Party Room - Fatal

 "Fan*tastic*! So your Sub-Commander is okay with you not sticking around for a bit?"

 Rustung grinned at the fox, adjusting his jeans. "I got the go-ahead. You don't seem all that upset about your partner."

 The Fox grinned back. "You saw his face on the way down - guy was in heaven. And more importantly, I got off as you wedged him in there. It's win win!"

 "Lemme make sure I got the words straight. You're an 'observer', right? So you like watching this stuff."

 "Right."

 "Clear enough, then. And you're hiring me to go to a 'party room'?"

 "Right. If you want, I can pay you more, that's just the usual - "

 "Nah, it's great. And it's not about the money. Besides, I want to feel as many of you beastmen squirm their way in me as I can. And humans too, right?"

 "Right. Is he still *moving* in there?"

 "Yeah. I'm figuring out how to keep him moving a lot longer than that squirrel - Zaghaft. Figuring this out."

 "Are you *sure* you've never done this before? You're extremely good at it."

 "You've got a lot of experience with orcs shoving people down their cocks?"

 "I wouldn't say a lot, but this won't be my first time observing. Most orcs can't, uh. Keep themselves from getting off immediately after - you're still churning in there."

 "I want to say hello to this party room with a huge load."

 "You are *extremely* good at this. Let's get into my rental car before I cream in my work pants."

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 This wasn't Rustung's first time in the big city, but it *felt* different.

 For one he was more confident. More sure of himself. Not looking around while wondering when his next orders would come in - instead looking hungrily at targets. That one was a deer. There's a boar. There another fox.

 Rustung's stomach grumbled, loudly.

 "Whoa! I guess you're really ready for more, huh?"

 "Yes." Rustung licked his tusks. "Your partner stopped moving. Holding myself back is making me hornier. And hungrier."

 "We're almost there - it's that building, the biggish one that's grey and blue." The Fox paused, as Rustung's gut grumbled again. "Whoa - I don't have to worry about going in there myself, do I?"

 "You might want to hurry." Rustung gave a toothy grin.

 "I'm hurrying, I'm hurrying!"

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 Rustung gave a sniff the moment the elevator opened.

 Five in there. Actually. Rustung closed his eyes, focusing a bit.

 That was... a seal. Rustung could smell his fear through the doorway. Extremely nervous, but also aroused.

 A human. Probably had just jerked off, actually, that was a lot of human cum.

 Weasel. Weasel and human were the two that were the most aroused, based on the smell.

 That was... rhino? Actually Rustung couldn't quite place it. But that one seemed a bit neutral at the moment.

 And then a lion. That smell Rustung was very familiar with - the adrenaline smell that he got from a lot of his buddies back at camp. Probably very sure of himself.

 Heh.
 Ideas came to Rustung's head.

 "Okay! If you'd like, we have vests here that might be easier than - "

 Rustung grabbed the handle of the door, glancing momentarily to the fox. "Nah."

 The door slammed inwards. All five surprised denizens therein swerved as it opened - to see Rustung duck his way inside. Whoa, that was actually an elephant, not a rhino. Oh well, four out of five wasn't bad, he wasn't a scout.

 He unbuckled his jeans.

 "So *you* five are my victims."

 The weasel gave a *squee* of excitement. Rustung glanced around for a moment - they were still recovering from surprise at his entrance, but his scenting seemed accurate. Both weasel and human were clearly going to lunge for him. Seal curled backwards, timid. Elephant - ah, that was nervousness as well.

 All hardening.

 And over stomped the lion. Who was, notably looking at Rustung's still oversized balls. "Er. Okay, so we haven't - "

 Rustung shoved his jeans down to his knees.
 Opened the waistband of his briefs.
 Grabbed the Lion by the back of his head.
 And rammed his cock into the Lion's mouth.

 "Mmmpf!"
 But Rustung did not relent. He flowed out of his jeans that were around his knees - ah, that was the first time at least the seal had seen that as the seal was now mesmerized by the action. Gestured to the weasel and human.

 "My balls need attention."

 The weasel gave a squee. The human was more active, quickly hurrying forward and pulling at Rustung's briefs.

 "Wait - wait I'm setting up the camera!"

 Rustung ignored the fox, and continued to face fuck the lion. Who was loving this - sucking as best as he could. Being dominated.
 In fact.

 "You like to be in control. To be the big boss lion, leader of the pride. Well, right now you're not. Right now you're just a fucktoy. Paws on the ground."

 Obediently the lion put his paws down. Rock hard in his - ooh, briefs! That's right, people in these 'party rooms' would pick an underwear type. Make orcs happy.

 And now the human was going at Rustung's balls - his briefs around his knees. His enormous, oversized balls that had only barely fit in his pants at all.

 Rustung pulled the lion off his cock.
 Held firmly onto his mane.
 And came directly into his face.
 The huge surge of cum that came from the digested human flight attendant on the plane - blasting out and absolutely *soaking* the lion's mane, face, and fur. So much cum that the nearby human was *also* soaked from the splashing, as generally was the area all around.

 The lion was a hyperaroused wreck - just sitting there on his knees. Ah, he'd orgasm'd himself in there somewhere. Just sat in a daze, a dopey grin on his face.

 "Good." Rustung pulled off his shirt rather than flowed out of it. Because he could. "Now I need a refill. Who's climbing in there?"

 Honestly, he'd expected it to be the human, but the weasel acted first - *launching* himself forward and shoving his snout into Rustung's slit. Rustung closed his eyes in arousal as the weasel *squirmed* his way in.

 No.
 Stay in charge.
 Don't relish just yet.

 Ah, the human had also cum. He was exhaustedly trying to slurp at his shaft as the weasel sank in. Let the weasel ooze for a bit - he glanced up, at the elephant and seal.

 "Wh - whoa." The seal whispered. Heh. Leave him for a bit.

 "Hey."

 The elephant's eyes widened. "M - me?"

 "Push this weasel in."

 "I - " The elephant's rebuttal withered under Rustung's gaze. He slowly wandered forward, swallowing.
 He was hard as a rock.
 Rustung grinned.

 Slowly, the trunk went to the squirming weasel's butt - by this point the weasel had gotten half of himself into that shaft. Which was wild, and driving Rustung wild, but the more he was *dominating* these denizens the more control he had over his own arousal. He wouldn't cum again yet, since he wasn't *ready* to.

 The elephant gave a push.
 Rustung grabbed the trunk.
 Shrank himself a little as he put more of his mass than normal into his cock.
 Which engulfed the remainder of the weasel in one motion
 as well as half of the elephant's trunk.

 "?!" The elephant gave a startled sound, pulling backwards. Except Rustung wasn't having any of that - he gave the trunk a firm pull, yanking the elephant in up to his eyes, which stared at the enormous bulge in the orc's balls that was the weasel.

 "W - wai - "

 The elephant got no further as Rustung pulled harder. Huge! The elephant was so *huge* that it was getting Rustung even *more* excited than he'd thought!
 Since even though the elephant was bigger than him.
 That wasn't going to change this outcome.

 Rustung pulled in the massive ears along with the head. The arms were flailing, but that just made it better - in went shoulders, chest. Pinned the arms down on their side.

 Still didn't get the elephant in before he came.
 Tusks.
 Oh well.

 Kept slurping in the now-limp elephant. Rump - that rump was gigantic. In it went. Felt so good.
 Slurped down the hooves. Those were hooves, right?
 Whatever.
 Slurped them down.
 Elephant in his balls.
 That got the now-more-trapped weasel to cum, and that felt *great*.
 Ahhhh.

 "W - wow. So they're - they're okay in there?"

 That was the seal - who stopped stepping forward when Rustung looked at him. Rustung goo'd his hand fully, twisting it and morphing it as he beckoned.

 "Th - they're gonna be okay, right?"

 Grabbed the seal with his goo. "Say 'ahh'."

 Wedged the seal on his cock.
 Pumped him like a condom, a fleshlight. Just a sex toy.

 "This - this hurts - but it feels *so good*!"

 Huh, the seal could talk with his mouth full of orc? And OoOooooh, the human had recovered *enough* that he was back to giving his balls some attention. Weakly, but 'at all'.

 Maybe eventually he'd devour enough people that he'd start to have *preferences*.
 That was the kind of research he could get behind.

 To Rustung's surprise, each ram sent more and more of his cock into the seal, who could *take* the full length. Even as he put more and more of his mass into his cock. Even as, eventually, his cock was literally larger than the small beastman.

 And the seal could *handle* it. Just kept going. Occasionally gave sounds of pleasure. Kept pulling himself forward.

 Wow.
 Rustung's cock came out the other end.
 And it felt *so good*.
 Screw it.
 Rustung gave himself a serious pump.
 Let go.

 With a roar, the orc's second orgasm *also* flooded into the lion's face. This one was considerably larger in volume than the previous one, courtesy of one elephant and one weasel. Rustung clenched his eyes shut as he came - this time letting himself be overwhelmed by the pleasure. Knees wobbly.

 Stream stopped.
 Seal schloomped off his cock to the floor.

 "That. That was *intense*." The seal was panting, exhausted. Ah, he'd cum too. He was covered in cum, but not nearly as much as the lion.

 Phew.
 Rustung took a few breaths to steady himself. Don't slow down.
 You're an orc. You have reserves.
 Grabbed the human on the shoulder.

 The human was pretty out of it. Rustung idly wondered how many times the human had cum, and at this moment didn't care.
 Since he had another hole he wanted filled.

 Oh wow, the human was a trooper - he was still moving a little. Groggily, but less mindblown than the lion. Ha, the lion looked and smelled more like cum than lion at this point. It was probably absorbed into his skin through his fur, too.

 Shoved human's head and shoulders into his mouth.

 And the human gave a moan of arousal. The cum he was soaked in made him taste all the better - as Rustung slurped him down.

 "W - wait. This is - this is a lot of cum. Are you *sure* everyone's gonna be okay?"

 That was the seal.
 Rustung gave a grin, around the human in his mouth.

 "Um. And is it okay if you eat him /that/ way? Won't that - "

 Grabbed the seal with one goopy hand.
 The seal's eyes widened.

 "Wait - wait this is okay, right? You're not really going to -"

 Shoved the seal's head into his cock.
 "Wait HEL - " The seal began to shout when his voice was muffled by the orccock that was now engulfing him. But he kept screaming. Kept up the shouts.
 And it was *great*.

 Unfortunately the cum all about the seal made him a lot more slippery than Rustung had hoped - as his grip subconsciously tightened, he accidentally *squeezed* the seal straight into his shaft in one motion. In which instinct took over, slurping him in the rest of the way.

 Which caused the human in his mouth to moan. Instinct had gotten Rustung to toy around with the human, slipping his tongue into the human's briefs. The orc hadn't even thought about it - just been busy taking control.

 Leaned his head back.
 Gave a swallow.
 Slurped the seal the rest of the way into his cock.

 Bulge in his stomach, bulge in his balls. Seal fighting a lot more fiercely than the human, who was still a bit out of it.
 Wonderful.

 One more.

 The Lion was still just remaining one place - mentally overwhelmed. It was the work of a moment to grab him - heh, his hands squished the lion's skin in just a little. Spun him around, shoved the legs into his maw.

 He didn't expect the lion to paw at his still bulging cock.
 But it was certainly welcome.
 Rustung rewarded his final toy with his tongue.
 Felt the lion's cock reawaken properly.
 Wedged the lion's mouth on his own cock.
 Felt good.
 And the seal was stopping his struggles.
 And the human was stopping his movements

 Rustung came, one last time.
 Which was too much for the relatively new predator.
 His world faded to black.

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 "You up?"

 Rustung opened his eyes.

 The room was *coated* in his cum. He'd probably been out for a bit over an hour by that point - nobody that was in his gut was moving. Anyone that /had/ been in his cock were now splattered all over the room.

 Heh.
 Felt good.
 He gave a grin. Definitely was going to be one of those orcs his sub-commander had to keep a close eye on, at least /now/.
 Sat up.

 "Got it recorded and uploaded!" The Fox was all smiles. "You look like you enjoyed yourself, too! Told you you were a natural at this."

 "Heh." Rustung stood up. Stretched.

 "Most orcs want a day between 'parties'. Are you hungry again /now/, or do you want me to wait a bit? If you needed to check back in with your sub-commander first, I can - "

 Rustung's grab wrapped around the fox's entire midsection.
 And the fox paled suddenly.

 "I'm hungry again now."

 "Er! Er - wait - wait I can get you more, lots more!"

 Upon which the Fox's snout was shoved into his cock.
 "I can do my own hunting now. I'll make sure you get off one last time, though."

 The fox's shouts went ignored as Rustung crammed him into his cock... before noting the door open. That was the orc he'd smelled, and he'd recognize that scent from a mile - Bosartig. Who paused.
 And then grinned at him.

 "Sub-Commander sent me to find you. Guess I'll tell him that it took me awhile. Bout time you started being a *real* orc, Rustung."

 "There's a convention in town - that means lots of beastmen and humans trapped in hotel rooms." Came Rustung's comment. Which was all the more arousing given he was completely ignoring the screaming fox he was shoving into his cock. Both orcs were. Why pay close attention to a sex toy?

 "*That's* why so many meals? Is good."

 The two grinned at each other, even as the fox was just another bulge in Rustung's balls.

 They would have a lot of prey to be cornering, in a short time.

~ *Garz*.