

Description: Jack's trip to Zootopia isn't over yet! He's moved on to a few of the other high profile citizens of Zootopia.

Series: Zootopia

Characters: Officer Flint, Mrs. Bellwether, Gazelle, Lionheart

Kinks: Ahogao, Musk, Mind Break, Furry, Maledom, Tattoos, Pet Play, Threesome, Foursome, Cum Inflation, Shortstack, Size Difference, Large Cock, Bleached, Humaned, Stomach Deformation, Masochism, Large Insertions, Harem, Maledom, Findom, Chastity, Sissy and Mind Break

Officers Bleached & Broken Ch.2: Livestock

It was a cool night in Zootopia's Rainforest district. The light wind shook the leaves as it rushed through the canopies. I'd be a shame to waste a cool summer night like tonight, everyone was out, and his Majesty Jack the third of Newland would be no different. After he was done with his pets.

Jack Had changed Judy and Nick's assignments the night before. There was a small amount of pushback, phrases like "Nick and Judy would never want to leave" and "was this really their choice" got tossed around. However, Jack had their signatures and after pulling a little favor with mayor Lionheart there was no one who could stop him from "expanding his current guard force". He might even treat himself to more officers if they decided to give him more trouble, Nick and Judy could always use the company.

The former prey-pred lovers turned fuck sleeves were undergoing training at Jack's penthouse at the Botanical Backstreet, a high end if not the highest end hotel in the Zootopia Rainforest district. Jack was annoyed that the pair kept taking liberties, trying to service him without permission. To reinforce the pecking order, Jack collared, bound and started to break them.

Nick and Judy were bound with thick leather straps, their leashes tied off high above their heads as they were forced to sit on pointed vibrating horses, their paws just barely able to touch the floor as their crotches got constant stimulation. In Judy's case her muff was constantly split, her clit stimulated as the butt plug in her ass slowly increased in size. While Nick was locked in a cage, his fuzzy little fox nuts constantly teased as the dildo in his asshole crushed his swollen prostate.

Jack could hear them sputter and groan through their gags as he got ready. Their choked groans fading out behind him as he took his own personal elevator down to his limo. They'd be left to edge for a couple hours and hopefully by the time Jack returned they'd have learned their place.

By the time Jack reached the bottom floor he was greeted by a quartet of wolf maids. The group took a bow at the edges of the carpet leading to his limo, his driver Imka already ready for him with the door open. As Jack went to enter she said, "Good evening your Majesty. It'll be a longer drive to the club this evening, so Flint has taken it upon herself to be the entertainment."

"I've already poured you a drink, sir," said Flint as she watched her master enter the limo.

Jack looked down at the head of his security, stripped of her uniform which was nicely folded on the floor. Her only clothing ripped nylon thigh highs that tore around her toes and fluffy white upper thighs. Both her perky-D cups were pierced with shiny steel barbells along with her navel. Eyes coated in a black eyeliner and shadow with a fresh coat of black around her lips.

Officer Flint held up a glass of liquor, taking care to avert her steely red eyes as she addressed her god, voice normally stern now soft, "It's that bourbon mash you enjoyed while Tundratown, on the rocks just how you like it."

"Good girl," said Jack as he entered the car, the door quickly slamming behind him. He took the glass from officer Flint's hands and she continued to prostrate herself at his feet, waiting for orders as her master sat down.

"You remember my comment in the shop," he continued, taking a little sip from the glass as the car started.

"Of course, sir," Flinted looked up, her big eyes focused on her master's large frame, "I exist to serve all your needs, may I do anything else for you before we arrive."

"You're a cut above the other vermin of the city."

"Thank you for your kind words my god, your kindness elevates me—*mmmnn!*"

Flint's face got flush as Jack whipped out his huge white dick. The pale pulsating bitch breaker that made her thigh look small, which she utterly adored, protected and served. Flint was panting the second she got a whiff of her master's dick. Soaked in the scent of countless bitches, Flint's brain melted as she inhaled the mix of scents; Nick and Judy's bitch stink included

"I'm aware, now put your mouth to good use and make up for your fellow officers pitiful performances," continued Jack, his tip inches from Flint's little rat snout.

"Yes my god," she mewled, grabbing his cock with both hands. Her little nose twitched as she came up for a lick, her tongue tickling Jack's veins as she ran it up the underside of his cock.

"Though I expected better out of officers Hopps and Wilde, *mmmmnnnn~*" Flint's nose twitched as she started stroking the base of Jack's shaft, "they seemed so excited to serve their new white god, did they disobey you?"

"More like too excited," he responded, relaxing on the leather seat, "they didn't quite understand their place and are currently being subjected to obedience training"

"Just leave them to me, my god and I'll make them proper pets..." Muttered Flint between kisses, her voice trailing off as her lips slowly wrapped around Jack's massive cock tip.

At one point it was hard for Flint to properly service Jack. His huge white member easily reduced her to a limp drooling mess but that was years ago. After a literal decade of being Jack's bodyguard and private cumdumpster, Flint was now the perfect pet and easily swallowed most of Jack's length. Her DNA had been irreversibly augmented by Jack's nasty genetic sludge. His cum had a hell of an effect on animals, making Flint a bitch built to take big white cock; she was taller, stronger and a lot more flexible, all traits that made her superior to the common vermin of Zootopia. Yet she was nothing before Jack's pale predatory monster, just another domesticated rat ready to service his glory.

Every single movement of Flint's head made her brain numb. Her spit dribbled off the underside of his meat and onto the floor of the limo, tongue tickling his glands as he slid deeper into her throat. There was still so much length and Jack was too thick, leaving only spare moments where Flint could choke back a few snorted breathes; which were tainted by Jack's heavy musk. It was a divine feeling and Flint's muff was positively soaking after the first few minutes of head.

“Not bad but I don’t have all day to play, officer,” Jacked grabbed Flint’s big rat ears and said, “we’re going to have to speed things up a bit.”

“Mmmhshhmm!” mewled Flint, keeping her eyes fixated on Jack as he skull fucked her harder.

With a grip tight as a vice, Jack pulled Flint’s head up and down his dick using her as nothing more than an onihole. The back of the limo was filled with Flint’s sloppy mewls as she came her brains out. Her throat bulged and her brain popped the second Jack forced her nose against his crotch. His cock’s hard throbs were just enough to push Flint over the edge, turning her into a groaning mess as she was used just like the common pieces of fuckmeat found all throughout Zootopia.

She squirted, again, drenching her inner thighs and the floor in sticky cunt honey had her tail excitedly whipping against the floor.

“Good girl, enjoy a little treat for all your hard work.” grunted Jack as he pushed every last inch of his shaft into Flint’s throat.

“Nnnnyyyhhh—mmmmmmnn,” she groaned as she felt Jack pump tons of his thick white cum directly into her stomach.

Flint’s brain melted as she focused all her energy on milking every last drop. Her lips kept a tight seal around his meat, ensuring that not a single sperm cell would be wasted. Though even with her decade of experience it was always hard handling Jack’s loads; even after so many years Flint could barely avoid spilling his precious seed. Her little pink nose twitched and eyes fluttered as she squirted on the floor of the limo, unable to hold back as Jack cum shot finally ended.

“Fuck Flint, the quality of police sure has dropped since you left,” grunted Jack as he pulled his cock out of her throat. His heavy spit drenched shaft rested down the center of her face. Flint was choking back air, filling her lungs with musk tainted air as her pussy pulsed.

“The rabbit faints if I throat her half as hard and the fox has no stamina,” he continued.

“Mmmwwaaah~” Flint planted a kiss on Jack’s pulsating cock head, sucking back all the hot white cum left in his urethra, *“Ahhnn,”* thank you my god, would you like me to continue?”

“Depends,” exhaled Jack as he tapped on the glass of the privacy window and from the speaker his driver answered;

“Yes, your Majesty?” she asked with a thick south African accent.

He polished off the rest of his whisky before asking “how close are we to the club?”

“You’ll be at the Botanical Backwater in a few more minutes, your Majesty,” she continued, “The guards just need to secure the back entrance for your arrival.”

“Good, we were just finishing up,” said Jack, “Oh and Imka.”

“Yes, your Majesty?”

“Make sure you’re ready as soon as the meeting is over, Flint will be driving us back.”

Imka’s cheeks got a little flush, “y-y-yes, you Majesty... and thank you.”

“Looks like you’ll be cleaning me up, Flint, sighed Jack.

“With pleasure,” continued Flint as she took another long lick up his cock, “and there is always later tonight.”

“Speaking of tonight, I completely forgot about my plus one. Make sure to get Mrs. Bellwether out of the trunk.”

“Of course sir, should I let her walk or—”

“Just leave her in the bag.”

“With pleasure,” cooed Flint as she continued her devoted cock polishing at a much faster pace. She had to quickly clean up the spare few ropes she left before getting ready. There was barely any time for Flint to get her uniform on before the limo pulled into the back of the club.

The Botanical Backwater’s backdoor was a rather exclusive entryway, only the cream of the crop were allowed to enter. Common Zootopians weren’t allowed to enter from the back entrance. Rows of bulky Gorillas guards kept the riff raff out of the enchanting neon glow of the back entrance. Though that didn’t stop a mildly large crowd for animals from gathering so they could gawk at the VIPs.

Flint just barely got her boots back on by the time they pulled up. She knew the drill, existing the car first, she took a look around before gesturing for Jack to exit. The dull rhythmic pump of synth music was ever present in the alleyway. The overwhelming glow of neon bathed Ron as he entered the club, the guard stepping off to the side as Flint got his plus-one from the trunk.

“Thank you for choosing us this evening, your Majesty.”

Jack was immediately greeted by a leopard girl, she was dressed in a tight black top and pencil skirt. Around the hem were embroidered jungle leaves with little gems woven in around the tips. The outfit did well to show off her curves and toned midriff, and the low cut top showed off her perky breasts, about the same size as Flint.

“Gazelle is nearly done with her show and should be ready for you soon,” she continued, giving Jack a little bow, “I could seat you at one of our private booths while you wait or if you wish to listen to the concert I—”

“Take me to the room,” interjected Jack, “and make sure I am not disturbed until Gazelle arrives.”

“Y-y-yes of course your Majesty, right this way,” she continued walking up the stairs just ahead of Jack and Flint. Her little tail swayed back and forth as she climbed the stairs into the dimly lit private section. Only half a dozen rooms with carved mahogany doors, though most weren’t in use since many couldn’t afford a single night.

“This is your room, your Majesty,” she continued, holding the door open for him.

Jack surveyed the room, in the center was a large coffee table and dominating the back corner of the room was a long couch, upholstered with a black leather. In the corner a thick jungle tree grew out of the wall and its canopy formed the majority of the roof. In another corner, a well stocked fridge and little bar stand for mixing drinks, all liquors provided were the highest quality. Only the best for the Botanical Backwater’s VIPs.

“These are the window controls, your Majesty.” The Leopard girl fiddled with a dial behind the bar, causing the black window behind him to turn opaque. He had a balcony view of the club floor.

The place was packed, full of Zootopia citizens all eagerly watching Gazelle perform on stage. Patrons from all corners of Zootopia; predator and prey all mashed together under the green canopy of the club, and overtop the intertwining branches groups of smaller monkeys and rodents enjoyed the view from above where they (probably) wouldn't be trampled.

Jack nodded to the beat for a moment as he muttered, "Good work, pet."

"I've got it set to one way viewing to avoid prying eyes, would you like me to let the music through?" she continued.

"That'll be all," said Jack as he relaxed in the seat. The leopard girl gave him a bow before exiting the room, allowing Flint to enter.

"I'll be keeping watch out in the hallway," said Flint

"If you need anything don't hesitate to ask, your Majesty."

"Make sure I am not disturbed by anyone but the expected company." he ordered, "and if you're lucky you'll get a nice tip."

The Leopard woman got immediately flustered, eyes wide and mouth agape, her tail started to sway as she sputtered, "y-y-your Majesty are you *suh*-sure, I'm—"

"Get your spotted ass out or your Majesty won't fuck you again." barked Flint as she pointed over her shoulder, "If he has any orders you'll hear them from me, got it?"

"*Yuh*-yes ma'am," muttered the Leopard as she left the room.

"You're so mean, Flint." commented Jack as he looked outside, watching Gazelle's show as Flint entered.

"There are too many preds pinning for your attention, I worry one may try to assault—"

"You're just worried about another set of holes taking my time," Jack teased.

"Untrained we're no better than feral animals and she's barely domesticated." Flint got a little bit squeamish, avoiding her master's gaze as she continued, "same is true for this meat" giving a shake to the bag, "please do let me know if she misbehaves. It'd be my pleasure to toss her back into a cell or kennel."

"I know that all too well, Flint and you'll have your turn soon enough," said Jack as he turned to look out the window, "feel free to crawl into the room if you get too impatient."

"I'll be outside the door the entire time." responded Flint, trying not to blush as she dropped the bag at Jack's feet

"Mmmmgghhh!" cried Dawn Bellwether as she suddenly hit the ground.

"I have low hopes for the sheep but who knows, maybe you'll have some fun with her," said Flint, giving Jack a little wave as she stepped out of the room. Her long rat tail swinging between her legs as she gave Jack one last look before closing the door, leaving him in the mostly silent room. Jack took a second to watch Gazelle shake her ass for a crowd before opening up the gym bag.

"Good evening Mrs Bellwether," said Jack as he looked at Dawn's bound and gagged body, "Have you been enjoying huffing my cum rags?"

Dawn had been shaved around her midsection to better show off her thick little body. Her big old sheep boobs were no longer hidden by her fluff; two fat saggy fuckpillow nearly the size of watermelons with puffy light pink inverted nipples that poked out of their hole as she saw Jack. Her chubby midsection and wide hips led into her thigh wool which almost looked like stockings the way she'd been shaved.

Her little sheep snout was firmly pressed against one of last night's towels. The cum had dried but the scent lingered, keeping Dawn in a permanent heat. Both her nipples were poking up, her crotch soaking as she rubbed her muff with her little fingers. Odds are she hadn't slept for at least a day, and in her current state she barely noticed Jack and didn't have the mental power to show a shred of shame as she gooned her little sheep brain into mush.

"How rude, I asked you a question," said Jack, his tone mocking as he pulled Dawn out of the bag by the scruff of her neck, "and I expect an answer."

"Aaahhhnnng!" Dawn grit her teeth as Jack dropped her limp body onto the floor, her head reeling from the sudden real shock of being grabbed and tossed like a naughty kitten.

"Snap out of your stupor, sheep and start answering my questions."

Dawn leaned up off her back, vision fuzzy as she muttered, “*Uuuuhhhnnn, su-Sir, I don’t—*”

Jack stepped on Dawn’s stomach pressing the heel of his boot against her ultra sensitive slit. All the air was knocked out of Dawn’s lungs with that one hit and for a brief second her brain went completely blank. Sensory overload took over and she let out a meek cry before shouting, *Ahhhgggggnnn!*”

“How pathetic, even for prey,” said Jack, shaking his head as he listened to Dawn sputter something between a groan of pain and a moan.

“*P-puh-please, sir I didn’t expect the nighthowler to—hrrrrggh!*” Dawn grit her teeth as Jack pressed down harder.

“It’s not about what you did, you pathetic little prey.”

“*Ahhhaaaahhhnnn!*” Dawn’s tongue flopped out of her mouth as his shoe dug into her pudgy little belly.

“I don’t care about what the animals think about each other; prey & predators both are just holes to me.” Jack continued relaxing in his seat. His foot was still firmly on Dawn as she looked up at him.

“Then *w-why* do you care what I did—”

“Because it isn’t your place, you decided to reach above your natural station,” he sneered, “and worse you did was fucked with the livestock, my livestock, without my permission.”

“*Y-yu—yes, but I—*”

“You thought you could rule over these semi feral fuck sleeves and make your dream city, didn’t you?” said Jack and Dawn nodded meekly, her teeth grit harder as Jack leaned in, “And didn’t that faggot mention that his office depends on my money and influence over you sheep?”

“Yes sir!”

“Then start begging for your miserable life and if you do a good job I might not have Flint throw your ass into a dark cell,” continued Jack as he pulled his foot off Dawn’s

crotch. His heel was covered in the juices of Dawn's pathetic pain-gasm, and he watched the sheep shiver for a moment, on the verge of cuming again before she finally started to sputter her response.

"Ehhnnn, s-suh-sorry! This stupid sheep didn't understand her place," her voice was sloppy, drool dripping from her lips and off the underside of her snout as her body trembled, *"We're just meat for our human masters to use and abuse—mmmnnnn!"*

"And," said Jack as he pressed the tip of his foot against Dawn's slit.

"Ah-aaah-aaannndd! Ah- after tasting your hot genetic sludge I can't think of anything else. The thought of getting more of your stinky white sperm is consuming my mind," Dawn continued, frantic as she begged, *"Please, please, pweeeeeease! I know I am just a stupid fucking animal but let me serve you, I promise to be the docile, obedient herbivore you expect me to be."*

Jack looked like he was thinking for a moment, rubbing his chin as Dawn quickly switched positions. She prostrated herself at his feet, her huge sheep boobs pressed against the ground as her eyes sheepishly looked up at him hoping she did the right thing.

Jack cracked a little smile as he presented the heel of his shoe to Dawn and gave the simple order, "clean."

"Aahhhnnn, yes sir," squeaked Dawn as she ran her tongue up the cunt juice stained rubber of Jack's heel, letting out little mewls as she lapped up her own juices with gusto. She didn't even care about the dirt on Jack's shoes, she was so desperate for more she was willing to do anything for him.

"Pathetic," said Jack as he saw the feral desperation on Dawn's face, "but that face suits your position well."

"Mmmhnnn, t-thu-thank you for l-lu-letting me clean your shoe, sir." Dawn continued prostrating herself, "would you like anything else."

"As a matter of fact, I do."

"H-holy fuck," mewled Dawn hearts in her eyes as she saw Jack's big white bitch breaker for the first time. It was huge, nearly as long as she was tall and positively pulsing with veins as thick as her finger. The shaft thickened as it reached his big pink

tip. Plus his fat cum factories were each the size of Dawn's head and covered in thick brown hair.

Dawn assumed Jack had to be something special from the smell and taste of his seed alone but this far exceeded all her expectations. There was no more doubt in her mind that this was the man who had the entire city of Zootopia bent over and presenting to him like meek little prey and Dawn was no different. She pushed her head to the ground, Jack's cock tip mere inches from her face as she squealed, "Please my white god, let me service your godly cock."

"Go on," exhaled Jack as he spread his legs.

"I'm just a retarded cumdumpster that acted above her station, please destroy my tight sheep holes and reduce me to a broken piece of meat so I can never offend you or any other human again," mewled Dawn, nearly cumming as she inhaled Jack's musk, "I promise to be tight sir—"

"Address me as master."

"Yes master!" she excitedly continued, "My holes have never been touched by another sheep let alone a man and I would be ecstatic if your godly cock was the only thing that ever got to use me~"

"Good," Jack gave Dawn a nod of approval, "nice to know you can still teach a sheep some manners."

"Thank you for keeping me, master, I will do all I can to—*whooaa!*"

Jack picked up Dawn by her wool hair and dropped her little body on his cock, "I don't expect much from a sheep sized sex sleeve but do try to stay awake for a full round."

"*Nyyggghhh*, I'm a dumb little sheep but I'll try," Dawn's voice melted and her eyes crossed as her full weight was propped up by Jack's pristine white penis, digging into her slit harder by the second.

"That's the spirit," Jack grabbed the sides of Dawn's body, lifted her up and shoved his cock deep into her virgin sheep slit. His swollen tip digging out all her folds and pushing her vaginal walls to their physical limit, well beyond what Dawn expected her little body capable of surviving, let alone taking completely.

“And don’t worry, you’ll quickly get used to my size,” he continued, pulling Dawn’s limp body down his cock.

“Hnnnuuuggghhhh, muuhh-stuuuhmach!” Dawn’s tongue flopped out of her mouth as Jack’s tip pressed inside her womb.

This level of extreme penetration shouldn’t be possible. Sure, Dawn had broken her own hymen with sizable toys and she was a little stretched out but nowhere near the level to actually take Jack’s dick. Yet, Dawn’s belly bulged to the point Jack’s massive meat poked between her huge flopping Lamb milkers, spreading them apart as his tip punched her womb. In just one thrust Dawn already felt completely defeated; limp, broken but greedy for more use.

“You prey, sure can stretch!” grunted Jack as he pulled Dawn up his cock, “you’re even more flexible than that police fuck bunny I fucked into submission.”

“Uuuhhh-huuuuhn,” drool dribbled from Dawn’s lips, a goofy smile on her face as she felt Jack’s tip scrape out her folds. There was a second she recognized that Jack was probably talking about the bunny bitch that ruined her plans. Yesterday Dawn might’ve cum hearing the news that Judy got her insides demolished by a big white predator, but that satisfaction was completely eclipsed by the rush of pleasure she experienced getting slammed back down on Jack’s dick. Such cock induced bliss made Dawn think that it would have been too good for that little bunny.

“And hopefully you’ve got more endurance!”

“Hhhyuuunnn!” Dawn cunt clamped down on Jack as his tip barged into her poor defenseless womb.

“That’s the spirit, keep nice and tight like a good sex toy,” Jack let out a grunt as his cock leaked pre-cum directly into Dawn’s womb.

“Uhhnnnn-I-I’m gunna brreeaaaak!”

Dawn squealed like a pig as her insides got stuffed over and over again. All her folds drenched in Jack’s thick pre-cum as he used her like a toy. His fat pink tip smashed the back of her womb with every thrust, no matter how hard Dawn clamped down her poor pussy was no match for Jack. There was a moment that Dawn wondered if she’d ever be able to have kids after having her womb ruined by this human monster, but those feelings quickly subsided as another orgasm rocked her brain.

"Duuuuuhhhnnnn~" her dumb drools of pleasure came out sloppy and barely audible as she coated the floor in cunt honey. Dawn's limbs and tits hung limply, swinging and slapping against her thick little body as Jack cock rearranged her guts.

"Get ready to get bloated, bitch," said Jack, his voice a growl, "because I won't be pulling out until I'm finished."

Dawn's eyes crossed and drool dribbled from her pouty lips as Jack started pumping her full of his thick genetic sludge. She could literally feel his hot nut jelly backing up into her fallopian tubes; more like a hot tar than normal seed. A huge distended cum belly distended below Dawn's body, jiggling and growing as Jack pumped her full. His ultra virile load expanded Dawn's belly to the point she looked pregnant with a whole flock of sheep.

"Surprised to see you awake," said Jack, giving a semi-impressed nod as he started to pull out.

"Hooooohnnnn," Dawn's eyes fluttered, her jaw slack as her tongue limply dangled out of her mouth. Her brain had completely melted in a mire of Jack's cum, nearly ready to faint but the constant pressure in her belly kept her awake, kept her constantly on the edge of orgasm.

"Maybe you're a better pocket pussy than I gave you credit for." Jack slowly pulled Dawn's body off his cock, his massive meat still hard and throbbing as it excited her gaping cunt. A few spare un-shot ropes slopped onto her fat jiggly booty before Jack tossed her onto the couch belly first.

"Bhhhhuuuu!" she bleated as her belly was smushed against the cushion by her body weight, forcing Jack's nasty load to squirt from her gaping pussy in noisy *slorps~*

"I didn't realize you were a pig," Jack teased.

Dawn tried to move but her bloated cum belly squished against the leather couch, keeping her in place, *"Uhhnnnnghhh, yuh-you filled me up like a fucking condom~"*

"And I'll do it again if you're lucky."

"Hnnnnghh, y-yes master, thank you, master." The response came to Dawn naturally as Jack's cream oozed out of her broken hole. She found herself wanting to be used more

but Dawn had no idea how she'd survive another round with this man. She already felt completely packed with cream, it'd probably spill out of her mouth if Jack came inside her again.

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

"Yes, what is it," he shouted as he heard a tapping at the door.

"Sir, Gazelle is here for you," responded Flint as she opened the door a crack.

Jack beconced at Flint, saying, "send her in."

Flint spared a glance at the cumbloated sheep at Jack's side before she stepped aside. Still blocking the door as the comparatively tall Gazelle stepped inside, backlit by the constant peppering of camera flashes and dressed in the sluttiest pop star outfit that money could buy. Her extra curvy anthro body was barely covered, fishnets clung to her arms and legs squishing the fluff around the tops of her thick thighs. Gazelle milkers, hugged tightly by her sparkling black top, jiggled as she slipped into the room, her ruffled black mini-skirt was so short Jack could see her thong tightly hugging her slit with every hooved step she took.

"Greetings your majesty," Gazelle strutted into the room as Flint slammed the door behind her, blocking out the noisy paparazzi. She flipped her hair back as she continued, "are you ready for—"

Gazelle's giddy expression soured when she noticed Jack relaxing on the couch beside a cumflated, Dawn Bellwether. Though it wasn't the fact Dawn was here which made her disappointed, "Jack you didn't tell me there would be company?"

"Does that matter?" asked Jack, his brow furrowed and eyes narrowed at Gazelle, "does the opinions of this—"

"Aaaahhhnnn!"

Dawn let out a sloppy cry as Jack slapped her ass, causing her flesh to ripple as he continued, "mewling fuckmeat matter to you?"

"Hnnngggghhh, s-sorry my god, forgive this animal for bening retarded," Gazelle's expression switched in an instant. Eyes went wide and voice became hot as she looked over at Jack, body trembling.

"I would've punished you if you acted too pathetic in front of my new fuckmeat. After all, you do have an image to keep," he responded, grabbing hold of the base of his huge white meat, "now do you remember how to greet your owner?"

"Thank you my god and I'd never forget~" Gazelle dropped to her hands and knees before quickly crawling to Jack's feet. She prostrated herself at his feet, her chin pressed against the ground and eyes peering up at her master's perfect penis. The urge to start worshiping him was the only emotion rattling around her brain but Gazelle knew better than to act without permission; even if it had been a year since she'd wallowed at his feet.

"You've been mostly good this year, pet; good ratings, profits and publicity. That stuff about Pred rights I had you say was really working for a while," Jack continued, giving his mewling pet a nod of approval.

Gazelle could feel her heart rate spike as she muttered, *"Hmnnnn, y-yu-yes it has been a good year, especially after the scandal—"*

"But despite that the city nearly fell to ruins as the animals got ideas." Jack shook his head, disappointed.

"I said everything you prepped for me but these fucking animals are all a bunch of braindead retards," mewled Gazelle.

"Wait, you don't care about predators?" added Dawn, a little confused to find out Gazelle's beliefs were just an act. She was one of the largest roadblocks she faced when trying to ruin the public opinion of preds.

Gazelle pussy throbbed as she sputtered, *"N-nuh-nope! I could give a shit about what happens to any filthy fucking animal, predator or prey it doesn't matter to me!"*

"Then you do believe in equality then," chuckled Jack

"Hehehe, I do believe all animals are equal Dawn, equally below my god." she continued, her little dear tail wagging, "He's all that matters to me. His will is my will and I obey all his orders without questions!"

"And despite her very clean image and my PR strategies it almost failed. We had to get bailed out by a couple of cock sleeves," Jack placed the back of his shoe on Gazelle's head, pressing it against the floor as he sighed, "It was very embarrassing for me to see things going according to Dawn's silly little plan, imagine if things got worse?"

"Hnnnnngghh, *su*-sorry my god, I am just a stupid animal. I don't know any better but I'll brainwash and gaslight my stupid fucking fans into believing whatever you want!" Gazelle nearly came as she felt Jack's foot squish her chin against the floor. Her pussy pulsing as her masochism took over, deleting whatever sense she had left in her head; because now was the time to grovel, be master's mewling little pet.

"That goes without saying, you exist to be my little propaganda-bitch but you aren't fully to blame, others had their part to play but that is water under the bridge." Jack pulled his foot back off Gazelle's head, allowing her to look back up at him, eyes watering and pulsing with love as she let out cute little mewls.

"Mrs. Bellwether will have her place drilled into her small sheep brain and never be a problem again, isn't that right?" he continued, shooting a look at the bloated little lamb.

"Yuh-yes master, I promise to never go against your will ever again. All us dumb animals need to do is obey." Dawn struck a double peace sign, letting her body weight get held up by her cum belly as she looked back at Jack with a dumb smile on her face.

Jack gave Dawn a little half smile before looking at Gazelle, "now do you have your tribute?"

"Yes my god!"

Jack gestured at Gazelle to raise her head off the floor and she quickly shot upright and pulled her phone out of her top. She scrambled to unlock it before she held it up to Jack, saying, "One point two million, all transferred to your account, my god!"

Dawn's eyes went wide as she heard what Gazelle, it all seemed unbelievable but the phone was open to her bank account. The transfer total reached around one point two million, three hundred thousand and forty seven dollars. Dawn bit her lip muttering, "Holy hell," again surprised to see the depths of Gazelle's devotion.

“This should cover the costs for your trip in full,” she continued, peering up at Jack with big needy eyes.

Jack gave Dawn’s ass a little smack as he teased, “Surprised to find out Zootopia’s top popstar is my piggy bank?”

“Mmmmhnn, y-yes master!” cried Dawn, her cunt throbbing, “I was just surprised to see so much money—”

“Oh those are just the profits for the past week and tonight’s little show,” she proudly interjected, almost giddy, “prior weeks profits all go to my god’s wallet but I am thrilled to be given the privilege to present him with a payment.”

“My little popstar makes an excellent asset, even if she is pretty pathetic,” Jack held his shoe out and quickly Gazelle planted a kiss at the tip of his shoe, happily lapping up the dirty and spilt sex juices.

“Mmmwaaaah, thank you for the privilege of being your piggy bank my god,” Gazelle’s eyes fluttered as a little maso-fueled micro orgasm wracked her brain, *“Ehhnn, I-I hope you’re satisfied with my donations to your glory~”*

“You’ve certainly improved since last year,” Jack pulled his foot back and grabbed the base of his cock, “now enjoy your reward.”

“Hhhnnnnnggh, thank you! I’ll make sure to put my dirty gazelle holes to work.” Gazelle quickly sprang to her feet, trembling with excitement. She nearly ripped off her skirt and thong, she eagerly showed off her puffy pink Gazelle pussy. Her clit had swollen in anticipation, twitching as she turned around and pressed her ass against Jack’s cock. Aligning his superior cock with her needy cunt.

“And you, slave.” Jack addressed Dawn giving her a look of smug command, “get down and put that mouth to good use.”

“Uhhhhnnnggh, yes master,” she drooled, attempting to crawl. The size of her bloated belly made it hard but not impossible for Dawn to make her way from the couch to Jack’s heavy sack. His two fat cum churners hung down off the side of the couch, giving Dawn ample space to rest her head on the side of the couch as she pressed her snout against his sack.

“Snoooooortt, hnnnggh~” Dawn shuddered, shivering as her master’s musk filled her lungs, melting her brain. An addicting scent to say the least which smelt even better with direct snout on sack contact. There was no helping herself, Dawn ran her tongue over the hairy globes, lapping up sweat with glee as her brain cells melted.

“Am I tight enough for you?” asked Gazelle as she lowered her hips down on Jack’s dick, her muscles flexing and body trembling as she took over a foot of dick, creating a slightly noticeable bulge in her fluffy, toned midriff.

“Not bad so far, but you’ve got quite a few inches left to take.”

“Of course my god, I wouldn’t dream of quitting half way!” Gazelle squealed, throwing her head back as she rode Jack’s cock, slamming every last inch of his veiny, pulsating penis into her cunt. She felt his tip crush her womb right before she pulled back, bouncing her hips up and down his dick with animalistic speeds.

“Hnnnggoooo~” cried Gazelle as she felt her belly bulge poke the underside of her tits, “y-you’re still so hard, have your *uuhhn*—other pets been failing to milk you properly?”

“Sadly yes,” responded Jack, grunting as he stretched, resting his arms along the backrest, “The fox and rabbit officers have promise but need so much more training, this year’s crop of maids have poor stamina, and Flint has been extra busy dealing with security, leaving little time to bond with my pets.”

“That’s so—*hnnnggh*, terrible,” mewled Gazelle, her lip quivering as a little micro orgasm rattled her brain, “I will try extra hard to milk all that *buh*—backed up white cum and spoil my beloved owner as much as my pathetic body can handle.”

“Such a sweet piggy bank, better move faster if you want me to cum hard.”

“Yes my god, I live to *su-suuh-seeerve!*” Gazelle’s long pink tongue hung out of her mouth as her frenzied hip movements passed highway speed limits, reaching nearly one hundred kilometers.

“Shoot that divine load in me,” she wheezed, “and mold my worthless animal body into the perfect cumdumpster!”

The movements of her thick jiggly gazelle hips were nearly a blur as they tightly milked Jack dick. After years of being her god’s property, Gazelle had trained to the point no other Zootopian could satisfy her sexual urges; horses, bulls, rhinos, gorillas and so

many others would cum in just a minute of her full speed but for her white god, this was simply edging. With every minute only producing a drop of his hot pre-cum.

“That’s a good gazelle, really put those natural talents to good use.”

“Hnnngghhoooo~ Huhii-I-I missed you my god,” cried Gazelle, her mascara ran down her face as he cried tears of joy, “you make my miserable life complete, please cum the second you feel the need.”

“I might be cumming a little faster thanks to this ball huffer,” Jack grunted, letting out a little glob of hot nut tar as Dawn’s tongue covered his sack in spit, “finally showing your real talents, Mrs. Bellwether?”

“Mmmhmmnn, snooooort, snooooortt~”

Dawn didn’t even respond to Jack’s teasing, her brain too friend on his hot human musk to understand anything more complex than animalistic grunting. Though she did feel the force of Gazelle’s hip movements. The ripples she felt as the thoroughly bleached and broken gazelle bounced her hips made Dawn shiver but didn’t distract. Both her little hands kept a solid grip on Jack’s fat nuts, keeping his fat cum churners still as she ran her tongue over his sack.

“Hnnnggh, ah-are you getting close?” moaned Gazelle as she slammed her ass down on Jack one final time. Jack’s shaft had swelled inside, his tip dug into the back of her womb and she could feel even more pre-cum soaking her insides.

“You know me too well,” grunted Jack as he grabbed Gazelle’s horns.

“Ghuuaaaaahhnn!” cried Gazelle as Jack pulled her head back, causing his cock to hit at a dangerous angle. It felt like her insides were being scrambled as he started to cum.

“Now enjoy your reward, you’ve literally paid for it~”

“Hooooohhnn—yeeeeessh!” Gazelle’s orgasmic cries were loud enough to beat the sound proofing, filling the entry hall with a mewling whine that made the other VIPs think a bitch in heat was screaming her head off in the hallways .

Her belly packed full of hot human cum, womb inflation as the thick’n nasty ropes of white cum pushed Gazelle into the third trimester. However unlike Dawn, Gazelle didn’t go limp after a “little” cumshot.

There was no pause in her gyrating while Jack dumped his load inside her cunt. His cum was so thick, too thick and virile to be compared to worthless animal cum. Gazelle didn't stop gyrating her hips, slowly moving and squeezing her cunt until every single sperm cell was milked from her god's big white dick. Then after what felt like hours and (by the size of her stretched belly) looked like about two gallons, Jack finished and gave Gazelle's thick furry booty a...

SLAP!

"Ahhhhnnn!" she yelped.

Jack grabbed a handful of pillowy gazelle booty as he spat, "Not bad, you're really competing with Flint to be my slave of the month."

"Mmmmmhhhhh, yu-you are too kind my god," she looked back, hearts pulsing in her eyes, "I know my performance so far has only been acceptable."

"True but I know how much my dumb pets enjoy praise," Jack gave Gazelle's blonde hair a little pet.

"Oooohhh," Gazelle lost a bit of nerve, her cunt throbbing like crazy as she felt her god's rough hands run through her hair. His massive white meat, still hard and pulsing deep inside her cunt. An addicting feeling and Gazelle wondered if she'd be able to function without her master's after tonight.

"Hhhnnnn, hu-holy moly," moaned Dawn as she poked her head out from behind Jack's heavy cumtanks, "how do these nuts still have so much backed up cum."

"Huuuff... huff... huff~ heehn-heh-he is a god compared to *w-wu-we* mewling animals, superior to us stupid drooling sluts in every way. We should be honored to be his bleached cumdumpsters."

"Hhhnnnn, too true~" mewled Dawn, burning her snout between Jack's nuts again.

Gazelle lifted her hips off Jack's cock, his hard throbbing white meat flopped out of her cream packed snatch. His seed oozed down her thighs and quickly started to pool on the floor. Gazelle looked back, a big smile on her face as she rubbed her bloated cum belly. Then with a little whine in her voice she said, "Thank you for filling my womb again

my god. I may not be a good, *mmmhhhhhnn~ Buh-baby* factory but I hope one day to be your ideal cumdumpster.”

“Maybe one day, ” Jack gave his pet’s thick fluffy thighs a smack, “but that’ll be after you manage to last a full night.”

“Then may I continue?” Gazelle reached back and spread her ass, showing off her ruined cunt and puffy pink gazelle butthole. It twitched, practically begging for penetration.

“I can still move and I’ve got an unused hole!” she continued.

“*Hmmmm*, I don’t know,” mused Jack in a sarcastic tone.

“Please my god, this pathetic prey exists to milk your dick and I’ve been training!” Gazelle demonstrated her incredible flexibility and spread her own asshole with her fingers, showing off her pink insides.

“Impressive work, I didn’t expect you to be such an anal slut.”

Gazelle nodded, drooling as she sputtered, “*Thu-thu*-thank you, I’ve been turning my ass inside out daily, taking sometimes multiple insertions to better serve you during this visit. Even during shows I perform with a dildo shoved deep in my hole but tonight I wanted to be tight for you my god.”

Jack gave a slow nod, running his fingers around her stretched anal rim as he let out a satisfied sigh, “Alright, I’ll let you continue for the rest of the night, since you’ve been such a good piggy bank.”

Thank you my god, I promise you won’t regret dumping more of that hot cum into my insides. I’m your whore,” Gazelle pressed his tip against her asshole, removing her fingers and letting his tip glide into her anal interior.

“I expect only the best Gazelle, don’t pass out on me like the other animals.”

“*Nyyyyggghhh*,” Gazelle’s tongue flopped out of her mouth as she sputtered, “*Yu*-yes my god, I won’t fail you~”

Jack moved his leg slightly, pressing the back of his heel against Dawn’s cumbelly, “And I expect you to keep worshipping my nuts like a good slave.”

“Snoooooort, yu-yes master, your stupid beast will do her best, snoooooort, snoooooort~”

Jack relaxed as he felt Dawn lower her hips down on his massive white cock. Her anal rim stretched wide to take his girth but she managed to take the entirety of his shaft. The impact of his tip punching her colon made Gazelle’s brain go fuzzy again but after years she was used to this reaction.

Gazelle’s nature took over, swapped her to auto pilot and turned her into a feral whore. A brainless cock milking popstar slut that bounced her hips with all the strength her cum packed body had left. Which, after years of servicing Jack was a lot and she kept pace with her master until they finally had to leave to deal with other appointments.

Epilogue: Lontamer

Jack relaxed in the seat of his limo. It was a bitch to get both his cumflated pets into the limo without any animals noticing their bloated bellies or scent. Yet, Jack felt it was well worth it to see his new and old pets worshipping his cock.

Dawn and Gazelle each took a side of his pulsating dick, running their tongues up and down the sides of his meat while their distended cumflated bellies pressed against each other. All intelligence had left the pairs’ eyes, glazed over and feral as they lapped up Jack’s filthy human dick, snorting his cock stink and they cleaned him for another round. While his cock tip was serviced by his driver, Imka.

The amazonian zebra woman kneeling was surrounded by her discarded clothes, leaving her striped muscled body bare. A curvy tight form that was only seed on the most shredded of Zootopian muscle models. Imka’s massive striped tits were each bigger than her head; fat, full and perfectly round. Her pointed black nipples poked out of her striped fur and twitched as she sucked Jack’s dick; thick black lips moved up and down the first few inches of Jack’s pulsating cock, while her tongue tickled his glands.

“Make sure to drink up lots of my cum or you’ll never be like Flint,” said Jack, a satisfied grin on his face, “especially you Dawn, hopefully a cum centric diet will make you a better sex sleeve.

"Hnnnyyhh, yu-yes master, mwwwwaah~ thank you master," she mewled between kisses.

"Good slave, keep it up and soon you'll—"

BZZZZZTT!

"Hmmmph," Jack let out a heavy breath as he pulled his phone out of his pocket. He wondered who might be disturbing him on such a night but it was none other than mayor Lionheart.

The regal mayor of Zootopia was sitting behind his desk, dressed in a very sharp blue suit and white collared shirt as he looked into his webcam. Though he seemed a little softer, mane fluffier than normal, features smoother. Though his expression seemed very crossed and he narrowed his eyes the second he saw Jack.

"Lionheart, it is a shame you couldn't be here for Gazelle's afterparty," said Jack as he gave the Lion a big grin, "was there Trouble at the office?"

"You know damn well there is, why the fuck did you move Dawn Bellwether from prison!? They'll be outrage, another incident if anyone finds out," he shouted, slamming his paws on the desk, shaking the surface and knocking over pens.

"And?" said Jack with a dismissive shrug.

He leaned over, not breaking eye contact with Jack, "and in your infinite lechery you've decided to *"re-assign"* the hero officers to your personal police team—"

"What can I say, the... what's their names? That bunny and fox both wanted a change of scenery and I as a kindly monarch obliged their selfish request," he interjected, waving away Lionheart's complaints with the smugness only a royal could muster, "as for the Lamb she can finish her sentence in royal custody."

"Bullshit," growled Lionheart, brandishing his fangs as he spoke with a heavy tone of judgment, "they were happy in their positions after they accompanied you into your limo you lecherous fuck. Wasn't this year's group enough for you?"

Jack shrugged, ignoring the question as he asked, "And what are you going to do about that, sissy?"

“You bastard! I won’t stand for this, you can’t keep—”

“You’re currently sitting and yes you will,” Jack opened an app on his phone minimizing Lionhearts window. He could see the lion mutely raging against him, no doubt getting all worked up again like a bad little kitty. Such behavior wouldn’t be tolerated and Jack maximized a few settings on a phone app.

“Now you were saying?” he continued as Lionheart’s video call returned to being the main window.

“I’m not gunna fall to you—*mmmgghh*,” Lionheart bit his lit, sputtering as he just barely stopped a moan.

“Stop lying to yourself faggot and look,” Jack turned his phone to the group of anthropomorphic sluts servicing his cock. Their expressions sloppy, with big glassy eyes and sloppy smiles; when their lips weren’t pressed against Jack’s dick. The girls didn’t even care that Lionheart could see them in such a ruined cumflated state. All that mattered to them was worshipping Jack’s big white cock.

“*Ahhnnnggh, fu-fuck you humans*,” groaned lionheart, his voice shaky, “you’re all bastards and—*hhnnnghh, fuuuck!*”

Lionheart leaned over on his desk as he felt his cock strain in its chastity cage. The plug in his asshole had started to vibrate and was pressing right up against his prostate. He would’ve removed his plug but Jack wouldn’t answer his calls unless Jack’s toy control app was certain his plug was on. The chance of humiliation after tearing into Jack was inevitable but Lionheart thought he would be able to handle the consequences, and quickly he was discovering he could not.

“There is a little taste of what those cops are being put through faggot,” Jack turned the phone back to face him, his voice grew smug as he saw Lionheart’s eyes flutter.

“*Mnnngghh, fuuuucckss!*” Lionheart’s claws dug into the desk. His lion dick was straining against his steel cage, trying and failing miserably to get hard. The constant shocks of pleasure drawn out by the plugs violent vibrations reduced the growling beast into a mewling kitten, his face teary and desperate for release.

“That’s enough for the moment,” Jack turned the intensity of the plug down to a light vibration, allowing the near broken Lion a moment of relief. There was already a small

dark stain forming in his blue slack and his fur was matted with sweat, yet Jack wasn't done.

"Now be a good kitty and present for your master. I need to make sure my mayor still knows his place after being so rude," Jack tone was mocking like he was talking to a naughty child.

The thought of submitting so easily made Lionheart's blood boil, but he knew any greater resistance would mean his new aid finding him passed out on the floor of his office with stained pants the very next morning. Lionheart grit his teeth as he muttered, "Yes, sir."

"Good kitten, and make sure you say your cute little mantra," he continued.

"Rhhhgghh, yes sir."

Lionheart got out of his seat and turned his laptop to face the other half of the office where there was more than enough room for a strip tease. He quickly stripped out of his suite, showing off extremely puffy pecs with beefy pink nipples, both pierced at the nipple by golden rings. His abs were pristine, fur elegantly groomed to show off his muscle contours and wide boy hips which lead into a thick boi-bubble booty, perfect bulging glutes and thighs that squished together with pure muscle. Where once there was a mighty Lion, now there was a muscle-sissy, complete with budding breasts and a tight steel null cage around his dick.

"Good girl, nice to know your body has taken to your new fag diet," Jack chuckled, clearly referring to the budding pair of breasts Lionheart was sporting. It had taken two years for Lionheart to feminize to this extent. He recently needed to bind his pecs so people didn't notice he was walking around with a pair of muscle supported C-cups.

There was a time he hoped that he could avoid Jack's worst urges but that was a pipe dream these days. After Lionheart got the first mandatory diet supplement package, consisting of pink pills and nearly four gallons of hot human cum, he knew it was over. Jack would probably find out if he knew Lionheart wasn't consuming his "gifts", so the mayor resigned himself to the mewling existence as Jack's sissy pet, hoping to spare others the fate but he was realizing too quickly that he'd been naive.

"You ruined my body, please have the decency to avoid throwing it in my face," sputtered Lionheart, trying to keep some sense of pride.

"I'm sorry, I don't recall those words being a part of your mantra," said Jack as he slowly increased Lionhearts plug intensity, "did you need a reminder?"

"No! No, please," shouted Lionheart, "I remember just give me a moment..."

"I'm waiting, loser," spat Jack as he started shooting cum down his Driver's throat, stretching Imka's belly to the point it matched her sister slaves.

Lionheart gulped as he dropped down to his hands and knees, turning around and pointing his perfect athletic bubble booty at the camera. His long lion tail swayed as he started to shake his ass, clapping his furry cheeks as he shouted, "I am Lionheart the bleached sissy slut and I love to take big white dick up my butt. I stuff my slutty tiger bitch hole all day hoping my white master will fuck me and take all my silly worries away!"

"Again," he ordered.

Lionheart was panting between words as he repeated his mantra over and over again. His little caged tiger clit swung back and forth, throbbing as he leaked ropes of clear tiger cum over his office floor as he shook his cheeks, filling the room with sounds of desperate mewls undercut by loud claps. Lionhear thought he was going to pass out but he heard Jack erupt into roaring laughter mid way through another repetition.

"*Hahaha*, you're a riot bitch boy, I'm so glad I didn't replace you after the Dawn incident," Jack wiped a tear out of his eyes as he said, "You can stop now bitch-boi, put that fat sissy booty to rest for now."

Lionheart collapsed on the floor, taking deep wheezing breaths. The plug's vibrations had stopped giving his swollen prostate a break but his caged clit still throbbed in its confines, making his brain go fuzzy as he tried to recover, "*Hnnnggghh, huuuuufff... huuuuufff...*"

"Now what do you say, pet?" asked Jack.

"*Ehhhnnggh, t-thu*-thank you master!" wheezed Lionheart, desperate not to get punished anymore.

"Good faggot, I'll swing around your house later and give you a reward for all your hard work," said Jack, holding back a chuckle.

"Y-yu-yes master, I will look forward to it."

Jack hung up, leaving Lionheart to leak and pant on the floor of his office. The feelings of pleasure and humiliation weighed heavily on Lionheart's mind beside the lives of his officers. All Lionheart could do was pick up the pieces of his shattered pride and prepare for his meeting with Jack tomorrow.

Note: Unsure if I will do a chapter three but who knows. Maybe a continuation will get requested again.