt.

“The owner of the game,” Checkers nodded as though he imparted a great piece of wisdom. “This is a for-profit prison, so the warden owns it all. Magnus and Lawrence can have their little spats and turf wars, but as soon as it becomes inconvenient for the warden, he can flip the board and start everything over from scratch. The ecosystem here is very fragile and can easily be destroyed. That’s why you’re such an important player. You’re basically a money machine that’ll flow the funds to Magnus. Law might be a heavy hitter, but he’s not going to let the natural order here crumble out of spite for Boss. If enough of the funds sway over to Magnus, it’s game over for Lawrence. Unless he thinks of something fast, it’s inevitable.”

“Sounds pretty complicated to me. I’ll let you and the other big brains figure out what to do.” Sylva shook his head in the rays of the sun. If he imagined hard enough, it almost felt like he was out of the prison. That he was free.

“Have you given any more thought to what I told you earlier? Your usefulness beyond being a hole?”

“Yes and no,” Sylva dismissed the thought. “I just want to enjoy the sun for now and not think about that clock.”

“Well, you can keep it in mind when you meet up with your next client today.” Checkers lifted his hand and Whispers came out from the shaded corner. “It’s one of Lawrence’s men. You met him before. I want to say back on your first or second day?”

“That was forever ago,” Sylva refused to let the reality of what Checkers was putting out ruin his sun bathing.

“It was last month,” Checkers was surprised. “I thought you were better than that Sylva.”

“Just let me enjoy my sun,” Sylva sighed. “I got railed by Magnus last night, and I love how the guy makes my pussy pop, but it’s nice to just take up some rays and not worry about my next job.”

“Well, your next job is coming up fast.” Checkers took Whispers’ hand and he guided the leopard off the picnic table they were lounging on. “We have other business to take care of, so don’t get too cocky while we’re gone. One of Lawrence’s’ men is going to protect you and be your next client. If he tries to do anything stupid, he knows what’s coming, so just warn him and he should stay in line.”

“Wait, you guys are leaving?”

“We can’t be around you all the time Sylva,” Checkers sighed. “We have our own jobs to take care of, and now that you’ve proven yourself a reliable tool to Magnus, he’s tearing the training wheels off. So far you’ve only been used by our own men, but now he’s branching off into other turfs to get more influence on his side. So, play nice.”

“I’m not a child,” Sylva spat at the leopard.

“Then quit acting like one,” Checkers shot back in a cocky tone, his tail flicking behind him as Whispers guided him away.

“Hey, you’re Sylva, right?”

The possum opened his eyes and looked at the source of that gruff voice. There stood a boar, his body stacked with muscle and a thick gut. He was missing a tusk and his other was coated on gold. Sylva knew him, but he couldn’t quite place where.

“Yeah, what’s it to ya?” The possum shot back.

“Don’t be like that, I’m your protection and your client,” the boar gave a sly grin. “The name is Randy, but everyone just calls me Toothless.”

Sylva eyed him up and down. Despite being on top of the table, the boar was only a head shorter than him. He was a fairly large guy.

“So you’re my next customer? Kind of odd with you being my protection at the same time. Isn’t that some sort of conflict of interests or whatever?”

“Not really,” Toothless put his hands on his hips, his gut pushing out and peeking out from under the hem of his scrubs. “You think I’m going to chance the wrath of both Magnus and Lawrence by fucking you up? Nah. I ain’t as dumb as Diesel.”

“That’s still to be seen,” Sylva hopped off the table and brushed his scrubs into place.

“Watch it kid,” Toothless grumbled through a crooked grin. “Your ass is on the line too. You do a bad job with me, just think how your reputation would tank. You got clients clamoring to get to your sweet cookie, but just imagine if this boar said it wasn’t worth it? That Magnus’ bitch was all talk? How long do you think Magnus will keep you around if you can’t pull tail like you used to?”

“You son of a—*tsk*” Sylva looked down, gritting his teeth. “What do you want?”

“Just what I paid for baby,” Toothless stepped forward and cupped Sylvas face. “Look at me, when I talk to you.” His voice was stern. “Where I come from, we show some damned respect to our elders.”

Where I come from... that sounded familiar to the possum. Instantly his mind clicked. Toothless was that boar that Magnus had beaten and thrown in solitary the first week he was here. The boar touched him without the elephant prison lord's permission.

"Well, where I come from, respect is earned, not given," Sylva slapped his hand away from his face.

"Cheeky little brat," Toothless snarled, but his grimace melted into a cocky grin. "But I like making brats squeal. Besides, I paid for you, so your respect *is* for sale."

"My pussy is for sale, not my respect," Sylva huffed and crossed his arms. Toothless simply smirked and stepped forward, his thick gut pressing into Sylva and pinning him against the side of the table. The boar took his hand and ran up Sylva's inner thigh before cupping his pussy, those fingers brushing his little mound.

"What the fuck is the difference?" Toothless rumbled the remark. "You're a slut for hire, a whore sold at a premium for the fact you got two holes to fuck instead of one, and I'm going to get my money's worth."

Sylva's skin crawled, that gut hot against his chest as he looked up. Their eyes were locked and the boar's dark eyes dared him to talk back. Sylva lost the staring contest and looked away.

"Yeah, whatever," Sylva huffed.

"Folding so soon? I knew you were a pussy boy, but I didn't know that meant you didn't have any balls."

Sylva rolled his eyes internally. If he had a nickel for every time someone pulled the no balls joke on him. Though, with the way the conversation was going, no one was going to win this, and he didn't want to violate the golden rule. You don't fuck over your protection.

"Isn't that what you're paying for?" Sylva smirked, biting his lower lip and pulling himself up onto the table, his legs gripping Toothless and pulling him forward, the table skidding loudly across the cement. The metal pipework that made up the table rang out like hollow church bells as Sylva ran his leg up over Toothless' thigh, his feet gently rubbing at his sides. "You don't want just any hole with some dirty mud flaps. You want some premium, sexy silk."

Toothless' eyes were wide as he looked around, half the yard looking at the boar with envious eyes or with their jaws hanging open.

"I...um..."

"Yeah?" Sylva sighed, his legs going up to grip around Toothless' hips and pulling him forward, his thick gut rolling over Sylva's warm mound and abdomen. "When was the last time you had pussy? When was the last time you felt the warm, velvety embrace of a woman's touch?"

"Ch-Cheeks! Stop," Toothless tried to pull away, but he didn't want to do anything to hurt Sylva either. He knew what was at stake if he bruised Magnus' property. Everyone knew what happened to Diesel and that was one of Magnus' top guys! What would he do to his competition?

"Stop? Isn't this what you paid for?" Sylva laid back on the table with a gentle cooing sigh. "I've never fucked with a hog before. You looking to sniff out my truffle big guy?"

Toothless was speechless, his face burning red. Sylva gave a little murr, his eyes half sheathed as he slowly sat up, his hands roaming over that big muscle gut, the healthy fat cool to the touch. Sylva pressed his nose against the boar's wet one and gently nuzzled it.

“You itching to get to that pussy big guy?” Sylva murred. Just as Toothless was about to say something his voice caught in his throat as his balls were brushed by Sylva’s tail, that prehensile appendage grinding against his sensitive bulge. “So full, how long has it been since you last busted?”

Toothless snorted, steam practically shooting out of his nostrils as he picked up Sylva and hauled him to the doors. There was an equipment room that was typically locked, but was a safe room for Lawrence’s men. The possum giggled the entire way, thinking of his next move. Toothless tossed him into the equipment room and went to close the doors behind him.

It was much like the equipment room at a school. Bins of balls and miscellaneous gear were strewn haphazardly about. Sylva quickly found a sturdy bin to lean against and kicked off his shoes and hooked his thumbs into his scrubs and let them hit the floor.

Just as Toothless finished locking the doors behind him, Sylva kicked his pants over to him, the garments smacking his back and hitting the floor. The boar spun around to see what was at his feet, his eyes going wider as he slowly followed the trajectory back to its owner. There Sylva stood, his shirt bunched up under his chin as he panted softly, his fingers already going down to his petals. The possum spread his legs, his feet splaying across the floor as he leaned back onto the bin of basketballs. His pink fingers gently brushed over his folds, splaying them and showing the glistening honey just inside, his little clit pushing his hood up.

“Does it look like what you remember?” Sylva huffed out, pretending to be all hot and bothered.

“Fuck it’s beautiful,” Toothless moaned. The boar fell to his knees and shuffled over, his thick fingers spreading Sylva’s legs wide. The blunt nose of the boar pressed against those folds, snorting as he took in the smell of that ripe pussy. He could smell other men there, but that wasn’t what he cared about.

Sylva giggled at the cool touch of that nose, flinching away a little before easing himself back down.

“Sorry,” Sylva huffed. “Your nose is just a little cooooooooooooo....” Sylva’s eyes rolled back as that boar’s lips spread and started lapping at those folds. He leaned his head off to the side so his golden tusk didn’t press into Sylva as the hog’s thick tongue lulled forward. Lips smacked and drool dripped. This wasn’t anything like how Whispers ate him out, this was entirely different. There was a hunger behind it, a ravenous need as those lips smacked and slurped at his folds. There wasn’t any technique or finesse, but rabid hunger and thirst.

It was Sylva’s turn to go wide eyed, his hands gripping onto that bin for support as his legs shook. That tongue lashed over his folds, slurping into each ridge like a machine, sliding and slipping between each of his sensitive ridges before lashing over to the next, digging in and finding every piece of honey before snorting and shifting to the next spot. Toothless was Hoovering that pussy up like a pig at a trough, gobbling up that pussy like some fine slop. Wet strands flew from that hungry maw, those lips glazed in a mix of drool and pussy juices as that boar ate his favorite meal. Then his tongue lulled deep into that pussy causing Sylva to arch his back and cry out, his voice catching on a few involuntary spasms as that tongue demanded more space. The tip of that hungry diver flicking like mad, lashing in all directions as though it couldn’t wait to find more of the possum’s sweetness.

Sylva ran his fingers through the boar’s greasy hair, his fingers gripping hard. Toothless was happy as a hog rolling in shit and he sounded like one too. His squeals and snorts accompanied the deep and wet smacking and squelching of that truffle. In order to get better access, Toothless slung one of Sylva’s legs over his shoulder, the boar’s nose pressed firmly against that clit, huffing and warming it as it nuzzled forward while that tongue writhed in the sweetness of Sylva’s folds.

“Oh fuck! Toothless! Holy shit!” Sylva gasped as the boar pulled from that love tunnel.

“Call my Randy,” he demanded before diving back in. It was like a diver coming up for air to bark an order and dive back down.

“Randy?” Sylva almost laughed, the name almost too fitting for the randy hog going to town on his cabbage, but that laugh was lost in a scream as Randy slapped his g-spot with his fluttering tongue. That tip smacking it and fluttering better than any sex toy. Cunny honey dribbled down the boar’s chin, his stubble glistening with the slick as he feasted.

“Fuck, it’s been too long,” Randy moaned, his muzzle breaking away for only a moment, thick strands of drool and cunny honey rolling down his chin before he’d go back to feasting from that trough.

“Holy shit, how long as it been?” Sylva gasped out. He didn’t get an answer. Instead Randy gripped him by the ass and lifted him up, the possum lifting off the ground as he slung Sylva’s other leg over his shoulder, the possum’s weight being added to the pleasure as that boar dug into that peach. Sylva gave gasping moans, his fingers lacing into the greasy locks of that pig, his toes twitching behind his back as his thighs gripped that face harder, pulling him in and practically suffocating the boar with his flow of juices.

“Tooth—fuck I mean...Randy, holy shit, I’m-I’m gunna—gunna!” Sylva threw his head back and gave a loud whorish moan as his pussy popped, his walls spasming and milking on that attentive tongue. Sylva’s walls gripped and pulsed as Randy struck oil, Sylva’s legs twitching as his pussy rewarded that hungry hog.

“Fuck yeah,” Randy groaned between his sloppy eating. “Fuck, you’re so fucking sweet,” more snorting and squealing as he continued to munch on that mound. Sylva simply cried out as he was forced into another orgasm by that ravenous maw.

Then his cheeks were spread, slick fingers coated in his own femcum pressed against his pucker without warning. Instantly his hole sucked them in, milking them in his spasming as Randy went down on him like a starved beast.

“More,” Randy squealed and snorted. “More!” His thick sausage fingers slipped into Sylva’s hole, digging deep and working his ass open while making the sloppiest, smacking, slurping he had ever heard in his life.

Sylva was about to pop on his third orgasm when he regained some of his wits. He panted, not having to pretend anymore as he wrapped his tail around the hogs neck and leaned back.

“Wait,” Randy tried to stop Sylva from moving, but it was too late, the possum fell backwards, his back arching over the boars thick gut. He gripped tighter with his tail, the appendage lightly choking the hog, but not uncomfortably.

“Oh fuck, Randy, you keep doing what you’re doing,” Sylva’s tail gripped tighter as his legs stayed hooked over the hog’s shoulders, his toes twitching. “I’m going to have a little fun myself.”

That little reprieve was enough to help Sylva gain control of himself again as Randy tried to find a better angle to hold the possum. Currently his stubble scratched against his petals roughly, but Sylva was used to the manly stubble of a DILF with a bone. Sylva shuddered, needing to resist the urge to call out Magnus’ name as that chin and roll of fat plucked and pulled at his folds before Randy’s tongue lulled over it again.

Sylva huffed, clearing his head as he arched down as best he could, his flexibility much better since he started working with Checkers. There he found his prize. That thick hog hidden in Randy’s pants. He must have already came twice with how much slop was darkening his pant leg. That thick soda can was at full mass and digging into the boar’s gut, a thick stream of clear juices oozed out from the

fabric and drizzled down into a growing stain down his knee. Sylva gripped those scrubs and pulled them down, the fabric sticking in strands to that thick member. The first thing Sylva noticed were those balls. They were each the size of a softball and were practically straining the hog's sack. Each one pulled down on that sack, each bright red and full. Sylva heard rumors that pigs needed special underwear to support their balls with how heavy they got, but he always thought it was bull until now...

Sylva's mouth hung open in awe as he lifted those nuts. They churned and pulsed in his hands. They were heavy, dense, like they were two cantaloupes made of lead. As soon as he touched them a thick jet of pre shot from his shaft, thick streams spraying off of that soaked, hairy underbelly. Sylva gave a little wine as his pussy was filled with the moan of a needy man, his tongue slipping deep into that pussy again as he merely messaged those balls.

"Randy, holy shit, your balls are so heavy."

"Fuck, so pent up," Randy moaned. "I haven't busted in a month!"

"Fuck, really? I thought you had your own prison bitches?"

"Fuck, I ain't no fag. I ain't gunna bust in some fairy's hole. Pussy for me all the way."

"Then what have you been doing?"

"Paying Magnus to jack it in the showers alone," Randy slurped and licked over that quivering clit. "Not anymore. I'm going to bust in you any chance I get, pretty girl."

"Fuck," Sylva leaned in, his chin hooking into the underside of that gut and sliding through the musky layer of pre before sucking that cock into his muzzle. It was so fucking thick, but not as thick as Magnus' shaft. It was far more manageable, and the boar's hairy belly was made much easier to

navigate with that man glaze. Sylva started bobbing his head, his lips tugging at the salty foreskin as he gently rolled those nuts in his hands.

“Shit! Cheeks! Stop! Im gunna, FUCK!”

Sylva could barely hear the boar over the sloshing of that gut and the ringing in his ears from being upside down, so the only indicator that Randy was going to cup was the fact those nuts tried to lift out of his hands. Sylva opened his throat, but nothing could have prepared him for what came out of that shaft.

It was like a power washer was jetting thick shots of slop into his muzzle. It came so quickly that it shot out his nose in streams as his cheeks bulged. Then those balls bounced again and shot again. That was just one shot! That boar moaned, thrusting his hips as those balls churned out their thick, chunky load. Cum filled Sylva’s muzzle, his nose, his every airway completely cut off as thick, glopping messes of the stuff came flooding him. Sylva tried to push back, but Randy thrust forward, pinning him against the bin as he choked on the musky slop he was being fed.

That virile jet after jet kept coming as those balls rippled, goosebumps rolling over those balls and thighs, even his gut as he came harder and harder. Eventually Sylva forced his head to the side, only for his ear to be blasted in the eye with the shit. Sylva vomited a massive slurry of cum, coughing up cum bubbles as steamy raunchy man reek rolled around him, poisoning the air into a miasma of fuck funk.

“Shit,” Randy pulled back and lifted Sylva up to get his bearings. The possum wretched and coughed more cum over the basketballs, the ooze glazing them as he hacked on his own breath. “You got to get my dick in your throat before I cum or you won’t be able to take it all.”

“What the fuck,” Sylva gasped, his world nothing but a white haze as the gunk got in his eyes, glazing his face and gluing his lids shut. He swiped it away, his hand coated like he just fistfucked a cinnamon roll.

Sylva felt a thick wad smack his thigh, his quivering legs giving out as he tried to hold onto the bin for leverage only to have his fingers slip with the slick they were coated in.

“Don’t think we’re done because of that party fowl,” Randy rumbled, his cock still spewing his load as he moaned, the stream slowly dying off into a normal man’s busted nut before slowing down into a steady, lumpy stream of nut butter.

“Holy shit, like how much can you cum?” Sylva eyed him up as he cleared the cum from his brow.

“That’s not even half my easy nut,” Randy grinned, his golden tusk gleaming. “Now, get on your knees. Daddy Randy has a meal for his good girl.”

Sylva blinked, his spine tingling. Despite having almost drowned on that shit, and how he could feel those swimmers impregnating his sinuses, he had to know what it was like to get force fed that nut. Sylva’s pussy quivered as Randy lowered him down to his knees.

“Now, open your maw and get ready. My orgasm can last up to a half hour, so now that it’s started, it ain’t going to stop until I’m empty. But now that it’s slowed down, you can get a proper mouthful.”

“Shit, just do it already,” Sylva gripped Randy’s thighs, his fingers running over the leg hair and the goosebumps that rolled beneath them. Randy gripped his gut and lifted, revealing that thick-ass hog of a dick. It was big, but manageable, and a steady stream of cum was oozing out of it, the blood red beast constantly throbbing as those nuts overflowed.

Sylva gripped the base of that member, pulling back the foreskin and unleashing a thick slop of trapped cum and causing a thick shot to smack his face.

“Shit! Get on it or I’ll start up again!” Randy ordered, one of his hands going to the back of Sylva’s head and forcing him down. Luckily Sylva could correct himself as that dick sank deep into his throat. He forced it down until his head was pinned into the sopping mess of pubes. Then everything went dark.

“Fuck yes! Take my nut you bitch,” Randy moaned as he thrust, his gut sloshing over Sylva’s head and pinning him to that cock as it started to throb, getting harder and pounding deep before thick jets of cum sloshed forward, shooting deep and gargling down into Sylva’s throat. Sylva could hardly breathe, and what air he could get was a slick, salty, musky mess of man. He gaged on that cock, just more pig cum sloshing around his lips and glazing them as he felt that meal of slop squelch and plop into his stomach. Sylva’s belly started to bulge as Randy thrust, the pig’s fat ass swaying, his tail hiked as he squealed and snorted, dumping his slop into his new fuck bucket as his balls bounced up so high it revealed Sylva’s chin only to fall down half way and bounce back up.

“That’s right! Take my easy load! Fucking take it!”

Sylva’s vision was getting blurry. He couldn’t breathe without gummy slop getting in the way. Each shot of that nut made his stomach gargle and slosh forward. He gripped those nuts and tried to squeeze them painfully, but all he could muster was to massage them, making the cock in his throat bulge, forcing the outline of that gushing member into relief against the possum’s throat. Those balls throbbed, literally throbbed and bounced harder and faster as Sylva gripped them. The jets of cum only getting stronger with each passing moment. Sylva’s stomach rolled forward, sloshing as he was force fed more and more spunk. His belly button popped out as he bloated, his tight waist being obliterated as he looked like he was ready to pop with a baby!

Just when the possum thought he was going to pass out, he felt Randy's thick fingers grip his hare and yank him off his dick.

Sylva fell down, his face hitting a puddle of cum as he wretched. A massive wad of cum shot out his nose and maw as he coughed through the miasma of raunch. Despite having dropped a gallon of cum over the floor, the thick slop so virile and chunky it almost looked like tapioca pudding, he still had a considerable gut.

"Fuck, I'm not done with you yet," Randy grunted and snorted. He gripped Sylva by the nape of his scrubs and threw him over the bin of basketballs. Sylva's shirt rode up to expose Sylva's bloated, pink gut. "Fuck you look hot with a belly on you, Cheeks."

Sylva was about to say something when that red hot hog slapped between his thick ass cheeks. He tried to pull away, but he was too weak, the hog gripping his hands and pinning them to the small of his back.

"Fuck Magnus for snatching you up first. I was going to rape you in the showers, fucking knock you up, fucking make you my fucking brood mare. Do you have any idea how mad I was that he locked you down and made you take your birth control? I don't care if you're not fertile. I'll fuck you full of so much cum there's no way you won't be pregnant. I'll fill you with a fine farrow! My farrow you little pig fucker!"

Sylva tried to scream and struggle, but he was too weak. All he managed were a few burps, cum splattering his maw and dripping from his lips as that thick dick pulled back, spraying thick wads of cum all over his back and cheeks as he lined it up with that asshole, shot a few ropes, before sliding further down to the slightly gaped lips of that feasted peach. Sylva let out a gargling moan as Randy thrust in, thick jets of cum already lubricating the way.

Loud, thick slapping filled the room as streams of cum sloshed between the two. Thick strands of pig nut glazing Sylva's cheeks as the boar above him rolled into orgasm after orgasm, those heavy nuts swinging forward and smacking Sylva's clit almost painfully with their weight. Every thrust into Sylva's cunt was accompanied by squirting strands of cum as Randy staked his claim. Sticky, wiggling strands of cum connected Sylva and that rutting pig, the slick sliding further and further up between the two, connecting his fat gut that was pinning him down and the possums back in a web work of thickening strands.

"Fuck yeah! Take it!" Randy squealed, thick glorping sloshes of cum gurgling out of that cunt as he continued to glaze it. A thick layer of pig jelly coating that pussy as he continued to fuck over and over, releasing over a month's worth of pent up pig pen frustration.

Sylva groaned as his belly continued to bloat, his womb gargling with that spunk and pushing forward, each slick stab of that fat hog in his cunt accompanied with a warm bloom of raunchy, chunky nut butter. His pussy sopping and glorping as cum frothed at the corners of his maw. Steamy haze filled his vision of that raunch as they baked in the heat of that room, the cement walls sweating from the intense rut of the two going at it. Sylva's pussy would pop, clenching and his honey getting lost in the overwhelming volume of that pig slick, only for those balls to slosh forward and smack up against him in another compounded orgasm, the squelching shots in his cunt getting thicker and harder for a few moments as Randy's taint cramped trying to get through all that nut.

Sylva's gut bloated, distending down further and further until he looked like he was ready to birth twins, his popped belly button glowed pink at trying to hold all that hog nut inside. Sylva heard rumors at Kink before he was old enough to go that the scene was ruled by boars and pigs just busting oceans of nut into cum hungry whores, and now he knew why. No one slut could soak up this much nut,

the fact his feet were glazed and sloshing in the stuff was evident enough. If he was spit roasted on two of those hogs, would he just pop? Would he burst like some over inflated condom?

The thought caused Sylva to gargle, cum oozing between his teeth as he couldn't keep it all down, a burp of hot musk shooting some out of his nose as he tried to keep it down, only for the thrusts on his back to make him gargle and ooze.

This went on for what felt like hours, but it was only about thirty minutes. Randy gripped Sylva and lifted him up and threw him into the ball pit, the possums own gut pinning him down as Randy put his gut down on top of it, causing the possum to moan in a sick mixture of bloated pleasure.

"Fuck you look beautiful covered in my cum, gravid with fucking young," Randy snarled, his own chin had strands of cum forming some gross, musky, perverse beard of his own virility. "Fuck yeah, I'm going to really nut inside you, make you my fucking breeding sow!" He thrust, their guts jostling together, sloshing against one another as Randy got into a rhythm. He leaned forward, his muzzle practically swallowing Sylva's, his thick tongue that gave the possum that pussy lashing filled his maw, cum welling around his lips and dribbling down in drool as that thick man nut coated him from head to toe.

Sylva's toes splayed out behind Randy, jostling with each thrust and causing the cum to drip off between them as he was fucked hard and deep.

"Fuck, here it comes," Randy groaned, cum connecting their lips as his balls drew up and clenched, a thick wad of cum surging into Sylva's cunt and causing it to bloat as streams of it shot out his used pussy. That cock throbbed, the cum pipe distending as it gushed more into the little possum.

Then he pulled out, his cock still oozing his nut as he flopped down on the floor.

"Shit...I fucking needed that..."

“H-How...” Sylva gasped, finally able to breathe. “How...holy fuck...” Sylva’s hand went to his cunt a slow glopping fall of that thick pig pudding sloshing down and splattering into the mess below as he rubbed it over his glazed pussy. “So...fucking much...”

Sylva’s eyes were bloodshot as he laid in it, exhausted and still rubbing his little bullet with that cum, wetly snapping and popping in his shaky grip.

“Like I said,” Randy panted. “I was pent up, but now it’s time for dessert.”

“What...do you mean—ohhhmmmm!” Sylva gasped as his legs were parted as that pig went to eating his own nut from that used pussy, his muzzle eating with gusto, but not as ravenous as before. Sylva gasped, his stomach gargling as he digested that keg of cum while he was eaten out methodically. He gave a little sigh, rubbing his belly, his mind ablaze as he rubbed it, his other hand going to his maw to suck his fingers clean, but not swallowing. He couldn’t swallow to save his life right now.

No instead, he laid back on a bed of poorly inflated basketballs as Randy ate his overstuffed cream pie he just finished baking.

The next thing he knew he was being carried, the big boar cradling him in his arms as he took him to the showers. He was his protection after all...and it’s not like he left him with the option of using his own legs.

Despite it being so rough...he sighed contentedly, cradling his gut as he felt a strange urge to protect it, his pussy oozing more of that nut out as he was taken to the showers for cleanup.