

Possum Prison Pussy

Part 5: Pussy Popping Quiz

The next day was unnerving. Diesel got out of solitary and Sylva wasn't ready to face him, but then again, he didn't want to face anyone at all. Though misery and apprehension had become the possums stalwart companions in the cellblock, he was far from okay with it.

Sylva swung his feet over the edge of his bunk and hopped down, stretching and cracking his back from the uncomfortable mat. Lawrence was already awake, scribbling something in his book and reading little notes.

"What's up Law?" Sylva sighed and went to sit on the toilet for his morning piss, the possum long since comfortable with his nudity around the old pangolin.

"Nothing unusual," Lawrence dismissed his question as he arranged a few papers and some food wrappers.

"Uh hu," Sylva propped his head up in his hand, his elbow on his knee as he did his morning ritual. "You gunna finish your fruit snacks?"

Lawrence glanced over at Sylva before he covered his eyes with a shy hand. "Oh my, sorry. I know you don't like me looking."

"Half the damned prison has seen it, you might as well too," Sylva sighed, rubbing the tired from his eyes. "But seriously, the fruit snacks. You gunna eat them?"

“You really don’t know what these are?” He asked as he pulled the foil wrapper from his desk, the crinkling from it showing the contents had already been taken out. “I thought you were basically Magnus’ right hand man now.”

Sylva squinted, his eyes coming into focus as he realized the fruit snack was a fruit by the foot, the reel of paper inside sticking out and stained red and blue from having been eaten already.

“He hadn’t really told me much beyond...well, I’m sure you’ve seen some of the red in your book shift to various others once I started making my rounds.”

“Oh, I’m well aware of what your presence has done for Boss.” The Pangolin patted his book as if it emphasized his point. “But he seriously hasn’t told you what these are yet?”

“Unless it’s about finding new ways to make me more marketable, he hasn’t bothered telling me much of anything.”

“Pity,” Lawrence shrugged. “Would have been nice to just have you bring them right to me instead of going through all those channels. The man is so paranoid.”

“Isn’t that, like, how you survive in this place?” Sylva gave a big yawn.

“I’d just thought, with you being his bed warmer, he might trust you with the basics of his operations,” Lawrence shrugged.

“I don’t think Magnus really trusts anyone,” Sylva finished his business and flushed.

“He trusts people plenty. He trusts Whispers and Checkers with higher parts of his operation. Ears is his, well, ears.”

“And I guess I’m just his Cheeks,” Sylva sighed. “What of it?”

“I’d say play it safe for now. I’m sure he’ll find another way to use you before long.” Lawrence dismissed Sylva’s defensive remark.

The possum stood there and shook his head, pulling up his scrubs and making himself decent again.

“I’ve got a big day today,” Sylva sighed and crossed his arms before turning to look out the window. “I don’t need more to think about, seriously.”

Sylva watched the sunrise through his window, the light of day slowly coming to the sky while Lawrence silently scratched his way across the paper. The possum was tempted to ask about the candy wrapper, but he didn’t want to give him the satisfaction. So, instead, he just waited for the buzzer to go off and let them go to breakfast.

Sylva waited at his cell until Whispers came by and picked him up and escorted him to breakfast.

“See you later Law,” Sylva sighed.

“Don’t worry about it, kid,” Lawrence heard the apology in the possums tone. Sylva paused and bit his cheek. He was so tired of everyone being so many moves ahead of him. He simply followed Whispers.

“So, how did it go?” Sylva asked the shark.

Whispers didn’t say anything, he just smiled warmly down at Sylva and gently stroked his cheek with his finger. Sylva didn’t know exactly how to take that, but it was nice to have Whispers back regardless.

“Can you take me to Diesel?” Sylva asked. The big guy paused, causing them to stop in the middle of the hall. A duo of guys smacking the big shark’s back, profusely apologizing, and walked around him. Sylva and the big guy scooped to the side to let traffic continue onto the cafeteria.

“You sure?” Whispers leaned into Sylva’s ear. “I did everything you said, but he’s not happy.”

“Is anyone here happy?” Sylva rolled his eyes. “Besides, do you think he’s really going to do anything stupid to make Magnus mad at him again right after he just got out of solitary?”

Whispers paused, his eyes going back and forth as though he were weighing the risk. After a brief moment, he nodded and squeezed the possum’s shoulder. They turned, walked back the way they came, and turned down the corridor to the showers. There, right outside was Diesel, leaning against the door.

He looked terrible. He looked like he had lost ten pounds and not in a good way. His eyes were sunken in, and he had claw marks on his arms and next to one of his eyes. Clearly on his neck there were bite marks that matched the exact shape of Whisper’s maw.

“What do you want,” Diesel spat at Whispers.

“Cheeks wants to talk to you,” the shark grumbled out in a low rumble. “I’ll take Checkers to the mess hall for breakfast.”

“Really?” Diesel cocked a brow, his arms gripping tighter around his chest as he crossed them harder.

“Don’t do anything stupid,” Whispers was about to say more when Sylva put his hand on his. Whisper’s face immediately softened.

“Whispers, stop,” Sylva knew he was exposing himself to Diesel here, but he needed to make sure things were going to be okay. He simply nodded, gave Diesel one last scowl before walking into the showers to let Checker’s know what was going on.

“So, what do you want, *Cheeks*,” Diesel practically spat out Sylva’s nickname like it was venom.

“I wanted to say...well...” Sylva felt a fear twinge inside him. He knew he was playing with fire here. Diesel seemed on edge already. “I’m sorry.”

The rhino huffed. “It wasn’t your fault. I should have controlled myself better. Besides, Whispers told me everything. I get it.”

Sylva felt a wave of relief wash over him, but he didn’t let it show. Instead he smiled and leaned forward, his hand gently brushing over Diesel’s chest.

“I’m glad, but I hope you know my appreciation for your...understandin’ is more than just lip service.”

Diesel cocked a brow, his hand coming to grip Sylva’s wrist to stop him.

“Are you trying to get me in trouble again?” The grip on Sylva’s wrist grew tighter as though it were a warning.

“No, of course not,” Sylva’s voice cracked before he could recover. “No, I wanted to...well...give you a different kind of lip service. I know what it’s like to be on...well...the receiving end of Magnus’ clients.”

“What’s your point, *Cheeks*,” Diesel growled.

“I’m just sayin’, I was able to take that time you gave me and spend it learning a few new tricks.” Sylva’s other hand went down to cup the massive bulge between the rhino’s legs. “I figured you’d want to be the first to test them out.”

“Does Magnus know you’re doin’ this?” Diesel cocked a brow.

“Nope,” Sylva gently stroked that package, knowing that massive bulge between the guy’s legs was no joke. Diesel paused, thinking things over, but he loosened his grip on the possum’s hand and let it slip out between his meaty fingers.

“What kind of tricks?”

“Why don’t you take me into one of the safe rooms and find out?”

Diesel’s package throbbed in Sylva’s hands. He could feel the warmth radiating off that shaft as it pulsed larger and thicker, but he brushed Sylva off.

“Not today,” Diesel shook his head. “I need some time to myself. Besides, I have a feeling Boss is going to want a pass at ya.”

Sylva paused, his body seizing up for just a second before pulling away.

“What makes you say that?” Sylva cocked his head.

“Damn, you really are cute when you want to be, aren’t ya,” Diesel chuckled. “I just have a feelin’ that he might want to be more hands on with your trainin’ today. When was the last time the Big Boss took the merchandise out for a spin?”

Sylva didn’t want to think that far back, but it was true. Now that he was all healed up, it made sense that the big guy would want to be the one to break him in. He was *his* bitch after all.

“Boss has a soft spot for you,” Diesel huffed.

“What?” Sylva blinked.

“The guy would have had me fucked to pieces in solitary if it weren’t for you,” Diesel shorted out his nose. “You haven’t hardly been here a month and you’re already his prison bitch. You want to know how many times Checkers was raped in the showers before Boss got ahold of him?”

“H-How many?”

“You should probably ask him, but he wasn’t brought into the fray until he started selling his services for protection. That’s when Boss noticed his business sense. You, you’ve got a pussy. That makes you worth your weight in gold in an only men’s prison. Though, the novelty wears off. Even Checkers had to find some other use to stay as one o’ Boss’ personal bitches.”

Sylva looked down, his mind going to the fruit snacks that were tossed to the leopard. He didn’t understand exactly how those things came together, but he now got the same advice from two of Magnus’ inner circle. He better think of a way to make himself more useful beyond his pussy or his stay here might get far worse, *fast*.

“Checkers said the same thing,” Sylva scratched his head. “Have you seen anything that I’d be good at?”

“You ain’t got no muscle so you can’t be protection,” Diesel rubbed his chin, the stubble grating against his calloused palms. “What did you used to do before you got in here?”

“I...well...” Sylva felt dumb, his cheeks blushing. Everyone was so enamored with his ass that no one even asked him what he was in for except Fruit-Loop and String Bean when he first got here. “I was affiliated with a gang for a bit. Kind of just a group of friends who I hung with back in high school. One of

them was actually running drugs and stuff, but everyone here knows I've got a pussy instead of a dick. I can't just shove a sock in my panties and run drugs in my cunt."

Diesel was stifling a laugh. "You? You were a drug mule? That what you in for?"

"You think I'd be in here for seven years because of a drug bust? Not like I could carry a key in my cunt. It would barely be a slap on the wrist."

"Well, then what did land you in here?" Diesel shrugged. "Cute little thing like you must have done something really bad to land himself with a maximum sentence."

"I..." Sylva took a deep breath. "It's not so much what I did, but who it happened to."

"Yo! Diesel! Cheeks! What's the hold up?" Ears came walking down the hall, the bat tossing an apple in his hand as he munched on it.

"What's it to ya, Ears?" Diesel stood and puffed up his chest.

"Calm down, lug nuts," Ears paused to snap a bite out of the apple and spit out chunks of it as he continued to talk. "Boss sent me. He was looking forward to eating his meal with his new pet."

"Just catching up," Diesel scowled at the bat. "Cheeks wanted to see how I was doin'."

"Yeah, I bet you two have a lot in common now," the lanky bat chuckled, taking another bite of his apple, the gangly bat looked more like a scarecrow with big ears, the bite on one the only menacing thing about the guy. "So, how was your 'Broke-Back-Mountain' retreat? You two swapping tips on how to take dick or what? You catch a cravin' for the D?"

Diesel lunged forward and gripped the bat by the throat, his fingers gripping hard and silencing the bat. Ears started beating at Diesel's arm, his claws bouncing off his hide as effectively as raindrops on a roof.

"Just remember *Carlos*," Diesel growled, his eyes black as coal. "Boss only needs your ears, not that smart ass mouth of yours."

Diesel gripped slightly harder, the bat gargling some apple sauce out of his mouth before he was shoved back, falling down and gasping on the floor only to cough up bits of apple.

"The fuck!" Ears hissed. "You know I can get you put back into solitary you overgrown prick!"

Diesel looked like he was going to lunge again, but he paused, his scowl locked on his face. Sylva wanted to shrink away, but something about this situation called to him. Something about...there being a definitive loser and winner.

"Hey," Sylva took a step forward. "You really want to try to lie to Magnus when I can tell him the truth? You were talkin' shit and got yours."

"You bitch," Ears coughed up some apple skin. "You little tail raisers sticking up for one another now?"

"Why you little," Diesel was stopped as Sylva put his hand up on the rhino's chest. Sylva was surprised to feel the big guy stop...and did he flinch back?

"And seriously Diesel, you really want to risk getting put back into solitary right after you just got out? What do you think Magnus will think?"

"Oh, you on a first name basis with the Boss now?" Ears spat out what was left of the apple in his muzzle and scrambled to his feet.

“Stow it Ears,” Sylva shot back, his fear making his heart pound, but he pushed it down. “Don’t you see I’m the only thing holding Diesel back from getting you put in the medical ward?”

“You ain’t holdin’ nothin’ back—” Diesel growled, but Sylva cut him off.

“Stop,” Sylva hissed. “Diesel, take me to the caf. I’m hungry. Ears, go clean yourself up.”

“I don’t take orders from bitches—”

“And if you’re quick about it,” Sylva cut the bat off. “I won’t tell Magnus what happened here and how you almost got my protection thrown in solitary again for a cheap jab. Something tells me it wouldn’t take much to convince Boss that you got a wise ass mouth on you.”

Ears huffed, wiping away some spit from his maw before he stomped by, smacking his shoulder against Sylva before going into the showers.

“You know I could break his arm for that,” Diesel offered, his eyes dark and his fists clenched.

“Just let it go,” Sylva sighed, his legs shaking as he held onto Diesel for support. “Just...just get me to the caf.” Diesel mulled over the order for a moment before huffing.

“Sure thing Cheeks,” Diesel took his hand. “You feelin’ okay?”

“Just hungry. I’ll be fine once I get something to eat.” Sylva gripped the big guy’s thick fingers, his little claws scraping against his calloused digits as they made it to breakfast.

The beginning of breakfast was relatively uneventful. The only thing that was different was that Sylva sat in an actual chair. At least Sylva found it fairly uneventful until Magnus’ finished his breakfast, sat back in his chair, and ran a hand over the possum’s thigh. Magnus had never done anything like this

before. He had always petted his head like he was some prized dog or rubbed his back, but this time, his massive hand rested on his thigh. Despite Sylva's wide hips and ample cushion, that massive hand practically eclipsed his thigh. It slid up and down, brushing the soft, supple curves of his leg.

That was until the elephant's fingers dipped inward. Sylva had to keep himself from coughing up his oatmeal as Magnus' hand slipped between the possum's thick thighs, those massive digits demanding he spread his legs. The bleach damaged scrubs didn't do anything for the possum's figure, but his legs and ass always made up for the boxy nature of his top. Sylva spread his legs slowly so as to not attract any unwanted attention, his shoe brushing up against Magnus'. The man had massive feet. Sylva felt like his shoe was that of a toddler's next to the massive elephant prison lord.

Sylva looked up at Magnus for a brief moment and he gave a little nod of approval. Sylva couldn't be sure if the big man was directing it to him, but he assumed it was. He continued to spread his legs to give his prison daddy unfettered access. Sylva had to lift his foot and place it on top of Magnus', then beyond, before he was hooking it around the massive man's ankle.

"Good," Magnus rumbled. It was deep and sultry. Sylva couldn't be sure if that was directed to him or to the conversation that was going on, but Magnus wasn't showing any signs of stopping or giving him any order that he was doing something wrong. Sylva knew deep in his bones if he fucked this up he would be in a world of hurt, and he didn't know if Magnus would be in such a forgiving mood to let him go back on light duty.

Sylva had to suppress a little yip by biting his lip. Magnus' pinky, the massive finger as large as a normal man's thumb, brushed his pussy.

"Very good," Magnus rumbled as his finger found his little clit and started to play with it. Gentle circles around that little bullet as his petals warmed. This was the most gentle he had ever been with the

possum. Hell, this was the most gentle anyone besides Whispers was with his pussy. It was such an achingly wonderful contrast to the normal ground and pound that it sent shockwaves through his thighs. His hamstrings quivered and his toes flexed as he gripped onto Magnus' leg under the table, his chair silently skidding closer to Magnus before Sylva stopped. He didn't want to alert anyone to what was happening under the table.

Sylva glanced around, everyone was either eating or talking. Everyone except one. Whispers had his eyes locked on Sylva, a gentle curve of his lips set into a smile. He nodded, but it wasn't at Sylva, it was at Magnus. Sylva glanced back up at the elephant. He had a cocky smirk cracking that permanent scowl, the thick, black stubble on his muzzle showing the way his skin wrinkled under that smirk as though it were so foreign his body didn't naturally bend that way.

Sylva gave a little gasp as Magnus' finger started to swirl faster, he quickly covered his mouth and faked a cough. Everyone glanced at the possum for a second, his cheeks burning as he went back to eating his food. A few sets of eyes lingered, but a glance at Magnus and they were looking down again, covering up any suspicions they had. If they knew, they also knew better than to speak up against Magnus.

Sylva had to hold back his sighs and little whimpers, instead opting to grip onto Magnus' leg whenever he was doing something right. Sylva's toes fanned, his thighs quaked, his cheeks burned, he didn't know what else to do besides sit there and take it.

"That's a good girl," Magnus growled into his ear. Sylva practically jumped out of his skin. The big guy must have finished his meeting and leaned in to give the possum a private conversation, the elephant's ears bending to cover their faces. "Three of the people know, half of them think they do, and the other half are oblivious. Tell me the names of the one's who know and I'll give you a little treat."

Sylva's eyes went wide. He was happy that this little public foreplay was going so well, but he didn't think he'd be quizzed!

"Tell me now or I'll break your leg," Magnus' voice was deep and sultry, his last cigar clinging to his threat. Did he think saying that was going to turn him on!?

"Whispers," Sylva almost spoke it, but managed to hush his tone just in time to cover it up.

"Good," Magnus rumbled, his pinky lifting up and slipping under the hem of his scrubs, dipping into the humid, damp, warmth of his panties. "Next?"

Magnus lifted his ear to let Sylva glance at the table. Ears had a cocky grin on his muzzle as he sank his teeth into a pear.

"Ears," Sylva guessed.

"Good," Magnus' breath was hot in the possum's ear, his words tinged with the tobacco and whisky the little possum craved. "And the last?"

Sylva glanced around the table quickly, his eyes trying to lock with everyone else to surmise exactly who else Magnus was referring to.

"I...I don't know," Sylva breathed, that pinky flicking slightly so the thick nail pressed against his clit painfully.

"Guess or I'll make good on my threat," Magnus growled.

Sylva bit his lip, his legs quivering and trying to close, but he knew better than to close his legs on his prison daddy. He quickly scanned the table again. No one else was looking. Either they were ignoring them, or they had one hell of a poker face.

Poker face!

“Checkers,” Sylva whispered. “Checkers knows.”

Magnus paused, a brief moment of surprise. He didn't think that his little possum pocket pussy would actually figure it out. Sylva simply stayed frozen, fear paralyzing him in that moment of absolute vulnerability.

Magnus' finger slid down, his nail moving away and being replaced with the calloused fingerprint of that prison lord. His finger slipped up and down over that glistening clit. Sylva's shoulders relaxed as he sighed in relief as that pinky worked its way over its property.

“Good girl,” Magnus rumbled. “Either you're a good guesser, or you're not as dumb as you look.”

“Th-Thanks Boss,” Sylva muttered, making sure his fear steeped into his whisper. He didn't have to fake it, he knew how much danger he was in, and he knew Magnus loved reminding him of it every chance he got.

“Checkers has taught you some manners too, huh?” Magnus murred. “Good girl.”

“I...I learned that from you, Boss,” Sylva attributed his newfound respect and manners to his prison daddy. “No...no one...shows Boss any...” Sylva gulped, trying to keep his breathing even as sweat trickled down his back. “No one shows Boss disrespect without severe punishment.”

“Oh? When did I teach you that?” Magnus wanted an answer. Sylva could tell with how Magnus' voice got deeper he was playing this game right.

“When...when that man...during my first week...you had him beaten...and...”

“Yes, and?” Magnus urged Sylva on, his pinky sinking lower and playing with that hole, tracing circles around it, teasing his entrance.

“And when...Diesel...was dragged off all...all bloodied,” Sylva had to bite his cheek from giving out a shuddering O face as Magnus’ pinky slowly slipped into his depths and immediately teasing his g-spot.

“Good girl, you learn quick,” Magnus sat there, rumbling, his finger playing with Sylva’s velvety folds. Above, Sylva looked the normal amount of terrified he usually did, though his cheeks were a rosy red. Though, below his leg was gripping onto Magnus’ powerful calf as his tail twitched, his thighs quivered, his toes splayed as he was toyed with by the man who owned his ass.

“Now, tell me who knows?” Magnus ordered.

Sylva glanced around the table, everyone was looking at him or trying to avoid eye contact.

“Everyone?” Sylva tried to mutter, but Magnus sank his finger in slightly deeper at that exact moment and made Sylva speak it louder.

“That’s right, and you know why they let me?”

“Because...mmm...you...you own...this pussy?”

“No,” Magnus leaned into the possum’s ear. “Because I own this fucking prison and everyone in it. I can do whatever I want to you, whenever I want. There is no safe room, there is no muscle, there is no guard that can keep me from doing what I’m doing to you right now.”

Sylva bit his lip, his cheeks burning as he was played with in front of everyone.

“Shit, you’re getting wetter. Does being my bitch really make you quiver that much?”

“Who...Who wouldn't...Boss...”

“Oh no,” Magnus slipped another finger into Sylva and this time he had to stifle a cry of pleasure, unsuccessfully as it slipped between his clenched teeth. “When I’m playing with you, you call me Daddy. Did Checkers not teach you right?”

“No,” Sylva’s eyes went wide. “No, Checkers taught me right. I’m...I’m just...just a dumb bitch sometimes...”

Magnus chuckled darkly.

“Then why don’t I take you to the nearest safe room and you can show me exactly what he’s taught you.”

“Whatever you say Bo—Daddy,” Sylva corrected himself and Magnus gave nod of approval. Magnus’s hand slipped out of Sylva’s scrubs and the possum gave a little yip at the sudden removal of that powerful digit.

“Stand, follow,” Magnus grunted his order. Sylva stood, leaving his tray of half eaten breakfast behind. The entire table was staring at them, then Sylva realized why. His scrubs were soaked through, his pussy having dripped a dark spot that now clung to his puffy lips. Sylva just scurried after Magnus as fast as he could.

Sylva would normally look at his feet as he walked without Whispers, keeping his gaze from falling anywhere it shouldn’t, but this time he kept his eyes on Magnus. The massive man swaggered effortlessly, his massive, thick legs and thick ass were sculpted with power. His back was wide, his broad shoulders hiking his sleeves up to expose his hairy forearms. Back hair crept up his neck and into his hair, meeting with the salt and pepper of his buzz cut. The man’s muscle gut pushed his scrubs up further,

revealing the faintest glimpses of midriff. The contours of his lats and obliques could be seen in scant visions of those scrubs rubbing against his powerful hide.

Shit...did Sylva actually find Magnus attractive? His mind went blank as if to clean a slate to do some addition. He wasn't very good at math. He already used all his brain power for the day with Diesel and Ears.

"Enter," Magnus commanded as he opened the door to a safe room. It was an old office that had been converted into storage for cleaning supplies.

"Yes daddy," Sylva murred, though there was a genuine shake in his voice. A sliver of a shiver of fear that told Magnus just how much power he held over the little marsupial.

Magnus grinned, his tusks gleaming as he entered the room and kicked off his shoes.

"It's time to show me what you've learned, Cheeks," Magnus gripped his scrubs and pulled them down, his thick boner flopping forward half hard and dripping, a thick wad of pre having stained his underwear. His pubic fur was dense and dark, and that cock was at least fifteen inches long and thicker than a beer can. Sylva stood there, shocked, mouth agape as he eyed that monster that fucked him to pieces his first night here. It had been so long since he had seen it he had almost forgotten.

Sylva was frozen, fear gripping him as panic tried to take him, but he simply gulped, his mouth dry, before he gripped his scrubs.

"Oh, I've learned a lot," Sylva murred, his voice loose and sultry, but his body a little tense. "Checkers is an expert teacher."

"He's been telling me all about it when he's been spending his nights in my cell," Magnus's scowl was broken into a cocky grin. "I'm eager to see exactly what it is that you've learned."

“Do...well...do you have any cigars?”

“You can get your second-hand when I tell you,” Magnus grin was still there, but it twitched downward.

“I was hoping to light it for you,” Sylva shrugged, his top off as he kicked off his shoes, flexing each toe individually. “Though, if you want a different kind of demonstration, I’m down for that.”

“Hold on,” Magnus’ grin widened. “I’m curious now.” Magnus went to a built in desk on the far side of the room, opened the drawer and removed a fake bottom to it. There were a couple cigars and a lighter. He grabbed them both and tossed them to Sylva. The possum wasn’t ready, so he fumbled, but he managed to grab the Cuban cigar without trouble, though the plastic lighter clattered to the floor. Sylva managed to pick it up before Magnus could turn around.

“Well, show me what you got,” Magnus leaned against the desk, his dick throbbing up to it’s full mass of eighteen inches, that thick uncut head dribbling and glistening.

Sylva had to swallow, but this time he found an ample amount of drool. He snapped himself into focus and ditched last of his scrubs, fully in the nude. The possum’s little pussy was puffy, pink, and the fur matted and wet with his need. The light gape to his pussy proof of Magnus’s previous conquest. Sylva hiked himself up onto one of the tables and lifted his legs, his knees pulling behind his head as he moved the cigar and the lighter to his feet. His hand like toes twitched a little shakily, but Sylva brought the cigar to his mouth and flicked the lighter on to blaze the end. Sylva gave a few puffs to get the cigar going, his breaths even and controlled before he offered the lit stogie to Magnus.

“There ya go daddy,” Sylva murred, his pussy wide and dripping onto the desk as his tail flicked mischievously behind him.

“Good girl,” Magnus came over and took the cigar with his trunk and promptly sticking it in the corner of his muzzle. “Now stay like that so I can get a good look at ya.”

Magnus took a drag of his cigar, puffing out the smoke on the other side of his mouth as he came closer...and closer. The elephant’s powerful hand gripped the base of his cock, that massive helmet of a head brushed against Sylva’s pussy and smeared his musky essence in Sylva’s sweet honey, further marking him.

“Fuck,” Magnus growled as Sylva held his position, the possum putting his legs behind his head and folding his finger-toes together. “You’ve been working on your flexibility, huh baby girl?”

“All for you daddy,” Sylva murred.

“All for me and the people I throw your cunt at for money,” Magnus’ dick throbbed, a thick wad of pre splattering the possum’s pussy.

“Mmmm, you’re so warm daddy,” Sylva flexed his toes, the digits fanning behind his head before flexing slowly from one to the other.

“Damn, Emma, don’t make me want to tear that pussy up. Keep that smart mouth of yours closed.”

“Really?” Sylva murred, rocking his hips forward as best he could while in his position, pressing his petals against that head. “You really don’t want to be the first one to pry this pussy open after it’s healed? It’s almost as good as new. I’ve been doin’ those exercises you’ve been asking.”

Sylva gave a little huff as his pussy walls gripped, his little cunt winking to Magnus as it brushed softly against his sensitive head.

“I said, close that cheeky mouth, bitch,” Magnus’ voice had an edge to it. Sylva felt fear inside him, but for some reason, despite the position he was in, he felt like he had some semblance of control.

“But daddy, if I close my mouth, then how will I show you what I’ve learned—” Sylva was suddenly silenced as Magnus gripped his throat. It wasn’t fast, he didn’t need to, he knew Sylva wouldn’t dare run. There was nowhere for him to go.

Magnus gripped Sylva’s throat just hard enough to limit his breathing and picked him up. The possum shuddered. He fought through the panic as he felt it well up, but this wasn’t a death grip. This was a sexual choke hold. He could still breathe, he could think, he was just light headed.

Magnus brought the possum up to eye level, blew a cloud of cigar smoke into his face, and let his smile fall into his scowl.

“You see what happens to bitches who don’t listen—”

It was Magnus’s turn to be surprised as Sylva’s feet gripped onto his dick and started to slowly stroke it, sliding that foreskin forward, only to slick his toes up with pre and slide it down further. Sylva’s tail came down and gripped the base of his cock and nuts, forming a soft cock ring.

“Hng...hngk...ha-arder d-daddy,” Sylva let the words bubble out of his muzzle as he tried to stroke that cock, his toes working over that shaft, slowly working its natural lubricants over it.

Magnus dark eyes narrowed as his smirk crept back onto his muzzle as he gripped Sylva’s neck harder.

“The little fag taught you well, didn’t he,” Magnus smirked as his balls lurched in Sylva’s grip, that tail being forced wider against the powerful throbs of that member. Sylva felt the grip on his neck get tighter, but only slightly. Magnus took a deep drag of his cigarette and shoved his trunk into Sylva’s

mouth, that appendage shoving into the back of his throat and making him gag and drool. Then a thick plume of smoke filled his muzzle, tainting his taste with the smoke of the finest second-hand a fag like him could get. At first, Sylva coughed, but a little squeeze from Magnus told him not to, so he did his best, his eyes watering as smoke filled his nose and lungs, his stomach churning from the thick smog being shoved down his lungs.

Sylva felt his lungs rejoice at feeling the familiar buzz of nicotine. Despite the nausea and burning eyes, he felt warm and content as that deadly second-hand curled in his lungs, wafted from his nose, and seeped between his teeth. The overwhelming musk of man coming from those nuts and dick were eclipsed by Magnus' sadistic choking game as he forced Sylva to take hit after hit of smoke. His eyes watered, his toes twitched, his throat screamed for fresh air.

Just when Sylva thought he was going to pass out, Magnus pulled his trunk from his throat and Sylva coughed up the smoke, taking labored breaths as the elephant's grip on his throat loosened.

"Still conscious, huh?" Magnus chuckled. "Checkers usually passes out by now. He never had the stomach for cigars, but you fucking like daddy's smoke, don't you Emma?"

"F-Fuck," was all he could say as he coughed up more of that precious and limited tobacco.

"You'll get more if I feel like sharing," Magnus chuckled and set his cigar on the table, not caring if it burned the surface. "But I can get a hand job from anyone in this shithole. Please tell me that Checkers taught you more than just that."

Sylva slowly caught his breath and smiled.

"Flip...me upside down." Sylva gave Magnus a little wink. "Daddy."

Magnus smirked and set Sylva down only to grip him by the hips and man handle him upside down. Sylva gave a little yelp, giggling as his head smacked against Magnus' shaft.

"This what you were thinking?" Magnus rumbled.

"It's perfect daddy," Sylva's hands gripped that shaft and angled it better so his tongue could lull over the head, that salty essence coated his tongue as he dug his tongue into the folds of that foreskin.

"It's so perfect."

"Yeah? Show me what you got, baby," Magnus growled lustfully. Sylva wasn't about to disappoint.

The possum's tail shakily shifted, showing the fear that the marsupial was hiding, but it gently curled around Magnus' neck, his thick scruff like little razors itching into his skin the perfect way.

"You looking to choke me out boy?" Magnus snarled.

"No daddy, just let me do my work. I want to show that I've been a good girl and learned everything I could from Mister Marx."

"You got him to tell you his name?" Magnus was impressed and simply smiled, letting go of Sylva. The possum gave a little yelp, his tail gripping hard onto Magnus' neck, but the massive man barely felt it. If anything, it was like a gentle bite, a light digging into his neck that made him feel light headed.

"Holy shit," Magnus groaned, his cock throbbing as he felt the possum's tail coil around his neck just tight enough to lightly choke him, but not enough to restrict his ability to breathe. He instinctively thrust forward, his hips jostling and smacking Sylva in the face. Sylva gave a little yip as his eye was smacked by the massive boner. It stung, like being smacked by the blunt end of a bat as though his eye

were a cue ball. He already felt his eye swelling up, the cigar mark that Magnus left on his cheek from his first night burning.

Sylva gripped Magnus' neck tighter, he grit his teeth, he wanted to take his claws and rip that sack apart. But then they would both lose.

Instead he opened his muzzle and sucked that shaft inside, his flat stomach compressed against that muscle gut as he sucked that cock down. With all the training Checkers had given him, the shaft was a breeze. It was insane how much easier it was to take after having repressed his gags from a barbed dick. The only tough parts were the rolling folds of that foreskin as it brushed his throat. He wanted to really show off so he angled his head so the shaft was going right at his throat, and he let gravity pull him down, that shaft slipping into his throat and stretching it nice and wide.

"Oh fuck, Cheeks, almost got the whole thing," Magnus put his hand on the back of Sylva's head and pushed him down. The possum didn't even flinch. He felt like his stomach was going to get filled any moment with how much cock was shoved down him. Drool oozed from Sylva's muzzle and down onto that shaft, dripping off those nuts and down to the floor far below. His instincts to play dead fought against his need to be a slut. His mind was awash with the thick musk of man as he gulped and swallowed around that shaft. Magnus could feel every muscle group trying to slurp his shaft further, squelching in that throat as the possum got it nice and slick.

Magnus removed his hand as he felt Sylva's nose brush into his fuzzy sack, that cute little button nose sniffing his musky pubes as he laid claim to the entirety of the rodent's cock holster of a maw. Magnus was being gentle, but much like a bull in a china shop, there was little he could do to minimize the discomfort of his bitch. Besides, you don't break in a glove by letting it rest. You got to beat it a bit.

Magnus brought his hands up to behind his head and thrust. It was a gentle thrust, a simple little push of his hips. His massive nuts slogged forward, smacking Sylva in the face and blocking out his vision before drawing back. Sylva had to repress a gag as that cock slid back, every one of his throat muscles trying to hold that cock in before sliding out, only for it to come crashing back up.

“Fuck yeah! Take it! Take my entire cock you fucking cock sleeve! Who’s your fucking prison daddy!”

Sylva could hardly hear as he concentrated on repressing his gag reflex, but even Checker’s barbs couldn’t prepare him for this kind of face fucking. He was going to scream when a sudden lick over his cunt caused his legs to spasm.

“That’s right, you’re daddy’s good girl,” Magnus rumbled, his lips pressing against that pussy as his trunk flicked over the possum’s sweet asshole. Magnus’s tongue lulled over that clit, slipping between those folds and digging deep. Fuck if that elephant’s tongue wasn’t larger than most dicks he had ever taken. Diesel and Magnus excluded.

Sylva couldn’t speak, instead, his tail gripped tighter around that neck while his legs crossed around that face. Sylva’s toes flexing and fanning, his white claws glinting as his pussy was expertly plaid with. How could a guy cooped up with so many men know how to eat pussy so well! Sylva thought he was going to pass out, but Magnus gripped him by the hair and yanked him off his cock.

Sylva hawked up a massive wad of cock snot and throat sludge that splattered all over that thick cock.

“Breathe,” Magnus ordered before shoving him back down. Sylva got a half breath in before his throat was assaulted again, his face smacked right into that heavy sack of churning nuts. Loud squelching, shlurping, and schlorping filled the air as Sylva took that cock, his pussy a wet mess that was

dribbling down and wetting that stubble as it played with his puffy folds. This went on for what felt like hours, hours of endless bliss and brutal fucking. Sylva had never been more turned on in his life.

Magnus was rewarded with a massive gush of cunny honey, that pussy popping as that elephant tongue struck oil and kept it going. The possum convulsed on that cock, his hands held behind his back to let Magnus control everything, just like he always did.

“Fucking close! Get ready for my easy nut! Fuck baby! Take it!”

Sylva watched as those nuts drew up, his eyes smacked over and over by those dense and charged orbs, a mixture of sweat, drool, and throat sludge dribbling off them and dirtying the possum’s face. They drew up, the shaft in his throat swelling thicker and harder before he watched that taint flex, those balls bounce, and that cum pipe pulse. He didn’t even feel it, it was just a warmth that bloomed in his stomach as he did the sexiest keg stand of his life. His pussy juices drenched Magnus’ chin, dribbling down onto his scrubs and staining them with his love nectar.

Magnus continued to use his little cock sleeve, feasting on those sweet juices and rawing that mouth and filling that now bloated gut with more of his seed. The thick globs that dribbled back up filled the possum’s muzzle with salty warmth, dribbling out his nose as he was fucked senseless, barely able to keep his grip on Magnus’ neck. The only thought going through the possum’s head though was one that Checker’s would be very proud of.

Win...win...win...win...win...