

"Dude, I *still* can't believe you've never been to a bedhouse."

Carlos glanced from the window to Daniel's expectant smirk. He managed a wary sort of grin and turned his attention back to the city streets. "Keep your eyes on the road, man. I'm not trying to spend the rest of the day in the hospital."

"Oh!" Daniel took a hand from the steering wheel, pointing at Carlos. "You want nurse stuff? They got this setup-"

"Focus!"

"Yeah, right, right." Daniel brought his hands back to ten and two, almost sulking as he wiggled in the driver's seat. "Sorry, I just, uh. Y'know, I'm looking forward to it. Y'know?"

"I can kinda tell, yeah." Carlos yawned, leaning an elbow against the armrest between them and finally turning his full attention to Daniel. "But, like."

He paused. Narrowed his eyes.

"*Why?* Like-" Carlos shook his head and shrugged one shoulder in bewilderment. "The way you describe it, a sleephouse-"

"*Bedhouse.*"

"Oh, yeah, sorry, a *bedhouse* just sounds like this kind of weird hotel? That you rent out for three hours instead of a night or whatever?" Carlos rolled his eyes and shook his head once more. "I don't get it. Wh- Like-" He sighed. "Do you not have a bed at home? Why would anyone *pay* for this?"

He yawned again and looked out the window. "I just don't get it, man."

Daniel held his breath, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. "I mean." He finally murmured an admittedly weak response and shrugged. "It's still all on me. You know that, right? And, like-" He seemed to hold his breath for a moment more before shrugging again. "Trust me, you'll enjoy it. Like, they have." He gulped. "Really, uh. Soft beds."

"Mhm." Carlos glanced out of the corner of his eye and kind of smirked. Yeah, there was pretty clearly something Daniel wasn't telling him, but it didn't really matter. If Daniel was paying for it, that was more than fine by him. Besides, he'd been exhausted at work lately, and even if he had a bed at home (like pretty much every other human being in existence), the idea of a "gourmet nap" was an...interesting one.

They finally pulled into the bedhouse's parking lot, and Daniel practically *sprinted* inside once he'd parked the car. Carlos wasn't in nearly as much of a

rush, and as he got out of the car, he looked up at the bedhouse itself. Pretty normal-looking, honestly.

Plain to the point of inconspicuous, the bedhouse didn't stand out in the least in the neighborhood. If he were to name *something* that set it apart from the other houses, it was that it had a small parking lot in front of it. Still, a childhood spent in suburbia meant Carlos had seen a fair number of doctor's offices and the like run out of otherwise "normal" houses.

No sign outside, though. Hm. Well, whatever. Carlos shrugged and made his way inside.

Daniel was in the middle of flirting with the receptionist, an attractive succubus with her black hair pulled up in a bun. Her horns were wicked little spikes, jutting up from her hairline, but they were just about the only reminder of her demonic heritage. Her smile dazzled, as every succubus' smile did, and her vividly red eyes nearly glowed with warmth as she seemed to hang off of Daniel's every word. They both turned to Carlos when the door opened, and the strangest thing was that they *both* seemed equally excited to see him.

"What took you so long? So, yeah, this is Carlos! He's the, uh. Referral I was talking about." Daniel looked back to the succubus, smiling wide. It could've been a trick of the light, but it *almost* looked like Daniel was blushing.

"Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Carlos!" If Daniel was looking at her, the succubus didn't notice. No, her attention was focused solely on Carlos, and the intensity of her gaze almost had Carlos flushed himself. She rose from her desk and clasped her hands together in front of her *staggeringly* impressive bust. Out of the corner of his eye, Carlos saw her spaded tail slithering excitedly behind her.

Daniel kind of shifted in place, looking towards the succubus expectantly. When she looked back to him, he straightened up.

"Well, if you've referred a new client to us, it stands to reason that you've earned yourself a referral bonus, Danny! Choose whichever room you want." She turned away once more, focusing her attention once more on Carlos. Daniel didn't seem to mind; he'd already ducked down a hallway in giddy pursuit of...something. Or someone? Carlos didn't really get a chance to make the distinction, because the succubatic secretary had stepped out from behind her desk and moved in front of him.

"Now," she murmured softly. "While he's off getting some much-needed relief, let me introduce myself." Her gaze softened, and even if her posture was unmistakably professional, Carlos couldn't help but attribute some air of

flirtatiousness to it. Like a prim, proper businesswoman as depicted by a pin-up artist. She offered a hand for Carlos to shake and smiled. "My name is Isabelle. I'm the owner of this establishment." She winked. "I'm going to guess that Daniel didn't explain much on the way over, did he?"

Carlos blinked before realizing that she was waiting on his answer. "Oh, yeah-" He took her hand and shook it with a laugh. "He managed to...talk a lot without saying anything, kinda. He loves this place, I got that much! I just..." He smiled ruefully and shrugged. "...Don't really know why? Something about beds?"

Isabelle smiled and nodded, turning to lift something from her desk. "That's correct. As a 'bedhouse,' we offer a few different services to ensure that our clients can enjoy a nice, relaxing nap. It's getting harder and harder to find a moment's rest these days, so we try to provide that relief. Here." She handed Carlos a laminated sheet of paper. "A menu of our services. Given that you're Daniel's referral today, you're entitled to two choices from the last section."

Choice? Section? What, did they have, like, different mattresses or pillows or something? Carlos quirked a brow as he looked down at the "menu," but closer examination of the options didn't really...help all that much. It was divided up into a few equally confusing components, the likes of which Carlos had never seen on a menu before. "Genre." "Composition." "Tempo." And, finally... "Melody."

"If you have any questions," Isabelle purred, "*please* just let me know."

Carlos shivered at the sound, and at her closeness a moment later. Isabelle was *more* than happy to guide him through the process, to the point that she'd slid up beside him as soon as he pointed to the list. Her breasts pillowed against his arm, and it took Carlos a moment to refocus and actually *speak*.

"Yeah, I just, uh." He shook his head. "I guess I don't really know how most of this would factor into a nap? Or, like. Sleep in general, I guess. Like, look, right here." He pointed to one of the options listed under "Genre." "'Country.' 'Calypso.' I don't-" He glanced over to her and found his cheeks flushing hot as he found himself staring directly into her eyes. Less than a foot away.

"...Don't know what that necessarily means?" Isabelle offered after Carlos fell silent.

Carlos nodded.

"Mm, well, perhaps a bit of an explanation's in order." Isabelle plucked the menu from Carlos' hands and set it aside. "We call ourselves a 'bedhouse,' but I personally find it's more accurate to say that we sell lullabies. But even *that's*

not the *most* accurate." Isabelle placed a hand on Carlos' shoulder, and her voice dropped to a murmur. "Lullabies are just something you listen to. Pleasant to hear, but what does a song do for the other senses? For instance-"

She whispered in Carlos' ear, and his eyelids fluttered. "The balmy heat of a summer night, the watercolor orange and red of sunset giving way to nocturnal indigo. Young love in a farmhouse, the giggling, fumbling hands groping with all the graceless abandon of a farmgirl who wants nothing more than to cuddle and coddle her *man*. Daisy dukes, tossed aside. Your sweat-damp undershirt discarded along with it. Her eyes boring into yours, burning with desire and *satisfaction*...as her chest bounces and sways right in front of your face. Vanilla and cinnamon, the taste of her tongue against yours. And then, a steady *schlick. Schlick. Schlick.*"

Isabelle snapped her fingers in his other ear, and he jolted awake. "Until you fall asleep. A lullaby for each individual sense."

That. He wanted that. He wanted what she just said. Carlos didn't care if there were any other choices available, because the picture she'd just painted in his mind's eye was so immediately *there* that...that...that he wanted it!

He cleared his throat and reached for the menu once more. "So, uh. So that would be..."

Isabelle leaned in closer, tapping a delicate fingertip to the paper. "That'd be 'Country' for the genre, 'concerto' for the composition, 'largo' for the tempo, and..." She pulled away, and Carlos all but whimpered. "Well, I suppose the *melody* is a matter of personal preference. Would you like a solo performance, Carlos?"

He blinked down at the options.

"Maybe a *duet*?"

He could all but *hear* the smile in Isabelle's voice.

"Or what about..." She stepped behind him, arms looped around his waist, chin resting on his shoulder, lips just barely brushing against his ear with every word. "A three. Part. *Harmony.*" Her hands pressed against his belly, one steadily rising up to splay out on his chest...and the other leisurely creeping lower and lower. He was already hard, but with each inch Isabelle slid her hand towards Carlos' aching arousal, his cock started to *twitch*.

"And-" Carlos gasped, his voice a wavering, stammering mess compared to the smooth sibilance of Isabelle's purr. "And I get to choose whatever I want?"

Isabelle chuckled. And cupped his erection through his pants. "First hit's free, darling," she hissed in Carlos' ear, capping it with a kiss. "Whatever you want, on the house. Why stop at three? You could have a *dozen* trained professionals hugging and cuddling you to the nicest, sleepest afterglow you've *ever* had."

Carlos' head was spinning as he answered. "Yeah." He blinked, swaying on his feet and eventually leaning back against Isabelle. "Yeah, a...dozen..." A dozen girls, all of them holding him close-

"Then just follow me, baby." Isabelle gave his prick a pat through the straining fabric of his pants, and he practically felt himself jerked forward by its twitching and throbbing. Isabelle pulled away and stepped in front of him, walking with a pronounced sway to her hips. Every step she took brought Carlos staggering behind her, tugged along by his cock's desperate need to bury itself in something, *anything* female. He trudged behind her down an endless blur of hallways, far too many to be contained in just one tiny suburban house.

But whenever he thought — or started to think, at least — the spaded tip of Isabelle's tail pressed flat up against his bulge and stoked his lusts nice and hot. The first few times soothed his questions away...and eventually her tail was just stroking him through his pants as he obediently followed behind.

Then they came to a door. It was almost disappointing, having to finally part ways from the walking wet dream that had led him here, but when the door opened, when the *heat* poured out, carrying the scent of moldering hay and lanolin upon it...he *staggered* into the pitch-black room.

The door shut behind him. He heard a click. And his eyes slowly grew accustomed to the dark.

Maybe Isabelle had been exaggerating with the specifics of the setting. There was no farmhouse, no sunset, no daisy dukes. Just a dozen nude sheep-girls cooing and cuddling on the biggest bed he'd ever seen, surrounding a *massive* cow-girl in similar undress dozing peacefully in the center.

Carlos didn't strip down with desperation, *per se*. He wasn't especially *fast* in pulling off his shirt or pulling down his pants, but he was definitely *eager*. And so, it seemed, were the sheep-girls. Most of them were more or less asleep in the massive cuddle-pile, but a few by the fringes were lucid enough to notice their visitor. Trilling happily, they reached out for him, clumsy and drowsy. If he were inclined to escape, it'd be trivial to avoid their sleepy groping, but Carlos' twitching erection sent him stumbling into their embrace.

From there, he was guided steadily deeper into the pile, absorbed by the fluffy, white mass of curves and breasts and instinctually greedy hands. A half-dozen dreaming sheep-girls all seemed to immediately latch onto him as their personal stuffed animal, mashing their tits up against him, kissing him, humming with delight as their embraces tightened one by one.

It was a sea of wool and warmth, the kind of heat that inexorably ushered one to a nice, peaceful sleep. Carlos' eyes sank shut in moments, but the constant sensation of softness and affection kept him from nodding off immediately.

And, of course, he was rock-hard. A trait some of the girls seemed to notice even as they slept. One of the resting sheep-girls managed to mount him even in her sleep, hooking her legs around his waist and locking her ankles behind the small of his back. She bounced up and down on his cock, squealing with delight as she came around him. The air tinged deliciously with sex, and the scent of rut and desire only grew thicker and thicker as more sheep-girls had their way with him, smeared their arousal against his skin, coaxed hot, thick creampie out of his cock and into their wombs.

Then, somehow, Carlos found his head resting on something...smooth. He didn't have his face buried in some fluffy pair of tits, even if another sheep-girl had mounted him. As the flock of sheep-girls sleepily ravished his pleasure-limp body, Carlos blinked his eyes open and realized...his head was laid back on the cowgirl's lap.

And it seemed she'd just realized it, too. A few drowsy moments after Carlos opened his eyes, she did, too, and it was with a dim smile that the cowgirl began to stroke his hair.

"Sweet baby..." She hummed, smoothing his hair from back to front. Back to front. Over and over. "Sweet baby..." The feeling of her hand stroking his scalp, back to front, back to front, over and over...was just as soothing as the hot, wet clench of another sheep-girl's cunt around his cock was stimulating. The combined effect was hypnotic in the most literal sense, two equally compelling sensations drawing his attentions away from anything conscious or waking. Soon Carlos' eyes had sunk from half-shut to fully closed, too intoxicated by slow, sensuous sex and gentle, loving pampering to care. Or think. Or do anything but enjoy them.

Something warm and just a little bit stiff pressed against his lips, and he instinctively opened his mouth to suck it into his mouth. A moment later, cream trickled from the stiffened peak into his mouth, and he *cooed* with lazy delight.

"Drink up, baby." The cowgirl murmured, stroking his hair as he gulped down mouthfuls of warm, sweet cream. Gulp, gulp, gulp, one after another, only guzzling more as soft hands splayed on his belly to rub gentle circles on its surface. As long as someone was bouncing on his cock and he had something to drink, Carlos didn't really care *what* they did to him. One girl had his hand pressed up against her cunt, fucking herself on two mindless fingers. One girl sucked and swirled her tongue around a fingertip on the opposite hand. A third bounced her hips up and down on his lap, the most energetic fuck he'd had so far nothing more than a lazy, insistent rut from a sheep-girl that had decided to ride him. The rest of the girls *surrounded* him, grabbing, patting, stroking, feeling, grabbing, *touching*. Skin against skin, skin against fluff, hard against *soft*.

Carlos heard a gasp, and it was with a dull glow of pleasure in his mind that he realized one of the girls must have pinched the cowgirl's free teat...to let cream trickle onto his chest. Almost instantly, a sea of hands worked to massage it into his skin, white kneaded into the ruddy brown of his body...as well as the smooth, soft hands working to massage him.

"You wanna cum inside us, don't you?" One of the sheep-girls purred into his ear before kissing it softly.

"Wanna just spunk nice and hard." Another agreed, taking her place on the opposite side. "It's getting hard to think, isn't it? Or..." She giggled and pressed one, two, three kisses to his neck. "It's already impossible. Silly boy's got his dick so stiff that he can't think."

"Oh, but you can't sleep like *that!*" The first sheep gasped, taking Carlos' hand and guiding it between her legs. She ground against his palm as she keened and trilled in his ear. "Your brain's asleep, but your dick's awake! We need to make sure *all* of you is sleeping before you get your *sweet dreams*."

"Yeah, so we need to put your big, silly dick to sleep! And the only way to do that..." The second kissed him again, this time on the cheek. "...is by counting sheep."

"We're gonna count how many times you creampie one of these *naughty* little sheep-girls."

"Yeah, we're gonna count down, down, *down* from ten...to one."

They both kissed his cheeks at the same time.

"No one *ever* gets to one."

"Nope, they *all* end up drifting to sleep before then. *Especially* if they can't stop drinking the milk."

One of them patted his belly. Another one mounted his cock. The two by his sides purred in his ears in unison.

"*Ten.*"

Her cunt clenched around him velvet-sweet, hot, wet, and *noisy*. Even with the cooing in his ears and the aural feedback of his own lazy suckling, Carlos could hear the wet, sloppy *squelch* of his prick plunging into a sheep-girl's pussy as she rocked on top of him. Over and over, *squelch, squelch, squelch*.

"*Make her a mommy,*" the two sheep-girls purred in unison, and Carlos was so far gone that he came on command. One thick, powerful, *pleasurable* splurt of seed pumped out of his cock and into her cunt, sending the sheep-girl mewling in delight...and sending Carlos sagging deeper into heady exhaustion.

But it seemed like they weren't content to let him just doze off. No, as soon as he'd seeded the first girl, she wriggled off his member and let another one take her place. They weren't going to let him fall asleep, they were going to *force* him to fall asleep through sheer, relentless, pillow-soft pleasure.

"*Nine. Already so tired.*"

The sheep-girls spurring him on were the most devilish dream-voices he'd ever heard, but the suction around his cock made it *trivial* to obey them. When they told him to, he came. When he came, they praised him. And counted down further. His balls emptied little by little, spurt by spurt, shot by shot.

And when it seemed like he couldn't go on, they *encouraged* that exhaustion. They lavished him with praise, cooed and giggled in his ears that he'd lasted so short, barely even creampie'd three girls before he fell asleep, that they were *so* impressed.

In fact, that was the trap. A ten-girl timer was, in reality, a three-girl timer. Constant encouragement and praise whenever he appeared drowsier reinforced Carlos' flagging resolve and sent his breathing slower and slower. Carlos was mindfucked into believing that he couldn't stay awake a single moment longer thanks to the potent cocktail of hormones sluggishly pumping through his bloodstream. It was a constant reward from his hindbrain, meted out drop by drop whenever his two fluffy mistresses squealed their delight at his pathetic mental stamina.

"No one's *ever* gotten past eight, baby. Not when they're drinking the milk."



One of them purred in his ear as she snuggled up against him tighter. "And you're so *thirsty*."

"So thirsty." The other agreed, kissing his neck. "Mm. You're going to fall asleep. Deep, deep asleep."

"That's right. Going to fall asleep the *instant* you bury that big, thick dick into your next sheep-girl."

"The *instant*."

"So drowsy. So tired."

"Falling asleep the *instant* you slide into the next girl. Deep, deep sleep."

"Sleepy." "Drowsy." "Mindless." "Mesmerized." "About to drop, about to surrender." "So close, so close, almost there-"

"Three-"

"Two-"

"One-"

She dropped her hips down, and Carlos fell into a deep, deep sleep.

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He stared ahead dumbly, still stiff in his dream. Naked, too.

Isabelle, however, was not.

No, she was dressed as sharp as ever, looking Carlos up and down with a smirk.

"Well." She stepped forward, the click of her high heels prompting a dumb, horny twitch from his cock with each footfall. "Looks like 'Roll in the Hay' was the right choice." She giggled into her hand...and stopped a foot or so from Carlos' swaying form.

Was he awake? Was he asleep? He couldn't tell. In fact, he couldn't do much thinking regardless. Not with Isabelle's rack bouncing and jiggling right in front of him. Carlos stared into her cleavage dumbly, but before he could reach for his cock and start stroking himself, Isabelle reached down and wrapped her hand around his erection.

"Now. I'm going to do something to make sure you come back again." She started to stroke his shaft, and Carlos groaned silently in appreciative lust. Her skin was like silk. Or at least pre-lotioned. Isabelle pumped away, almost mechanical in her efficiency. She was milking him, working to ensure he pumped every last drop of spunk he had out in a mindless cumshot.

"Just something small," she reassured her dazed guest. She stroked faster. And faster. And faster! Pumping away! Carlos grunted and groaned, bucking his hips forward! So close, so close-

...but instead of an orgasm, there was just a little blip of pleasure and a sudden sense of fullness in his loins. Isabelle smiled, but Carlos didn't see it. No, he was still staring at her rack...which she proceeded to wobble right in front of his eyes.

She pump-pump-pumped his cock more and more, and each time he *would've* cum, all Carlos got was a little drop of pleasure and a heavier pair of balls. And a thicker dick. A...literally thicker dick. Longer, too. Soon he was sporting a few extra inches in length, all thanks to Isabelle's insistent attention. Just felt better and better, honestly...but that was assuming he'd get to cum for real soon.

"Poor thing. Well, I hope you don't mind it." Isabelle pulled away, taking a step back to look him over. "Because if you want *any* sort of relief, you'll have to come back here." Carlos wrapped his hand around his cock as he half-listened to her, jerking away and causing his prick to balloon up in size bit by bit. "The longer you wait, the *harder* it'll get to resist. That big, *thick* cock of yours will tell you to come back here, and sooner or later..." She blew a kiss. A black heart fluttered from her lips to the tip of his bloated prick. Carlos shivered as it dusted against his crown, dissolving into smoky wisps.

"...Sooner or later, you'll have no choice but to obey it. And we'll put you to bed. Ease all that hot, *thick* tension you have pent up. And do it all again." She grinned, showing off the pointed tips of her teeth. "Don't worry. Our rates are *very* reasonable. Assuming, that is, that you don't end up *hooked* on twelve-person cuddle-orgies like the one that you just went to sleep in. *Those* might be a little expensive. But if you don't have the money for that..."

"...you could always refer a friend instead."

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"It's, like." Carlos drummed his fingers on the steering wheel as he thought.

"It's hard to explain. You ever hear of a flophouse?"

"Sounds familiar," Justin murmured as he looked out the window.

"It's like that, kinda. But *super* temporary. Like, just the afternoon. Or a few hours, even."

"...And this is somehow *different* from taking a nap at home?" Justin cracked a grin and quirked an eyebrow at Carlos.

"Yeah! Dude, you have *no* idea."

"I guess not." He turned away once more, watching the trees go by as they drove towards the "bedhouse."

"Yeah. Don't worry. You'll see soon." Carlos shifted in his seat. He was nearly a foot long now, with balls bloated enough to match. But...it felt so *good*. And he knew that it was only going to get better. Just like in his dreams.