

Description: Doom Guy has retired, after killing the devil he was invited to live with Isabelle in peace on the island, but their days are anything but peaceful. Doom Guy and Isabelle spend nearly every moment indulging in hot'n sloppy sexy. They hardly ever stop. Isabelle's moans have been keeping Anhka up for a solid week and she has had enough. However, Anhka is not ready to deal with an horndog Isabelle, who is more than happy to quiet down if Anhka lends a hand and a pussy.

Series: Animal Crossing & DOOM

Characters: Isabelle, Ankha & The Slayer (or Doom Guy)

Kinks: Human'd, Ahegao, Mind Break, Furry, Musk, Huge Cock, Deepthroat, Titjob, Reluctant Sex, Questionable Consent, Cock and Ball Worship, Maledom, Stomach Deformation, Shortstacks, Huge Tits, Assjob & Threesome

Doom's Crossing

Peaceful days were ahead of The Slayer, now that he could finally settle down with his beloved Isabelle. The pair had met after an unlikely set of circumstances and hit it off. Isabelle's very peppy and sweet attitude seemed to mix well with The Slayer's stoicism; they also enjoyed gardening and guns. It was a match made in heaven (or hell) and after the devil was defeated the pair settled down on Isabelle's island. Content to relax and rigorously practice the three Fs: farming, fishing and fucking!

They'd been practicing the third-F a lot more in recent days. The pair's libidos couldn't be quenched, such close habitation and sweaty activities under the hot summer sun lead to hours of Isabelle getting her womb crushed by Doom Guy's BFC (big fucking Cock).

Isabelle wasn't even half the height of The Slayer, she literally needed a short stool to reach proper dick sucking height. Isabelle's fat tits were bigger than her head and sagged slightly over her little tummy. Wide fuzzy hips reached well past her shoulders, curving into a massive yellow cake and thick pillowy thighs that squished together and jiggled as she walked.

A literal little bitch with the body of a fertility goddess but nothing short of a goddess would be able to handle The Slayer's pure power. His cock was literally the size of one of her legs and his body was packed to bursting with thick veiny muscle. At first Isabelle couldn't fit the entire thing but quickly her insides learned to stretch.

Soon Isabelle was taking The Slayer's massive veiny hell hammer like it was nothing, managing to last for hours as his dirty bitch without stopping. Their normal sessions wouldn't end until The Slayer had cum at least a dozen times and normally he'd be ready for more by the evening. Every night Isabelle had her guts pumped full of her beloved hubby's seed.

And today would be no different~

"Hnnnnngghhu, that's it baby churn up my fucking guts!" cried Isabelle as The Slayer's massive cock stretched her cunt. He'd already cum a dozen times since they started, last night and her studly man was still going strong.

The Slayer kept a vice grip on Isabelle's hips, using his little lover like an oversized on-a-hole. He pulled Isabelle's thick bitch body up and down his cock as she let out panting moans. Her distended cumbelly and tits swung, and slapped each other every single time The Slayer's cock punched the back of her cum-flated womb.

"I can feel you getting close, just cum. Fill your wife up more, I probably got some room left," she moaned, beads of drool flying from her mouth as her eyes rolled up into her head. Her cumbelly was already quite distended; looked like she was in her second trimester but she knew (she hoped!) there was a bit more room left.

Isabelle felt like she wouldn't be able to hang on for much longer but The Slayer blessed her with another load of hot spunk. An absolutely disgusting load of ball snot that made Isabelle look like she was pregnant with twins. She could feel his tip spew it into her with enough force to push her body up his meat but The Slayer wouldn't let Isabelle go until all his cum was deposited.

"Mmmmm, you came so much, dear but I think we overdid it, again." moaned Isabelle as she looked back at her lover, panting like a dog, "cause we need to get some—"

The Slayer grabbed the room's curtain and pulled it to the side, and the early morning rays shone through, streaking across the floor as Isabelle sputtered, *"Ooops, I guess it'll be early bed tonight."*

The Slayer gave an affirmative nod, his box-like jaw and stern eyes unchanging as he pulled Isabelle's body off his cock and placed her down onto the floor. Isabelle wobbled

for a second before she sighed, "Well let's get a shower in, and after that why don't I make some breakfast."

A nod was followed by Isabelle grabbing The Slayer's hand. He slouched over to make it easier for his little wife to take him to the bathroom. Isabelle took him straight into their rather spacious shower, where The Slayer took a seat on a little frog stool, while his wife turned on the water.

"Is it too hot for you, baby?"

Doom Guy just looked over at Isabelle as she chuckled, "I'm just kidding, dear, *hehe~* Have a sense of humor."

The Slayer reached over to Isabelle, grabbed her head and squeezed out a little shampoo onto her head. He quickly lathered behind his wife's big floppy dog ears and into her short blond hair, massaging her scalp as Isabelle panted, her thick pink tongue lolling out of her mouth as she groaned, "thank you dear, remember to get under my ears too."

Isabelle let out cute little yips as The Slayer massaged her scalp before making his way down to her shoulders, lathering Isabelle's breasts as he made his way down to her tummy. She let out soft little yelps, her cheeks flush as The Slayer suds up her belly and lathered her thick hips, fingers squishing up her wet fluff. He could feel his little lover squirming with excitement, Isabelle's tail wagging against him as his hands moved to her legs, cleaning out the leftover sperm.

"You have such firm hands~" Isabelle pushed her ass against The Slayer's body. She leaned up against him and looked up as she smiled, "You make me feel so good, sweetie and now it's my turn to clean— Oh, oh my~"

Isabelle felt The Slayer's cock harden and poke up between her fat ass cheeks, suddenly hot-dogging the dog girl's booty. Isabelle looked back at her big lover and giggled, "Haven't you had enough already?"

The Slayer scratched behind his head, looking away as she continued, "I am just teasing you, baby. Here let me help!"

Isabelle moved her ass up, giving The Slayer's meat a little butt job as she stood up and turned around. Her huge furry tits swung and slapped against each other before she

wrapped them both around his cock, moaning, "Let your loving wife help clean you, starting with this big slab of meat!"

She had to stand up to properly clean The Slayer's cock. Isabelle's soapy tits smothered only a little under half of his massive meat; she could barely believe this was inside her cunt only moments before. A veiny, pulsating member that was the size of Isabelle's arm and almost thicker than her thigh. Veins ran up his entire length and the underside of his cock thickened up to his fat foreskin covered tip which Isabelle had peeled back earlier for a quick clean.

"*Mwaaaah~* I'll make sure to empty these cum tankers," Isabelle pressed her tits against the Slayer's body, smothering his cock as she grabbed his heavy nuts. Each one felt like it was fifteen pounds and still packed full of his virile genetic sludge. It was a wonder how Doom Guy did anything with these massive cum factories between his legs but Isabelle was glad he had'em!

Isabelle licked her lips as she continued, "or at least make them a bit lighter."

A pulse ran up The Slayer's meat as a thick bead of his pre-cum dripped out onto Isabelle's tits. Her tail started to wag as the thick semi cloudy glob dripped onto her tongue, causing Isabelle to let out a giddy little moan before she said, "*Mmmmnn*, guess I will need to suck more than squeeze if I want to keep clean."

Isabelle planted another kiss on The slayer's tip, "*Mmwwaah!* I don't wanna undo your hard work..."

Isabelle's voice trailed off as she stepped back and wrapped her lips around The slayer's tip. Her tongue instinctively wriggled into the skin around his tip. Isabelle knew her lover adored getting his glands teased and after hundreds of cock worship sessions (some in the bedroom and others in more dangerous places), she knew all his most sensitive spots.

The reward for her hard work was another glob of his tasty pre-cum; slightly salty with a hint of sweetness and thicker than pudding. Isabelle greedily gobbled his meat, taking the tip and a few extra inches deep into her throat. A clear outline of the Slayer's meat appeared down her throat as Isabelle continued to swallow but she handled it like a champion; body stretching to meet her husband's space needs.

While she kept moving her tits down The Slayer's meat, keeping a tight wrap around his girth. The soap served as the perfect lube to make sure Isabelle's boobs slid up and

down his girth with ease. Soon she was greeted by entire mouthfuls of her lover's thick pre-cum, it oozed down her throat and into her gullet and Isabelle hoovered it all down. Her lips extended slightly as she put on a sloppy suck-face, jaw staining and eyes crossing as she shoved over half of the Slayer's impressive meat into her throat. There was a moment Isabelle thought she might pass out from the sheer effort of swallowing so much cock, trading sleep time for sex time took its toll on the spunky dog girl but The Slayer quickly released his load. A thick stomach bloating nut that nearly slipped out of Isabelle's throat. She had limited room in her little body, yet her muscles stayed strong and she swallowed every last drop of The Slayer's seed.

"Ghhhhnngh—mmmnn... Ahhhhhnnnmmm," Isabelle struggled to swallow for a moment but managed to gobble down those last few ropes before opening her maw. Her pointed canines, tongue and throat were devoid of Doom Guy's splooge. Every single drop of his thick nut had been consumed and Isabelle wanted a reward.

The Slayer extended an open hand and gave Isabelle a pat on the head. Her wet dog tail wagged back and forth, filling the bathroom with wet slapping as she indulged in her hubby's hand. It felt so good feeling those rough finger's running through her hair.

"You spoil me dear but I gotta get your breakfast ready," she giggled, "would you mind getting cleaned up by yourself?"

The Slayer gave Isabelle a stern nod as he started scrubbing his back with a luffa on a stick. Isabelle gave him a warm smile as she hobbled out of the room, little droplets of water bounced off her jiggle hips as she ran over to the hair dryer. She quickly dried off and put on a bikini; no point in getting fully dressed. It was super hot today and odds are Isabelle would get a bit of gardening done with her husband before they inevitably returned to the bedroom to maybe get some sleep.

Isabella put on her apron, squishing her boobs in the ruffled white fabric. The string sunk into her squishy sides as she tied off the Apron and started to cook. Correctly expecting that her husband was hungry after nine straight hours of brutal bitch rutting; Isabelle was pretty sure she could still feel his swimmers wriggling inside her body, still trying to impregnate her eggs. It was enough to have Isabelle day dreaming about having some puppies around the house.

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

“Oh my,” muttered Isabelle with a surprised expression, she was unsure who might be visiting them on such a hot weekend; maybe her brother?

“Gimme a minute!” shouted Isabelle as she strutted over to the door. Her massive mammaries heaved and threatened to spill out with every step she took. She grabbed hold of the handle and pulled the door open and with a cheery voice said, “hello, how can I—”

“Isabelle you crazy bitch, do you have any idea what time it is!”

Ankha was standing on Isabelle’s porch dressed in her normal barely suitable for public slut wear: bright blue arm sleeves, matching thigh highs and her extra short white dress with Egyptian letters around the hem. The back was cut out from her neck to her massive furry cake, showing off the bandages that made up her bra and panties. Her hips were so wide they pushed up her dress with every step, showing off her cameltoe with every step; a result Ankha no doubt wanted.

The bottom heavy kitty liked to show off her hips. They were bigger than Isabelle’s already wide baby bearers but Ankha’s boobs were barely C-cup with subtitle outlines of her nipples. The perky little cat girl boobs jiggled slightly as she puffed out her chest and put her hands on her firm hips.

“It’s about eight thirty,” responded Isabelle, “why do you—”

“You kept me up all fucking night with your relentless fucking! Do you know how thin these walls are,” she continued, basically ignoring Isabelle as she ranted, “I could hear your every moan as that big lug split you open. I don’t even know how two people could fuck so long and not get tired.”

“Me and my husband are super compatible and he’s just such a hunk, I just can’t get enough of him~” responded Isabelle, her voice a little giddy as she bragged about her husband’s virility.

“Well maybe you should give it a break so the neighbourhood can get some fucking sleep!” Ankha interjected.

“But if I do that, who will take care of my hubby’s massive bitch breaking dick!” she continued, “he can easily cum like twelve liters a day!”

“Wait, what—” Ahkha’s eyes went wide and her tail stood on end. She was clearly caught off guard by the description and wasn’t sure what to say but Isabelle continued.

“Have you really been listening to all our love making?”

“*Uhhhhhmm*, well yeah,” said Ankha, fuzzy yellow cheeks a little flush, “you’re incredibly loud and very inconsiderate.”

“Oh I am so sorry!” Isabelle grasped Ahkha’s hands and pulled her inside.

“*Whooooa*, Isabelle!” she muttered as the dog girl’s grip on her wrist remained iron tight.

“I’m so sorry for putting you through that but don’t worry I can fix it!”

“How could you possibly—”

“Baby! Have you gotten dressed?” Isabelle shouted as she dragged Ahkha into the living room.

The Slayer emerged from the bedroom wearing a Hawaiian shirt and deep green cargo shorts; the standard male gardening attire. Isabelle dragged Ankha to his feet, the little Egyptian cat stood barely under his waist in height and really felt that difference when The Slayer looked down at her thick little cat girl body. Face stern and emotionless, yet he turned to look at Isabelle as she asked;

“Would you be willing to fuck Ankha too?”

“What!!” yelped Ankha, her cheeks flush, “what the fuck on you on!”

“Well you did spend all night listening to us fuck. There are ways you could’ve ignored it or blocked it out.” Isabelle gave Ankha a smug smile as she looked at her,

“Well maybe but... Wait, you can’t blame me for your loud love making, the entire neighborhood could probably hear you!”

“Yet you are the only one who came here and dressed like a total slut no less,” she added, “sounds like you wanted something from my hubby~”

“No, no, no! T-these are just my normal clothes,” Ankha sputtered as Isabelle smiled, sure today’s dress was shorter than normal but that had nothing to do with the face she listened to the fuck all night!

“I definitely didn’t enjoy listening to your grunts and moans!” she continued, sputtering her words, “I-I-I’m not a pervert, I wouldn’t masturbate to it. Not even for a second!”

“I never accused you of masturbating to use like a perverted little peeper but I can’t blame you,” Isabelle nuzzled The Slayer’s leg, “my man is such a hunk~”

“Ghhnnngh, shut up,” spat Ankha, getting in Isabelle’s face, “this is about your perversions not mine!”

“So what do you think, sweetie? Wanna give her a chance,” Isabelle had a smile on her face as she ignored Ankha’s mewls, “I think she’d make a good a good cock warmer despite all the blustering but I won’t force you to adopt another pet, *hehe~*”

The Slayer’s response was immediate and completely clear. The fabric of his cargo shorts ripped open and his knee length demon breaker hardened, reducing his pants to tatters as his entire length was flopped in front of Ahka’s face. He pulsed, half hard and ready to go for more rounds.

“Holy fuck!” Ankha’s eyes went wide as she got a look at The Slayer’s cock. *How the fuck is Isabelle alive! It’s bigger than my arm*, she thought, *and the smell...*

“Sniiiff, sniiiff, uuuhhhnn~” Ankha let out a groan as her little cat nose twitched and inhaled his musk, “it stinks! How long has it been since you showered!”

“About five minutes, probably less,” said Isabelle.

“He smells like a barn!” mewled Ankha, her little cat tail wagging under her skirt, “how do you live with this awful brute around.”

“You learn to love it,” responded Isabelle as she grabbed the back of Ankha’s head.”

“What are you—”

Isabelle pushed Ankha’s head into The Slayer’s nuts, “Why don’t you take a deep inhale.”

"Mmmmmhhhhnnn!" groaned Ankha as her face was pressed between his heavy sack. There was no helping it, Ankha was forced to take a deep inhale of brain melting musk.

"Mmmmmmm, snooooort, snooooort~"

"That's a good girl, deep breaths," continued Isabelle as she dropped her hubby's cock over Ankha's head, "you'll be addicted soon

"Snooooort, snooooort, snooooort~" Ankha's face melted, eyes grew heavy with every brain melting huff of musk.

The weight of the Slayer's cock on her forehead was crushing, Ankha could feel her knees wobbling, thick thighs squishing together as her cunt pulsed. She'd never wanted to be bred so badly, the Slayer's filthy man meat was melting away all her good senses, making her a little human musk whore.

"Mwwaaaaah~ Looks like she's enjoying herself, dear." Isabelle planted a little kiss on her husband's tip, "shall I give the little musk slut a hand?"

The slayer nodded and Isabelle gave him a big ear to ear smile as she continued, "Let's get a little more comfortable."

Isabelle took off the apron letting her boobs sag down her stomach as she pulled Ankha's dress down, revealing those itty bitty kitty titties. Two perfect peaks with pink nipples that poked past the bandage wrap keeping them tightly contained. Isabelle happily unwrapped the musk drunk kitty's titties for her master and to her surprise two bounce D cups popped out: perky, fluffy and glistening with a layer of sweat.

"Oh my, you dirty girl," Isabelle groped Ankha's breasts, kneding them as Ankha lapped at The Slayer's nuts. Isabelle pinched Ankha's nipples as she teased, "showing off your fat ass while hiding these boobies. Were you embarrassed to have bimbo tits?"

"Snooooorrrt, hhhnnngghh~" A haze had suppressed Ankha's mind and her cunt was making all the decisions. She didn't even hear Isabelle or feel the naughty doggy playing with her breasts. The only things present in Ankha's mind was the taste of sweaty human nutsack and The Slayer's mind breaking musk.

"Keep your secrets then," giggled Isabelle as she let go of Ankha's tits and grabbed hold of her hubby's cock, "But I'll help you get him nice and hard for us."

Isabelle's hands started to pump The Slayer's meat and her lips wrapped around his fat cock head as her mostly willing partner kissed, and licked his nuts. Ankha's rough cat tongue left trails of spittle up Doom Guy's leathery sack. Her spit trickled down his nuts as Isabelle began to suck, taking the first few inches of The Slayer's meat deep into her throat.

"Uhhnnnggh, buh-big bastard, mmmnnn~" Ankha made a lick along the underside of The Slayer's cock, tickling his his veins and her hands cupped his nuts. The taste was addicting, every taste edged her closer to cumming and Ankha couldn't make herself stop. No matter how loud her inner voice screamed at her to stop kissing The Slayer, her pride came second to the brain melting pleasure that came with being his cock huffing slut.

Ankha's tongue made it's way between his nuts ticking the base of his cock as she groaned, *"Juh-just cum, snooooorrrtt~ already..."*

"Don't be silly, Ankha," added Isabelle as she popped her lips off his cock head. Little strands of drool dripped off her maw and spilled off her chin as she continued, "We've only barely got my hubby hard, now the real fun starts."

"Uhhhhnngh, w-w-what ah-are you on—ahhhnn!"

The Slayer picked Ankha and Isabelle up, carrying both under his arms back towards the bedroom. Ankha could feel her head spinning at the sudden change in orientation but snapped back to reality when she got a hit of the pungent smell of semen. Their bedroom stank of sex and all over the ground there were full condoms; all tied up and packed full of over a liter of cum each. They looked like big white water balloons for a very lewd party.

"Is your husband a literal cum-factory," Ankha shouted as she looked across The Slayer's back at Isabelle, "how in the fuck does anyone cum that much!?"

"Well he is some kind of hellspawn mix or something, but I do feed him lots of eggs which is probably the major reason," said Isabelle, nodding her head like a giddy child.

Ankha just stared at her stunned, wondering how this bitch could be so brain dead but she probably shouldn't judge. After huffing ball musk for half an hour straight, Ankha's I.Q was not at its highest point. Plus the smell of the slayer's sperm depository didn't exactly help her mental functions. Just being in the room made her nostrils burn and

cunt squirt, the bandages that made up her makeshift thong were getting soaked by the second.

"Weeeee!" cheered Isabelle as The Slayer and Ankha were tossed onto the sheets. Isabelle landed on her back and her boobs smacked her face but Ankha landed on her feet, which gave her the perfect look at The Slayer's cock.

"Anubis have mercy on my fucking soul." She muttered, her eyes pulsing as she felt his massive pale prick press against her stomach.

The bed gave Ankha some much needed height but not enough to full make up for the size difference, her head was barely at the Slayer's pecs and his cock was pressing right up against her stomach. It literally reached from her crotch to the underside of her boobs and had inches to spare. A veiny pike that was no doubt able to kill hellspawn with a single thrust, making Ankha wonder if she had any hope of surviving but Isabelle could handle it, so how low were her chances really?

"Mmmnnn, you can go first Ankha!" Isabelle leaned up and gave her a thumbs up, "I had hubby to myself all day yesterday and this morning! Plus you've been waiting for it all night and I don't wanna deny you, *hehe~*"

"I'm not—*uuuhhhnnn,*" Ankha let out a loud yelp as The Slayer picked her up by her hips and pressed his fat cock tip against her bandages.

"Huuuhhhh, shu-stop it you lunk it won't fuh—"

A loud tearing sound was followed by Ankha's pussy being angrily invaded by The Slayer's prick. She could only watch as her poor pussy was stretched well past its limits, stretched to ridiculous proportions to fit The Slayer's girth. Ankha's belly looked like it had an entire arm inside but the clear to see outline of his fat fucking cock tip was proof he didn't just suddenly fist her slit.

"Nyyyhhaaaa, tuuuh-buuuhhgg!" squealed Ankha as The Slayer started to move. His tip burst into her womb, basically filling every inch of her baby box. Ankha could see her own belly bulging as she looked down.

"Don't be silly, you're doing great!" Isabelle crawled over and rubbed Ankha's belly bulge.

"Hnnnggghh, shhtuuup!" cried Ankha, her expression sloppy. Every word she managed to drool out was slurred heavily and at any moment she thought she was going to faint.

"Sorry Ankha, I forget it takes a round or two to get used to hubby's size," Isabelle crawled past her limp limbs and toward's The Slayer's heavy sack as she said, "I'll give you a helping hand so you can both cum a bit faster."

"Juh-just s-su-sloooooow dooown!" she cried.

"Don't worry, he can be gentle when he wants to be," cooed Isabelle as she started planting sloppy dog kisses all over The Slayer's balls. She cupped them with her hands and huffed them, kissed them and licked them all over. Until not one inch of his balls wasn't dripping in a mix of dog and cat spit.

"Uhhh-huuuuhhnn," drooled Ankha.

The Slayer's version of going slow were deep hard pelvic thrusts that made Ankha feel like she was being split down the middle by a battering ram. Yet, every thrust made her pussy scream with delight, she couldn't stop cumming and it made Ankha get stupid. Drool dribbled off her lips and her body got weak, Ankha's limbs swung like pendulums as The Slayer's cock dug into her folds.

"I can feel your nuts throbbing, dear. Don't hold back, just dump it all into Ankha~" Isabelle licked up the underside of The Slayer's sack as his balls tensed and dumped a thick load into Ankha's womb.

"That's it, *mwaaaah~*" Isabelle gave his balls another kiss, "dump all this tasty spunk inside the silly kitty."

"Hhhuuuhhnn—ahhhnn-aahhn..." Ankha's voice got weak as she felt his hot semi solid sludge enter her womb. Literally thicker than yogurt, his nasty load seeped into Ankha's fallopian tubes before backing up until it was leaking out the sides of her extrapacked pussy. There was not an inch of her womb left undefiled by The Slayer's cock but the last orgasm made her brain go blank until the Slayer finally started to pull out.

"You came so much! You must've been excited to try out a new girl," Isabelle cheered, "I hope I helped too." The Slayer extended a hand and pet Isabelle on the head, running his fingers through her hair as the last few ropes stuck to the back of Ankha's inflated womb.

"Hhhnooo—ooohhhnn, duh-did you cum, enough... buh-bastard," Ankha drooled on her tits as she felt The Slayer start to pull up. Her now inflated cum belly was sagging, yet was filled enough to press up against her tits. Both her nipples felt so swollen, stiff enough to cut glass and her eyes fluttered as his meat pulsed in her belly

As The Slayer pulled out he was stopped by his wife, *"Mmmmnn, dear,"* she moaned, moving her lips off his sack, "let me help you get cleaned up. You can give Ankha a little break."

"Ghu-gee, t-thu-anks," wheezed Ankha as The Slayer dropped her cumbloated little body on the side of the bed.

"Nyhhaaa, fuuuck!" she groaned, lips curled into a sloppy-O as she landed stomach first. The cum packed into the depths of her womb was forced back out of her cunt. The Slayer's load splattered out onto the sheets and floor, Ankha experienced yet another brain melting orgasm from the sudden abuse but it wasn't quite enough to make her faint. Exhausted, she looked back and watched Isabelle service The Slayer's shaft.

"Mmmmmnn, you're so tasty," she cooed, "I could just suck this cock all day and never get tired~"

That explains a lot, little nympho, thought Ankha as she tried desperately not to cum away her senses, again.

"But I know my big guy needs a little more than a tongue bath," continued Isabelle, between long licks up her hubby's cock. Her tongue made its way along every inch of The Slayer's massive meat, cleaning the seed from between the veins and under his foreskin. She even made sure to polish his balls, making sure every single spilt sperm cell was lapped up.

"Are you ready for round two?" asked Isabelle as she turned to face Ankha, whose insides were mostly drained of seed.

"Are you fucking kidding!" she shouted, eyes bulging as she saw The Slayer's fucking meat hammer pulse; still hard and still drooling pre-cum like a leaky hose.

"Silly me," giggled Isabelle as she stood up. For a second Ankha thought she'd gotten a chance to crawl away but instead Isabelle planted her fat ass on top of Ankha's sizable booty, creating a quadruple wide ass stack of furry cake.

“Of course you’re ready for round two~” she continued.

“Ooooph, *guh*-get off you crazy, bitch!”

“Why? You have a much bigger ass,” responded Isabelle, “and it would be way easier for me to sit on your cheeks than for you to sit on mine.”

“*Hrrrhnn, du-dat’s* not right you *buh-eeehhttnnnn!*” Ankha was interrupted mid sentence by a massive slab of human meat drilling deep into her asshole. A gut churningly hard thrust that would’ve broken any other shorty but instead, Ankha took it like a pro. Which involved squirting what was left of her brains out.

“*Nnnnyyhaaa, shhiiitthh!*” she sputtered as her colon got a quick beating. The slayer rutted deep inside her asshole, rubbing against the back of her womb hard before his cock popped out of her now gaping pink donut.

“Now it’s time to share, Ankha,” Isabelle’s feet dug into the sheets and her tail wagged as she reached back and spread her cheeks for her husband, “remember to give me a pounding too dear, I’m—*guuuhhn cuuumsh!*”

Isabelle’s face melted, her eyes rolled up into her head as The Slayer’s massive meat slammed deep inside her asshole. Her puffy pink rim easily stretched to take his length; she had a lot of practice. The little bitch was an anal pro and unlike her fellow half-passed out fucksleeve, opted to encourage her husband.

“Come on Slayer, really fuck my arse,” she panted, her voice with a hint of fervor, “We can take it a lot harder than that, skewer us like you’d skewer a demon!”

“*Eeehh-I cuh-can’t breeeeath!*” cried Ankha, her voice sloppy as The Slayer started alternating between their holes. Slamming his meat deep in each of their assholes before moving to the other one.

Ankha’s long tongue flopped out of her mouth, her slobber dripping onto the bed as she felt her guts get re-arranged by The Slayer’s heavy thrust. Her belly bulged to the point it hit the bed and pressed into the mattress. There was a point Ankha thought her belly might pop but before her insides could completely break the Slayer had pulled out and was back inside Isabelle.

Even half-conscious Ankha could feel Isabelle’s belly bulge beating her lower back before returning to her utterly ruined anus. Yet, Ankha was squirting her brains out,

pissing girlcum all over the sheets as she felt The Slayer's meat use her insides as a cheap sex sleeve. She thought she was going crazy, something in her head must've snapped and made her a massive masochist, and Ankha's feelings were reinforced by Isabelle's mewls.

"*Hnnnggh*, come on!" she counted, her pussy pulsing from the deep anal breeding, "really beat me into submission, ruin my bitch ass and make me gape for days!"

The Slayer picked up speed, alternating to the point Ankha's eyes went white, devolving the once proud cat girl into a piece of limp drooling meat. While Isabelle's feelings intensified, voice raving as she screamed, "break me, break me, *breeeak meeeh!*"

Isabelle's shouts of "encouragement" were bordering on crazed but it flipped The Slayer's switch, turning him into a breeding berserker. The weight that'd body checked countless demons was now being pressed on the two shorties with an almost feral zealotry. His steely demeanor cracking as he grunted, cock swelling as he started to cum.

"That's it baby, dump that fat nut inside our butts," begged Isabelle as she squirted. Her juices raining over Ankha's ass, pussy pulsing like crazy, "fucking ruin our holes, make me your eternal fuck sleeve Slayer!"

"*Hnnnhhhuuunngghh!*" cried Ankha with white eyes and a slack jaw. The last anal orgasm she experienced had knocked her brain out of commission, leaving her a slack drooling sex sleeve. Her stomach was bloated and now was pressing against the floor. She'd probably be unable to move for hours after such a brutal colon painting but Isabelle was doing just fine.

"You came so much!" She stood up and showed off her distended cumbelly. Almost looked like Isabelle had twins but she wasn't hampered at all by the extra filling. She hopped over to her husband, giant dog girl boobs bouncing as she continued, "and you've still got a lot more in you but first, are you getting hungry? It's been a while since you ate."

The Slayer gave Isabelle a nod and she let out a little giggle as she said, "come down here you."

He leaned down and Isabelle planted a little kiss on Doom's guy's cheeks, "*Mwwaaaah*, I love ya you big lunk."

“I love you too, sweetheart,” responded The Slayer, as he gave her a pat on the head.

“You’re just too cute,” she smiled, squishing The Slayer’s cheeks, rubbing his stubble as she blushed.

“*Uuuuhhhnnnnn, ah-am I dead...*” Ankha’s tongue flopped out of her mouth as she let out tired moans of pleasure, catching Isabelle’s attention.

“Looks like you enjoyed yourself, Ankha.” Isabelle hopped off the bed, “and now it’s up to you to milk out a couple more rounds while I get some breakfast in my hubby’s tummy. You shouldn’t need to handle more than four loads, five or six tops.”

Ankha was exhausted and could barely speak her surprised response coming out like confused sputtering, “*Whu-what b-bu-but I can barely—*”

“You’ve seen that my hubby is quite the man and won’t be satisfied unless you put your back into it,” giggled Isabelle as she started to skip out of the room, “so don’t be afraid to get a little rough with him, he can handle it.”

“*W-wh-wait I’m gonna—ghuuuunnkk!*” Ankha was interrupted by The Slayer’s massive cock getting shoved into her open maw. Her throat bulged to take his meat and Ankha’s little body trembled as he continued using her as a sex sleeve.

“And the same to you, dear, don’t hold back,” continued Isabelle as she gave the pair a wave goodbye, “Ankha is a tough little kitty and can clearly handle your hardest thrusts, so really make her regret not asking us to join earlier.”

“*Ghhuuumnnn!*” groaned Ankha, pussy pulsing in response to her throat getting stretched and abused by Doom Guy. She’d practically given up on resisting at this point and tried to enjoy the degrading masochistic orgasms as they came; which was often.

The Slayer paused mid thrust to give his little wife a thumbs up. Isabelle could see Ankha’s limp body getting impaled on Doom Guy’s dick, her throat stretched to capacity and her belly bulged with an outline of The Slayer’s cock. Her thick little body was propped up by his cock alone. Isabelle wondered if she took her husband’s cock with such gusto?

Ankha was taking it like a champ and made it easy for The Slayer to move her thick body up and down his dick. She was almost like a real on-a-hole, it almost made Isabelle a little jealous she couldn’t be the cock sleeve for the rest of the morning. However,

Isabelle realized being her hubby's homemaker was equally important. A healthy union needed a little more than sex and she hoped the day would stay sunny during so they could garden, but—

“Oh geez, it's already noon! We've nearly fucked the day away!” exclaimed Isabelle as she noticed the clock.

“*Ah, well~*” she sighed, “I guess we'll just have to make the most of the afternoon and who knows. With Ankha around we might be done with the love making twice as fast!”

She quickly put on her apron, the fabric draped over her distended cum belly, barely covering the tops of her thighs. It honestly looked a little slutty but she didn't want to waste any more time, especially not cleaning up spunk.

Isabelle opened the pantry and pondered to herself, “Now what would hubby like for lunch? Probably some kind of eggs with—”

However, Isabelle's thoughts were interrupted by a familiar ring at her front door, followed by her crying out, “Don't worry, I'll be there in a second!”