

Neil the Human

The King's Flesh Light

“So...gum health or enamel health,” Neil held to two boxes of toothpaste up side by side. “This one says it fights tartar...but this one says it whitens. I mean...I care if I look good but what about my gum health?”

Neil paused, tapping his lip with one of the boxes deep in thought, much how one would with a finger if their hands were free. He could get the one toothpaste, but what if it just made his teeth look good and not actually healthy. There was health, for sure, but looks are important too. What if he found some hot guy and they smiled and he was turned off because his teeth weren't the appropriate shade of white. Why appropriate shade? Well...they can't be *too* white or they might look blue like those people who pay for special whitening. That'll make him unattractive in a fake way and show he has major insecurities about his teeth, so much so that he forked over thousands of dollars for that so-white-they-look-blue look much like those yardies treating their yards that they go from green to so-green-your-grass-is-blue levels of obsession. Uhg, this is why he liked wearing his pup hoods and collars. At least with his leather and furry gear he just needed to worry about having dog breath.

Neil just sighed and threw both in his basket on top of the six pack of black shirts that were exact replicas of the one he was wearing along with a new pair of cargo shorts, again, like the one's he was wearing. He sighed as he shuffled his way to the register, his sandals flopping as he did so. He came to the check out and sighed as he started scanning the objects, the underpaid teen watching the self-checkouts scrolling on her phone while leaning against a returns rack.

Neil just sighed as he looked up into the camera. His average looks were nice and all, but his dark hair was a mess and he had a dusty shadow of a beard coming in. He adjusted his turtle glasses, the most colorful thing about him, as he read over the prices with his tired eyes. He paused and frowned at a particularly expensive item before realizing he had a coupon. He snagged his wallet, the thing tearing open with a distinct Velcro rip. He grabbed the coupon and slid it into the register where it ate it up to apply the discount.

“There, that should bring it down to—”

The machine blared and flashed a big red “X” on the screen. Neil practically jumped back, pulling his empty basket up to his chest like some rich bitch clutching her purse. The emergency light above the register flashed to life to get the attention of the attendant. The girl sighed and came over looking over the machine, scanning her card and completely ignoring Neil. The station stopped blaring, but a keypad showed up asking for a supervisor PIN.

“Hold on, let me get my manager,” the attendant sighed, her caked on makeup making her look like one of those Japanese e-girls that were like the American equivalent of an influencer. “Yo! Grant! Register four is acting up again!”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to break it,” Neil took a step to the side and chewed on his lower lip while his face turned red.

“It’s nothing really,” the teen sighed and waived her manager over, her nails alternating colors on each finger between dog-dick red and slut-shame pink. “This one has been giving us trouble over the past week. It seems to just chew up coupons every third customer.”

“If that’s the case, then why don’t you just say it’s out of order?” Neil was a little annoyed, but his voice was meek and soft.

“Because then we’d have nothing to do all day,” the manager chuckled out as he came over, his voice deep and commanding while still making him feel safe. Neil almost fainted as the man swaggered into view. The guy was easily three times the man that Neil was. The guy was full head and shoulders above him in height. His hair was slicked back in a young man’s fashion, but the dark chocolate locks had streaks of silver showing his age. His beard was a thick shadow of stubble that glinted gold and silver on his tanned skin. His green eyes glinted with kindness and confidence that you would find on a father of three who’s been through the ringer. He wore a red visor to keep his hair slicked back, a red polo that was tucked into his pants to show his thick and sculpted gut that hung over his belt. The top button of his polo was undone to show off the chest hair that was graying between his cleavage. The name of the man would be forever burned into Neil’s mind as he looked at that golden name tag.

“Grant’s a total DILF,” Neil muttered into the lip of his basket as the manager punched in his PIN, his thick fingers smacking the touch screen with unnecessary force, his thick body filling out his outfit to the brim.

“What was that kid?” Grant asked.

“Oh, nothing...just...thanks...” Neil felt a single bead of sweat roll down his back as his face burned as red as the basket he was holding.

“Yeah, sorry this shit’s always on the frits lately,” Grant stood back up, cracking his back, the ring of keys on his hip jingling as he did so. “How’s about this,” he smacked a few more buttons and got to a separate screen where he punched in another code. A receipt came curling out and Grant snagged it between his fingers. “I can take your purchase to the returns counter. I’ll check you out there personally.”

Neil froze, his eyes going wide as his glasses drooped down his nose from the sweat rolling down his brow.

“Don’t worry,” Grant smacked his back playfully, that massive paw snapping him back to reality as he straightened his back. “I got you. It’ll be done in a sec. I can apply any discounts too with my manager code.”

“I...of course...” Neil stepped forward, his sandals cracking against the tile as though they had melted to the floor with how hard he rooted himself in his embarrassment. Grant put a hand on Neil’s back and guided him to the counter where he rung them up.

Neil didn’t pay attention to what Grant was saying or doing. At one point the DILF god before him was talking about his family and kids, and the idea that he had sired children sent a shiver up Neil’s spine. This guy doesn’t just have sex, he fucks! His wife, but still. So hot...he could impregnate me any day...

“There ya go kid!” Grant handed him the back of stuff. “Thanks for your business.”

“You got it daddy...” Neil let the word slip past his lips before he knew what was happening.

“I’m sorry, what did you say there boy?” Grant cocked his head. “Didn’t quite hear you there.”

“I...Thank you for your help goodbye!” Neil bowed like a fucking weeb and shot out the door, his heart racing. He quickly dipped around a corner and slammed his back against the wall and let out a groaning sigh.

“Why am I so fucking cringe all the god damn time, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!”

A giggle came from the sidewalk, and Neil wasn’t going to spend the time checking if it was directed at him. He just walked down the alleyway as fast as he could, his sandals smacking loudly as he

power walked his way to the other end, the smell of trash and garbage fading as he made his way to a chain-link fence. It was old and busted in the lower corner where alley cats had trailed by. Neil had two options, nut up and turn around and face the source of that giggling, or crawl through the little cat piss gait.

“For the love of...” Neil tied off his bag and threw it over the fence before getting on his hands and knees and crawling through the little opening. He managed his way through easy enough and by some miracle he didn’t smell like cat piss. He brushed himself off and thanked the gods that be he didn’t bruise easy and kept going. There was a little rise and a small little outcrop of trees behind the building where there weren’t any developed buildings yet. He quickly walked his way through them, the tall grass catching on his leg hair.

“I swear, today is the fucking worst day of my life—”

“Halt! Who trespasses in King Trojan’s hunting grounds?!”

Neil paused, looking up from his feet to see the deadly end of a spear pointed right at his face. Neil screamed, throwing his hands up, his plastic bag flying backwards.

“He’s got a wizard pouch!” someone shouted.

“Got it!” another voice announced. Before the bag could reach its apex it burst, literally exploded in a shower of sparks. Burning plastic, cheap black fabric, and a thick wad of toothpaste came raining down on Neil as he stood there. His face was covered with a black shirt while he stood there frozen.

“Not another move trespasser, lest it be your last.” That voice that called out before his bag exploded said. It was deep and smooth, but it held a threatening edge.

“Please! I was just trying to get home,” Neil protested, his vision blocked by the shirt. “I didn’t know this was private land or anything! Seriously, what’s with the weapons! Aren’t those things illegal to have out in the open or whatever! What’s going on!”

Something warm gripped around Neil’s neck, the band like one of the sex collars he hid under his bed back at home only this radiated a calming warmth that caused his throat to go loose. He couldn’t form words as the band synched up around his neck. Neil gave a little breathy gasp, unable to put his vocal folds together and speak properly. Just breathy words and huffed consonants passed his lips.

“Don’t speak another word, trespasser, lest my magic choke you.”

Neil was panicking, but that band around his neck felt...good...like *really* good. Neil’s face flushed with a hazy blush as his eyes rolled back into his head. His mind was full of cotton and his breath became labored as he huffed.

“I’m going to remove your black cloak from your face, and when I do, don’t you dare try anything funny.”

“H...h....” Neil huffed, his breath felt hot, was he drunk?

Just then a hand ripped away the fabric, and Neil was certain he was seeing things. The man before him was a tiger, his body clad scantily and belts and skin tight robes. His eyes were a sapphire blue, but his staff glowed a bright red. It looked to be made of some salt bleached driftwood with a orange stone hung from its gnarled top.

“Who are you? What, are you,” the tiger man before him growled, his fangs bared, his claws clutching his staff.

“H...hn...ff...” Neil gasped as he huffed.

“Um...high wizard Skyn, I...I’m not sure if your silencing spell is working right.”

“Quiet! Don’t let your guard down. This fabric is not like any other I’ve seen, and look at that scantily clad outfit. Just because it’s not skin tight doesn’t mean he’s not a wizard of some kind. Now, trespasser, speak!”

Neil’s mind was completely lost to him. He was fully convinced he got poked by some meth needle in that alleyway and was having the trip of his fucking life. He gave a soft breath and listened to the totally stacked tiger man in front of him.

“H-Harder...d-daddy...”

All the spears took a step back, the soldiers plate armor clinking as they braced themselves against the intruder’s words.

“What...does this feel good? Is this some kind of fucking joke!” Skyn gave a low snarl and twisted his rod in his fist, the gem glowed brighter as the collar around Neil’s neck did the same, sunk deeper into his skin as he gave a little whorish moan, his knees knocking together as he realized that magic collar was holding him up. He moved his fingers to the collar, his nails trying to grip under it, but the warmth from it was like nothing else. It radiated down his spine and tingled in his guts. Neil gave a little gasp, his tongue flopping out as his eyes almost crossed with how good it felt to be bound there.

“Yessss” Neil groaned.

It was the tiger’s turn to take a step back, his face contorted into disgust.

“Get this horny beast out of my site! Throw him in the dungeon and let the inquisitors decide what to do with him.” Skin swiped the air with his staff, that collar disappearing around Neil’s neck as he

collapsed to the ground. "You there, collect the cretin's things carefully. I don't detect any magic on them, but that doesn't mean they're not cursed."

Neil had collapsed onto the ground, his mind still warm and fuzzy from that collar, his entire body abuzz as though he were drunk on something stronger than alcohol. It fizzled in his mind and tingled in his loins, a dark spot forming on his shorts from his raging boner tenting them. Neil was picked up by his shirt and pants and thrown onto a cart pulled by a horse. Even the rough landing on the wood felt good as he laid there looking up at the sky, the blue looked so...clean and untouched while filtered through the leaves of the forest. It was all he could do before everything went dark.

"My, my, aren't you the specimen," a voice murred.

Neil shot his eyes open as he realized he was hanging from his wrists. He was in a dungeon and strung up against the wall, but the cuffs felt...good...that really, *really* good feel. Even though they dug into his skin and felt like they were cutting off circulation, the icy blue glow felt really good. Neil gave a low moan as he came to. He didn't even care that he was naked, or that the person in front of him was a goat...okay maybe he cared a little.

"Am I in hell? Am I dead?" Neil gave a little shiver, his spine tingling as the energy from those restraints tried to shock him. The painful surge of electricity should have subdued any human, only this sent waves of pleasure through Neil. His hair stood on end, his ass clenched, his prostate throbbed and cum dribbled from his six inches. "Fuck...yeah, heaven...more...mfff!" Neil groaned, his toes fanning and flexing as he tried to reach his dick while he was being electrocuted.

"Quite the specimen indeed," the goat smoked on a pipe as he continued observing, his eyes covered by dark goggles and his body clad in black leather that looked to be blood stained and covered

in mystery fluids. He looked like a damn butcher. “What if I were to crank up the output. Would you want that Neil?”

“Yes! Yes more!” Neil groaned as his ass clenched, his dick harder than steel as drool dripped from the corners of his lips. “Please more!”

“If you say so,” the goat chuckled and flipped a switch. “I’m shocking you with enough mana to drop a berserker drake, and yet you’re just itching for more.”

The restraints crackled and screeched as arches of lightning surged through Neil. It was like having someone reach right into his body and stroke his prostate from the inside, milking his nuts with warm and tender hands. He was definitely in heaven.

The energy started to ebb and Neil panted in exhaustion as thick wads of his cum splattered the floor, streaks of his nut strewn across the stone.

“Seems as though you’re more than immune to magic, but rather a well that’s been dry for so long you don’t know how to handle it. So primitive. It’s like your body has been focused on reproducing for so long it’s all it knows how to do.”

“Are you done with your fucked up experiments Killian?”

“That’s Inquisitor Killian York to you, High Wizard Skyn,” the goat didn’t seem phased or annoyed.

“I’ll just call you Inquisitor KY if that suits you,” Skyn walked in, his foot pads making his strides silent.

“Fine by me, as long as you keep up some airs of respect.”

“Are you done?” Skyn growled.

“For now,” KY shrugged, taking his goggles off and brushing them with a cloth, his irises were oval shaped, and the color of rust. “I’ve determined the boy is harmless. He might be the genuine article.”

“Really? You think he’s the Flesh of Light we’ve been looking for?”

“Yes, the Flesh Light is quite the tall tale, but he can take everything I’ve dished out on him. The little guy even enjoyed it. I’m sure his majesty would want to know. Should you tell him or I?”

“I’ll take the...cretin to his majesty,” Skyn huffed out his nose as though he smelled something foul. “I trust that you’ll be discreet about this?”

“I’m an inquisitor, seeker of truth, but I wouldn’t be the one to let anything slip without the consent of his majesty. Once we are sure, we can bring this matter to light.”

“I get it, we can only stave you off for so long,” Skyn rolled his eyes. “You’re such a slippery little shit, aren’t you KY.”

“And you’re quite the obstinate one, Skyn, always trying to plug up leaks.”

“It matter’s not,” Skyn tapped his staff, the shackles popping off of Neil’s wrists and ankles and causing him to flop into the ground. “Creature, come with me.”

“His name is Neil,” the goat protested. “Have some respect.”

“I’ll have respect for interlopers trouncing around the king’s fertile lands the same day I have respect for rats or pestilence.”

“Be that way,” KY lifted his hands up in defense. “Just be sure to not upset him until the King decides his fate.”

Skyn paused and grit his teeth.

“Come Neil,” the tiger snarled. “Let’s get you cleaned up for King Trojan. He doesn’t like to be left waiting.”

Neil didn’t have the strength to move, his mind ablaze with that tingling sensation.

“You really worked him hard, didn’t you? I guess I’ll have to prepare him myself and wake him once it’s time” Skyn said, and the world faded to black.

Neil’s almond eyes fluttered open. He was kneeling on a red carpet that sprawled out before him and it curled up the steps to a raised section.

“Announcing King Trojan,” Skyn stated, his voice full of reverence and respect. “You may rise and speak only truth, Neil. Know you are in the presence of greatness, his Majesty of this great empire.”

“Cut the formalities Skyn,” A deep rumbling voice stopped the wizard from continuing. “If he truly is the Flesh of Light, then he can speak for himself.”

Neil felt a clarity in his mind as he breathed in the air. He saw golden light filtering in through windows causing the dust particles to dance in their rays, but one of the things Neil saw that sent him was the foot caught in one of those rays. Laced up sandals showed a pair of massive feet. The smallest of those toes had to be as large as Neil’s thumb! They were almost black, but they were brown like the chocolate fur around them. The powerful feet were corded with tendon and muscle flowing up into diamond calves.

Neil looked up at the face of the man before him, his mind freezing in the perfection of what he saw. On a throne of gold sat a King of DILFs. He was a horse, a stallion, a stud of studs. His muzzle was square and set, his head resting on a fist that could palm Neil's chest. He looked up at the majesty of the nine foot behemoth. He wore a toga, the flowing fabric leaving little to nothing to the imagination. It slung over one shoulder, the clasp holding it together a giant ruby, but that fabric flowed down from those sculpted shoulders to pecs of pure power that jutted out over a thick and solid manly gut. The dark chocolate fur of that stallion had started to gray between the pecs, thick wiry hair covered that powerful cleavage and dusted the stallion's arms and split biceps. The king wore a laurel of gold leaves and ribbons that were tied down into his thick mane of hair, the thick locks of Trojan's mane braided into powerful warrior locks that looked as masculine as they did elegant. Given, the massive man could have worn a pink tutu and still been the manliest thing Neil had ever set his eyes on.

That was, until he saw what was between the king's legs. Clearly, wherever Neil was, decency wasn't reserved for royalty. The king's horse cock slung down over his throne and the flared tip was clearly visible between his legs, the tip smacking his shin as the split up the toga ran up to expose the powerful teardrop thighs.

"Total DILF King..." Neil spoke the words, his cheeks burning pink at the sight. His goofy grin was smacked off his face as Skyn smacked the little perve upside the head.

"Have you no decency!"

"Quiet Skyn," King Torjoan's voice was deep and powerful, rumbling almost as deep as the magic had in Neil's bones. "If he wishes to speak freely, let him do so. We don't blame dogs for shitting inside until they are properly trained. This creature is no different."

"Sire, are you seriously going to entertain the idea that he's the Flesh Light?"

“Are you going to call KY an incompetent inquisitor?” Trojan’s voice had a playful edge to it. “Skyn, your cynicism is valued, but Neil is a creature of legend we thought long extinct. He’s a human, and all records we have of the Flesh Light tell us that it would come in the form of a furless creature with the mind of a fur. Doesn’t a human fall in line with that.”

“Ugh, humans, such disgusting creatures,” Skyn poked Neil with his staff. “Creatures of legend and a sex symbol if there ever was one.”

“Hey, that’s not cool dude,” Neil hugged himself. “I don’t know how I even got here. Furrries aren’t a thing where I come from.”

“Then it must be true that the furs and the skins were separated a long time ago.” Skyn paused and scratched his chin. “That does fall in line with the ancient texts. But still, I didn’t think you’d look so...squishy.”

“If all you have are criticisms, Skyn, you may go,” King Trojan waived off his wizard advisor. “I can deal with the human.”

“But sire,” Skyn was about to protest but a cocked brow from the king silenced the tiger. “Of course your majesty. Simply call if you wish my assistance.”

“If anything we’ll need KY, but I’ll keep you in mind.” Trojan smirked.

Skyn huffed, tapped his staff, and he was gone in a blink of light.

“So...is this all really happening?” Neil asked the giant stallion.

“As far as I’m aware, yes,” Trojan chuckled. “Where is it that you hail from, Neil?”

"I...I'm from California," he answered truthfully. "I mean...my family is from Hawaii, but...that probably still doesn't provide any information."

"Not particularly," Trojan smirked and lifted his head off his fist. "This kingdom, my kingdom, is known as Troy, named after myself."

"We had an old civilization that housed a city called Troy."

"Hmm, small universe, and what was this Troy known for?"

"Well...um..." Neil's face burned. "It was known for its powerful soldiers called Trojans."

"Something you're not telling me?" Trojan smirked. Neil thought it best to keep some of the more modern details to himself.

"Well...the city doesn't exist like it used to. We're talking thousands of years of history."

"Thousands? Your people are good record keepers then?"

"I...I mean yeah, I guess."

"What kind of special skills did you perform? Surely you must be some great wizard if you managed to accidentally find your way here."

"No...magic is more of a myth on Earth," Neil shrugged, his eyes roaming shamelessly over the massive stallion. "I'm...um...I didn't really have anything special about me..."

"Well, you might be the human that your Earth could spare for our needs, but such a cute one would surely be missed. Truly the gods have blessed us this day."

"You...you think I'm cute?" Neil blushed.

“You think you’re not?” Trojan smirked, his cock twitching. “We do have one more test to see if you’re the Flesh Light.” The stallion stood up and flicked the clasp on his toga off, the fabric falling to the ground to expose the massive man’s full form. The happy trail that ran down his solid gut and into a thick wad of salt and pepper pubes, those thick low hangers bouncing as that cock started to swell with vigor. “It is said that the Flesh of Light will be able to take any beating or abuse. That includes something more potent than just magic. So tell me Neil, are you willing to put your flesh to the test against a war king’s stamina?”

Neil’s was speechless as he looked up at that cock, the rising poll of fuck meat was like some flagpole without it’s colors as it rose, thick pearls of pre rolling down that shaft.

“C-Crush...me...daddy...” Neil’s lips quivered as he sat there transfixed on that massive slab of horse meat.

“Most of my concubines would ask me to take it slow, but you’re a kinky little fucker, aren’t you Neil.” King Trojan gripped the air, runes flashing into existence and lashing around Neil’s neck. That same collar and warmth as before filled Neil as his mind started to get light.

“Fuck...yes...” Neil gasped as he fell forward onto all fours, his neck arched up from the angle of that leash. He realized his skin was exposed, he was fully naked, his exposed skin on full display. Trojan stepped down from his throne, his hand coming to brush down Neil’s spine, while he kept his leash taut to prevent him from moving.

“So smooth,” Trojan gave a light nicker before his thick hand cupped Neil’s ass. “No scars. You have lived a very privileged life, have you not? No callouses on your soles or palms, no bruises or marks from a master or lord. Such a sweet blank canvas.” Trojan lifted his hand and smacked it down on that ass, his thick nails digging into that cheek as he shook that heavy ass. It was Neil’s favorite asset.

Neil gave a high pitched gasp at the sting. That smack sent goosebumps up his back, causing the fine hairs to stand on end.

“Like that, Flesh Light?” Trojan murred. He meant it as a term of endearment, but to Neil it was perfect. “Can you take a beating?”

“H-Harder,” Neil shuddered out, his toes curling as he arched his back up into that hand so that ass was fully exposed, his cute little unused pucker twitching.

“That’s a good Flesh Light,” Trojan murred and lifted his hand up and smacked it down harder, his back muscles flexing as he smacked on that flesh, the slap ringing through the great empty thrown room.

Neil screamed in pleasure, a scream that rattled off into a series of oh’s and tingling murr. A bright red mark on that ass flared up in the perfect image of the King’s hand.

“Red, but not bruised,” Trojan gave a light huff. As he leaned in to inspect that round ass. “Your body is truly a marvel.”

“Fuck, thank you daddy,” Neil moaned whorishly. This had to be a dream and he didn’t want to wake up. He gently swayed his hips back and forth, that ass crack exposed showing that bright pink and needy pucker to the DILF King.

“Oh, is the Flesh Light excited?” Trojan smirked, his hand slipping between those cheeks, his middle finger brushing that sweet little ring and causing Neil to gasp and saw back against the brushing of that finger. “We have all night to test your resilience, but first, let’s start small and work our way up to a real breeding session. How does that sound, Flesh Light?” Trojan had leaned into Neil’s ear and huffed on that last part before licking over the back of his neck and nibbling on his lobe.

“Whatever Daddy wants, fuck,” Neil shivered, his goosebumps prickling over his flesh as that collar around his neck gripped tighter.

“Good Flesh Light,” Trojan murred into his ear so close he could feel the warmth of that breath and the brush of those teeth on his ear. “You’re already learning your place.”

Neil arched his back as he felt Trojan’s finger press against his hole. He gasped and groaned as a warmth hummed around that finger as it tried to enter, buzzing with energy as it traced small circles before pressing against his hole again and coming out to repeat the process. Circle, press, slowly pull out and trace again.

“I prep my concubines this way. Do maiden’s in your world drop more eggs when they cum as well, I wonder? No matter though pet,” Trojan’s thick finger slicked into that hole this time and didn’t come out, the magic making his finger buzz was sending Neil into a frenzy. It wasn’t that deep warmth that came from the collar, but it was a mix of physical and magical sensations that bloomed up his hole in radiating waves.

“Oh fuck, daddy!”

“My many concubines call me that too when they’re hot to trot, but usually not until I’ve given them their first heir.” Trojan chuckled warmly as he slipped his finger in deeper, looking for the human’s pleasure spot. “Would you want that? For your King to fill you with his seed? Claim you as his personal Flesh Light?”

“Oh fuck yes! I’ll be your little fuck piece, daddy! I’ll be your fucking Flesh Light! Fuck—”

Neil’s words caught in his throat as Trojan gripped that leash harder, his finger working in and out of that hole with expert ease. Neil could tell that this man fucked. He didn’t have sex, he fucking

ruttet his way through concubines like some alpha king sewing his wild oats far and wide. This man knew how to make a bitch scream and cream, and Neil was getting the royal treatment.

“Shhhhh....That’s enough Flesh Light, don’t want to have Skyn come back in thinking you’re trying something. Now, open wide,” Trojan gave a gentle yank on that leash, forcing Neil to open his mouth further. “That’s a good Flesh Light. Opening up so easy for me. Hardly had to do anything at all, huh.”

Trojan moved his tongue down into Neil’s open mouth, their tongues lulling around one another as he dominated the human with his kiss. Their lips smacked and Neil gagged as that thick tongue slipped deep into his throat to taste his depths. Forcing the flavors on Trojan’s tongue on the little guy. The flavor of expensive wine and spices from his last meal to grace him.

Neil felt like he couldn’t breathe, yet that buzzing magic in his hole and around his neck felt like it was sustaining him. Did he even need to breathe? Was he just suffocating in the real world right now? If he was, he would die happy.

The sudden brush of that finger against his prostate made Neil tense up. He was silent as that tongue in his throat kept him quiet, but the thrashing of his body against that finger, pushing back for more was evident enough to the stallion that he had found the right spot.

“Good Flesh Light,” Trojan murred, breaking the kiss. “You managed to stay awake. Now, time for me to get a taste of that sweet hole of yours.”

Trojan’s fingers slipped out of Neil’s hole only for the king to shuffle smoothly between his legs, his muzzle nuzzling that hole. The big stallion huffed, his hot, humid breath tickling that hole before his thick lips parted and his tongue lulled out. That thick appendage buzzed with magic as well and Neil had to shove his face into the red carpet to keep himself from screaming as his cock throbbed and ached for

release. Trojan smiled, his tongue lulling further in before finding that sweet spot with how goosebumps ran over Neil's skin. The stallion started to flick over that spot, sliding in and out, his blunt and powerful tongue playing with that little love button as his own drool dribbled down his chin. He brought his thick hand up and gripped onto Neil's cock, that iron rod instantly shooting off his nut, but Trojan didn't stop there.

As Neil came into that powerful hand, the Stallion took that lube and rubbed it up and down the little guy's shaft, playing with that hyper sensitive dick while upping the vibrations on that prostate. He continued to play with that hole, working it open as it clenched around his tongue. The king gave a few huffs from his nose, cooling that pucker while his tongue was still in there before going back to warming that hole up. The bright pink of that pucker was growing darker into a bright red ring ready for more as Trojan continued to stress test his new Flesh Light.

Neil was a drooling mess, his face against the rug as he rocked his hips back against that king and his talented tongue. The King gave one last huff before increasing the buzzing of that tongue, the pleasure like a lightening crack that ran up his cock and caused Neil to bust in the stallion's palm once more.

"I think that's enough prep," Trojan rumbled as he pulled his tongue from that ass, Neil flopping forward with his ass in the air, rocking back and forth as the little pucker gaped and winked. "Time for this king to conquer some virgin soil."

With that the King slapped Neil's nut onto his cock and stroked that cum over himself to get his rod nice and slick. He used his own dripping, flared cock head to add some extra lube, but there was only so much he could do. With a yank on that leash, Neil arched his back again, pressing his hips down and his legs wide.

“Ready to become *my* Flesh Light?” Trojan gave a little huff and nicker.

“Y-Yes Daddy! DILF Dick me down with your fucking daddy dick!” Neil was a drooling mess, tears of joy dripping down his cheeks.

“Fuck, you’re so cute and hot like that. How could a King not want to drain his royal coffers into that hole.” Trojan gripped his cock, strands of cum dripping from that shaft as he lined it up with Neil’s hole. The head easily too big, but a Flesh Light was supposed to be able to take any kind of beating and not break. “You know how many times people came before me claiming to be the Flesh of Light? Nearly two dozen lying souls.”

Neil didn’t know where Trojan was going with this, but that hot head against his cheeks felt like a fist trying to work its way into him, but for some reason, with every twitch and hot shot of pre squelching into his hole, he needed that dick more than ever. He gripped his ass cheeks and spread them.

“They passed all the tests, every spell they absorbed and shock they were able to take, but when it came to the ultimate test, they all failed.” Trojan grit his teeth as he thrust, his cock head plopping into that tight little pucker with a loud squelch. A thick jet audibly spilled inside those stretched guts as Trojan slowly came down, his hot gut pressing on Neil’s back, those hairy pecks coming to rest on either side of his ears. “They all broke on my dick.”

Neil felt a twinge of fear at that. He could feel the muscles on Trojan’s thighs flex, the tail of the stallion tied up in gold ribbon exposed the horse’s thick cheeks as they flexed forward HARD.

Neil screamed as that cock slammed deep inside him. His stomach distended, his fucking ribcage felt like it was being compressed by that horse cock.

But it didn’t hurt.

“You still alive down there?” Trojan murred and nuzzled the crown on Neil’s head.

“Y-Yeah...I’m...fucking full...” Neil groaned as he pressed back against that dick, his legs trying to push up against the ones pinning him down.

“Fuck, I’ve found you,” Trojan rumbled as he pulled his hips back and thrust forward, his cock suddenly buzzing with power, making Neil’s entire body vibrate with that pleasure. “I FUCKING found the REAL FUCKING FLESH LIGHT!”

Neil was in heaven. He felt that cock pull back and slam into him over and over as that King stopped holding back. His hips smacked Neil’s ass with the force that would grind other mortals pelvis to dust, but Neil’s held. His cock slammed forward and rearranged Neil’s guts in a way that any regular mortal would have been gored through. But that dick, that daddy horse cock had to be over three feet long and almost as thick as a damned flag pole and it was all sunk into hot, inviting, needy flesh.

“That’s right Flesh Light! You’re mine! Once I cum inside you, you’ll be MY Flesh Light! Just as the legends say! You’ll be mine! Bound to me forever! You’ll be my property! You won’t go a gods damned day without this fucking cock deep inside you! You’ll want for nothing, and you’ll bear my heirs, strong and resilient with all the powers of the Flesh Light!”

Neil didn’t know what Trojan was talking about, but if he was to become this DILF’s personal Flesh Light, he would gladly accept those cum soaked chains. With every body-rocking smack of those hips, with every grind of those melon sized nuts, with every gut busting beat of that dick head, Neil felt his body becoming more tied to Trojan. It was pleasurable, but he knew something inside of him was changing where he would be bound to Trojan forever.

“Yes! Take me! Fuck me open on that daddy dick! Fucking bust inside me! Mark me as yours daddy! Fuck! I’ll be your good Flesh Light! Just don’t ever stop fucking me!”

“Fuck yes! I’m getting close Flesh Light! You ready to be fucking MINE!”

“Yes! Breed me! Go past the point of no return and further! Fucking impregnate me daddy!”

“FUCK YES! I’M THE KING OF THE WORLD NOW! NO ONE CAN FUCKING STOP ME! TAKE MY
FUCKING NUT!”

Trojan’s balls sloshed as they drew up before that powerful prostate snapped into action, that cock head swelling larger before blasting thick gushing waves of cum deep inside of Neil.

That first wad of cum hit like a punch to the gut, but in a pleasurable way. Neil was pinned beneath the hottest muscle gut and pecks he could have ever imagined. The musky smell of man filled his senses as he was bound to the stallion King.

Neil was about to say something when that thick tongue silenced him and Trojan started bucking his hips into Neil. He couldn’t deny it, something inside of him kicked in and he knew he was owned. If Trojan wanted a nut, he would be there. If Trojan said to kneel and suck, he would suck. If Trojan demanded he ride his cock he would do it in front of the whole court if it was what Trojan wanted. He couldn’t deny his King...

Thick gushes of cum came form that worn hole as Trojan continued to stake his claim to the Flesh Light, the first of many nights Neil would spend with the King. But that was the future, for now they were horny beasts, each wanting to make the other bust harder and harder. Their tongues locked in a suffocating kiss as Trojan continued to rut the creature of legend.

The King’s Flesh Light.