

## Twisted Needs

His package had come, and Caibre was filled with excitement, heart pounding as he trotted toward the door, which had rung just a few moments before. The zebragriff had ordered it only a day ago, and already, it was here! A new doll, specifically, a voodoo doll. One he could control on a whim. Found it through random web searches and lazy, pointless clicking. A voodoo doll, made in the perfect image of the buyer, and mixed with magic to make them feel every single thing done to them.

It also came with specially placed holes.

The white and black zebragriff opened the door and pulled the package inside, licking his lips in excitement. He plopped on the couch with the box, and tilted his head as he ripped open the packaging. Inside was a small doll, made to look just like him, wings and all. Cairbre grinned and pulled it out, suddenly feeling a warm, heavy touch over his hips. His tail wiggled as he brought it up to his face. He gently blew onto it, and warm air turned and spread over his cheeks.

“It’s perfect...”

He said quietly to himself, then reached forward and spread the doll’s wing, only to feel his spread open at his side automatically. Plans and plots ran through his mind, all the things he could do with the doll...things he could have OTHER people do to the doll. Thoughts of an orgy he didn’t have to attend, getting fucked while lazing in bed. Thoughts of fucking himself into a tizzy, feeling his ass spread and his cock grow warm in the doll’s ass.

He could do anything to it, anything to himself. He had to test it, just a little bit. Caibre laid the doll on the couch, it didn’t seem to force him to move, not unless he moved the legs and wings individually. He leaned down and his nose snuffed a hot breath of air into his own belly. He licked his lips, then slowly dragged it over the doll’s belly. He felt a warm wetness on his stomach, a feeling of a real tongue dragging over his skin. His cock grew hard in its sheath, then slowly hardened more as his tongue aimed at the doll’s crotch. The warm, invisible tongue rolled over his hardening cock, a low moan escaping his throat. It made his tongue vibrate, and in turn that made the invisible one vibrate on his dick.

“Fuhuck...”

He muttered, lapping slowly at the doll’s crotch, soaking himself in saliva as it dripped onto the doll. So when it wet the doll...it wet himself as well. This opened so many new possibilities. He licked again, slowly dragging his tongue all the way up his belly, feeling it wet his chest as he lapped over it.

He knew he was about to cum, he could feel it welling in his balls. So he stopped, quickly. He didn’t want to cum yet. He had a few phone calls to make first. He had plans for himself, and his

little doll self. He left his cock throbbing and needy, slapping against his stomach as he grabbed his phone off the small side table. He swiped through his contacts and made a small list of friends, then sent them a group message.

“Got a weird request for you guys! I got this uh...special doll, and I really get off to watching people do stuff with it.”

He waited, a message back.

“It’s a voodoo doll isn’t it?”

Cairbre snorted, he didn’t think they’d figure it out so quickly.

“Well...yeah...”

“We’re on our way!”

He grinned, then trotted off to the bedroom to get everything set up.

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It was less than an hour later when they arrived, three of his male friends. They made their way to the bedroom, where the Cairbre doll sat waiting on the bed with a bottle of lube next to it. The Zebragriff himself was tucked away in the closet, laying on a comfortable bed of blankets and pillows. His excitement grew as the three ponies drew near, hopping onto the bed and chuckling.

“What do we have here?”

One said, knocking the doll on the back. Cairbre felt himself push backward, further down into his nest. His cock was growing hard as he felt stiff hooves on his chest, invisible to him. The pony had pinned the doll down, and was grinding his cock over the doll’s cock. Cairbre felt the warm wetness of another man’s dribbling manhood on his thick, stiffened hard-on. He groaned softly from the closet, stifling his mumbles in a pillow. A deep breath came as he felt his legs being spread apart and lifted. His hole suddenly felt wet as another pony began to lick at the doll’s ass.

“Gotta lube it up you know.”

“Dude there’s a bottle right here...”

“Shut up, you know this is more fun.”

The three ponies laughed, then one of them lined his cock up with the doll's lapped at hole. Cairbre could actually *feel* his ass slowly spread open as the other pony penetrated him. He gasped softly, his body shuddering. His wings wanted to flap and flail, but he found them pinned, the other ponies were holding his doll down. He felt himself spreading, felt the thick, fat cock in his ass, slowly penetrating him. He reached down, and could physically feel his ass spreading with an invisible cock penetrating him. He laid back on the pillows, a bellowing moan escaping into one that sat by his head. His legs shook and trembled as he felt himself start to get fucked. His mouth was forced open, and he felt another cock pushing down his throat. He could see nothing, but felt every salty drip of pre-cum slide down his throat. He could taste the musky cock on his tongue, and if he closed his eyes he swore he could hear the labored breathing of his partners around him. Every thrust made his body jump, every feeling drove him closer to an orgasm.

"Mnnnfff...god..."

He breathed in muffled words, but he couldn't close his maw over the invisible cock that ravaged his throat. He felt it pull from his mouth and gasped, panting as drool dribbled down his chin. He felt a warm spurt in his ass, and knew the doll was being filled. His body ached from being railed, he was disoriented from never seeing his lovers, only feeling their bodies collide with his. He heard them laughing.

"What a fuck!"

"Yeah, that was great."

"You think he'd mind if I wiped my dick on it? I'm covered in cum."

"I have a feeling he'd like it."

He suddenly felt warmth on his face, and felt the slimy trail of cum the warmth left behind. He licked over his muzzle and could taste salt. Cairbre collapsed back on the pillows, panting and sore. He rolled onto his belly then stood on shaking legs, moving from the closet to the bedroom. The doll lay on the bed, covered in cum, its hole leaking onto the sheets. He glanced around and heard the front door shut, then settled between the doll's legs. He let his tongue slowly roll over the doll's ass. He felt his own warm, wet tongue bathe his sore hole. He moaned to himself, then settled himself down between the doll's legs and let himself just be sore.

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It was a few hours later when Cairbre woke up, licking the cum off himself. He yawned and stood, his ass still aching. Now that it had happened, he craved more. Ideas flooded his mind, what else could he do with the doll? What could *other* people do with the doll? The possibilities were endless. Cairbre slid off the bed and made his way to the shower. He swore he was covered in cum, but really it was his own musk and sweat. Though, he wouldn't feel clean until

the doll was, so he brought it to the shower with him and gently cleaned it off. Once they were both fresh as daisies, he wrapped himself in a towel, and got to thinking.

“Mm...”

His thinking noise escaped his throat, a soft huff of air and a hum. There was that club over on 6th street. The one with “special VIP rooms”. He wondered what would happen if he left the doll in one. He could hide in the adjacent one, or even wait with the doll and tell everyone to only touch it. He wanted to feel more through the doll, he wanted to experience everything he could.

He was going to the club.

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It didn't take much to get in, a few bits and he and his doll had entered the club. He trotted inside, his doll hidden in his bag. The scent of cigarettes and cheap booze filled his nostrils, as well as the scent of sex. The club wasn't one of those “no touch” zones. It was a place to let loose and get your cock wet. But Caibre had other plans, it wasn't his cock that was going to be touched today.

Or was it?

He trotted up to the nearest worker, a slender mare wearing only a bridle and a bit.

“Excuse me, Miss?”

She glanced over, then turned to him directly and fluttered her eyelashes at him. He smiled nervously, clearing his throat.

“Is it possible to get a VIP room?”

The mare tilted her head, eyeing him up and down, then nodded. Because of the bit she couldn't speak, but motioned him toward another woman. She wasn't dressed at all, save for some eye makeup, her mane drawn into a high bun.

“Can I help you?”

Her voice was a tight snip.

“I was hoping to get a VIP room.”

She looked him up and down, as the gagged mare had done.

“Two hundred bits.”

Caibre nodded, paid, and was led off toward the VIP room. He entered the hazy, heavy, hot room and climbed onto the couch, taking the doll from his bag. He settled it next to him, waiting patiently. A mare and a stallion both entered the room, eyeing him, and then his doll.

“What’s this we have here?”

The stallion asked, ruffling his feathers.

“I was hoping, well...it’s a voodoo doll. I feel everything it does.”

The mare raised an eyebrow and walked over to the doll, gently spreading one of its wings. Caibre’s wing spread in return.

“You’re not doing that?”

“N-no, the doll is.”

“Is that so?”

She spread the other wing, as did Caibre’s. Her hoof ran down the doll’s stomach, and Caibre shivered. She circled its crotch, and watched in wonder as the other got hard.

“Hmmnn...interesting...I think we can have some fun with this.”

She giggled, leaning down to slowly lick along the doll’s crotch. Caibre moaned and leaned back on the chair.

“Oh, you just want us to ignore you then, hm?”

She teased.

“Please...”

“Feels a bit degrading huh? Having us touch your little doll but not you? Having your doll do all the work for you? I bet you love this, all the attention and none of the work.”

Caibre could only whimper as she licked along the doll’s ass. She was lubing him up with her warm saliva, worming her tongue over the doll’s hole. Caibre watched as his cock harden on his belly, and his hole grow slick with spit. He could feel her warm tongue on his hole, feel it spread just slightly as she shoved it inside. The male trotted forward, toward the doll.

“Tell me, does the mouth open?”

“I, ahu-GK!”

He had answered for himself. The pony had shoved his cock down the doll's throat, and at the same time Caibre's maw was shoved open. He choked on an invisible cock, letting his throat gape as the stallion fucked the doll's throat. The mare was on his crotch, licking over his areas, cock, balls and ass, while the stallion worked over his throat. He lay back on the couch, moaning lavishly. His moans were muffled behind the invisible cock that was shoved down his throat, tasting the salty pre-cum that now lined the doll's innards.

“I think he's ready.”

The mare panted, leaving the stallion to move between the doll's legs and shift them apart. Caibre's legs spread, exposing his hole to the cool air. But it didn't stay cold for long, soon he could feel the warmth of a thick cock against his puckered hole. He breathed in deep as it shoved inside, feeling his hole spreading. The mare had come around to the real zebragriff, and was watching his hole gape and spread.

“Wow, it really works!”

She exclaimed, tittering as she leaned in to watch the other man gape and twitch. Caibre tried to cover his mouth, but she pulled his hands away from his beak.

“No no, don't hide it, scream for us~”

She purred, listening to his lustful cries as he was pumped full of thick pony cock. It drooled pre-cum into his waiting hole, his body quivering with need. He moaned loudly, letting himself lay back, letting himself feel it all. His legs spread wide, giving the mare a special show as his ass gaped without a thing seemingly inside it. She could see everything, his twitching hole, his hard, throbbing cock. The stallion went to town on him, plowing into his ass, using him for all he was worth. The mare stepped forward, toward the real Caibre, starting to pop his cock in her maw. He moaned out, without a stallion in the way she could get his cock deep in her throat, but he still felt like he was getting pounded into.

“Oh god, oh GOD!”

He screamed out, his body thrashing as he began to cum, the mare pushing him further down her throat, swallowing his cock as much as she could, his thick seed being pumped into her throat. Her moans sent vibrations down his cock, leaving the zebragriff spent and milked.

The stallion came as well, pumping the doll full of seed, leaving Caibre to only feel the heat and warmth, but not grow sticky or dripping with his seed. Cairbre lay panting as the two ponies finished with him, leaving the doll a soiled, dripping mess. He slowly sat up, his hole sore from so much use.

“I...hff...t..thank you.”

The mare kissed him, letting him taste his own seed on her lips.

“Any time stud..”

The stallion gave him a smirk, and they left the room, their business done. Caibre sat in silence, then looked over at the doll. His cock gave a twitch and he smirked, then it widened into a grin.

He had another idea.

It was a bit devious, a bit *wrong*, but it wasn't anything he couldn't handle. His tail twitched with his cock as he rolled over, his body sore and achy, though it hadn't been touched. He licked his seed from his lips and stood on wobbly legs. He let his cock drip to the floor, looking over at the abused doll. First he had to get it clean, clean before he could dirty it again.

Caibre waddled out of the club, carrying the doll on his back, tucked between his wings. It was a long walk home, feeling as sore as he did, but it was worth it. In the past twenty-four hours he had more sex than he had in the last month. But still...it was all well worth it.

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He arrived home, his stomach snarling for food. He ought to eat something, at least small. He plopped the doll down next to the sink, feeling weight sag on his shoulders as it fell backward onto its own wings. He fixed it and then rummaged through the fridge. His hole was sore, his cock was sore, his jaw was sore. Even eating his sandwich made him feel dirty. But he needed his energy, especially for what he had planned next.

He was going to wreck himself again.

But this time it'd be harder, rougher than he'd ever been. He knew his own limitations better than anyone else, he knew how far he could go without breaking, and Caibre intended to break himself. He needed a long, hot shower first, and dragged the doll in with him. As a test he tossed the doll in first, and felt the warmth of the water running over him, though he remained dry. He tilted the dolls head up at the stream, and felt his mouth fill with invisible water, before he emptied it back out into the tub. He climbed in himself, sitting the doll on the side of the tub. He fluttered his wings and let the water wash off his back, closing his eyes against the heavy stream.

His mind always wandered in the shower, always thinking and twisting into something new and thoughtful. He sighed wistfully, letting himself revel in the feeling of soreness all over his body. Sex wasn't needed, no, there were other kinds of pleasures. But it was what he wanted at this moment, and it's what he'd enjoy.

And damn was it good.

He was happy to be clean though, there was nothing like a long day of getting pounded, then washing the thick, dried seed off himself. He scrubbed himself down with fresh soap and let it rinse off in the hot water. Caibre yawned wide, stretching himself out and feeling his bones pop and crack. He finally finished, his body clean and tidy, smelling like fresh lilacs and mint. He flicked the water off and stepped out, staring at the sopping toy. As another test ( as though he needed to test it anymore) he dried the toy, and watched as the water melted off of him as well. It was interesting, but also telling. He knew what he was about to do would be the best, but most intense thing he had ever done. And he was ready for it.

“Little something to “set the mood””

He said, chuckling at himself. He set out candles and lit them, lowered the lights, climbed onto the bed....and just stared at it. It was a cute doll, definitely had his likeness. He wondered how incestuous it was to be fucking himself, but didn't want to get into that self argument just now. He leaned the doll back on the bed and felt a heavy weight pushing him down. He spread the doll's wings and his spread as well.

He had done this before, of course. But now the initial excitement was over. Now he could just...take his time, relax.

He nuzzled at its little toy cock, his own sprang to life. He licked slowly at it, feeling his warm mouth around his own. His head slowly bobbed up and down, feeling his saliva drip over his manhood as he drooled onto the doll.

His body reacted as it always did, a slow erection, swollen and dripping with pre-cum. He could taste the salt on his tongue. It was delicious. He sucked himself off, sucked the doll off for a long period of time, letting himself taste the salty sweetness, the warm skin against the top of his maw. He savored his own flavor, and the feeling of his mouth on his cock. It twitched under his belly. He began to dry hump his sheets, feeling the cool sheets at the same time he felt his warm maw. Cairbre's body was grinding into the bed, a bountiful moan coming from his throat, causing the doll's cock, and in turn his own, to throb and thrum.

He was getting close again.

He could feel himself throbbing, a warning twitch coming. He could always tell his different types of twitches. The smaller ones were for the waves of pleasure that came across his belly. The heavier ones, that were more slow moving and came from the base of his cock were the ones that meant he was growing close. His balls were absolutely churning with pleasure. It was a warm feeling, the pleasure ebbing and flowing down his shaft into his balls. He was drooling over his cock, he couldn't count the amount of orgasms he had had that day.

Five? Ten?

A hundred?

He pondered this as he slowly and methodically rose and fell on the doll's cock, it felt so warm, inviting. But he wouldn't cum, not yet. He wanted to get himself right to the edge, and he was slowly getting there. He wanted to be at his peak, nearly ready to topple over and fall into the pit of wet bliss. He groaned again, his own noises urging him on. There was something about the liquid moans, the desperation in his voice, the whining squeals. Usually he enjoyed hearing it from his lovers, now, now he only heard it from himself.

The doll couldn't speak, the doll couldn't moan, but he could. And he could feel every filthy thing he did to the doll. Every flick of his tongue, every time he thrust the doll's cock down his throat, he felt it. Every delightful squeal that escaped his mouth was his cause alone. It excited him even more, he would become his own best lover. Only he knew his sensitive spots, the best ways to make himself squeal. This was beyond masturbation, this was him becoming his own lover. Now...now he had to take himself in a way he never had before.

The thought alone was enough to push him to the edge.

"Hng..gah! Hah!!"

He pulled his mouth off unwillingly, not wanting to stop but needing to. If he had gone any longer he'd have lost it, filled his bed with seed. He needed to be patient, wait for the big moment. He flipped the doll on its belly. His cock was screaming in pleasurable agony. It demanded to orgasm, but he gave it a firm no. Now, now he had more work to do.

He parted the doll's soft cheeks, and moved its tail aside. A thick puckered donut hole waited before him, he could almost imagine it winking at him, as his own did. He leaned in, it smelled of cum from former lovers. He wondered if that's how his own ass smelled. He leaned in and gave it a long, slow lick, gasping. It tasted like him, salty from sweat, a little acrid and acidic from his mess. He pressed his tongue into the plush hole and felt his own ass start to become wet. Saliva dripped down it, he could taste himself on his tongue.

"Nnfff...nnnfffuuhhkhk."

He moaned out, fucking himself slowly with his tongue, tasting his own shit. He didn't care, he could be as messy as he wanted, he had no one to impress but himself. He rolled his tongue around the doll's ass, lapping at it gently, letting his own hole relax and spread for him. Past lover's had told him how sizable he was, he wanted to be sure he could handle his own cock.

"Godd..."

Another moan, another plunge of his tongue, his body shivering with pleasure, it ripped through him and made him want to squeal loudly. But he had to remain at least somewhat in control, he had to keep his tongue steady, spread himself with his warm appendage.

He was going to wreck his own ass.

He slowly pulled away, a line of drool connecting his tongue to the doll's ass. He licked his lips and grabbed a bottle of lube from the side table. It was never a bad idea to be prepared, he didn't want to break the doll. Caibre lubed the doll's ass, feeling the chill on his own. He positioned his cock above the doll, and slowly slid inside. He felt his own ass spread open, while the warmth of the doll slid over him. He groaned out loud, shivering with the tightness around his cock, and the stretch in his needy hole.

"Holy fuck..."

He had never felt his own cock before, how could he? It was...more than amazing. He never realized how big he was, how girthy his throbbing cock was. For a minute he had to just sit there, reveling in the feeling of his own body. He closed his eyes and let himself accommodate his own size. He gently wiggled his hips back and forth, testing his hole to see if he could take his full length. He felt a jolt of pain, gasping as he was stretched more.

"Come on...fit..."

He whined, pressing a little deeper, feeling his cock pop against his prostate. Another jolt, this time of intense pleasure. His eyes rolled back as they closed, another wild moan escaping his throat. Caibre began to thrust into himself, moaning, unable to wait anymore. He was becoming impatient. He began to buck his hips, feeling his ass spread, feeling his own cock slide in and out of himself, all while feeling the intense tightness of his hole. He gasped, leaning over the doll and starting to pound into it.

"Ah-ah!! Fuck!"

He cried out, struggling and whimpering as he fucked his own ass. He cock felt amazing, it felt perfect inside him. His prostate sang, electric shocks of burning pleasure pressing through his system, cock sucked into his own hole and milked. He felt his balls churning, his body vibrating with pleasure.

"Nnnngggg...."

He moaned out slowly, he felt himself growing close. He flopped the doll over, his wings spreading as he pinned it to the bed. He felt an intense weight on his shoulders, pushing him down as well. But that didn't stop him from thrusting.

He pounded into himself, panting, moaning, squealing. The bed cried out under him, slamming into the wall and chipping the paint. The dolls wings fanned out and he pinned them down, his own following suit. Now he was pressed against the doll, feeling his own weight atop him. He ground into the doll, thrusting into him best he could with the weight on top of him. His cock slid in and out of his ass, his body squirming, growing closer. His balls were churning with his seed, his cock throbbing heavily. He leaned down and bit into the doll's neck, feeling a sharp pain in his own. With a howling moan he began to cum, filling it with his seed, fucking it down into the bed. He felt his own ass fill with dripping, hot rope after rope of cum. He groaned loudly, moaning as he slid from the doll and sighed contently, sore and dripping.

“Hahhh...”

He turned around to go wash up, but as he did he tripped on his own feet and fell backward. His ass was gaping, and the doll slid into his hole. He squealed, feeling his ass' warmth spread over him, the smell of shit invading his nostrils. He tried to stand but his legs were shaking from the thorough fucking he had just given himself. The doll slid deeper into him as he squirmed and finally stood, his ass sucking it in as it had sucked in his cock.

“Fuckfuckfuck!”

He cried out, trying to reach around to his ass to pull the doll out....but it was already too deep. He tried pushing, but that didn't work, tried shaking himself, but that didn't work. He reached a finger into his hole, and couldn't even feel it anymore. It was lodged high into himself.

That's when it started.

It began as a simple taste, something strong, and noxious. He licked at the roof of his mouth, smacking his lips as the thick taste invaded his tongue. The smell came next, having been soft, but now stronger.

He smelled like shit.

Caibre made a face, shaking his head as though that would get the smell and taste out. He stepped off the bed and onto the floor, sticking his tongue out.

“Blegh...”

He muttered to himself, he had to figure out how to get the doll out. He went to reach back again, but found his foot stuck to the floor. Caibre looked down and squeaked. His foot was slowly melting into shit.

“Oh...oh no...”

He muttered to himself, trying again, in vain, to lift his foot. It was cemented to the floor, and quickly melting into a steaming pile of shit. He tried to move his other leg and the same thing happened, it was cemented to the floor and slowly becoming mess. Caibre cried out, Only to find his mouth was becoming glued together. He could taste sticky, gooey shit, it slid down his throat. His body was slowly melting into the ground.

“Mmfmf! MFFF!”

His legs were next, knees collapsing so he fell into the pile, his body quivering as he fell flat on his belly. His manhood began to melt into the rug, oozing thick clumps of shit down onto the floor. His tail flicked, sending specks of shit flying onto the bed. Caibre wriggled around, finally prying his mouth open to cry out.

“Help! HELP!”

He hoped one of his neighbors would hear him.

“HELLO!? ANYONE? HELP!”

No one came.

No one would come.

He was being digested from the inside out, it was crawling up his belly now. He flailed, only to find his legs were gone, bones melted into thick piles of shit that he could only toss and turn atop it. The smell was so strong, it pierced his nostrils. He struggled, whimpering and wriggling in the pile. His body was contorting, melting down into nothing. He gasped, his mouth once again becoming glued together as his muzzle melted into thick shit. His eyes shut, his head slowly dripping down as his neck lost its balance. His head fell into the slop below, eyes covered in mess, body writhing, what was left of it anyway. Soon he was a squirming mass of shit and nothing more. Caibre tried to lift his head, tried to escape the noxious filth, but he couldn't. All that was left of him was a steaming pile of shit, and soon, that too, went still. His body had been completely digested, and there was nothing left of him but a puddle of cum, and a large, steaming pile of filth.

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It took them several days to find him.

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Two weeks later, a rather excited orange pony sat in front of his computer screen. He was wildly scrolling through the website before him, eyes wide with excitement.

“Holy shit...I can’t believe it...”

He muttered to himself, was it real? A doll that could make him feel whatever it felt? His cock was hard just thinking about all he could do. His tail flicked, feathers fluttering behind him as he licked his lips with anticipation. He imagined all he could do with a doll like that. He looked through the samples they had, all he had to do was upload a picture of himself, and they’d make the doll. It seemed easy enough.

After all, what could go wrong?